HOW PERSIMMON'S TOOK CAH OB DER BABY.

(St. Nicholas for May.)

Persimmons was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny,
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever
As well as you, it may be;
With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners,
To run off 'possum-hunting and
Steal "water-million" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph song.

SONG.

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks,—and dey knows it;
See de glory-gate unbarred,—
Walk in, darkies, pass de guard,—
Bet you dollar He won't close it.

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate,
Hear de kuilered angels holler;
Go 'way, white folks, you're too late,
We's the winnin' kuller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly,
As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often,—
His granny's favorite one,—

Was, "Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick, shut de do',
Get up off dat flo',
Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood;
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high verandah,
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the verandah roof;
Bound mattrasses upon it
With stoutest cords of rope,
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft,
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide,
And for awhile they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapt in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste,
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord;
And throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
"A-totin of the baby," and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes,
Persimmons "lowed he'd spile 'em,"
So, sloping from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.
And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain in
The crowded city park,
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away;
De chilleren dey passed ober, for
De sea gabe away.
O Lord! I feel so glad,
It am always dark 'fo' day,
So, honey, don't ye be sad,
De sea'll gib away."

A lady, dressed in mourning,
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at de baby,
Then caught it to her heart;
While a substantial shadow,
That was walking by her side,
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And, while she shook him, cried:
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick, splain yerself, chile,—
Stop dat ar fool smile,—
Wnar you done been wid baby?"

NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Brignoli is singing in Paris.

John Brougham is improving.

Mis Kellogg will build a house in Washington.

There is a rumor that Bret Harte is in danger of loss of sight.

Mr. Gladstone's expenses at the recent English election amounted to $6,615.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Science is in session in Washington.

Virginia pays $19,000,000 per annum for whisky, but cannot meet the annual interest on her debt.

Mr. Swinburne has completed his tragedy "Bothwell." It will exceed in length the limits of a stage piece.

Germany has now 50,000 Old Catholics, organized into 92 societies, which are ministered to by 31 priests.

In 1873, 140 members were added to the society of Jesus (Jesuits), making the total number of members of the socity 9,102.

Two books on "The Women's Temperance Movement" are already out. They will, of course, have only a temperance demand and sale.

The signal stations in the United States now number 38. This calculation does not include many signals of distress throughout the country.

The Liberal Christian asks: How many of the prayers which are now made would be made if there was nobody but God to hear them?

Mr. Julian Hawthorne will shortly publish a novel entitled "Idolatry." It will probably have something to say about that "idolized being."

Vice President Wilson presided at the Sumner memorial meeting at Howard University, Washington, and President Langston delivered the address.

Mr. Winans, the wealthy Baltimorean, has taken a lease of Mr. Gladstone's house, which is said to be the most handsomely furnished establishment in London.

A daughter of General Jubal Early, of the confederate army, now "thinks of it." Her thoughts turn toward a young naval officer. She evidently believes that "the early bird," etc.

Mrs. Sarah F. Ames, the widow of Joseph Ames, the artist, and herself a sculptor of no ordinary merit, proposes to make an early appearance on the stage in the character of Lady Macbeth.

Mr. Horace White of the Chicago Tribune, Mr. Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati Commercial, and Mr. Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal, are on their way to Boston on a pleasure trip.

Admiral Tucker, who was sent out by Colonel Prado to explore the Peruvian branches of the Amazon, has finished the work and is in Lima expecting to publish the valuable data he has collected during the exploration.

Senator Jones says the present income of his mine is $125,000 a month. He lives in Stanton's mansion, and keeps bachelor's hall. Personally he is stoutish, with a fine brown eye and gray hair, his manner being easy and somewhat bland.

From 1866 to the present date, 169 residents of Cincinnati have committed suicide. Of this number 102 were Germans; 51 Americans; 7 Irish and 11 belonged to various nationalities, the majorities being Bohemians Danes and Swiss.

