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Poetry.

LOVE.

Did woman's charm thy youth beguile, And did the fair one faithless prove; Hath she betrayed thee with her smile, And sold thy love?

Selected Story.

A SMALL MARTYR

It was almost impossible to tell the material of which Tommy's pants had been originally made. Patch by patch is said to be neighboring, but patch upon patch, leggarly. Poor, little beggarly Tom.

There was a hungry look in the boy's great honest eyes—for despite his rags it was known to the neighborhood that Tom was honest—that no amount of good food could banish. Heaven knows the poor child needed food sorely enough, but his lonely little heart longed for something more than this.

He was only a baby now—this seven year old boy—prematurely old through his woeful experiences of the great world about him. How he came into this world and the reason of his coming, was as much a mystery to him as it is to the most profound philosopher that ever undertook to elucidate the subject.

Neither could he understand the reason that one white, sweet face that had bent lovingly over him, should have been laid away forever with the damp ground lying heavily and immovably about it.

Then, with the white face turned toward the open window, through which the distant blue sky was visible, the last spark of life went out, and Tommy's head rested on the bosom of the dead.

An unsteady step had come up the walk through the broken gate, and a dark shadow had fallen upon the sunlit floor. Tommy lifted his head.

"Hush!" he said, with his small finger on his lips; "after so much pain, she's asleep at last."

Over the bloated face a look of horror came, and into the bleared eyes the hot tears gushed and rolled slowly down the coarsened cheeks.

"Marry, O Mary darling! speak to me once more! O God! too late, too late!"

He covered down over his dead—his clasped his hands in agony, tore at his uncombed hair—but there was no awakening; as poor, little motherless Tommy had said, "she was asleep at last."

Such a little time it had been since she was a happy laughing girl, her step as light as a fawn's, roses blooming in her cheeks, and her glad young heart full of life and love. And now? Lying there cold and still, with her thin, pulseless fingers laid over her broken heart!

Through all the indifference those years of drinking had imbued him with, the fact appeared to him, cleaving his brain of its indistinct ideas, and bringing his mind face to face with the terrible truth. He had killed her. He didn't need twelve men to assure him of this; his conscience was a faithful accuser. He looked back over the few years of her married life—remembered how she had come to him, with her heart full of love, and her hands willing to give all needful help; remembered, too, the heat he had made of himself. He had scoffed at temperance stories—at reiterated warnings—at friendly words implying that there was danger to him. He was strong and great—his nerves steady, his brain clear—what harm could there be in taking a glass of wine?

From one glass it went to two, then more; then from one night out with a party of friends, it went on to two nights, then more than this; for laughing pleasantly at his wife's gentle remonstrances, it came to rough words spoken unkindly; from one business loss, through growing incapacity, it came down to utter failure—total ruin.

He knew all of this; and now that Mary was dead he had grown so sober that he could think it over clearly. Even he had not heard her last words. Had there been any thought of him?

He was too remorseful in this the first hour of his grief to think of Mary's child, but the thought came to him at last. He was not entirely alone. The boy, with his mother's dark gray eyes, was looking wistfully up to him. How often he had seen that look in the eyes once bright and loving, now dim and forever closed.

"Poor little Tommy," he said, and folded the lonely little fellow to his bosom.

"I will never go away from you," the boy cried, his heart full of gladness at the unwonted caress.

"She said—be true to father, and try to make him better, so that we may be all together there."

He pointed with his little finger toward the blue sky, the man shuddered, for to him the gulf lying between his present life and the one which he felt assured she had entered seemed impassable.

For a time he kept sober; but there came a night when Tommy waited his coming in vain. The old life had not faded from the boy's mind. When he heard his step, he cowered down in silence, his little heart beating painfully, for well he remembered the cruelty of the heavy hand, and she was not here to turn aside the unmerited blow. Ah! it is an old story; no words are pathetic enough to do it justice.

The house in which Tommy lived, and where the father slept in drunken stupor, was near the levee of the great city. Among the many neglected children, houseless and uncared for, it is no wonder that Tommy should be destitute. And yet the small bit of humanity struggled bravely for his livelihood. It was his own small fingers that had so carefully repaired the worn pants, that now and then washed the tattered shirt, and tried, in memory of his sainted mother, to make himself whole and clean, as she had loved him. And yet the poor little effigy of older humanity, with his old ways, often made a caricature of himself, and the passer-by would turn with a smile to catch another glimpse of the strange creature.

