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## Poetry.

### LET HIM THAT STANDETH TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.

Beware! the heights are slippery. He who held,
Years ago, the Nation's sacred trust,
May lie, to-day, a strong oak newly felled,
With all his glory trailing in the dust!
Named yesterday a leader brave and just,
Faithful to execute as wise to plan—
To-morrow stigmatized as one whose lust
For wealth and power his patriot's zeal outran;
Hailed as a god, and spurned as less than man!

Fickle is worldly favor at the best;
And he who sails upon its shining tide
May look to be condemned where once caressed—
To be debased where he was deified.
Sore happy they whom Fortune hath denied
To walk the dizzy heights of earthly fame;
Secure from all the lures of pomp and pride,
Together they, free from reproach and blame,
Yet peace the worldly great may never claim!

Here's Truth's oracle. The hour will come
When all this darkness shall be turned to light,
And false accusers shall be stricken dumb,
And Wrong—all five before the face of Right,
And he who hath a conscience clean and white,
Of man's approval may afford to wait;
But woe unto the guilty!—for no night
Black enough to hide him from the Fate
Lurking in all to justice, soon or late.

### SUN AND SEA.

The Sun cried to the laughing Sea,
"Leave thy sweet willing!
Hast thou no depths of love in thee
Too deep for smiling?"
But ever, till the day was done,
The Sea turned laughing to the Sun.

But in the darkness and the storm,
Could he discover
What terrors toss, what fears deform
His laughing lover?
Oh! vainly love prays love be sad,
When his mere presence makes he glad.

## THE MARQUIS IN PETTICOATS.

I am commanded to write a love story—but a love story with anything new in it can never be invented. Fact is the jack-o'-lantern to more sober fable. Truth is stranger than fiction.

And I have not much space to tell a story in, and, long or short, it must have a beginning, middle and end. So I introduce at once to the Marquis de la Chetardie the diplomatist who figured largely in the reign of Louis XV—and the story is but one of the animated pages of the dark book of dishonesty.

Charles de la Chetardie appeared for the first time to the eyes of the King at a masquerade ball given at Versailles under the auspices of la belle Pompadour. He was dressed as a young lady of high rank making her debut, and so perfect was his acting and the deception altogether, that he became enamored of the disguised marquis, and violently excited the jealousy of "madam" by his amorous attentions. Enlightenment, of course, took place, and the result was a great partiality for the marquis' society, and his subsequent employment, in and out of petticoats, in many scheme of State diplomacy and royal amusement.

De Chetardie was at this time just eighteen. He was very slight, and had remarkably small hands and feet; and the exquisite fairness of his skin and the luxuriant softness of his profuse chestnut curls might justly have been the envy of the most delicate woman. He was at first subject to some ridicule for his effeminacy, and the merry courtiers were soon made aware that under this velvet fragility lay veiled the strength and ferocity of the tiger. The grasp of his small hand was as an iron vice; and his singular activity and the cool courage which afterwards gave him a brilliant career on the battlefield, established him in a very short time the most formidable swordsman of the day. His ferocity, however, lay deeply veiled in his character; and unprovoked, he was the gayest and most brilliant of his companions.

This was the age of occult and treacherous diplomacy; and the court of Russia, Louis would fain have exercised an influence (private as well as political in its aims), was guarded by an implacable foe, in the person of the prime minister, Bestucheff. Aided by Sir. Hanbury Williams, the English Ambassador, one of the ablest men of that crafty period, he had succeeded for some years in defeating every attempt at access to the imperial ear by the secret emissaries of France. The sudden appearance of Le Chetardie, his cool self-possession, and his successful personation of a female, suggested a new hope to the king; however; and, called to Versailles by royal mandate, the young Marquis was soon put into cabinet confidence; and a secret mission to St. Petersburg in petticoats proposed to him, and accepted.

With his instructions and secret dispatches stitched into his corsets, and under the visible protection of a scientific man, he was to present him to the Czarine as a young demoiselle de Beaumont, desirous of entering the service of Elizabeth, the Marquis reached St. Petersburg without accident or adventure. The young lady's father requested an audience through his chief, and, having delivered the open letters recommending her for her accomplishments to the Imperial protection, he asked leave to continue on his scientific tour to the central regions of Russia.