Reverend Stephen' H. Tyng, junior, continues to preach on Sunday evenings to large and increasing audiences at Cooper Institute, New York. He neither wears the gown nor uses the prayer-book, and no person would suspect from his manner his Episcopal church relations. The singing is congregational, and the sermons are extempore, spiritual, practical and earnestly impressive.

THE DISTRESS IN FIGURES.

THE AMOUNT OF SUFFERING GIVEN IN NUMBERS.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—Captain Blanks, in a letter to a member of the relief committee, says: "I have just returned with the Onachita Belle from Camden, Trenton and Monroe, through the overflowed districts of North Louisiana, and saw that efforts have been, and are being, made to relieve the suffering occasioned by the overflow. I have also seen a tabular statement, which was presented by you to a meeting of citizens from the overflowed districts, held in the Senate chamber some time last week. From personal knowledge and direct information derived from others within the last few days, I am satisfied that said estimate is by far too low. As you have been requested by three different public meetings, held in the overflowed district of Louisiana to represent their want and condition, I now present you a statement of localities and numbers needing help at once so that you may present the same to the governor and the committee on distribution appointed by his honor, the mayor; The lower Black river for 300; Marde's, includ-including that part of Concordia Parish on Black river, 500; Wilsons on Black river, for 400; Trinity, including Tinker's bayou, 1,200; Harrisonburg, including bayou Louis, 1,000; Starb's landing, including Braine landing, 300; Carter's landing, 400; Bunker Hill, including both sides of the river and swamp Balaven, Ouachita, and Boeuf, 1,500; Columbia, including Franklin and Ouachita or Boeuf, and between Ouachita and Boeuf rivers, 2,000; St. Albans, including the bottom on both sides, 1,500; Hopewell and Waco, including Back swamp up to the Ouachita line, 1,000; Monroe, 1,500; total, 11,600. Now, at the lowest estimate, this number may be said to be in actual want, and many have been so for days, as their land has now been under water for some two or three weeks. They have lost all their hogs and nearly all their eattle are either lost or starving. The people themselves have neither money nor credit, no place to go to, and nothing to do. But this estimate by no means discloses the districts of those residing on small bayous and creeks who have been overflowed by

THE BACKWATER AND THE FLOODS

of rain. They generally have been on land, but have lost much of their stock and improvements, and are out of provisions and money. The prospect of making crops are so discouraging that none are willing or able to advance the supplies. They must suffer or receive assistance. If these be added, the number needing help is not short of 20,000 people in the districts referred to. The Times says that the extent of the damage which has resulted from the great overflow is just beginning to be fully understood. That it was vast was readily conceived but that it should involve 5,000,000 of acres and a population of 170,000 was apparently beyond reasonable calculation. Yet such is really the case. In the cotton regions, it is now ascertained that four of the largest and richest parishes producing cotton have been inundated. The parishes of Carroll, Morehouse, Richland, Madison, Franklin, Tensas, Caldwell. Concordia and Catahaula are all overflowed, embracing fully 2,500,000 acres. The amount of cotton land in these parishes in actual cultivation is estimated to be two hundred and fifty thousand acres, besides one hunnred thousand acres in corn. These estimates include only the large places, leaving out hundreds of small farmers and all the estimates for cattle, hogs and gardens. The population of these nine parishes are 20,394, according to the census of 1870. In the sugar producing parishes the ascertained facts discover an equal, if not a greater amount of ruin and suffering. These parishes are Point Coupee, East Baton Rouge, West Baton Rouge, Iberville, Ascension, Assumption, Lafourche, St. James, St. John, the Baptiste, St. Charles, Tirrebonne and Plaguemines. The overflow in those parishes covers nearly two hundred and fifty thousand acres, tilled and untilled, including a production of 30,000 hogsheads of sugar, besides a large product of rice and crops of small farmers, of whom there are many huudreds who have lost their stock and pretty much everything else they possess. The population of these parishes, according to the census of 1870, was 50,368 whites and 72,241 blacks, making a total of 122,609, from which must be deducted the population of East Baton Rouge, as a small portion of

