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DEEP IN THE VALLEY.

Deep in the valley, afar from every beholder,
In the May morning my true love came to me:
Silent we sate, her head upon my shoulder;
Fondly we dreamed of the days about to be;
Fondly we dreamed of the days so soon to be.

Deep in the valley, the rain falls colder and colder;
Safely she sleeps beneath the church-yard tree;
Yet still I feel her hand upon my shoulder,
Yet still I dream of the days that could not be;
Yet still I weep o'er the days that will not be.

—*Mrs. Mulock-Craik.*

ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor,
Ere ever we reach the height.

Oh! Distance, thou dear enchanter,
Still hold in thy magic vail
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
Oh! mountain cold and gray!
Oh! sail in thy snowy whiteness,
Come not into port, I pray!

—*Carlotta Perry, in Home Journal*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"The idea is simply preposterous!" Cleve Fairfax drew his tall, well-proportioned figure to its utmost height, his lip curled as he did so.

"Yes," said his elder brother, irresolutely, feeling his moustache; "but, you see, Charlie is so set on it, and—"

"That makes no difference, one way or the other," interrupted Cleve, with that quiet firmness which made one think he might be molded in iron. "It is impossible—nothing more nor less! Your son, my nephew, to marry a country girl—a Wisconsin farmer's daughter—simply because she has a pretty face and a pair of hazel eyes! Why, man, it would be a lifelong mistake."

And thus saying, Mr. Fairfax passed down the broad aisle.

Mabel Thorpe, sitting in the crowd under the balcony of the Academy of Music, had heard all of the brief colloquy with a stinging through her veins and a burning flush upon her cheek.

"Cruel! cruel!" she thought, as they passed on, "and needlessly so, too. I did not care for Charles Fairfax. I should not have infringed on the dignity of their race by marrying him. They need not have been afraid."

And Mabel drew herself up with pride no less genuine than that of the Fairfaxes, if she was "a Wisconsin farmer's daughter."

Miss Thorpe went home thinking that New York had lost all its charms for her. She had been very happy in the great metropolis, with a girl's innocent, unsophisticated happiness; but it was all over now. And when Charles Fairfax called the next day he was astounded to learn that Miss Thorpe had gone home.

So ended Charley's young dream of love, until the next pretty girl should strike its answering chord. And Cleve Fairfax thought no more of the girl who had given him a momentary annoyance, save to congratulate himself on the fact that the danger was over.

An October afternoon, with an atmosphere full of bracing vigor, in the wide chimney of the long, low, farm-house kitchen blazed a fire of well-seasoned logs, and Mabel Thorpe, standing in the level crimson light, seemed the very incarnation of the home deity, in her calico dress and ruffled white apron.

"How is he now, mother?" she asked with a slight shadow of anxiety in her eyes, as a plump, matronly dame came down the narrow, winding stairway that led up from the chimney jamb.

"Oh, he's better," said Mrs. Thorpe, briskly. "He'll do well enough now. I don't see how he could possibly have been so careless as to let the gun discharge itself through his own arm."

"It will be some time before he recovers, I suppose, mother?"

"Your father says he wouldn't be surprised if it was a month before he got well around again."

"A month!" Mabel Thorpe drew a long breath. Of all men in the world, she most disliked and distrusted Cleve Fairfax, yet here he was, thrown, as it were, on their hands for the very boon of his life. Little had honest old Obed Thorpe thought when he brought home the disabled sportsman, upon whom he had stumbled through the merest chance in the world, whom he was bearing across his threshold. Mabel did not judge it best to enlighten him.

"We were never introduced to each other," she thought, "and it is not likely that he will recognize me, or even remember my name."

But when Cleve began to get better, Mabel could not but feel that a new change was coming over the life that had been rescued from the grave.

And Cleve, watching her, began to have vague ideas of a home and its home goddess.

The marvel and mystery of love—who may ever hope to read its enigmas? For Cleve Fairfax, who had run the gauntlet of innumerable New York seasons heart-whole and unscathed, had come beneath the lowly roof of a Western farm-house to lose his heart after all!

"Mabel!"

He spoke one night, after a long silence, as she sat opposite, quiet and self-contained.

"Yes, Mr. Fairfax."

"Do you know that the doctor has decided that I may go away next week?"

"I heard them say so this morning."

"Shall you be sorry to have me gone, Mabel?"

She glanced quietly toward him.