This request was immediately granted, and on the disappearance of the savant, and before the departure of Bestucheff, the Czarine dispensed with all ceremony, and pinching the cheeks and imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the beautiful stranger, appointed her, by one of those sudden whims of princes, in defiance of all those around her, and in spite of the trouble to guard, confidential personal attendant. The blushes of the confounded Marquis, who was unprepared for so sudden a demonstration of favor, at a reception, served rather to confuse, and old Bestucheff bowed himself double with a compliment to the beauty of the Mademoiselle de Beaumont, veiled in a diplomatic congratulation to her Imperial mistress. Elizabeth was forty and a little passee; she had pretensions, and was particularly fond of beauty in her attendants, females as well as male. Her favorite of her personal suite, at the time of the arrival of the Marquis, was an exquisite little creature who had been sent to her as a compliment to her particular taste by the Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz—a kind of German "Zulla" or "Mignon"—by the name of Katrine Sohn. Not much below the middle height, Madge was a model of symmetrical proportion and of very extraordinary beauty. She had been carefully educated for her present situation, and was highly accomplished—a fine reader and singular sweet musician and dancer. The Czarine's passion for this lovely attendant was excessive, and the arrival of a new favorite of the same sex was looked upon with displeasure by the eclipsed remainder of the palace idlers.

Elizabeth summoned Madge, and commended Mademoiselle de Beaumont tenderly to her charge; but the same mysterious magnetism which had reached the heart of the Czarine, seemed to kindle as promptly the affections of her pupil. Madge was no sooner alone with her new friend, than she jumped to her neck, smothered her with kisses, called her by every endearing epithet and overwhelmed her with questions, mingled with the most child-like exclamations of wonder at her own inexplicable love for the stranger. In an hour she had shown to her new demoiselle all the contents of the boudoir in which she lived; talked over of her loves and hates at the Russian Court, of her home in Mecklenberg, her present situation: in short, poured out her heart with the naif abandon of a child, and from this first fatal hour was irretrievably in love. And, gay as his life had been at the French Court, it was the first and subsequently proved to be the only passion of his life.

On the Czarine's return to her private apartment, she summoned her new favorite, and superintended with condescending solicitude, the arrangements for her palace lodging. Madge inhabited a small tower adjoining the bed-room of her mistress, and above this was an unoccupied room, which, at the present suggestion of the fairy little attendant, was allotted to the new comer. The staircase opened by one door into the private gardens, and by the opposite into the corridor leading immediately into the imperial chamber. The Marquis' delicacy would fain have made some suggestion to this very intimate location; but he could hazard nothing against the interests of his sovereign, and he trusted to a speedy termination of his disguise with the attainment of his object. Meantime, the close neighborhood of the fair Madge was not the most intolerable of the necessities.

The Marquis' task was a very difficult one. He was instructed, before abandoning his disguise and delivering his secret dispatches, to awaken the interest of the Czarine on the two subjects to which the document had reference, viz.: A formerly discussed project of seating the Prince de Count on the throne of Poland. Bestucheff had so long succeeded in cutting off all approach of these topics to too ear of the Czarine, that her Majesty had probably forgotten them altogether.

Weeks passed, and the opportunities to broach these delicate subjects had been inauspiciously rare. Mademoiselle de Beaumont, it is true, had completely eclipsed the favorite Madge; and Elizabeth, in her hours of relaxation from State affairs, exacted the constant attendance of the new favorite in her private apartments. But the almost constant presence of some other of the maids of honor opposed continual obstacles and interruptions, and the Czarine herself was not always disposed to talk of matters more serious than the current trifles of the hour. She was extremely indolent in her personal habits; and often reclining at full length upon cushions on the floor of her boudoir, she laid her imperial head in the lap of the embarrassed demoiselle, and was soothed to sleep by reading and bathing of her temples. And during this period she exacted frequently of the Marquis, with a kind of instinctive mistrust, promises of continuance for life in her personal service.

But there were sweeter hours for the enamored La Chetardie than those passed in the presence of his partial and imperial mistress. Encircled by sentinels and guarded from all intrusion of other eyes in the inviolable sanctuary of royalty, the beautiful Madge, impassioned, and she knew not why, in her love for her new companion, was ever within call and happy in devoting to him all her faculties of caressing endearment. He had not yet dared to risk the interests of his sovereign by a disclosure of his sex, even in the confidence of love. He could not trust Madge to play so difficult a part as that of possessor of so embarrassing a secret in the presence of the shrewd and observing Czarine. A betrayal, too, would at once put an end to his happiness. With the slight arm of the fair and relying creature about his waist, and her head pressed close against his breast, they passed the balmy nights of the Russian summer in pacing the flowery alleys of the imperial garden, discoursing with but one reserve on every subject that floated to their lips. It required, however, all the self-control of La Chetardie, and all the favorite darkness of the night, to conceal his smiles at the naive confessions of the unconscious girl and her wonderings at the peculiarity of her feelings. She had thought hitherto that there were affections in her nature which could only be called forth by a lover. Yet, now, the thought of caressing another than her friend, much less a man, seemed impossible, and yet these new born vows of love filled her with alarm and horror. She felt that she had given her heart irrevocable away, and to a woman! Ah, with what delirious, though silent passion, La Chetardie drew her to his bosom and, with the pressure of his lips upon hers, interrupted those sweet confessions.

