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Sunset.

BY WALTER ALLEN.

Ah! radiant cloud on the shore of night,
So tenderly clasped in the lingering light—
Your lover, the sun, must plunge under the sea,
And leave you to blush for that kiss known to me!

Glittering chariots, scarlet and gold,
Whose ardent wheels down the west have rolled—
Why halt your plumed chiefs behind Phœbus's car?
'Tis love claims their homage! Lo, Venus afar?

Wonderful pictures hung in the skies,
Glowing with glory of subtle dyes,
Transcending all skill, all scope of art—
Your beauty sheds calm o'er the world's fretful heart.

Argosies freighted with hopes of the day,
Spreading huge sails in the somber gray,
Drifting away o'er the infinite main,
Vanishing soon—will they come again?

DAME TROT.

We were very young, Dick and I, and he was decidedly poor, to be sure; but then, as he had nobody but me who cared particularly about him, and I had no one but crusty, crabbed Aunt Becky to live with, why, we thought we might as well work together as wait till we were gray before we ventured to marry.

Nevertheless, it was with very shaky knees and very chilly hands squeezed tightly together in a nervous manner that I slipped into Aunt Becky's room, where she sat by the fire knitting at those everlasting blue woolen stockings, and mumbled out,

"Aunt Becky, Dick and I have been talking over our prospect—" and then made a pause.

"Humph," said my aunt, and twitched her spectacles snappishly.

"And we think—that is Dick thinks—we may as well be married now as wait."

"Ha!" said my aunt, and "heeled off," unmoved by my stunning announcement.

This was not encouragement. I kicked my slippers on the hearth-rug, twisted the tiny pearl ring Dick had given me, round and round on my finger, then took courage and bolted out:

"And, aunt, you know I must have some clothes, and, if you please, I should like the hundred dollars that father left me. Please don't think us foolish, aunt. We—we love each other very much."

"Oh, make fools of yourselves, if you choose," returned my aunt. "It's all one to me. Only don't come bothering and begging to me afterwards, that's all."

I flamed with indignation. The idea of Dick begging. However, poor old soul, I don't suppose she ever had a lover, or was in love herself; she knows nothing of my exalted sentiments; I feel I can afford to be magnanimous. Meanwhile Aunt Becky slowly rose, unlocked the big, shining mahogany, and took out of a pigeon-hole a little soiled chamois-leather bag.

"Here, child," she said, "don't spend it all on foolish finery."

"O aunt, how good of you. Thank you a thousand times. Indeed, I will spend it sensibly."

The old lady was not altogether hard-hearted, after all. "You've been a good girl, Margaret," she said slowly. "I hope you'll get along well. There's an old proverb that says 'When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window.' But Richard Dalton's a fine young man; he puts me in mind of—" Here my aunt stopped abruptly, and locked up the desk with a loud snap; then resuming her knitting and her usual manner at the same time, she added, "There, don't come kissing and bothering me. You've made me drop six stitches already."

I spent fifty dollars; it was the "good old times," reader, "long before the war," and I was only to be a young architect's wife, you know; and hid the other precious fifty for a rainy day.

"I hope you won't mind it's being a queer place to take a lady," said Dick to me, a little anxiously, as arm in arm, we walked to the down town church, that golden June morning.

"Oh, no, Dick; if you don't mind I don't," I said hopefully, looking up—a long way up—into his face, for I am only a blue-eyed morsel of a woman, and Dick is full six feet high.

There happened to be those two vacant rooms back of the office, and the church-yard is very green and cheerful, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I took them just as a beginning. I'm afraid you will laugh at my grand apartments, but I know you can make it cheerful, Dame Trot.

"I don't believe your furnishing will be one bit queerer than my housekeeping. We are greenhorns—that's one comfort."

"We shan't be troubled with much company at all events!" said Dick, laughing. "Our acquaintances won't bestir themselves very often, I fancy, to climb up to the fourth story of St. Thomas's Building for a morning call. But you'd rather live so, wouldn't you, than in a smelly boarding house?" And Dick's handsome face expressed intense disgust.

At this moment, however, the church was reached. Morning prayers were just over; the few piously disposed individuals who had strayed in were coming out, the white-robed choristers had disappeared within the sacristy, and the clergyman was following. A verger stepped quietly up and whispered something in his ear. He paused, turned, and came back to the communion rail. A few sight-seeing country people, and a little ragged newsboy peering round the pew nearest the doorr, were the only witnesses of our marriage. In ten minutes the great deed was done, and I walked out of church—Dick's wife. Was it possible? The world seemed to take singularly little notice of such a remarkable event.

