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### TO A CHINESE IDOL.

Once you ruled, a god divine,
In a sacred, steady shrine
Near a river dark as mine,
'Mid the trees.

And to you the mandarins,
With their smooth, unshaven chins,
Prayed absolvence from their sins
On their knees.

Tiny footed Chinese maids,
With their raven hair in braids,
Sought you in your quiet shades
'Neath the boughs:

Haply, for a thousand years,
You beheld their smiles and tears,
Listened to their hopes and fears,
And their vows.

Now above her escritoire
In my lady's pink boudoir,
Ever dumbly pining for
Last repose,

You sit stolid day by day,
With your cheeks so gaunt and gray,
Skinny eyes and retrousse
Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er
Persian rug and polished floor
You will frown forevermore,
Grim as hate;

A divinity cast down,
Having neither shrine nor crown,
Once a god, but now a brown
Paper weight!

—Clinton Scollard.

## DOUBLE DISGUISES.

The sun was slowly rising in the east. Brighter and brighter grew the great round ball, until with a sudden movement it seemed to burst, and a golden, dazzling flood covered the sky; the birds were slowly wakening, first a faint peep was heard and as faintly answered, then a sudden twitter, and the air was full of bird voices. The flowers were lazily, drowsily opening their dainty petals, and all nature, refreshed by a still night's slumber, awoke to a probable day of joyousness.

It was just after the battle of Long Island, where the Americans, pressed in on every side, had suffered a serious defeat, and the Tories were everywhere; in the bushes, up the trees, taking possession of comfortable farm houses; anywhere, where rest was to be found, there also was found a Tory.

Good Farmer Whitcombe, among all this mass of British, was a true patriot in the cause of freedom, but residing as he did in a Tory neighborhood, outside of very near neighbors, he was thought to be a loyalist.

Great consternation reigned in the kitchen of the farm house on that beautiful morning, for news of the American defeat had just reached there. Joel Ashley, the boy who had brought the news, just now added to his tale, "And do you know but they are going to the different farm houses, demanding shelter and food? I shouldn't wonder a bit but what they would soon be here," he added comfortingly.

"The nasty varmints, not a rest or a morsel of food will they get here, and if they demand it, why they will find out with whom they have to deal," and certainly Mistress Dorothy looked fierce enough to make the bravest heart quail as she stood with one hand upraised, as if to strike the foe with a large iron spoon which she held, and the other hand placed defiantly on her hip.

"Sh, sh," murmured the old man, "if thine enemy hunger"——

"Now, father, you just keep quiet; there's no use in quotin' Scriptur' to me, when I know them Britishers are comin'; you know if 'twant for your blindness and my bein' a woman, there would be two of the best soldiers in the continental army as they would want."

Just then was heard the patter of tiny feet, and the door was burst open, admitting a little girl, followed by a young woman.

"The Tories have beaten!" exclaimed Mistress Dorothy.

"No!" the young woman answered in surprise.

"But I say that they have, and, what's more, they'll probably come here and ask for lodgin' and food. I'll give it to 'em—food for thought." And Mistress Dorothy bustled around setting breakfast on the table.

"Well, well," was all Patty Whitcombe could find to say, but she finally exclaimed: "Mother, if you refuse them admission they may seize the property and fire the house."

"That's so," the old woman said, musingly. "I suppose if it comes to the worst we'll hev to let them in. Breakfast is ready; come, father."

They had no sooner sat down when a knock was heard at the door. The two women looked at each other and the old man's lips were just framed to say, "Come in," when his wife said: "No, you don't, father; I'll meet 'em," but the younger woman was even quicker and the dame sat down on her chair.

But for all her bravery Patty felt a sort of faint heartedness creeping over her; she threw open the door, and there to confirm her worst fears stood two soldiers in the uniform of the hated redcoats. "Good morning, good mistress," said the older man, stepping forward, "I pray you to give us a bit of breakfast, for we have had a long fast and my comrade here is all but completely exhausted."

Conquering her repugnance with a mighty effort, she managed to say: "You and your comrade may enter and partake of our breakfast."

With a grateful look, both men crossed the threshold. Mistress Dorothy sat rigidly in her chair; she had tightly closed her eyes when the knock was heard, and had kept them closed until the strangers entered the room, and now she glared ferociously at them through her glasses. Her daughter-in-law, noticing these glances, stepped behind her and whispered, "Not so fierce, mother, not so fierce, or they will surely suspect something."

"Don't fret; perhaps you would like me to go up to them, and shake hands with 'em, and say why didn't they come before, and hope they'll stay; oh, the wretches," and the old lady shook herself with a grim vehemence.