Yet the time at last drew near for the waking from the celestial dream. The disguised diplomatist had found his opportunity, and had successfully awakened in Elizabeth's mind both curiosity and interest as to the subjects of the dispatches still secreted safely in his corsets. There remained nothing for him to do now but to seize a favorable opportunity; and, with the delivery of his missives, to declare his sex to the Czarine. There was risk of life and liberty in this, but the Marquis knew not fear, and he thought but of its consequence to his love.

In La Chetardie's last interview with the savant who conducted him to Russia, his male attire had been successfully transferred from one portmanteau to the other; and it was now in his possession, ready for the moment of need. With his plans brought to with a single night of the denouement, he parted from the Czarine, having asked the imperial permission for an hour's private interview on the morrow, and with gentle force excluding Madge from his apartment, he dressed himself in his proper costume, and cut open the warm envelope of his dispatches. This done, he threw his coat over him; and, with a dark lantern in his hand, sought Madge in the garden. He had determined to disclose himself to her; renew his vows of love to her in his proper guise, and arrange, while he had opportunity and access, some means for uniting their destinies hereafter.

As he opened the door of the turret Madge ran to meet him, and observing the cloak in the faint glimmer of the stars, she playfully endeavored to envelope herself in it. But, seizing her hands, La Chetardie turned and glided backwards, drawing her after him towards a small pavilion in the remoter part of the garden, persuading her with difficulty to desist from putting her arms about him and sit down without a caress, he retreated a few steps, and, in the darkness of the pavilion, shook down his imprisoned locks to their masculine abandon, threw off his cloak, and drew up the blind of his lantern. The scream of surprise which instantly parted from the lips of Madge made him regret his imprudence in not having prepared her for the transformation; but the second thought was of mirth, for she believed it of course to be nothing but a playful masquerade, and with delighted laughter she sprang to his arms and overwhelmed him with kisses—another voice, however, joining very unexpectedly in the laughter.

The Empress stood before him!

For an instant, with all his self possession, La Chetardie was confounded and dismayed. Siberia, the knout, the Scaffold, flitted before his eyes; and Madge was the sufferer! But a glance at the face of the Czarine reassured him. She, too, took it for a girlish masquerade!

But the Empress, unfortunately, was not disposed to have a partner in her enjoyment of the society of this new apparition of "hose and doublet." She ordered Madge to her turret with one of those petulant commands which her attendants understood to admit of no delay; and while the eclipsed favorite disappeared with the tears of unwilling submission in her soft eyes, La Chetardie looked after her with the anguish of eternal separation at his heart, for a presentiment crowded irresistably upon him that he should never see her more!

The Empress was in slippers and robe de nuit, and, as if fate had determined that this well-kept secret should not survive the hour, Her Majesty laid her arm within those of her supposed masquerader and led the way to the palace. She was wakeful and wished to be read to sleep. And with many a compliment to the beauty of her favorite in the male attire, and many a playful caress, she arrived at the door of of her chamber. But the Marquis could go no further. He had hitherto been spared the embarrassment of passing this sacred threshold, for the pasace Empress had secrets of toilet for the embellishment of her person which she trusted only to the eyes of an antiquated attendant. La Chetardie had never passed beyond the boudoir, which was between the antechamber and the bedroom, and the time had come for the disclosure of his secret. He fell on his knees and announced himself a man!

Fortunately they were alone. Incredulous at first, the Empress listened to his asserverations, however, with more amusement than displeasure; and the immediate delivery of the dispatches, with the commendation of the disguised embassador by his royal master to the fogiveness and kindness of the Empress, amply secured his pardon. But it was on the condition that he should resume his disguise and retire.

Alone in his tower (for Madge had disappeared, and he knew enough of the cruelty of Elizbeth to dread the consequences to the poor girl of venturing on direct inquiries as to her fate), La Chetardie, in a few weeks, fell ill; and fortunate, even at this price, to escape from the silken fetters of the enamored Czarine, he departed, under the care of the imperial physician, for the more genial climate of France—not without reiterated promises to return, however, and offers, in that event, of unlimited wealth and advancement.

But, as the Marquis made his way slowly towards Vienna a gleam of light dawned upon his sadness. The Princess Sophia Charlotte was newly affianced to George the Third of England, and this daughter of the house of Mecklenberg had been the playmate of Madge Stein, from infancy till the time Madge was sent to the Czarine by the Duchess af Mecklenberg. Making a confident of the kind physician who accompanied him, La Chetardie was confirmed by the good man's better experience and knowledge, in the belief that Madge had shared the same fate of every female of the court who had ever awakened the jealousy of the Empress. She was doubtless exiled to Siberia; but, as she had committed no voluntary fault, it was probably without other punishment; and, with a playmate on the throne of England, she might be demanded and recovered ere long, in all her freshness and beauty. Yet the recent fate of the fair Eudoxie Lapoukin, who, for an offence a little more distasteful to the Czarine, had been pierced through the tongue with hot iron, whipped with the knout and exiled for life to Siberia, hung like a cloud of evil augury over his mind.