Brilliant hat, old shoes, immensely too large, clothes repaired with all the colors of the rainbow, great hollow eyes, hair long—and if combed hanging in lank strings—this was Tommy as the street knew him. But, as the angel mother, smiling down in unutterable compassion upon his baby struggle, watched him, who shall dare say how glorious he seemed to her.

While the summer lasted it was not so great a struggle to live, but when the winter came on with its fierce winds, which searched through and through the miserable dwelling, finding all of the crevices, and sending in with its icy, whistling breath the cold, then it was that little Tommy drew his rags closer about him, and carefully replenished out of his miserable store of water-soaked wood his scanty fire.

Then it was, too, that he would look out through the falling snow, and listen with one little hand held to his ear for his drunk father's step. And, finally, if the hour grew late, he would hurry away toward the town, and watch along the road or linger in front of the low groggery where he was sure to be, for the nights were cold; and had not she said, "Tommy, take care of your father?" If he should fall down by the way and die by himself, what would the mother say to him—Tommy—who had let him die unfit to be there?

It was a great care on the boy's young mind. And often he was cursed, and beaten, and kicked, and bruised, and his little loving heart tortured and lacerated, until it would have been a mercy had God taken him from the world.

Who Tommy was, seemed to have faded from his faithless father's mind. It was in the spring that we knew him. Attention had been called to the sadness of his case, and several ladies took it upon themselves to make him an offer of a better home.

"Thank you, madam, but I have him to care for. He isn't much to me, as you say, but he was a great deal to her, and if he fails to meet her up there, I'm sure she don't care to stay. I am to make him better. I don't know—I can't see how I am to do it—but somehow, it must be done—He doesn't care for me, I know, and he'd be glad if I was dead; but I can't die now, though I am awful tired of trying to live on without her. Thank you all the same, but I can't leave him."

No amount of persuasion could turn the little fellow aside from his resolution. He adhered to it with a stubbornness that was exasperating to the kind hearts that were longing to aid him.

Often the child went supperless, that the father might have a crust of bread; and the only thanks he received for his sacrifice was a curse because it was not better or more.

The spring came on, with its warm rain, and the snows had melted off the mountains and the uplands, and had filled the great river to overflowing. The people were talking in the streets of the great embankment, of the fearful consequences should the levee break away.

Tommy's father had come staggering home at twelve o'clock, and, too much intoxicated to undress, he had laid down in his clothes. It was raining fearfully, but above the noise of the rain could be heard the mad roar of the river; as it dashed onward, past the alarmed city.

Of a sudden, the bell sounds, ringing out clearly above the storm—above the deafening roar. There is a wild shouting in the streets—and voices crying out:

Back! back from the river, for your lives back! the levee is giving away!

White-faced, Tommy hears this, and tugs with all his might at the drunken man sleeping in near death's door.

"Oh father!" he cries, "waken! waken!" A muttered curse is the only answer. "We'll be swept away! Father, the river is overflowing the town!"

Not a word of reply came to the boy's frantic appeal.

"Come, father, come! I hear the water rushing along!"

He clasps his father's hand, and tries, in his puny strength, to pull him from his miserable bed. He falls back himself, helpless and discouraged.

"Oh, mother!" he cries, "he isn't fit to go! I've done my best! I've tried to save him—to make him better; to make him good enough to come with me to you, up there; but he will not listen! Give him a little longer time. O, father, waken, it is almost too late!"

Too late, too late! The river is growing more fearful, the clamor of voices dying away; the streets, by all living people, are deserted. Under the door some cold and creeping thing is fast coming. It steals in slowly, a little stream at first, then rushes on faster, crosses the floor, and laps about the little bare feet.

"Oh, father, father, it is here!" and yet the faithful child stands firmly.

Upward, upward the water rises. It covers the cold feet, eddies about the bare ankles. It strikes a chill through the unclothed limbs—a deep chill through the child's heart. He knows then that it is death coming! For himself he is not afraid; but O God of mercy! must he go, and her wish not fulfilled? He thinks then of that unknown future; of the great gulf between the good and bad; of the fearful wickedness of his unkind father; of the angelic goodness of his mother; and though he is too much of a child to clothe the thought in words, yet his baby heart realizes the terrible tragedy, and he cries aloud once more—

"Father, oh father, do not die, and so forever be kept away from mother and me! The sleeping man turns heavily.

"He is awakening—awakening at last!" the child cries eagerly.

The water comes up to his waist. It creeps over the edge of the bed and wets the mouldy straw. It reaches the sleeping man. He mutters wearily—

"Curse the cold! If I had a drink of whisky I might drive the chill away, but the last dime is gone."