St. Thomas' Building, as all the world knows, stands a stone's throw from the church where Margaret Blaine was transformed, in some wonderful way, into Mrs. Richard Dalton. I mounted breathlessly up four flights of an iron iron stairway, the walls whereof were plentifully besprinkled with signs pertaining to the occupants of the numerous offices, and paused panting on the topmost floor, before a shabby little door, half ground glass, on which was inscribed the legend, "R. Dalton, Architect." We entered. A huge green baize screen stood a short distance within, concealing the office beyond, and forming a sort of vestibule for a second door. This Dick unlocked, and, gently pushing me before him, closed it, saying, "Here's home, Dame Trot! It's a puir one, but our ain! Thank God for that."

"Oh Dick!" I cried, standing on tiptoe to hug him; "what a lovely little room; a darling old fellow has made everything so nice for me."

The darling old fellow kissed me with a very pleased face, and I, subsiding to my natural level and the ordinary position of society, took a survey of my apartment.

There was no carpet; but the floor was waxed and polished in the French fashion. The walls were painted a pale green, with a bright, quaint border of many colors, here and there twined round by a scroll inscribed with a text in mediæval letters. A round table stood in the center, covered with green baize; on it were a shining brass lamp and a tiny vase full of violets. Scattered about the room were simple chairs—cane-seated, green framed. Plants bloomed in the open window, through which the sun came streaming, and outside one saw only the stately walls and spire of the church, and the waving boughs of trees. A clock, its common frame made beautiful by exquisite painting designs, stood on a carved walnut bracket; a rack of open shelves held a modest supply of china. A tiny stove and sink were marked by a second screen, covered with white canvas, on which was painted Gothic scroll and leaf work; through its mazy lines grotesque monsters peered and writhed themselves. A chromo in *pasee partout* frame, some sun-lit glowing scene in Italy, and a few of Dick's designs, formed our picture gallery. Through a door beyond a bedchamber was visible, shadeless, spotless and still.

"Do you like it, Dame Trot?" asks Dick, bending his stately head very near mine.

"Like it! I think there was never any room so charming. And I know you did those lovely decorations and made that killing screen—confess now."

"Yes; 'we keep a painter,'" says Dick, laughing, "but he can only work off-hours, unluckily."

Then that was what made you so late every evening this month? and I was so cross, and accused you of neglecting me, when all the time you were working for me! Oh!" and I hid my face in his waistcoat, profoundly ashamed of myself. "Why didn't you tell me? What a horrid pig you must have thought me!"

I don't know why or wherefore, but my first proceeding thereafter was to sit down and enjoy a good, sound, old-fashioned cry; uprising from which, refreshed like Dr. Watt's rose after the shower, I betook myself to the task of unpacking my wardrobe, which Dick had sent from Aunt Becky's the day before. I took off my gray straw bonnet with its lilac ribbons, and the pale gray silk, my best, and my wedding gown, and hung those festal garments in the closet; it seemed like taking possession of my home, that first bestowal of my garments. Then, with a joyful little cry of "Richard, darling, to think it should be true, and I am your wife!" I go about with my work, sing gayly as a lark, "the melody of a heart content."

"Dame Trot," said Dick to me one evening late in October, "I wish I could go in for this competition at Philadelphia. It would be a thousand dollars in my pocket to begin with, if my designs are accepted, and the commission on the building besides, to say nothing of other work following it."

"What is it, old man?" I asked, resting my chin on his shoulder as he sat leaning on the table.

"Why this, don't you see?" pointing to a circular letter he had received, inviting architects to furnish plans for a certain public building.

"Well, why don't you go in? Of course you can cut the old stupids out in a minute," I said, confidently.

"I've no objections to try and accomplish that desirable end, certainly; but how the dickens are we to live in the meantime? It will be six weeks hard work to get out the plans, and I shan't be making a cent; and I've just got twenty-five dollars in the world at present." And Dick crammed his hands into both pockets with a long and dubious whistle.