The Marquis suddenly determined that he would see the affianced Princess, and plead with her before the splendors of a throne would make her inaccessible. The excitement of this hope had given him new life, and he easily persuaded his attendant, as they entered the gates of Vienna, that he required his attendance no further. Alone with his own servants he resumed his female attire, and directed his course to

Madge retired to her turret at the imperative command of the Empress, sad and troubled; but waited wakefully and anxiously for the re-entrance of her disguised companion. In the course of an hour the sound of a sentinel's musket, set down at the door, informed her that she was a prisoner. She knew Elizabeth, and the Duchess of Mecklenberg, with an equal knowledge of the Czarine's character, had provided her with a resource against the imperial cruelty; should she have occasion to use it. She crept to the battlements of the tower and fastened a handkerchief to the side looking over the public square.

The following morning at day-light, Madge was summoned to prepare for a journey, and in an hour she was led between soldiers to a carriage at the palace gate, and departed by the southern egress of the city, with a guard of three mounted Cossacks. In two hours from that time the carriage was overtaken, the guard overpowered, and the horses' heads turned in the direction of Moscow. After many difficulties and dangers; during which she found herself under the charge of a Mecklenbergarian officer in the service of the Czarine, she reached Vienna in safety, and was immediately concealed by her friends in the neighborhood of the palace of Mecklenberg, to remain hidden until inquiry should be over. The arrival of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, for the loss of whose life or liberty she had incessantly wept with dread and apprehension, was joyfully communicated to her by her friends; and so the reader knows some of the passages in the early life of the far-famed beauty in the French Court, in the time of Louis XV, the Marchioness de la Chetardi.

Eyes like the blue of a Damascus blade, and hair like a shower of braided and showering sunbeams! I have done your bidding! Adieu!

### A Remarkable Person.

England no doubt possesses the champion jack-of-all-trades in the person of one who styles himself Professor Pullinger, and lives near Chinchester. He advertised himself as a cobbler, inventor, fisherman, builder, carpenter, joiner, sawyer, undertaker, turner, cooper, painter, glazier, sing-painter, wooden pumpmaker, paperhanger, bell-hanger, boat-builder, clock-cleaner, locksmith, umbrella repairer, china and glass mender, netknitter, wireworker, grocer, baker, farmer, taxidermist, copying-clerk, letter-writer, accountant, surveyor, engineer, land-measurer, house agent, vestry clerk, assistant overseer, clerk to the Selsay Sparrow Club, clerk to the Selsay police, assessor and collector of land tax, and property and income tax, collector of church and highway rates. This astonishing person has also served at sea in four quarters of the world as seaman, steward, sailmaker, cook, mate and navigator.

### His Strength Saved His Life.

Recently a workman in a saw mill in Winona, saved himself from a frightful accident. He was at work on one of the edgers when his sleeve caught in a live roller," and at once the garment was rapidly drawn into the machinery. Mitchell saw at a glance the impending danger, and bracing himself by main force, stood there while his clothes were absolutely torn from him, even to his boots and stockings, leaving only a strip of his pantaloons about six inches wide at his ankle. It all occurred in less time than it takes to tell it, and the men in the mill stood horrified at the sight. When he got through the fearful ordeal he was pale as a ghost, and great beads of perspiration stood out upon his face. He had escaped with only a slight bruise, but the case would undoubtedly have been much worse, had he not been a man of great physical strength.

The venerable Cato Oakly (colored), a Suffield, Conn., pauper, is considered to be one hundred and fourteen years old. Once he was a slave, his last owner being Ebenezar Davenport, of New York. Cato served four years in the Navy, and during the war of 1812. He has, strange to say, always been a heavy drinker and an incessant votary of tobacco. In early life he neglected his political opportunities, if he had any, and did not cast his first ballot until he was one hundred and eight years old.

In a Danbury clothing store is a card announcing: "Perfectly-fitting garments. Every article sets as good as a hen."

### Traveling in Sweden.

A correspondent of the London Times, traveling in Sweden speaks of the general well-to-do condition of the country. Each of a dozen small towns which he visited had its school-house, its church, its newspaper, and most of them had their public garden; the streets were paved, and lighted with oil lamps swung across as they were in old Paris; the houses were trim and neat. The people were as neat as their houses. He did not meet half a dozen beggars since he had been in the country. Even in Stockholm he saw no signs of poverty, while a crowded opera-house, overflowing cafes and brilliant shops betokened an easy opulence.

There is a general level of comfort in Sweden without any violent contrasts. The army and navy of Sweden cost only a trifle. The national debt is only $50,000,000, and has been solely employed in the construction of railways. All the children go to school, and over ninty per cent of the people can read and write. The subdivision of property is such that in the country the greater part of the population own their own farms. Near Gothenburg a friend pointed out from a hill near his house forty properties, thirty-six of which belong to present owners, themselves the cultivators of the soil.