"Oh father, come quick! come! The levee's broken away! It is the water that you feel—it is that which sends the chill over you. Come, father, come!"

"What! water roaring all about us! The cursed river in the room, and not a stream of old Bourbon flowing in its veins!"

"Why didn't you waken me, Tommy? You know I am not fit to die! Here, let me rest my head on your shoulder."

Hastened heavily to his feet, crossed the room unsteadily, unlatched the door, and went out into the fearful flood. It brought the water to his shoulders. Tommy followed dimly, went down the steps also. It brought the water over Tommy's head.

The drunken man rushed on, making toward the bluff that lay back from the river. There was a faint, drowning cry of "Oh, father," ending in a hoarse gurgle—a lifting up for a moment of a white face and two white childish hands, and then the hands and face were gone—lost amid the rushing, boiling water.

A fearful buffeting against the mad stream, a terrible struggle for a worthless life, and the sobered inebriate reaches the bluff. Then the horrible truth rushes upon him. Then he understands the faithfulness of his dead child—realizes to its fullest extent that he had sent that child to his death.

The morning came. Backed on the swaying branch of an uprooted tree, they found a little martyr, his white face gleaming in the sunshine. But the pure young soul had entered upon that everlasting spring of which he had so often dreamed, with his head lying on his mother's grave.

Two graves then in the churchyard—two deaths in the household—and the responsible for both! Could he ever become, through his terrible penitence, good enough to meet them up there? He seemed to see Tommy's tiny hands reaching out to him through the terrible gloom that had settled swiftly over him; he seemed to hear him.

Let us hope that the child's death has not been in vain, for he for whom he died has turned his feet away from the road along which destruction marks the way, and his old haunts, where death still lurks, know him no more. Heaven help him to become worthy of poor, little Tommy, the martyr.

A Pennsylvania Widow.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper tells rather an extravagant story of the exploits of a widow of his acquaintance. It runs thus: "We dwell in a branch of the beautiful Clinton Valley in Fayette county, Penna. Just to the east of us are the Chestnut Ridge Mountains, as rough and rocky as mountains generally are. Well, upon the top of the mountains dwells a widow, yet in the prime of life, who is now wealthy, and owns the best mountain farm in Fayette county. Years ago, when quite young, she married a young man who owned this farm and a team, and nothing more. The land was uncleaned, exceedingly rocky and full of ravines. In a few months after being married the husband died, leaving his wife nothing but his land, cabin and team. Thrown upon her own resources, the widow went to work felling timber,

making crosses and hauling them to the railroad at Connelleville, a distance of ten miles, and all without the assistance of any one. This being beyond the paucity of times, she made money sufficient to give her a good start in life. Disliking to drive a team or attend to horses, as soon as she considered herself able, she hired a driver, but continued making the crosses with her own hands, and between times amused herself with blasting rocks and rolling them into the ravines, thus killing two birds with one stone, clearing the land, and filling up the ravines. Thus by industry, economy and perseverance, she in a very few years amassed a considerable fortune, cleared seventy-five acres of rough land, filling up and leveling over ravines, and fitting them for agricultural purposes. It was indeed an interesting sight to see her sitting on top of a rock, with a drill in one hand and a sled in the other, piercing the very heart of the rock; and blowing it to atoms, and afterwards rolling it piece by piece into the ravine. This lady has now a grand house, luxuriously furnished, a first-class piano, from which she brings forth the sweetest music, and fifty thousand in the bank. She has had scores of offers, but she refuses them all, preferring to pass the remainder of her life in single blessedness rather than undergo the pangs of burying another husband.

"Lord! Won't They be Surprised,"

The following story was told by General Slocum in a speech to the Independent Democratic Committee in Brooklyn just after the late election:

"A few months after I was sent West during the late war, I met one of the most accomplished generals that ever wore the American uniform—I refer to Gen. McPherson. We had been at West Point together, and this was our first meeting since we had left the academy. In talking over the scenes through which we had passed, since we parted at West Point our conversation turned upon the battle of Pittsburg Landing, where McPherson acted as chief of staff to General Grant. McPherson described to me the disasters of the first day of that great battle—of how he had been compelled from hour to hour during the whole day to be the bearer of bad news to his chief. It was a succession of reverses from morning till night. When night came on and it was becoming too dark for the enemy to continue the fight, McPherson rode up to Grant, who coolly said to 'Bad enough, General. We have lost, I think, about one-half our artillery and at least a third of the infantry. Our line is broken in several places, and we are pushed back, as you see, pretty near the bank of the river.' Grant made no reply, and McPherson becoming a little impatient, finally said to him, 'Well, General, under these circumstances, what do you intend to do?' 'Do! Why, I shall reform the lines and attack them at daylight. Lord! won't they be surprised.' Grant executed his plan to the letter, and before 9 o'clock next morning the enemy were flying in every direction. Whatever may be a man's occupation, if he meet with disaster, I know of no better motto to adopt than the words of General Grant: 'Reform the lines and attack them again at daylight.'"