"How lucky I resisted that black silk last June!" and slyly unfastening from the bosom of my dress, where I had kept it pinned all this time for safety, the little chamois bag, I held it demurely before his eyes, saying, "small contributions thankfully received, I suppose."

"Why, Dame Trot, what is this?" and unfastening the strings, five shining eagles are poured out on the table. "Fifty dollars! Where did you get it?"

"Conjured it, of course; don't you know I'm a fairy?"

"No—but seriously."

I curled my hands about his neck, and told him the story of poor father's little legacy, and I had saved half for some good use.

"Oh, my pet! my darling! All your money that you have saved so long. I can't take it from birdie."

"Nonsense! I saved it for you. Besides, I consider it a very good speculation, to make a thousand dollars out of fifty."

"But if I lose the competition?"

"You won't lose it. I know you will win it for me, Dick, because—" and here with a crimson face, and the smallest mewlet of a voice, I whisper something in his ear which makes him start, and his brown eyes flash with joy and triumph. Then he takes me closely to his heart, saying, in a low, broken voice—half pain, half exceeding love—"Good bless my darling! Good keep her, and"—a long silent kiss followed the sentence.

I think we both worked at those drawings. Day after day, for a long six weeks, when housework was ended, I drew my chair beside Dick's, and sat perched there with my feet on the rug, after the fashion of little people, watching him, and silently praying for his success; as line upon line, first rough sketch, then careful elevation, section and ground plan, and lastly, the finished perspective drawing, elaborately worked up and colored, emerged from under his practised hand. I'm sure he couldn't have thought harder or more over those famous plans than I had.

Then came a week—two weeks—of breathless suspense, for me at least; and then, one joyous afternoon, when Dick, who had gone out looking haggard and anxious, came flying up stairs and into the sitting-room, waving a slip of paper, and shouting "Huzza," like a schoolboy.

"Huzza with all my heart!" I cried, laughing at his enthusiasm. "What's up?"

"Read that, just!" and the slip of paper was tossed over to me. I looked—it was a telegram from Philadelphia.

"Your design is accepted. The committee will write you to-morrow to come on. Congratulate you, my old boy." It was signed by an old friend of my husband's, of whom he had often spoken. "Oh, let us be joyful!" sang I; and, catching Dick's hands, we indulged in a wild carmagnole about the sitting-room, and stopped at last breathless with laughter and singing.

"Won't we go on together, though!" said Dick exultingly. "It shall be your wedding tour, Dame Trot. You're looking pale, my darling; the change will do you good. Come, what do you say to driving out! This ought to be a red-letter day for my birdie. She has been so wonderfully helpful—such a good little wife!"

We went. In three days we had locked up our wee house in dingy St. Thomas' Building, and started joyously on our jcurney through the golden Indian summer weather.

The great building was founded; its massive walls began slowly to rise from the ground. As Dick had predicted, other business quickly followed to the successful man, as is usually the case in this world; and now a new spirit began to show itself in my ever-gay companion. He had always been industrious, now he bent to his work with savage energy; he spared hardly an hour in the day for his meals; he sat up working till two or three o'clock in the morning—long after he had sent me to bed. The more work he had the more he sought after—eagerly, hungrily. He no longer whistled and sang over his drawing-room desk; when he did allow himself any rest on the week-days and all day Sunday, he would lie apparently quite astonished on the pretty green couch we had added to our modest furniture, his eyes closed and his face very pale.

"Don't work so hard, my darling," I said to him one winter evening, when, quite worn out, he had thrown himself down after dinner, and as he often did now, begged me to turn the light down as low as possible.

"Why should we be in such haste to get rich? I would a hundred times rather live in my sky parlor ten years to come, than have you wearied out like this. And I am sure you will injure your eyes with so much fine drawing."

"Who told you anything ailed my eyes?" he asked, hastily, almost angrily.

"No one—only the light seems to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Dame Trot! Don't have such ridiculous fancies. You ought to cheer me up when I am working so hard—not discourage me with doleful ideas."

"I did not mean to discourage you, Dick; please don't think so."

"Then why do you talk in that way?" he retorted, captiously; then, seeing that I could not keep back my tears, he put his arm around me, saying fondly, "There—don't cry, my darling—I'm afraid I am often cross and stupid now-a-days; but you know what you hope summer will bring us, and I feel as though I ought to strain every nerve to get the means of making my darling comfortable in her great trial?"