THAT PARISH HAS SUFFERED

from the overflow. That deduction being made, the parishes named contain a population of 103.609. In all the parishes named it is believed that more than 25,000 people are now in actual suffering for the necessary supplies of life, and that in less than 60 days the number of those whose circumstances will require alleviation will increase to more than 50,000 persons. Above we present all the facts, as far as ascertained by the relief committee up to yesterday. Mr. John K. Clow, of St. Landry parish, in a note referring to the above, says: "I have just seen in the Times of this morning an approximate estimate of the extent of damage which have resulted from the overflow in the nine northeastern parishes of this state which includes only the parishes north of the Red river, and then passing to the mouth of said river over to the parish of Point Coupee. The estimate includes all of the parishes between the Mississippi and Alchafaylaye rivers to the gulf, which is all very correct as far as it goes. But resulting from the immense body of water which is coming down the valley of the Mississipppi, Onachita and Black rivers and passing across Red river some 40 miles from its mouth, and meeting with no obstruction until it reaches the levee on Bayou de Glace, it sweeps with irresistable force over its feeble barrier, and occupying a breadth of country from 25 to 30 miles wide through the eastern portion of Aveyell's and St. Landry parishes, and covering all lands in that region, which includes within its limits the larger portion of the most productive lands in those two parishes. beginning at Moreanville, washing around what is called Big Bend of Bayou de Glace, down to Sims Port, a distance of more than 40 miles by the meanders of Bayou, which is thickly settled, thence down the lowlands on the eastern side of Atchafaylaye river, behind the plantations on that river, and inundating them from behind. Within the limits of the land thus submerged there are not less than 10,000 souls, including white and black, mostly of the laboring classes, but no doubt some of them proprietors, and in a suffering condition on account of the almost total failure of crops of both corn and cotton on account of wet weather last year.

SPRING.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.—Hamlet.

Come, gentle spring! ethereal mildness, come!
Oh! Thompson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter,
And suffer from her blows as if they came
From spring the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a spring
Poured down their shoulders.

Let others eulogize her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza;
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at;
Her pansy, daffodil and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables;
Oh, where's the spring in a rheumatic leg
Stiff as a table's?

I limp with agony, I wheeze with cough,
And quake with ague, that great agitator,
Nor dream before July of leaving off
My respirator.

In short, whatever panegyrics be
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of spring is all my eye,
And this is blighted.

HUMAN ANNOYANCE.

BEATTIE.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of lifes fervish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem,
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ease our blessings rise.
O! then renounce that impious self-esteem
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise.

THE ROSE OF TUOLUMNE.

A NEW STORY BY BRET HARTE.

From the New York Times.

"I allowed to go to bed, Ridgeway," said Mr. McClosky, meekly, "but my girl Jinny's jist got back from a little tear up at Robinson's, and ain't inclined to turn in yet. You know what girls is. So I thought we three would jist have a social chat together to pass away the time."

"You mendacious old hypocrite, she got back an hour ago," said Ridgeway, "as that savage-looking escort of hers, who has been haunting the house ever since, can testify. My belief is, that, like an enterprising idiot, as you are, you've dragged that girl out of her bed that we might mutually bore each other."

Mr. McClosky was too much stunned by this evidence of Ridgeway's apparently superhuman penetration to reply. After enjoying his host's confusion for a moment with his eyes, Ridgeway's mouth asked grimly:

"And who is this girl, any way?"

"Nancy's."

"Your wife's?"

"Yes. But look yar, Ridgeway," said McClosky, laying one hand imploringly on Ridgeway's sleeve, "not a word about her to Jinny. She thinks her mother's dead—died in Missouri. Eh!"