The two invaders were not so fierce and terrible looking, indeed, for soldiers who had just won a victory; they looked strangely worn, weary and disheartened. Mistress Patty felt a stir of sympathy in her heart, for the younger man reminded her so vividly of her husband, who was so bravely fighting in the true cause; in fact, little Dorothy went up to him, laid her dimpled hand on his knee, looked trustfully up in the handsome face bent over her, and said, "papa."

"And where is papa, my dear?" he asked, gently lifting the child on his knee.

"'Way, 'way off, fightin' the"——

"Dorothy," her grandmother's voice sounded like gravel crunched viciously together, "your mother's goin' to feed the chickens and you'd better help her." With that she began to busily clear off the table. "I don't suppose you want anything more?" she suddenly said, when the table was almost cleared.

"No, we have had sufficient, thanks to your kindness," courteously replied the older man.

"Tain't no thanks to me at all," she returned tartly, "you're soldiers, so I had to do it."

"What an exceedingly curious cream cup," exclaimed the young man, taking the curious piece of workmanship up and examining it, with the air of a connoisseur. That was the last drop in Mistress Dorothy's cup of bitterness which was already overflowing. She had let them enter her house, giving them their breakfast, and now, after allowing them all these liberties, always under protest, that they would now begin to confiscate her property was too much; she snatched the cream cup out of the astonished man's hands, and began excitedly: "You'd better go now, you'd better go: you've had your breakfast and a little rest, and at this time o' day visitors ain't wanted 'round the farm."

"But, my dear madam," the young man broke in, "I assure you I meant no harm, and really my friend and I need a rest so badly, that we are afraid we must trespass on your hospitality," here a faint smile crossed the young man's face, "a little longer; give us but a bed to rest our weary limbs a little while, and then we will depart."

Dame Dorothy looked at the young man sternly. "In my days, young man, when folks told us we wan't wanted, we got out."

"But, madam," the older man interposed, "circumstances alter cases; remember that these are strange days, and strange things happen in them; but, by the way, madam, are you a Tory or a rebel?"

"Tain't none of your business," was the uncompromising reply.

"Well, will you allow us a bed?" he asked.

"I think it's time you was a-startin'," was the laconic answer.

"Then, since it becomes a necessity, I demand it in the name of"— Here something seemed to choke him, for he seemed unable to go on.

"Well, if I must I suppose I must, but if ever I wished a feather bed was filled with pine needles, I wish that thar one was," and with that she opened a door disclosing a comfortable bedroom. They silently entered the room, and she, with a bang of the door, fled to the kitchen. "There, I've gone and done it," she said in high wrath. "I've harbored two British soldiers under my roof, and if anybody ought to be taken before Gen. Washington and convicted as a spy I feel like that one. Joel Ashley," she said suddenly, turning to the boy who was the sole occupant of the room and who was gazing at her in bewilderment, "I've got an errand for you." "Yes'm," he said meekly enough. Joel was always meek when the madam was in such a wrath.

"You know where the continentals are stationed about ten miles from here, eh?" Joel nodded. "Well, you just stir yourself and go over there and tell their commander there are two redcoats in this house, and if they want them to come for them right away; right away, mind you, now hurry." And Joel did hurry.

Madam sat rocking herself violently to and fro. "There you've gone and done another mean thing," she said to herself angrily. "Doin' a mean thing is jist like tellin' a lie, you do one and you'll surely do another; I guess I'll just peek in the room and see if they've set it afire yet." She tiptoed across the hall and looked through a crack in the door, then her conscience smote her worse than ever; carelessly lying on the bed, his fair, handsome face looking so worn and thin even asleep, he reminded her also of her soldier boy. The older man was wearily writing at a table, resting every once in the while, but soon resuming his task.

"I'm a mean old woman," she soliloquized. "But—they're Britishers." That settled the question, and she returned to her work.

Morning entered into afternoon, and afternoon slowly melted into early evening, the shadows were gently creeping over the land, the birds were twittering a good night and still the soldiers slept. Softly, cautiously, a band of fifteen men were wending their way towards the Whitcombe farm house, nearer and nearer they got, until you could see that they wore the Continental uniform. They reached the house and were met by its mistress; she pointed to the room where the soldiers were, then sat herself rigidly down in her rocking chair to have an argument with her conscience.

Suddenly—what is that she hears? A hearty laugh re-echoed throughout the house. She hurried to the door where the soldiers were. And what did she see? Her two redcoats shaking hands heartily with the Continentals. And what does she hear?