"Your eyes are more to you—and me—than anything else," I whispered. "I'd rather go to St. Luke's than your sight should be injured."

"Nonsense—don't talk so, birdie," Dick said, with a little nervous shudder. "Besides, there is nothing the matter with my eyes. They smart and feel queer of evenings, to be sure, but that's nothing; a good night's rest makes them all right. Come—take the *Builder* and read to me awhile—sufficient for the day, you know—don't borrow trouble, Dame Trot."

His words only half re-assured me; but I did as he bid me, with a secret prayer that no harm might come to my brave darling who loved me so well.

The long winter months slowly dragged themselves out. Spring came, soft and balmy, with crocusses and violets in her hand, and mid-summer, bright and golden, smiled over all the land. On my breast lay a wee white daisy—Baby Margaret; but I was still in my lofty chamber, and Dick was blind.

Yes, God help us! the blow had fallen. Shall I never forget his awful face as he staggered in from his office and threw himself on his knees beside my bed, gasping out, "Margaret! oh, my poor darling; my punishment has come! I have been stricken all in a moment. My God! if I had listened to you last winter! What will become of us?"

Aunt Becky rose from her seat beside me. The old lady had softened wonderfully since she first heard of the new hope that has come to us. She had been a constant visitor and helper of late, and was now my tender, faithful nurse. "Children," she said, "this is a terrible dispensation—terrible! You must feel it almost unbearable just now; but pray—pray if you can for patience. Give me the baby, Margaret. You ought to be alone with your husband, and I must go for help directly. It may be too late."

She took the sleeping child from my arms, wrapped in her little blanket. I knew afterwards that she left her in care of the janitor's wife, and disappeared from the room. Then my poor stricken darling groped his way to a place on the bed beside me, and we just cried in compay—God help us!

"You will recover from the first attack, Mr. Dalton," said the calm, kindly voice of the opthalmic surgeon, after a long and careful examination.

"Thank God!" spoke Dick, bending his head.

"But it will not do to risk a second. You must not venture to use your eyes for a year to come at least. This is indispensable."

"But doctor—good heavens! My wife—my child. How can I leave work for a year? I have no other resource than my professional income."

"Have you no friends who would assist you? If you would recover your sight you should not only give up work but it would even be better for you to go away altogether—to Europe, say."

"Impossible!"

There was a momentary silence. Then dear old Aunt Becky, brushing away the tears that had gathered beneath her spectacles, took Dick's two white shapely hands in her brown wrinkled ones.

"Richard," she said, "I'm an old woman now. I have nothing to live for but to make you young folks happy. I've been saving up a nest egg all these years, and it comes to a tidy little sum, now. Will you take it from your cross, crabbed old aunty, and go on this journey? Margaret and baby shall be safe with me till you come home. Will you, my dear?"

I don't know which did it, but certainly either Richard hugged my aunt and gave her a sounding kiss, or Dr. Blount did. I think, upon the whole, it was both of them. I, laying on my sofa, to which I had been promoted for the first time, could only cry "God bless you from my heart, I pray, dear, dear Aunt Becky!"

A month afterward Dick went. It was a hard struggle, parting from my bonny darling for that long voyage; that longer absence in a foreign land; above all, when it was still so painful for him to do more than glance at objects through the strange blue spectacles they put over his handsome brown eyes. Baby Margaret and I went to my old-fashioned house, unchanged since I left it to be a wife. The dear little rooms in St. Thomas' Building were closed and locked, and the office let to an architectural friend of my husband. How happy I was when the first letter came after three months. Only a few lines, but enough to show that the cure was working. How I longed and watched for my darling, when the time drew near for his return—praying, fearing lest some accident should befall the steamer—rushing down to the office in the most unreasonable way, to know if she had been spoken long before there was any possibility of such an event. And when the summertide was at its height once more, and Baby Margaret could just toddle to the door, and utter a wooing sound that my fond, believing ears announced to be "papa," the good ship Europe floated early into the harbor; and through the golden sunset to the old house, as he had come many a time two years ago, came my Richard, restored, thank God, to perfection of sight and strength.