Ridgeway nearly rolled from the veranda in an excess of rage. "Good God! Do you mean to say that you have been concealing from her a fact that at any day, any moment, may come to her ears? That you've been letting her grow up in ignorance of something that by this time she might have outgrown and forgotten? That you have been, like a besotted old ass, all these years slowly forging a thunderbolt that any one may crush her with? That"—but here Ridgeway's cough took possession of his voice, and even put a moisture into his dark eyes, as he looked at McClosky's aimless hand feebly employed upon his beard.

"But," said McClosky, "look how she's done? She's held her head as high as any of 'em. She's to be married in a month to the richest man in the county, and," he added, cunningly, "Jack Ashe ain't the kind o' man to sit by and hear anything said of his wife or her relations, you bet. But hush—that's her foot on the stairs. She's cummin'."

She came. I don't think the French window ever held a finer view than when she put aside the curtains and stepped out. She had dressed herself simply and hurriedly, but with a woman's knowledge of her best points, so that you get the long curves of her shapely limbs, the shorter curves of her round waist and shoulders, the long sweep of her yellow braids, the light of her blue eyes, and even the delicate rose of her complexion, without knowing how it was delivered to you.

The introduction by McCloky was brief. When Ridgeway had got over the fact that it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and that the cheek of this Tuolumne goddess nearest him was as dewy and fresh as an infant's—that she looked like Marguerite, without probably ever having heard of Gœthe's heroine, he talked, I dare say, very sensibly. When Miss Jenny, who from her childhood had been brought up among the sons of Anak, and who was accustomed to have the supremacy of our noble sex, presented to her as a physical fact, found herself in the presence of a new and strange power in the slight and elegant figure beside her, she was at first frightened and cold. But finding that this power, against which the weapons of her own physical charms were of no avail, was a kindly one, albeit general, she fell to worshipping it, after the fashion of woman, and casting before it the fetiches and other idols of her youth. She even confessed to it. So that in half an hour Ridgeway was in possession of all the facts connected with her life, and a great many, I fear, of her fancies—except one. When McClosky found the young people thus amicably disposed, he calmly went to sleep.

It was a pleasant time to each. To Miss Jenny it had the charm of novelty, and she abandoned herself to it for that reason much more freely and innocently than her companion, who knew something more of the inevitable logic of the position. I do not think, however, he had any intention of love-making. I do not think he was at all conscious of being in the attitude. I am quite positive he would have shrunk from the suggestion of disloyalty to the one woman whom he admitted to himself he loved. But, like most poets, he was much more true to an idea than a fact, and, having a very lofty conception of womanhood, with a very sanguine nature, he saw in each new face the possibilties of a realization of his ideal. It was perhaps an unfortunate thing for the women, particularly as he brought to each trial a surprising freshness which was very deceptive, and quite distinct from the blase familiarity of the man of gailantry. It was this perennial virginity of the affections that most endeared him to the best women, who were prone to exercise toward him a chivalrous protection—as of one likely to go astray unless looked after—and indulged in the dangerous combination of sentiment with the highest maternal instincts. It was this quality which caused Jenny to recognize in him a certain boyishness that required her womanly care, and even induced her to offer to accompany him to the cross-roads when the time of his departure arrived. With her superior knowledge of woodcraft and the locality she would have kept him from being lost. I wot not but that she would have protected him from bears or wolves, but chiefly, I think, from the feline fascinations of Mame Robinson and Lucy Rance, who might be lying in wait for this tender young poet. Nor did she cease to be thankful that Providence had, so to speak, delivered him as a trust into her hands.

It was a lovely night. The moon swung low and languished softly on the snowy ridge beyond. There were quaint odors in the still air, and a strange incense from the woods perfumed their young blood and seemed to swoon in their pulses. Small wonder that they lingered on the white road, that their feet climbed unwillingly the little hill where they were to part, and that when they at last reached it, even the saving grace of speech seemed to have forsaken them.