### Jenny Lind's Departure.

The Louisville Courier-Journal is moved by a story of Jenny Lind, gray-haired, at her home in London, to print the following editorial pastoral about her departure from this country: "Jenny Lind's hair was a marvel of beauty, and it framed a face which one never can forget. When this beautiful creature left the United States, she had married little Goldschmidt.. Did anybody ever explain how she happened to fall in love with that foxy little pianist? When the steame left for Liverpool we forget how many hundred of Jenny Lind's admirers came down to see her off. The wharf was jammed. People stood on boxes and barrels. High upon the wheelhouse the Lind stood as ravishingly lovely as the Venus Anadyomene from the blue sea waves. The wind was blowing freshly from down the bay and caressed her loose hair, which looked like an aureole in the sunlight. Her dress, stirred by the wind, clung about her form; and with one hand she waved her adieux and pressed her handkerchief to her face, for she was weeping. Now a beautiful woman in tears is a sight to melt hearts of tyrants, and on that occasion it might be written in the stereotyped way, 'there was not a dry eye in the house,' except the little eyes of the diminutive Goldschmidt, who stood beside the glorious woman he had won, with his arms folded tightly across his breast, the lanceolated ends of his long, yellow mustache bending to the stiff breeze, and his gaze fixed upon the maintop-mast of a neighboring vessel. Emotionless was little Otto Goldschmidt; hard and stony looked Otto Goldschmidt by the side of that warm palpitating aggregation and concentration of female beauty, whose sympathetic nature, ever so attractively manifested in her singing, yielded to the circumstances and indulged in passionate tears. So she disappeared among the harbor mists and thronging vessels out into the bay, out into the musical ocean."

### It Was the Cat.

A citizen of Syracuse who weighs three hundred pounds has a pet cat that sometimes exhausts his good nature. Last Sunday night when he went to bed the cat followed him to his sleeping room, and not wishing the cat to remain in the same room over night, he placed it in an adjoining one separated from his by a partition that does not reach to the ceiling.

Citizen and cat both went to sleep, but at 4 o'clock in the morning the citizen was awakened by a heavy object falling on his face. It was the cat which had climbed to the top of the partition and jumped. Getting up, he placed the cat in the adjoining room a second time, and went to sleep. But the cat found its way to the top of the partition once more, and once more it jumped squarely down on the citizen's face, carrying two glass globes along after it.

Then up rose the offended citizen, and all in his sleeping robe he found his way to the front door, cat in hand, and across the way he threw that cat. An innocent passer-by was astonished, not more by the cat's transit than by the round, white and stately figure he saw in the pale light at the doorway.

### A Church-Going Horse.

We have been told of many intelligent mules and horses. One case we remember of a mule going into a blacksmith's shop to have a nail pulled from his foot is only equaled by a story of a religious horse that we were told of recently. He is owned by Mr. Alexander, of Oswichee, Ala., who rides him to church on preaching days, which is twice a month. On other Sundays he is turned out to graze, and it is on these days he is so religious. He goes down to church, stops at the tree where he is generally tied when there is preaching, and, with his head towards the church, remains about an hour and a half. He then walks leisurely home. This is a fact, and will be vouched for by any of the people of Oswichee.

During the last century a famous Parisian financier gained great favor among the nobility, because when he gave a dinner every guest found under his napkin a rouleau of louis d' or, and sometimes at dessert large plates full of gold were brought on the table to which each person could help himself, the same as if they were nuts. In Paris an American has just taken it into his head to have his menu engraved on elegant little silver plates, bearing the name of each of his guests, who are invited to keep them as a memento. The cost of these is not ruinous, and the idea is not a bad one. Menus in nickle or other materials will become objects d'art.

There is, says the Des Moines (Iowa) *Leader*, at the Given House a strange case to a physician and metaphysician, a Mrs. Shadle, of Guthrie county, on her way in charge of her husband to the insane asylum at Mt. Pleasant. Last March, the lady became suddenly crazy and quite violent, and continued so until the 12th of June, when she passed into a comatose state and has been apparently sleeping ever since. She has awoke but once during the whole period, last October, when she revived enough to converse, but not coherently, and the next day went to sleep again and has not since awoke. She is fed by forcing her mouth open, to which she makes no resistance, and shows no relish for the food; her breathing is regular, but quicker than it would be in her normal condition of health. It is hoped that careful treatment by the scientific gentlemen at Mt. Pleasant may resuscitate her and eventually cure her.

A hotel in a western village having for sometime been infested with skunks, the other night the employees, armed with guns, laid in wait for the pests and succeeded in dispatching two of them. In the morning an English guest, who had been sojourning at the hotel for a day or two, approached the clerk and remarked:

"I rather like this place—sort of rustic, you know. But you have such shocking noises at night—guns, and pistols, and all that sort of thing. The most peculiar thing of all is that the powder of those guns has the most infernal odor, you know."