We are rich people now. Our house stands stately among the homes of the wealthy of the land. Its rooms are filled with every luxury that sense could demand or artistic taste could require; but on an upper floor is the little room that is dearer to us than all the rest besides. No carpet covers its floor, the furniture is only cane, with one tiny, green couch among it; a brass lamp stands on the green covered table; a bright chromo hangs over the mantel, with a quaint screen of Gothic design beneath. And here in the soft twilight often comes the master and the mistress of the mansion. There are sounds of children's voices below. The glittering lights and festive flower-crowned table seem to tell that a brilliant dinner party is soon to begin. But Richard lingers yet; and putting his arm around the "blue-eyed morsel of a woman" beside him, he whispers: "I am happy now. God has given me all I could have asked; but I never can be happier than when I first brought home my darling wife—my own precious little Dame Trot!"

The Cinnamon Gardens of Ceylon.

The spicy gales of Ceylon are so much a matter of notoriety that a considerable amount of interest is necessarily felt in the cinnamon gardens. Ancient mariners have always made a point of sniffing the aromatic zephyrs wafted to their ship from Ceylon—over a league or two of sea. Novices, under similar conditions as to position, have done their best to believe they smell cinnamon and spice and all things nice, when directed to do so. And the spicy gales born of Ceylon to be met within the Indian Ocean have been and are as much an institution in all poetry and some prose as the burning mountains of Africa and India's coral strands. Strange to say, however, the traveler who goes to Galle falls in with none of these perfumed breezes. The odors of the engine-room, the hold, and the galley have it all their own way on board as the steamer rounds to her moorings, and continue to predominate while she is in harbor. Going ashore, the passenger escapes from the odors of the steamer; but he searches in vain for those of the spice-gardens. And when at last he goes to the cinnamon gardens themselves, disappointment is his portion. He expected to find a wilderness of odoriferous shrubs, a labyrinth of tangled sweets. He discovers, in fact, a desert of gravel-walks, with here and there a small oasis covered by a sickly cinnamon or barred coffee-shrub. There are cocoanut-palms in abundance, to be sure, and there are other specimens of tropical vegetation; but nothing is to be seen of such an extensive plantation of spice-bearing trees as would justify the title of cinnamon gardens, as in any way account for the spicy gales aforesaid. In point of fact, Ceylon is not, as far as the soil is concerned, or richly productive as is often supposed. Vegetation is rank enough and to spare in this small tropical island; but rice and cocoanut trees are the only useful specimens of vegetation that can be said to flourish, and the commissariat of the European residents is often uncertain, and generally dependent on external supply. Butcher's meat is frequently a luxury that can only be obtained at considerable cost; nor is the scantiness of ordinary provisions compensated by such luxuries as oysters, brought from a point half way between Galle and Columbo, birds' nest soup, or sea-weed pudding.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

"POINT DE GAZE" is the richest lace sold; "point applique" comes next in rank. Real lace may be distinguished from imitation by the edge. In real lace it is finished, in the imitation it is rough, showing the marks of the cutting.

The Point in Issue.

An argument more insulting to the intelligence of their readers can hardly be imagined than the one frequently employed by Administration newspapers in dealing with financial questions. They say they have largely reduced the debt, and cut down taxation more than sixty millions of dollars. Who denies this statement? The monthly reports of Secretary Boutwell do show a rapid reduction of the debt, and Congress has provided for a diminution in taxation, although the treasury receipts show that our increase in population, and the increase in taxes thereby created, will keep the revenue up to a point which will considerably exceed the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury for the current fiscal year.

The reduction of the debt and the decrease in taxation are not the questions in issue. Democrats say the Administration had for the year ending June last $411,000,000. The question arises, what was done with the money? Was it honestly and judiciously expended? Every time Secretary Boutwell makes a monthly statement, an occasion is afforded for parading the amount of the reduction of the public debt since Grant became President.

There is a law which requires the Secretary of the Treasury to make a statement, at the end of each month, of the amount of the national indebtedness. There is no law requiring him to state how much the debt has been reduced under Grant's administration. There is no law requiring him to state how much the debt has been reduced since a given date. George S. Boutwell takes advantage of his official position to send out an electioneering document every time he promulgates a monthly statement of the public debt. The statement is intended to deceive the people, because it attracts their attention from the real questions at issue. The statement is intended to furnish political capital for partisan newspapers, and is demagogical and indecent in that it exceeds the requirements of the law for such a purpose.