For there they stood, alone. There was no sound nor motion in earth, or woods, or heaven. They might have been the one man and woman for whom this goodly earth that lay at their feet, rimmed with the deepest azure, was created. And seeing this, they turned toward each other with a sudden instinct, and their hands met, and then their lips, in one long kiss.

And then out of the mysterious distance came the sound of voices and the sharp clatter of hoofs and wheels, and Jenny slid away—a white moonbeam—from the hill. For a moment she glimmered through the trees, and then reaching the house, passed her sleeping father on the veranda, and, darting into her bedroom, locked the door, threw open the window, and, falling on her knees beside it, leaned her hot cheeks upon her hands and listened. In a few moments she was rewarded by the sharp clatter of hoofs on the stony road, but is was only a horseman, whose dark figure was swiftly lost in the shadows of the lower road. At another time she might have recognized the man, but her eyes and ears were now all intent on something else. It came presently, with dancing lights, a musical rattle of harness, a cadence of hoof-beats, that set her heart to beating in unison, and was gone. A sudden sense of loneliness came over her, and tears gathered in her sweet eyes.

She arose and looked around her. There was the little bed, the dressing-table, the roses that she had worn, last night, still fresh and blooming in the little vase. Everything was there, but everything looked strange; the rose should have been withered, for the party seemed so long ago; she could hardly remember when she had worn this dress that lay upon the chair. So she came back to the window and sank down beside it, with her cheek, a trifle paler, leaning on her hand, and her long braids reaching to the floor. The stars paled slowly, like her cheek; yet, with eyes that saw not, she still looked from the window for the coming dawn.

It came, with violet deepening into purple, with purple flushing into rose, with rose shining into silver and glowing into gold. The straggling line of black picket-fence below, that had faded away with the stars, came back with the sun. What was that object moving by the fence? Jenny raised her head and looked intently. It was a man endeavoring to climb the pickets, and falling backward with each attempt. Suddenly she rose to her feet as if the rosy flushes of the dawn had crimsoned her from forehead to shoulders; then she stood, white as the wall, with her hands clasped upon her bosom. Then, with a single bound she reached the door, and with flying braids and fluttering skirt, sprang down the stairs and out in the garden walk. When within a few feet of the fence she uttered a cry—the first she had given—the cry of a mother over her stricken babe, of a tigress over her mangled cub, and in another moment she had leaped the fence and knelt beside Ridgeway, with his fainting head upon her breast.

"My boy—my poor, poor boy! who has done this?"

Who, indeed? His clothes covered with dust, his waistcoat was torn open; and his handkerchief, wet with the blood it could not stanch, fell from a cruel stab beneath his shoulder.

"Ridgeway!—my poor boy—tell me what has happened."

Ridgeway slowly opened his heavy blue-veined lids, and gazed upon her. Presently a gleam of mischief came into his dark eyes, a smile stole over his lips as he whispered slowly:

"It—was—your kiss—did it—Jenny, dear! I had forgotten—how high priced—the article was here. Never mind, Jenny!"—he feebly raised her hand to his white lips—"it was—worth it," and fainted away.

Jenny started to her feet and looked wildly around her. Then, with a sudden resolution, she stooped over the insensible man, and, with one strong effort, lifted him in her arms as if he had been a child. When her father, a moment later, rubber his eyes and awoke from his sleep upon the veranda, it was to see a goddess erect and triumphant striding toward the house, with the helpless body of a man lying across that breast where man had never lain before—a goddess at whose imperious mandate he arose and cast open the doors before her. And then when she had laid her unconscious burden on the sofa, the goddess fled, and a woman, helpless and trembling, stood before him. A woman that cried out that she had "killed him"—that she was "wicked!" and that, even saying so staggered and fell besides her late burden. And all that Mr. McClosky could do was to feebly rub his beard, and to say to himself, vaguely and incoherently, that Jinny had fetched him."