"Of course it will be lonely without you, Mr. Fairfax."

He looked wistfully at her. What made him love her so passionately? What charm did she hold that so attracted his whole nature?

"Mabel," he said, suddenly, "I can not go away from here until I have asked you one question. I can not leave you until I tell you how dearly I love you—how earnestly I long to make you my wife."

Mabel looked up, pale, but self-possessed.

"The idea is simply preposterous!" she said; the very words that had so chilled her upspringing happiness a year ago, when she sat under the pillars of the balcony in the Academy of Music.

"Preposterous, Mabel! and why?"

"It is impossible—neither more nor less," she went on deliberately. "You to marry a country girl—a Wisconsin farmer's daughter—simply because she has a pretty face and a pair of hazel eyes! Why, man, it would be a lifelong mistake!"

Cleve Fairfax felt the blood rising hot and red to his temples. He had an excellent memory, and in an instant the whole scene in the opera-house rose up before his mind's eye. His own batteries were turned against him with a vengeance.

"Mabel—you heard me then?"

"I heard you then, Mr. Fairfax."

"But I meant—I didn't know."

"It is not at all necessary to tell me what you meant, or what you knew or didn't know. I am the same Mabel that I was then; nor have the haughty race of the Fairfaxes waxed less aristocratic, that I am aware of. Consequently you will perceive the futility of further argument."

"But I have learned to know and love you since then," pleaded Cleve, eagerly.

"I am sorry you should be disappointed in any thing you have set your heart upon, Mr. Fairfax, but my mind is fully made up and can not be altered. Moreover, I am engaged to a prince among men—one of those who make agriculture the royal pursuit it is; nor would I exchange my destiny for the highest place in all your hollow city life. Leave me here to be happy and go you on your way. You are answered."

And Cleve Fairfax, dispirited and disappointed, went back to New York, and lived a bachelor to the end of the chapter, and all for the love of a "Wisconsin farmer's daughter."

Beef Tea, and How to Prepare It.

First let us take that probably most valuable of all invalid's preparations—viz., beef tea. The quickest and best method of preparing good beef tea is as follows: Take a pound of good lean gravy beef, cut it up into little pieces, pour over them a pint of cold water, and add a little salt. Then take a fork and squeeze these in every direction, in order, as much as possible, to extract the juices out of the meat. Next place it all—*i. e.*, both water and meat—in an enameled saucepan, and put it by the side of the fire, not on the fire, and gradually heat it, taking the greatest care that it does not boil. Having continued this process for about an hour and a half or two hours, during the last half-hour keeping the beef tea hot without even simmering, strain the whole off through a strainer, pressing the meat again with a spoon, so as to squeeze as much as possible all the goodness out of it. Then remove all the fat. This can be done by carefully skimming it, or, if time will allow, by letting it get cold, when the fat will harden on the top. Now to my mind good beef tea is one of the things we can take when ill, but sick persons often tire of it, and loathe it. When this is the case, very often by adding a little sherry, and allowing it to get cold (when if properly made it will be a jelly), patients will take it in this form when they could not in the liquid state.

POETICAL SOAP.

Messrs. Water and Oil
One day had a broil,
As down in the glass they were dropping.
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,
And, quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And Soap came out ready for washing.

From Abject Poverty to a Coronet and a Vast Fortune.