The practice has gone long enough without rebuke, and it may be well to look at the merits of the question. How much of the revenue has been corruptly expended? How much of it has been properly applied? These are the questions in which taxpayers are interested. With treasury receipts amounting to $411,000,000, has there been as much paid on the public debt as ought to have been paid, or the amount retained in the treasury which ought to have been retained to make reduction of taxation permissible? How are these questions to be decided? We must consider whether the expenditures of the Government have been honest, and whether a proper regard for economy has been shown by the Administration.

It was entirely fair and entirely just to characterize the speech of Senator Morton at Indianapolis a few days ago as the speech of a demagogue, because he did utterly refuse to consider the question last propounded. Outside of pensions and payments on the public debt, the expenses of the Government ought to bear the same proportion to the population, ofter making due allowance for depreciated currency,—say twelve per cent.,—that they bore in 1860. We believe this statement to be a fair one, and if any good reason can be given for condemning it as unfair, let us have that reason.

Hon. David A. Wells says that the ordinary expenses of the Government ought not to exceed $75,000,000 a year, and he bases his calculation on the rule above stated. He is a Republican, and stands at the head of the front rank of statisticians in the country. Excluding payments on account of the public debt, Grant's expenditures for the year ending in June last were more than $190,000,000.

We have had enough and more than enough of gasconade and twaddle over Boutwell's monthly statements. The ordinary expenses are proof of profligacy. Meet the question, gentlemen.—*Chicago Times.*

Selling Offices—A Rival to Jesse R. Grant.

It appears that the office-peddling propensities of the President's father are reproduced in other persons possessing influence with Gen. Grant's Administration. We published the other day the evidence that Gen. Cooper, one of President Grant's Collectors of Internal Revenue in Tennessee, has been offering to sell subordinate places at prices varying from $250 to $650 each; and now we have from Toledo, Ohio, the proof that three of the most important offices in that Congressional district were lately put up for sale at the price of $4,000 for the three. The testimony to this effect is complete and conclusive. It is given by Mr. Alexander Reed, recently Postmaster of Toledo—a gentleman of distinguished character and unquestionable antecedents—and by Mr. J. Swigart and Mr. George E. Welles, the Collector and Assessor of Internal Revenue at Toledo.

These three gentlemen publish a statement that in the latter part of February last one L. M. Hunt, a friend of the present Aministration in that district, who is especially influential with Dr. E. D. Peck, the member of Congress, caused to be made to them a proposition that if they would pay him four thousand dollars in cash they should be kept in office, and that otherwise they should be turned out. This proposition they refused, and they refused it still more decisively at a subsequent interview had with Mr. Hunt on the 18th of March last. Whereupon President Grant, on the 19th inst., appointed one E. V. McMaken to be Postmaster in Mr. Reed's place, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate on the same day. Whether the internal revenue officers, who also joined with Mr. Reed in refusing to pay for their places, haue yet been turned out or not, we do not know; but if they are still in office, they will doubtless have to go soon.

Facts like these show in a startling manner the extent to which the sale of offices is carried on under the example and influence of President Grant. In Cincinnati his father puts the price of a gauger's appointment at $500; in Tennessee, one of his Collectors of Internal Revenue gets from $250 to $650 for subordinate places; and in Toledo $4,000 is asked as the price of one Postmaster's, one Assessor's, and one Collector's commission. How many more instances of such corruption may come to the public knowledge it is impossible to say; but these few afford indications that the same debasement ond depravity are likely to exist in every part of the country. And why should this not be the case? With a President greedy for presents, and appointing men to the highest offices in return for donations to himself; with a convicted bribe-taker kept in a place of great importance and responsibility; and with the President's father confessing that he thought it right to take $500 for a gauger's appointment; how can the sentiment of honor and morality be expected to prevail in the subordinate departments of the Government, or among the rank and file of the Republican party.—*New York Sun.*

"ONE of the President's organs" gives the *cue* to the rest of that functionary's "organs" by denying that General Sherman made the statement attributed to him in the report of his recent speech at New Orleans. General Sherman is a person capable of speaking for himself, unless, as perhaps may be the case, the Personal Government act gives to the "President's organs" the authority to speak for him. As a rule, "the President's organs" are not noted for ability to speak the truth on any subject. The denial by "one of the President's organs" that General Sherman said what he was reported to have said at New Orleans, concerning the latest radical President-making dodge, is rather good evidence that the published reports of his speech are entirely correct.

Cinderella.