CHAPTER II.

Before noon the next day it was generally believed throughout Four Forks that Ridgeway Dent had been attacked and wounded at Chemisal Ridge by a highwayman, who fled on the approach of the Wingdam coach. It is to be presumed that this statement met with Ridgeway's approval, as he did not contradict it, nor supplement it with any details. His wound was severe, but not dangerous. After the first excitement had subsided, there was, I think, a prevailing impression, common to the provincial mind, that his misfortune was the result of the defective moral quality of his being a stranger, and was in a vague sort of a way a warning to others and a lesson to him. "Did you hear that San Francisco feller was took down the other night? was the average tone of introductory remark. Indeed, there was a general suggestion that Ridgeway's presence was one that no self-respecting, high-minded highwaymen, honorably conservative of the best interests of Tuolumne county, could for a moment tolerate.

Except for the few words spoken on that eventful morning, Ridgeway was reticent of the past. When Jenny strove to gather some details of the affray that might offer a clue to his unknown assailant, a subtile twinkle in his brown eyes was the only response. When Mr. McClosky attempted the same process the young gentlemen threw abusive epithets, and eventually slippers, teaspoons, and other lighter articles within the reach of an invalid, at the head of his questioner. "I think he's coming round, Jinny," said Mr. McClosky, "he laid for me this morning with a candlestick.

It was about this time that Miss Jenny, having sworn her father to secrecy regarding the manner in which Ridgeway had been carried into the house, conceived the idea of addressing the young man as "Mr. Dent," and of apoligizing for intruding whenever she entered the room in the discharge of her household duties. It was about this time that she became more rigidly conscientious to those duties, and less general in her attentions; it was at the time that the quality of the invalid's diet improved, and that she consulted him less frequently about it. It was about this time that she began to see more company, that the house was greatly frequented by her former admirers, with whom she rode, walked and danced. It was at about this time, also, and when Ridgeway was able to be brought out on the veranda in a chair, that, with great archness of manner, she introduced to him Miss Lucy Ashe, the sister of her betrothed—a flashing brunette and terrible heart-breaker of Four Forks.

(*To be continued.*)

CREDO.

By the burden of sorrow and sighing—
The load that I bore
Through ages of silent denying—
Still craving the more;
By the charm, and the leash, and the chaining,
That seized me and held
My heart and my soul fiercely straining
The pitiless weld!

By the grace and the guile that enthralled me,
The trick of the fiend;
And the bonds that so pitiless galled me,
As hellward I leaned.
By the dreary and absent awaking—
The coming to life,
The heart in its agony breaking—
The madness of strife!

By the rescue then planned and secured me—
The safety from harm—
To rest on the breast that had lured me—
Impassioned and warm;
To drink in her sighs and the glory
Of love in her eyes—
Forgetting the terrible story
While clasping the prize.

O'er the grave of the past waves the willow,
Grass bourgeons its turf;
On the rock of my youth-time the billow
Breaks madly in surf;
The love-light of life, with its gleaming,
Illumines my path;
The agony was but my dreaming—
A vision the wrath.

VANITUS VANITATUM.

The whole of this great world, I say,
From the first to latest born,
Since it passes swiftly away,
Is not worth a barley-corn.

To some better world than this
Flie thee; open wide the door
To some chamber—such there is—
Whence thou shalt depart no more!

THE STORM.

HEAVY FALL OF SNOW IN THE EAST—DESTRUCTION OF SHIPPING.

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 25.—The storm of last night at Boston Corners was teriffic and heavier than any known before in years. The Harlem mail train was compelled to lay at Millerton for fear of being blown from the rails. At Weisman's Cut the snow was four feet deep.

MONTPELIER, VT., April 26.—It began snowing hear last evening, and one foot of snow fell in twelve hours. It was one of the heaviest snow storms of the season.