The New York *Mercury* tells this: One year ago, Jacob Heydebrand was a poor locksmith at No. 116 Hester Street. One day, while on a Fulton ferryboat, he met an acquaintance, who asked him if he was the Jacob Heydebrand whom the Austrian Consulate was advertising for. His friend had some difficulty in persuading him to go to the Consulate and ascertain whether or not he was the person wanted. At the Consulate he was asked if he had been in 1850 at Bockenheim, near Frankfort-on-the-Main. He replied in the affirmative. "Did you board there with a family named Schoen, and did you meet at their house an Austrian officer?" Heydebrand replied again in the affirmative. "What was the name of that officer?" "It was Count Jacob von Heydebrand. He was Captain in the 9th Regiment of Austrian Hussars," he answereed. "Well, then, you are the man we want." So saying, the Consul handed the astonished locksmith a bundle of documents, which he said he had better have examined by some German lawyer, and he also informed him that he was instructed to pay him the sum of $2,000. The German lawyer to whom Heydebrand gave the papers was greatly surprised at their contents, which were to the following effect: Count Aloysius Von Heydebrand, a wealthy nobleman, had died in 1872, having confessed on his death-bed that the Austrian officer, Colonel Jacob Von Heydebrand, who had hitherto passed as his only son, was only an illegitimate child, his real son and heir, who had borne the same name, having been set adrift in the world after his mother had died, by his mistress, Bernhardine Hoelzel, who had borne him a son about the same time. That wicked woman possessed such a power over him that she had wrung from him the consent to substitute her son in the place of little Jacob, whom she had taken to her relations in Darmstadt. The old Count implored his illegitimate son, the Austrian Colonel, to leave nothing undone in order to make amends for the great injustice that had been done to his legitimate heir, and to restore to him, if he should be able to ascertain his whereabouts, his paternal estate. It was then the Colonel remembered having met at Brockenheim, twenty-two years before, a young locksmith, whose acquaintance he had sought because the latter had borne the same name. So he applied to the Schoen family, who were still living at Brockenheim, and from them he obtained the information that the young locksmith had left that place many years ago for America. The Colonel thereupon applied to the Austrian legation in Washington, and Jacob Heydebrand was extensively advertised for until found in New York. Among the papers was an autograph from his illegitimate brother, the Colonel, offering to restore his paternal estates to him, and expressing regret at the injustice that had been done to him for so many years. Meanwhile, Heydebrand had married a poor German servant-girl, who had borne to him several children. The wife was overjoyed upon learning the unexpected change in her husband's fortune, and she prevailed upon him to go with her immediately to Innspruck to enter upon the enjoyment of his new position. At Innspruck his right as the sole heir of Count Heydebrand was formally recognized, and the poor Hester Street locksmith is now one of the wealthiest magnates of the Austrian Empire. His wife, the former servant-girl, was ennobled by a special decree of the Emperor.

The Moon and the Weather.

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstitution mere utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest—we see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognizable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the Government of Switzerland.—*Blackwood.*

A Reporter's Stratagem.

During the Presidential campaign which preceded the war, while William L. Yancey was on his way to attend the Baltimore convention, he was invited to address an agricultural fair at a small town in F—— County. He consented to go out of his route for this purpose, and as this would be his first speech during the contest, every body was on the *qui vive* to hear his views on the mighty questions then agitating the country. The Baltimore newspapers determined to furnish *verbatim* reports, and five stenographers were dispatched by the morning train for F—— Junction, where they would meet another train to take them to the Fair Grounds, about six miles off. Four of the scribes were thin men, but the fifth was a Falstaff. They had agreed in the cars to take no unfair advantage of each other, no matter what happened. When they arrived at F—— Junction their dismay may be imagined when they saw that the connecting train had gone. Nothing was visible in the neighborhood but an old-fashioned country cariole, in the shafts of which stood a lank, melancholy horse. The four thin scribes, with a shout, made a simultaneous rush and got into the wagon, filling it completely. Poor Falstaff panted along, larding the earth and fuming at the treachery, but with mockery and derision they waved him away and ordered the driver to proceed. In the midst of his anguish a thought struck our fat friend, and he called to John to allow him a seat on the dashboard, offering him $5 for the accommodation. The countryman consented, and stepped down to hoist him up, "Stop," whispered Fatty; "what will you sell this nag for? I'll give you $25 cash." The animal was not worth half the money, and the bargain was concluded without another word. "Now," said Falstaff, "help me on his back and take him out of the traces." In two minutes more it was done, and Fatty, putting spurs to his steed, and with a jolly laugh, rode off at a gallop, leaving his amazed companions to get to the Fair Grounds as best they might on foot. Fatty was the only Baltimore journalist on the ground, and the next day his was the only paper that had a verbatim report of Yancey's speech. He returned to the junction after the proceedings were over, sold back the horse to its former owner for $10, and quietly returned to Baltimore. His confreres, who had passed a solemn and lonely afternoon at the station, came back to the city on the same train to receive the congratulations of their respective editors on their marvelous enterprise.—*Worcester Press.*

Why President Buchanan Remained a Bachelor.