A woman that successfully hides her age is educated beyond her years.

### Some Strange Letter Carrier Reports.

Meeting the letter carriers as they leave the postoffice with their bulky sacks crowded with letters, one must wonder how they can distribute each and every one to its proper owner; but, bless you, they go further than that. After they have been on a route for a while they can tell you much more about a family than they ever do. They know if one of the children is away, if visitors are coming, if any of the relatives are dead, and many other things hardly known to the nearest neighbor. An envelope is nothing but an envelope to you. You may criticise the handwriting and the orthography, but beyond that you care nothing. To the letter carrier it is a book. He knows when father and mother are coming, where a truant boy is, whether the family is respected or not, and Sarah's beau can not blind the carrier by getting some one else to direct the envelope.

One day one of the oldest carriers had a letter left over after he had gone his usual rounds. It was directed to a woman living in a little old house standing back from the street, and as he studied the address he said to himself that he had never had an epistle before for her in all the six or seven years he had been on that route. The post-mark was that of an office in the East, and the carrier mused to himself:

"This is from her son, and she will be crying before I am out of sight."

He delivered the letter to a white-faced woman of 60, who seemed to be living all alone, and she looked surprised as he placed it in her hand.

"A letter for me—I haven't a relative on earth!" she gasped.

But he left it with her.

In about three weeks a second letter came, and the old lady opened the door before the carrier was inside the gate. She did not say the letter was from her son, but the carrier new for all that, and he hoped that the truant boy had settled down for life, and was writing cheerful words and sending aid to his poor old mother. Regularly every three weeks, for half a year or more, there came a fat looking letter for the old woman in the little cabin; and if the letter was a day late her white face at the window reproached the carrier more than words could have done. If it was a day earlier she was at the door to meet him, knowing his step from all others that passed that way.

The other day, when the carrier found the buff envelope, directed in the old familiar, cramped up hand, he said to himself:

"I will hurry around to-day, for the last time I saw her she seemed ill and weak and a letter will give her new strength."

He opened the gate with a bang to give her warning, but no white face appeared at the window, and no hand raised the door-latch. The carrier knocked at the door for the first time, and after a moment a woman opened it and said:

"She is dead, and she hasn't a relative in the city.

Among the letters to go to the dead-letter office next week will be one, across whose face is written whole chapters in three words, "Dead—not delivered." An old woman has passed away—a cottage is deserted—a letter returned. The world will see nothing in these simple facts, but yet in them is contained all the sentiment that God has ever given to any human being.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

### Throwing The Shoe.

One of the best known customs connected with shoes is that of throwing them after a wedding party on their way from church or elsewhere. It is, say the authors of Lancashire Folk-lore, a relic of Anglo-Saxon or Danish usages, along with many other wedding usages of ancient origin. The Lancashire custom is to throw an old shoe on leaving the house to be married, as a prevention of future unhappiness, and a omen of good luck and prosperity. In Northfork it is also the custom to throw the shoe after the wedding party on proceeding to the church. In Yorkshire, according to a writer in Hone's Table Book, in 1827, there was a custom called "trashing," which signified pelting people with old shoes on their return from church on the wedding day. "Trashing" had at first some *raison d' etre*, but as time went on this became forgotten, and the custom was indiscriminately practised among the lower orders. The Kentish custom is for one of the groomsmen to throw the shoe, after which the bridesmaids run, she who gets it believing that she will be married first. She in turn throws it among the men, the man who receives the blow being also destined for marriage before the other. A custom not very dissimilar used to prevail among the Germans in the past. The bride on being conducted to the bridechamber used to take off her shoe, and throw it among those who were near, every one striving to catch it, and the successful one accepting it as an omen of his or her early and happy marriage. There is on old rhyme still extant, which gives an early date to this custom of throwing shoes at weddings:

"When Britons bold
Wedded of old,
Sandals were backward thrown,
The pair to tell,
That, ill or well,
The act was all their own."

This custom has of late been very generally revived, and is now as popular at fashionable London weddings as among our more superstitious country folks. A writer in an old number of *Notes and Queries* suggests that it was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over the bride by her father or guardian; and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, an omen that authority was transferred to him—*All the Year Around.*

### Old Maids.

If we knew the heart histories of many old maids we should find them characterized by the purest pathos and life's most elevating discipline.

Often does a woman remain single because she is faithful to an idea. Perhaps some happy dream of girlhood was broken by death or estrangement—perhaps she has never met the man who fully realized her inspirations, and whom in perfect fealty she could feel herself able to love, honor and obey. Whatever men may think on the subject, that last word "obey" has a grave meaning to thoughtful woman who, conscious of a soul of their own, are a little terrified at all obedience may involve. Other women there are of gentle and more yielding natures who have formed an ideal which in real life is never approximately reached, though this class only desires to find the idol worthy of their adoration and obedience. At any rate the woman who remains single rather than make a "half-hearted" marriage is worthy of all honor.