"The Star Spangled Banner,"

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the origin of the Star Spangled Banner—how the patriotic Key, after a night of doubt and dread, a prisoner, watching the bombardment of Fort Mifflin, saw in the dim daylight "that our flag was still there," and in the fervor of the moment he could not prevent this grand outburst of song—the natural thanksgiving of prayer and praise—that will live so long as there is an American patriot to sing it. But it may not be so well known that the honor of putting the words to music is due to Lancaster.

We find in the Folio, a newsy musical journal of Boston, the following:

"Ferdinand and Charles Durany, from Lancaster, Pa., belonged to the dramatic company of Holiday Street Theatre, in Baltimore, and were alike clever for music and acting. Directly after Key's song was printed, it was read and re-read to the soldiers encamped in Baltimore, until the whole division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence.

"Ferdinand Durany was importuned to sing it to the soldiers, and promised to do so, when he could adapt the words to music. He at once commenced searching among the theatrical music books, whistling tune after tune, as he turned the pages, until at last he came to one called the 'Anacron in Heaven.' He soon adapted the words, and, by appointment, visited the soldiers, and informed them of his success.

"The Durany brothers, for the first time in public, sang the 'Star Spangled Banner.' It was received with shouts of approbation and never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such circumstances or such inspiring inducements.

Ferdinand Durany died in Baltimore in 1815.

A Sad Period.

It is vain to cling to the youth which is past, be our unbelief of the fact ever so stubborn. Rather should it be gracefully

resigned for the cheerful acceptance of the duties which mature life is sure to bring. Why, for example, should a single woman of forty cling to the dress and manners of a girl, instead of owning to herself and others that she has fully reached middle age? Countless advertisements show but too plainly how many have a horror of growing old, and snatch credulously at every device for hiding the unwelcome fact. Success in such art means a walking deception, and where there is falsehood on the surface, there is not much hope of truth beneath; failure means an absurd anomaly—bright hair does not harmonize with a faded cheek, or rouge with a furrowed brow. Besides, lovely as is the bloom of youth, it is hardly missed when the beauty of expression beams forth in its stead. In mourning over and magnifying what is past, there is always danger of neglecting, if not losing, the treasures which remain.

Habit.

"I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawyer, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, cheating, or swearing."

Brigham's Favorite.

The Prophet has nineteen wives and forty-six children. Four of his wives are proxies, who, with their children, born in Brigham's household, will, in the next world, belong to Brigham's predecessor, Joe Smith.

Amelia is a favorite because she will stand no nonsense from the Prophet. He is afraid of her because she is something he cannot subjugate. In fact, Amelia is something after the style of Eliza Pinkerton, who would fight a buzz saw. Amelia once threw a Weed sewing machine, down upon a Singer and she got a Singer—Amelia wears the breeches, is No. 1, and Brigham is No. 2.

The appearance of land near the South Pole, mapped by the American exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, many years ago, proves in repeated instances to have been delusions. This has been recently demonstrated, as to several points, by the Challenger expedition, recently returned to England. Antarctic exploration is now exciting interest in European scientific circles, from the fact that it is extremely desirable to observe the transit of Venus in 1882 from a point as near as possible to the South Pole. The most southerly point ever reached was latitude 78 deg. 4 min. south, by Captain Ross, of the British Navy, about thirty-five years ago. Captain Davis, who was a member of his expedition, lectured recently at South Kensington, England, on Antarctic discovery, and expressed much doubt whether any one would ever get nearer the South Pole than Ross did.

Mr. Everts said in his address at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster: "I should say of Mr. Webster that if there were one single trait conspicuous in him and pre-eminent as compared with others which have made for themselves great names in history, it would be the abundant charity of his nature. He never assumed for himself in private intercourse or in public speech any superiority. He never tolerated in his presence, and he never practiced, either evil speech or evil surmise."

There was a certain laughable streak of human nature in that man of total abstinence who, on drinking a milk punch by mistake, enthusiastically cried out, "Heavens! What a cow. Is she for sale?"