The following is said to be origin of the story of Cinderella; About the year 1780 a French actor named Thenevard observed upon a cobbler's stall, in the streets of Paris, a female shoe, which struck him as being remarkably small. After admiring for some time its diminutiveness and the elegance of its form, he returned to his home; but the fairy little shoe haunted his slumbers, and in the morning he reappeared at the stall and asked the cobbler who was its owner. The man could give no further clue than that shoe had been left at his stall to be repaired. Thenevard was obliged to be satisfied with this vague response for the time being; but day after day he repaired to the stall to make inquiries whether the owner of the shoe had called for it. Still no owner came; and Thenevard allowed his strange fancy to get the better of his reason, became dull and low-spirited, and even began to get unwell in consequence of this strange freak of admiration. He still, however, crawled daily to the stall, and at length his patience and perseverance were rewarded by the appearance of a beautiful little peasant girl, who had left the shoe to be repaired on a former visit to the capital. The girl was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and belonging to the poorer class of society; but she was modest in manner, beauteous in face, and as graceful in form as the little shoe itself. The actor was rich, and past sixty years of age. Nevertheless, he disclosed his ideal attachment to the beautious maiden, and, despite his age, it was accepted. The parents of the girl consented to the match. If it were not a libel on the character of the fair sex, we might add that perhaps the wealth and the valuable presents made by the antiquated suitor made some impression on the fair maiden herself. Certain it is, as the story books say, they became man and wife, lived happily together; and when the old husband died he left his young and pretty wife a large fortune. This is the true and faithful history of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper, a tale which has enchanted many thousands of little boys and girls, and probably will enchant many more for many long years to come.

"I Want My Mother."

I heard these words on the street from a little sobbing child. How many mothers, thought I, with children of their own, have uttered this agonized heart-cry, when to none else, save God, could they go with those unspoken sorrows, whose unshared burden was greater than they knew how to bear and live!

She always knew what to say to us. If she blamed, it was not when heart and flesh failed, that she stood inexorable in denunciation by our side; but, with soothing hand and caressing words, she *loved* our griefs out of us; and when tears had cleared our vision, she pointed out the better way. Or if our path was so hedged about us that we could only fold our hands and wait, still it was she who made our waiting easy and hopeful.

"I want my mother!" Yes—over the little coffin, with hands outstretched to heaven—and *she* not there to comfort us! At the birth, and *she* not there to give the new baby her kiss and blessing! In the home where solemn vows "to cherish" are forgotten, and indifference is where love should be; where rough words cut the tender heart and smite, each like cruel blows, leaving bruises that no human eye sees! Ah! where shall we turn then, when even God himself seems so far away?

Does there *ever* come a time, to many loving women, when they cease to "want my mother?" I think not. Not even when their lot is happy. Then it seems cruel that she should not have the reward of all the years of patient toil and waiting, and *see* the result.

And so she does, though not with mortal eyes. Else were life and human love the most stupendous of all mockeries. And so—seeing also our pain and grief, and counting our tears, yet *shedding none*—she waits for us till, like ripened sheaves, we are gathered to the final harvest.

But, alas! if faith came not to our help here—that faith which can help us to understand how heaven can be heaven to her, while we suffer and grieve and stumble amid the dark mountains of doubt and despair!

There is no word, save God, which is so all-embracing, so round, so full, so heart-satisfying as "mother." Better to have known and felt its perfect meaning for a few short years, even though it be followed by this desolate yearning, through which we learn to spell slowly but surely, the word Immortality.

FANNY FERN.

Fashion Notes.

THE Japanese parasols, made of oiled paper and mounted on bamboo sticks, are very much in vogue this season.

THE latest style of visiting cards for ladies are of pink-tinted paper, in which the name is engraved in small gilt letters.

ALL gentlemen who wear flowers ought to invest in a little glass bouquet holder; they save the coat and make the flowers last a great deal longer.

A GORGEOUS garment which will be popular on watering-place piazzas is the Oriental jacket, in purple, scarlet, and black velvet, sleeveless, and embroidered in gold and silver.

IT has become once more the fashion for gentlemen to carry immense colored pocket handkerchiefs. Odd, how fashion doubles on itself in these little matters.

FASHION has at last laid her hands on the babies. A baby's wardrobe has become as expensive a piece of work as that of a queen of the *beau monde*. Their caps and bonnets are made in the latest fashion, and their baskets and bassanets perfect marvels of convoluted laces and ribbons.