### Frangipani.

"Lets begin with the puddings and make sure of them," as a little boy once remarked. Well, then, in former times, Frangipani puddings were of broken bread and their queer name is made from two words, *frangi*, meaning "to break," and *panus*, "bread;" but after some time these puddings were made with pastry crust, and contained cream and almonds. Frangipani scent, however, was named after a great Marquis who first made it, getting it from the jesamine plant. And the Marquis got his name from an ancestor whose duty it had been to break the holy bread or wafer in one of the church services, and who, on that account was called "Fragipani," or "Breaker of Bread." Now, this way of explaining how words come to be formed, sounds well enough, no doubt. But how are we to know in this case that the Marquis did not invent the pudding as well as the scent.—*St. Nicholas.*

### An Eccentric Man.

He was a gaunt, shabby-looking man, about forto-eight years of age. His hair was long and full of chips and feathers, denoting that he had reposed the previous night either in a hen-coop or sawmill. His hat he carried in his hand to keep it from wearing out; he had no heels on his boots, and his coat was buttoned up to the top of his head to keep the world in ignorance of the melancholy fact that his earthly possessions didn't include such a thing as a dress shirt. He wore no suspenders, but intrusted the proper attitude of his trowsers to the omnipotence of a dog-chain, which was wound around his waist several times and tied into a hard knot.

He sauntered into the restaurant with a dolce far niente swagger, approached the proprietor who was manipulating the ingoing shekels, and said:

"Suppose an old, decrepit individual should come in and say he was hungry and wanted something to eat, what would you say?"

"Kick him out," responded the cashier, savagely.

"Wouldn't you even give him a cup of coffee, which only costs you a cent?"

"No, sir!"

"Suppose a sick woman should come in and ask you for a drink of water, would you give it to her?"

"No, sir!"

"If you owned a big store and one of the clerks lost his wife, would you let him off to take in the obsequies?"

"No, sir; not much!"

"If you were under sentence of death," continued the shabby man, "and could get clear for two cents, would you pay the money or hang?"

"Get away from here," shouted the restaurateur savagely, "or I'll kick you inside out!"

The man moved off a step or two, and said:

"I have just walked two hundred miles without sleep or food."

"You can't get anything here."

"Can't I even have a crust from the kitchen?"

"No, you can't; get out!

"All right," said the apparent tramp, pulling a large roll of bills out of his pocket, "I just wanted to see if you were humane. I only patronize sentimental, good-natured eating-house men. Now I'm going across the way, put on my dress suit, and then I am going to the opposition hash-house to invest in a five-dollar commutation ticket. That's the kind of a Syracuse Convention I am!"

A careworn immobility rested on the countenance of the restaurateur as the man in the apocryphyal clothes meandered.

### Man's Age.

Few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. Passion kills men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passion shortens life.

Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body so it is with the mind and temper.

The stronge are apt to break, or like the candle, run out; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their proscribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the Guinea pig six or seven years.

These numbers all bear a singular proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all the animals, is one that seldom comes up to this average. He ought to live a hundred years according to this physiological law, as five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on an average, four times his growing period (the cat six times, and the rabbit eight times, this standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hardworking of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

### The Hidden Stores of Romance In Every Heart.

There are few souls in whom sentiment does not hold a citadel. Sometimes it gains absolute sway, and drives out all temperate qualities which is raised against its extravagances of thought or expression, a warning finger; sometimes it conceals itself from view entirely, and masquerades for a life time, in the guise of indifference or cynicism. It is always there, however, whether it parades in public, or lurks in some secret recess. It is there, living, sympathizing, hungering; it craves the romantic, the passionate; the thrilling—sometimes the morbid. How universal and how strong is this quality, is known only to those whose professson it is to help supply the public with poetry. The most reticent spirit in the world is willing that his sentimental hymns shall be fed to the public, if he is permitted to keep within the shadow of seclusion. We have reached the decision that no mortal ever lived who could read and write who did not write poetry. Many will doubtless deny the charge, but we suspect them all the same. Those who affect to scorn rhyme and sentiment are sure to be the guiltiest of both weaknesses. The slightest assurance of sympathy with the secret vice of poetry, which the whole world is addicted to, will cause the most desert soul to blossom like the rose, and impart his sentimental confidences as freely as a flower bestows its perfume.

What boxes of rhymie the most secretive will show you, under the influence of sympathy? What gush and luxuriant tenderness he has been guilty of on paper!