"Captain," one of the men says, "we had given you and the colonel up for lost, and the camp was in sore distress about you."

And he, the admirer of the cream jug, answers in a full, rich voice: "The colonel and I were surrounded by the British on every side; we just escaped capture, stole these uniforms from two dead Tories, end traveled, weak and weary, through bogs and swamps to join you, but, overcome by fatigue, stopped here for a few hours' rest. Thinking the people were loyalists, we kept up the disguise. But how did you come here?"

"We came to capture two British soldiers, but instead have found our colonel and our captain. Three cheers, men, three cheers!"

And they did cheer strong and hearty.

And Mistress Dorothy? She crept back to the kitchen, rocked herself back and forth, and said, "Dorothy Whitcombe, what a fool you've been!"—Bertha Loomer in New York Mail and Express.

#### "As in a Looking Glass."

On the piazza of a Bar Harbor cottage, now unoccupied, two young people found themselves one evening seated upon a garden bench, near a window at the corner of the house. It was a bright moonlight evening, and happening to look in at the window the gentleman spied across the room through another window on the opposite side another couple sitting on the piazza, with their arms lovingly entwined and evidently wrapped in sweet oblivion to all things mundane. Whispering softly to the lady with him, he cautiously stole to the corner and looked round, but the couple had gone. Returning to his seat, he was astounded, on looking through the window again, to behold the same couple in the same attitude. Waiting a few minutes, but still keeping their eyes on the strange couple and noting their maneuvers, they planned that they should both jump suddenly round the corner and surprise the pair. They jumped, and lo! the mysterious two had again vanished. Another ghost story was well under way when our young friends discovered that they had been looking in a mirror.—Lewiston Journal.

#### A Successful Struggle.

"Charley stayed pretty late last night, didn't he, Lil?" asked Sister Kate the next morning.

"Yes," said Lil, sleepily, "we were trying the pigs in clover puzzle till nearly 11 o'clock."

"And did you get the pigs in the pen, Lil?" asked Kate eagerly.

"No, we didn't; but I got my finger in this solitaire diamond ring."—Somerville Journal.

The Christian at Work prints a list of sensational topics announced by American preachers and says they compare favorably with dime novel titles. Here are a few of the sermon titles: "The Great Oil," "Straight from the Shoulder," "Hell, and the People who are Going There," "Taken by the Throat," "Use Your Eyes," "Off Goes the Roof," "Up Comes the Man," "Boycotting the Dead."

### MARGUERITE AND PEGGY ANN.

Mistress Marguerite Anna Vandecker
And poor little Peggy Ann Ray
Before the most tempting of wintry fare
Paused a moment one cold winter day.
The lady was dressed in the warmest,
As well as the finest of clothes,
And a pair of bright golden rimmed glasses
Hung astride of her aquiline nose.
But only a shawl, thin and ragged,
Had Peggy for cloak and for hood,
And she clasped in her arms, like a treasure,
A bundle of street gathered wood.

Mistress Marguerite Anna Vandecker,
With a look of deep thought on her face,
To herself said: "I really am puzzled
As to what I shall get in this place.
I'm quite tired of jellies and sponge cake,
Oyster patties, blanc mange, macaroons;
And charlotte russe, chicken and salad
I've had two or three afternoons.
Dear me! what a bother I find it
For my luncheon to choose something new.
Ah! cream puffs and chocolate. Well, I
Must try if I can't make them do."

With a look of deep thought also, Peggy—
Poor shivering Peggy Ann Ray—
Soliloquized: "Is there, I wonder,
Folks w'at have sich good things every day?
Oh, my! if there is, ain't it daisy!
But I scarcely can b'lieve there can be;
For 'twould make 'em so good they'd go halves with
All mizer'ble young 'uns like me.
Oh, dear! how I wish I'd a penny!
I wouldn't expect more nor one;
Proud as anything wouldn't I walk in,
An' buy me a shining brown bun!"

—Harper's Young People.

#### An Intelligent Newfoundland Dog.

Mr. Thomas Shanks, the mechanical engineer, 305 West Lombard street, is the possessor of a large, intellectual Newfoundland dog, who goes by the name of "Bonnie." Mr. Shanks walked into The American office, and the dog lay very still upon the floor. After Mr. Shanks had finished his business at the counter he said to the dog, "Bonnie, are you ready to go home?" The dog immediately arose and stood beside his master. Mr. Shanks then told the dog that this was The American newspaper office, and after they had walked down to Holliday street he wanted him (the dog) to come back and get an American. The dog shook his head, as to say, "I understand."