Muscular Force of the Human Heart.

A curious investigation of the muscular force of the human heart, and the comparative amount of work it performs, has recently been made and published by Mr. Haughton, an eminent English mathematician. Starting with the postulates—first, that three ounces of blood are driven from each ventricle at each stroke of the heart; second, that the hydrostatic pressure in the left ventricle and aorta against which the blood is forced out amounts to a column of blood nearly ten feet in vertical height; third, that the muscular force of the left ventricle, in contracting, bears to that of the right ventricle in proportion of thirteen to five—he proceeds to show that the daily work of the left ventricle is equivalent to over eighty-nine tons lifted one foot, and that of the right to over thirty-four tons; or, for both together, to over one hundred and twenty-three tons lifted through one foot. The enormous amount of force denoted by the preceding result our author goes on to illustrate by showing, first, that if the daily work of ten hours by a laboring man be equivalent to three hundred and fifty-four tons lifted through one foot, the heart does over one-third as much in twenty-four hours; therefore, three old women doing nothing whatever actually accomplish more work in one day than the strongest average laboring man; second, that the laboring force of the heart is greater than that expended in propelling an eight-oared boat through the water during the severest boat-race; third, that if the heart expended its entire force in lifting its own weight vertically, it would raise this weight nearly 20,000 feet in one hour, or twenty times as far as an active pedestrian can climb in vertical altitude in the same time; fourth, that the greatest distance through which a locomotive has been able to lift itself up an incline has been 2,700 feet in an hour, and that this is equal to only one-eighth part of the energy of the human heart. In fine, our author thinks he has succeeded in proving that the human heart is the most wonderful piece of mechanism known, since he has shown that its energy is equal to one-third of the total daily force of all the muscles of a strong man; that it exceeds by one-third the labor of the muscles in a boat-race, estimated by equal weights of muscle; that it is equivalent to twenty times the force used in climbing vertically; and, finally, that it has eight times the force of the most powerful engine invented by the art of man.

A Remarkable Boy.

Farmer Bogles was a veracious old codger. If there was anything he delighted in, it was to secure the attention of some one while he spun a yarn about the wonderful 'cuteness of his son Tom. Tom was his idol—his hero on every occasion—and never would the old fellow let his hero suffer in want of a romancer.

"Ah!" said Bogles, one day, as he had fairly fixed his auditor, "Tom is the most remarkable boy you ever set eyes on; he's like his old dad—you can't no more sarcumvent him than you can a woodchuck. You recollect that apple tree that stood down under the hill, beside the stump fence? Well, I was mighty savin' o' them apples, I can tell you. I forbid Tom touchin' 'em, as they brought a high price in the market, and every one told, but he would get 'em in spite o' me. It was his way you know, and all-possessed couldn't stop him. One day I caught the young scapegrace up in the tree, stuffin' his sack with the fruit, and I determined this time to punish him for it.

"'Thomas, my son,' says I, 'your father's callin' ye—come down.'

"I thought I'd be sort o' persuasive, so it would fetch him; but he smelt the rat, and didn't budge an inch.

"'I can't dad,' said he, 'these pesky apples are in the way.'

"'Tom,' I continued sternly, for my dander begun to rise, 'come down this minit, or I'll cut down the tree and let yer fall.'

"You see my poor old limbs wouldn't permit my shinnin' after the boy, so I had to take other means."

"'O, no, you won't dad,' says Tom; 'only think how you'd mourn if ye couldn't sell the apples to stuff the old toad-skin.'

"That was too much—to have my own boy accuse me of such parsimunny. So what does I do but git the axe and cut away at the bottom of the tree.

"'Tom—Thomas,' I cried, as the tree was about cut off, 'will ye come down now and save yourself?'

"'Never mind, dad,' says he, 'I ain't spillin.'

"It was no use; I couldn't bring him that way, so I chopped away at the tree, till, at last, it began to sway and fell to the ground."

"What! and crushed your own boy?" ejaculated the horrified listener.

"Not by a long chalk," replied old Bogles, winking knowingly. "You couldn't come it over Tom in any sech way. What had he done but crawled out on a limb, and while I was choppin' at the bottom o' the tree, he had been cutting off the limb with his jack-knife, and when the tree fell, *there he was still up there on the limb.*"