A Kittanning dog, afflicted with toothache, pined out the diseased molar, after many unsuccessful attempts. That is a dog on a story.

"Tommy, do you know that your Uncle Robert has found a little boy baby on his door step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, mamma; and he be Uncle Bob's step-son, won't he? Smart boy, that."

At some of the Jersey summer resorts last season, it is said that mosquitoes were oftentimes mistaken for chickens, and two uncomplacated little women, in foreign countries called children, were seen feeding them with crumbs.

ELLANEOUS.

The "When-I-was-at-the-Centennial" man and woman are now beginning to cast a dark shade over life.

Ben Butler says he didn't buy a vote. He was elected on the ground that he was cross-eyed and needed rest.

Hon. A. H. Stevens' health is improving. He has gained 3 oz. in the last three months.

Mrs. Finch, a Chicago postess, wants to know, "What are the wild winds bringing?" We guess it is a cold in the head.

Gen. Hancock will command the troops in and around Washington.

Emperor William, of Germany, continues to be in declining health.

Husband your resources and your daughters will be better able to husband themselves.

They have been for years hunting the north pole, now the politicians are hunting the south pole.

"Is them the common dog sausage?" inquired a venerable looking lady, as she surveyed a link on the butcher's stand over her spectacles the other day. "Yes, ma'am; genuine poolies," said the polite dealer.

President Grant is denounced by the New Orleans Morning Star, Irish Catholic organ, on account of the troops being concentrated at Washington, and calls on Gens. McClellan, Hancock, Hooker, Shield Buell and others to interfere. The editor must see blood upon the moon.

Neighbor comes into see baby, and addresses patriotic mother: "Well, what shall I call it, Samuel Jones Tilden, or Rutherford Borchard Hayes?" Patriotic mother: "Neither, yet; we're waiting on that Louisiana Returning Board before naming it, and after all it may be a little fraud, or a bull-dozer."

A Frenchman more noted for his conceit and a certain amount of success with the fair sex, than the cleanliness of his linen, was posing the other day before a beautiful and witty woman, when he delivered himself of this rather arrogant sentiment: "Women, I change them as I do my shirts."

"Oh," said the fair one, looking attentively at the collar of his shirt, "I should never have believed you so constant."

A simple peasant from the wilds of New England was alighting from the cars at the Washington depot in company with a friend, when the latter pointed out the first distinguished looking man, and exclaimed: "Look, George, there goes one of the tell! ejaculated the simple peasant; "How much has he stolen?"

A visitor at the Exposition, dining at a French restaurant, meanly intimated when his bill was presented that his boiled egg contained a chicken. The polite waiter said he would have the bill corrected, and soon returned with a new bill, upon which the charge of 30 cents for eggs had given place to an item of 60 cents for chicken.

An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered aid, roared out: "Now you jes let 'em. Want no slobberin' round me. I allus come down stairs that way."

One of our Nevada ranchers, says the Reno (Nev.) Gazette, sent his wife East to see the big show in Philadelphia, and followed in about three months himself. The worthy couple stayed with their relatives, about ten miles from Philadelphia, for six weeks, and upon returning to the land of the sagebrush, were asked for particulars in regard to the Centennial. "Well," said he, "I'll tell you how it was. My wife was visitin' round afore I went, and didn't get to the city, and when I got there brother Jim was jest thrashin' his buckwheat, and they kep' us so busy helpin' 'em that I didn't get to the show at all."

A Kansas city German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, when the banker asserted that it was business, replied: "Business? Pissness? You atands here mit the gouter shust all der dime, and robs a man banterface before his back, und calls dot pissness!"

He waltzed out of a Liberty street front door yesterday, followed by a washboard and two bars of Babbitt's soap; and, as he straightened himself up and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw the line somewhere or he can't be boss of the house, and I'll be hainged if I'll pump more than one barrel of water for no washing, and there ain't no woman can make me do it, unless she locks me in."

An old toper who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several expiations to take place from gases produced from water, said: "You don't catch me putting water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

A short time ago some Washington "boys" took a drunken fellow, put him in a coffin, while he was asleep, scorched him with live coals, made him believe he had waked up in the lower regions, and promise that he would reform if he could come back to earth. He came back to earth, got drunk on that morning, into a fight in the evening, and two black eyes.

Table with advertising rates: 1 inch, 2 w, 3 w, 4 w, 13 w, 26 w, 52 w. Rates range from \$2.50 to \$10.00.