Mr. Shanks left, so did the dog; but in about two minutes the clerks were surprised to see the noble animal enter the door, place his fore paws on the counter, open his large mouth, and stand in this way until one of the clerks placed a paper in his mouth, which he bore safely to his master, who waited on the corner of Holliday and Baltimore streets. The dog is well known as the newsboys' friend. At night his master will tell him to go to the first newsboy and purchase a paper. He always throws five cents on the ground, which the dog picks up, runs off, and jumps on the first newsboy he finds, and, after dropping the nickel in the boy's hand and receiving the paper, he runs off, never waiting for change. It is for this generosity that the boys have named him the "Newsboys' Friend." He also mails letters.

Mr. Shanks says that it is unnecessary for him to have an alarm clock, as the dog regularly rings a bell and wakes the family up.—Baltimore American.

#### River Beacons.

In former times there were no beacons or lights on the western rivers. "There were places then on the Mississippi," said Devenny, "where we had to lie by all night. Sometimes we had to send a skiff across the river to build a bonfire as a guide to the channel. This was constantly changing from year to year."

In going down the Ohio my attention was arrested by the new feature introduced by the government, of beacons erected on the banks, which greatly lessens the dangers of navigation. These are petroleum lamps commonly set upon posts and shaded by small roofs. A small steamer, the Lily, plies on the Ohio between Cairo and Pittsburg, supplies oil, pays the keepers, puts up new lights where wanted and changes the old ones, which is often required from the changes of the channel.

The lights are placed on the channel side of the river, where the water is deep. Sometimes three or four beacons are put upon a single farm. The steamers steer from light to light.

The farmers on the river largely consign the duty of attending to the lights to their wives and daughters who thus earn "pin money," some few dimes daily for each lamp. And the reflection is certainly interesting that along on these rivers, sweeping the margins of many states in the aggregate, are hundreds of worthy thrifty females daily ascending ladders and attending to the lamps; and among them all I venture to say no five foolish virgins could be found so long as Uncle Sam with smiling visage stands ready with his huge cans to pour out the oil.—Howe's Historical Recollections of Ohio.

#### Modest Verdi.

There is at the very least one really sensible man in Europe; and his name is Giuseppe Verdi. He positively refuses to be jubileed. A committee, including Signor Boito, had been formed; operatic performances had been sketched out; everything was going swimmingly, when Signor Verdi himself intervened, and, incredible as it may seem, refused to be advertised either for his own benefit or for that of his rivals and publisher. He even went so far as to forbid the latter, Signor Ricordi, to lend the scores, without which the jubilee performances would be impossible. Under such unprecedented circumstances, the mayor of Milan summoned a meeting of the committee, which addressed itself to the solemn question whether it is competent for a man to refuse a jubilee; whether, if he be so eccentric as to have a distaste for being fussed over, he has any moral right to prevent its being forced upon him malgre lui. If the practice of refusing jubilees became common centenarians might take to refusing centenaries; and that would obviously never do. Signor Boito, however, took the view that a man may do what he likes with his own, even with his own jubilee, and gave in his resignation as a member of the committee. Finally, after a prolonged discussion, it was agreed to submit to adverse circumstances. But this was not obtained without a division, five members voting for the jubilee, the whole jubilee, and nothing but the jubilee, impelled by their affection for the maestro to disregard his expressed wishes. Even so has history told of rebellions in which the rebels were actuated by the purest love and zeal for their sovereign, whom they opposed only for his own welfare. Persons approaching the fiftieth anniversary of their somthing or other will take comfort from the example of courage set them by Signor Verdi. These celebrations have become too common to be much more complimentary than a testimonial; so a single resolute refusal is likely to prove wholesome.—London Globe.

#### Doubtful.

Ada—I have begun French lessons.
Ella—Who is your teacher?
Ada—Herr Julius Stauffenbrecher bergensteinlitz.
Ella—An Italian?—The Epoch.

On June 1, 1783, a Massachusetts vessel commanded by Capt. McNeal arrived at Riga, and displayed the flag of the United States. This was the first appearance of an American vessel in a Russian port.


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### HEAR THE BELLS.

#### Something About the Origin of the Chimes and Their Uses.

"Bells," says Coleridge, "are the poor man's only music," and, indeed, what would the world be without the music of their ringing? Many learned philosophers have ground out column after column of metaphorical essays in their attempts to depict to us the awful consequences that would fall upon us should we be transported to a world without color or instrumental music; the result would surely be equally disastrous should some evil genii deprive us of all the bells in the world and of the art of manufacturing a new supply to fill their places.