In an elegant mansion near the Arlington Hotel in this city, says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Journal*, reside two ladies of the olden aristocrrcy—Mrs. Freeman and her sister, Miss Coleman. About the latter lady a little romance clings which makes her interesting. She was the second and the affianced bride of the late President Buchanan, his first love having died in her youth, and until he met Miss Coleman he was almost a recluse from ladies' society. He was engaged to her when sent abroad as American Minister to the Court of St. James in London. At that time Miss Coleman resided in New York. He returned to this country on a visit and on the evening he arrived Miss Coleman was giving a grand entertainment. He was fatigued, and instead of dressing and paying his respects to her immediately, retired to his room, and early next morning called to see her. She had taken offense at his not calling the evening before and refused to see him, and they never met again. What regrets were felt the world has never known, but many an angry impulse has wrecked the happiness of men and women beyond reparation.

ELEPHANTS are getting very scarce, and prudent people will lay in their next winter's supply now instead of waiting until the demand forces them up to an exorbitant price.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

AN acute observer has written that the American girl is either savagely religious or not religious at all.

THE Kansas potato-bugs wear red, white, and blue stripes this year, out of respect for the Centennial season. So says an exchange.

WHILE an Iowa woman was struggling in the water and likely to drown her husband yelled out: "New bonnet—swim for life!" and she kicked out and safely reached the shore.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CITIZEN of Leavenworth going to his barn to milk in the dark of the early morning, got into the wrong pen and undertook to milk a mule. He don't remember which side of the barn he went out at, but expects his bucket down in a few days.

A ST. LOUIS minister has received the grand bounce from his congregation for preaching an eloquent sermon from the text "Straight is the gate." If it had been "Crooked as the gate," he might still have been receiving a princely income.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A CHILD who was being educated on the moral suasion plan refused to get out of bed and be washed one cold morning. Her aunt argued the matter with her, but she finally succumbed, when the infant logician said: "Aunt Mary, you do as you like, and let me do as I like. You like to be clean and cold; I like to be warm and dirty."

A COLORED expounder of the Scriptures recently created quite a flurry among some of the female portion of his congregation by suddenly branching off in this way: "Now, I want to say a word to de sisters. When you has a washin' to do somewar, and you gets done, just you clean up and go right home, and don't stan' round lookin' whar you can find a little coffee, or a little sugar, or a little something else to put into yo' pockets. Go right home when you's done wid dat washin'."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BRICK-DUST.

As Pat up the ladder was climbing one day,
His hod filled with bricks, the usual way,
A fresh-landed brother from over the sea,
Half seas over, or at least seemed to be.
Called up from the street, with a comical wink,
"Come down, ye spalpeen, and let's take a drink."
"Bedad and I will," says good-natured Pat,
"Then I'll carry my bricks inside o' my hat."

—*Providence Journal.*

Pluck of a Kentucky Woman.

Jailer Horsfall, of Newport, owns a wife who has several times proved herself a heroine, and last night about 8 o'clock she proved again that, although she is a woman, she is better than some men for all that. Mr. Horsfall was away from home; his wife heard a peculiar kind of noise in the jail. Suspicioning that something was going crooked she seized a revolver and went to the front portion of the building, when she discovered that prisoners were at work on the inside of the wall, cutting a hole through the brick, for the purpose of effecting an escape. It appears that there were seven of the prisoners at work. Marshal Locke and Lieutenant Cottingham had gone over to Cincinnati on a certain affair pertaining to their duty. The brave woman dispatched a boy for an officer, and then standing at the place they were working at, she told the boys inside she would blow the brains out of the first one who would dare put his head through the opening. The boys, knowing that Mrs. Horsfall meant what she said, ceased operations, and when Deputy Marshal Jackson arrived they both entered and drove the unruly creatures back into their cells. Too much praise cannot be awarded the brave woman for the fearless part she took in the affair. Had it not been for her those seven prisoners would doubtless all have escaped.—*Cincinnati Times.*

An Aggressive Swordfish.

The brig P. M. Tinker, Captain Bernard, previously mentioned as having arrived here from Richmond, leaking, for repairs, has been hauled upon the ways at Graves's shipyard. On examination yesterday it was discovered that the leak was caused by a swordfish, the sword being found broken off forward the bands, about sixteen feet abaft the forefoot. The fish, in striking the vessel, must have come with great force, as the sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a four-inch birch plank, and through the timbers about six inches—in all about ten inches. It occurred on the morning of the 23d of December, when the brig was eighteen days out from Rio, and in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. She was pumped about 4 o'clock in the morning, and found free of water. About 6 o'clock the same morning she was again pumped, when water was obtained, and, on examination, it was found that she had made ten inches of water. The men were kept steady at the pumps until her arrival at Richmond, and while there and on her trip here.—*Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.*