Perhaps he is hard-headed and money-loving in business, and is the grimmest elder in the church. In prayer-meetings no doubt he maintains the prosiest dignity. Yet he has his weakness, and it is the weakness of every other soul—which must and will exude in rhyme. He is proud of it, in a secret way, too. He feels that it lifts him above the common herd. He is mistaken. The common herd are all guilty of it.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

A few centuries ago Szegedin, even then one of the largest and most important towns of Hungary, was totally destroyed by fire. The people sat lamenting over the smoking ruins, and bitterly asked themselves if their city could ever again be what it was before. Then answered an old woman, "Not until the dead ones come back once more into the streets." This speech, probably meaning this: Szegedin would never be as before, became a saying in the neighborhood, and has remained so till to-day. The other day when the town was destroyed by the floods the waters burst open the vaults and graves, and many of the dead in their wooden coffins floated about the streets of the town. The Magyars, as superstitious as are all people with Eastern blood in their veins, now firmly believe that this is an omen, and that the saying will come true.

### A Scene on Washington street.

Tom—we will just call him Tom—Tom came to town on Thursday last with a load of corn from —— township. Betsy, his wife—we will just call her Betsy—rode in with him.

The arrangement was, when Tom sold the corn, Betsy was to purchase a few things for the children. She said they wanted lots of things;—Benny a straw hat and a pair of shoes, Nancie a new wrap, Mattie, just blooming into womanhood, a new bonnet with a feather like city girls. Tom, a large, awkward hoosier, with a heart as big as a barn, said, "All right, Betsy, I'll sell the corn and give you the money."

Tom left Betsy on the corner, hauled his corn to a livery stable, sold it and got the money. "Ever drink?" queried the man of horses. "Well, hardly ever," responds Tom. "S'pose we imbibe?" "Nuff said," says Tom, and down goes three fingers of Bourbon straight. Tom felt elated. In ten minutes he was as rich as Cœsus. He had forgotten Betsy and home—Benny, Nancy and Mattie. His great heart swelled and throbbed. He said he was as big as Indiana," and the hoodlums chuckled. Tom at once began to treat, and his corn money disappeared rapidly. Betsy, tired and anxious, at last discovered Tom. Her great brown eyes were filled with tears. She exclaimed, "Oh, Tom!" Tom saw the point at once and exclaimed, "I'm a fool, Betsy, but by jingo, I've got some of the corn money left yet." Here, and he rolled out several subsidiary coins. But Betsy's tears flowed on.

She pulled her white sun-bonnet down over her face, and her delicate form trembled like a leaf. Tom was sober in a minute. His great arms, like the arms of a derrick, swung out and wound around Betsy. And the great fountain of his loving heart was broken up, and he sobbed like a November rain.

At last, gaining control of his tongue, he ejaculated: Betsy, I have been a darned fool, I have spent six bits of my money for licker, but I ain't drunk, Betsy, and right here I swear off." Tom inquired for a purple ribbon man. His search was successful. Give me the pledge, says Tom, and a ribbon as big as the American flag. No more Bourbon for me, and sure enough Tom took the pledge and the blue ribbon was tied in the button hole of his jeans coat. Betsy knew that Tom's word was as good as his bond. The tears were brushed away, and a smile, radiant with joy, irradiated her features. There was enough left of the corn money for the shopping, and as Tom drew up his lines and cracked his whip, he looked back over the crowd and remarked: I'll stick to it so long as Betsy lives," and some one said, "God bless a good wife."

### Memories of the Past.

"Memory—how fondly the soul loves to linger
Through the dim shadow-land wandering away."

How many sweet recollections come to everyone when the past is brought up to the review of faithful memory.

Although our life may be darkened by deep care and trouble, still all, without exception, have once lived in sunshine, if only for short time. How we love to dwell on those happy times, gone, never to return.

In our trials and hardships it is pleasant to remember the joys of the past, or is "a sorrow's crown of sorrow remembering happier things?"

Who is there that would wish all the past blotted out? Ask the wretch if he would have the waters of oblivion efface all the past, the joys as well as the sorrows. His countenance will brighten at the thought of forgetting his wicked life and once more being free. He cries:

"Fill with forgiveness!
Fill high the oblivious bowl!"

Give him one moment's time to cast a glance backward. There will come to him visions of dear faces. He hears again a soft, gentle voice long stilled in death. Was it a mother's, a sister's, or one who was dearer than all else on earth?

Once in the current of the past he forgets the present and is carried back to his innocent childhood's days. Weary and tired his mother folds him to her bosom, showering kisses of fondest affection upon his pure, innocent brow. He is kneeling again at his mother's knee, lisping with childish accent the prayer she taught him. When he grew to manhood and went out in the world to struggle with the tide, how she clung to him, praying heaven to bless and guide her boy. All these and more rush over his mind. With a start he awakes to the dread reality—the present. He heaves a deep sigh. The tears trickle down his pale and sunken cheeks and he sobs like a child.

"For their sakes, for the dead whose image naught
May efface within my heart—
For their sake I ask not to forget."

Time cannot blot