What would London have done for a lord mayor for three whole terms between the years 1389 and 1419 had not Richard Whittington heeded the gentle admonition of the bow bells as they told him in silver tongued tones: "Turn again, Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London."

The name of the inventor of bells has been lost in the wide revolving shades of centuries past; but what is in a name? It little matters who he was or where he lived. We surely know as much of his personal history and habits as we would if told his name was William or Thomas, Dan or Moses, and that he lived an indefinite period so many years B. C.

Bells are mentioned as being part of the vestment or ornaments attached to the wearing apparel of ancient Jew high priests as far back as the time of Aaron and his brother, Moses the meek man.

Even in more remote times we are told that religious assemblages and caravans about to start on a journey were called together by the ringing of hand bells and cymbals.

Polomus, bishop of Nola, Campania, a small Italian principality, was the first to use a bell on or near the building wherein Christians congregated for worship. This was about the year 400 A. D. These primitive church buildings were not provided with a belfry, that very necessary adjunct being a separate building or tavern erected either at the front or the rear of the main building and used for the sole accommodation of the bell. These towers were usually called "Campanile," in honor of the Italian state, Campania, in which they were first erected. In early times the bell itself was called a "Campanae," throughout Europe, and may be so called in Italy until this day, for aught the writer knows.

In the Fourth century Christians attributed to Bishop Polomus' bells a two fold efficacy, believing them to be as useful in warding off lightning as in admonishing dilatory church goers of the duty they owed themselves and God. A favorite inscription on bells of the Fourth and Fifth centuries, and even down through the Middle Ages, was: "Vivos voco—mortuos plango—Fulgura frango." Schiller, in his immortal "Song of the Bell," uses the above as a motto. If translated it would read something like this: "I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning."—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

#### Don't Know It All.

Some one says you might read all the books in the British museum, if you could live long enough, and remain utterly an illiterate, uneducated person. Then, again, if you read ten pages in a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are forevermore, in some measure, an educated person. It is only in a measure that a person can be educated. When there were but few books it was possible for one person to know their contents. Science has widened and the butter of intelligence must be spread thinner. The ripe scholar is one who is ready to drop off. Only boarding school girls finish their education. The bald headed professor who has been studying all his life feels confoundedly ignorant in the face of the many things he does not know. A child can ask him questions he cannot answer. The young man goes to college to be educated. The most college can do for him is to put him on the road leading to knowledge. It takes everybody to know everything, and very little of anything is yet known. Run away from the man who claims to know it all. He will make you tired exposing his own ignorance.—New Orleans Picayune.

#### Writers of American Life.

Has anybody taken the pains to get to the bottom of the popular fancy for dialect writing? There is only one explanation. The people want American life, written in American style—they want something unconventional, with a touch of nature and individuality. Dialect, however, is not the only form of unconventional literary expression. The thoughtful observer who follows Emerson's advice and lives in the streets will find interesting types of character besides the negroes, mountaineers and crackers, and when he comes to write what is in his mind he will produce American literature.—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Forgetfulness.

A business man and financier of the first rank in Boston is so absent minded that he occasionally forgets to go to his dinner. His customary hour for this meal—when he remembers it—is 2 o'clock. The other day, quite absorbed in business, he worked steadily on until 4 o'clock, and then began to have a quite natural sense of emptiness and yearning in his stomach.

"Dear me," he said musingly, applying the flat of his hand to his waistcoat, "I wonder what I ate for dinner that disagrees with me!"—Boston Transcript.


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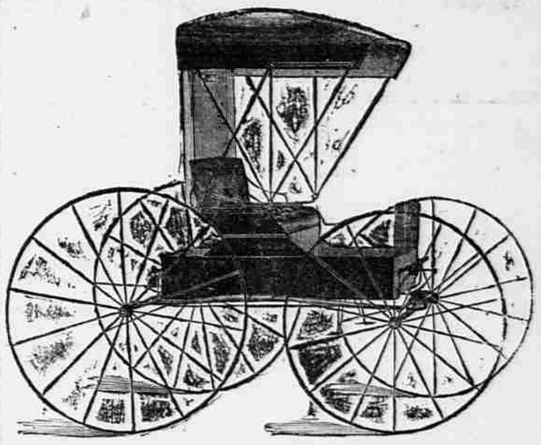

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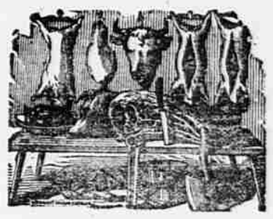
JEFFERSON,  TEXAS.

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