BOSTON, April 26.—A severe snow storm, accompanied by a heavy gale, has prevailed throughout the New England states to-day. The snow is from six inches to a foot in depth. At Rockland, Me., the gale has been the severest experienced for years, and resulted in much damage to the shipping. Six or seven vessels are ashore. Twenty inches of snow is reported at Danbury, Conn.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 26.—A wind and rain storm passed over the city yesterday and to-day, causing considerable damage. Two houses in the course of construction in Mifflin street were blown down, also a house in Frankford.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, muco-purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. No disease is more common or less understood by physicians. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for an incurable case.

READ WHAT IT WILL DO.

BROOKVILLE, PA., April 27, 1872.

DR. R. V. PIERCE.

SIR—Having first applied to a number of home physicians and failed to get relief, I resolved to try your remedy. Four bottles have completely cured me of one of the worst cases of Catarrh of which I have any knowledge, having suffered for months with an acute pain in the head, and breathed only with the greatest difficulty. I deem it due you as well as suffering humanity that this recognition be made of what we deem an invaluable medicine.

CHAS. Q. ANDERSON.

PREFERRED SPECIALS.

Heggeman's Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark, a pleasant Cordial which strengthens and improves the Digestion, an excellent preventive of Fevers, Fever and Ague, etc., and a great Renovator and Tonic for invalids and debilitated persons. Hegeman & Co., New York, Sole Manufacturers. Sold by all Druggists.

DR. WHITTIER, 617 St. Charles St., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Longest engaged, and most successful physician of the age. Consultation or pamphlet free. Call or write.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DO NOT PERSECUTE THE BODY

In sickness with medicines that depress the physical energies. What the sick principally need is an accession of vital strength to enable them to cope with the enemy that has assailed them. The diseased system should be sustained, toned, purified and regulated, and there is no medicinal preparation in existence so largely endowed with the properties required to effect these objects as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. In ordinary practice aperient, blood-depurating, anti-bilious and sedative medicines are administered separately, in Hostetter's Bitters all these agents are combined, and act together in perfect harmony, so that undue debility and undue excitement are alike prevented, and the strength of the patient rallies while the disease is losing ground. In dyspepsia, liver complaint, chronic constipation, intermittent fevers, general weakness, and all ailments involving physical and mental depression, this pure vegetable, restorative is a sovereign remedy.

PERSONAL.

Steele & Price, of Chicago and St. Louis, we are pleased to say, are among the few who put into the market articles just as represented, perfectly pure, selected with care, and combined in a manner to be perfect in their action and results. Their Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has been approved by the United States government, and large quantities are manufactured to meet the wants of their various military posts, while their Dr. Price's Special Flavorings of Vanilla, Lemon, etc., are becoming equally as popular. The only way to force adulterated, cheap articles out of the market is to encourage honest manufacturers.

Notice.

OBSTACLES TO MARRIAGE.

Happy Relief for Young Men from the effects of Errors and Abuses in early life. Manhood restored. Impediments to Marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and circulars sent free, in sealed envelopes. Address HOWARD ASSOCIATION, No. 2, south Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa—an Institution having a high reputation for honorable conduct and professional skill.

Exhausted Vitality.

The "Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," a Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline in Man Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Impotency, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, and all other diseases arising from the errors of youth or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Thousands have been taught by this work the true way to health and happiness. It is the cheapest and best medical work ever published, and the only one on his class of ills worth reading. 190th edition, revised, much enlarged, illustrated, bound in beautiful French cloth. Price only one dollar. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, Assistant Physician. N. B. The author may be consulted on the above as well as all diseases requiring skill and experience.

Despepsia! Despepsia! That hydra-headed disorder, with its sad depression of spirits, sick headache, sour stomach, scalding eructations oppressive fullness, loss of appetite, wan, wasted appearance, and nervous debility, all indicating imperfect digestion and assimilation of food, and thereby lack of nutrition, so necessary to the support of the body, can be effectually cured by the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, the favorite prescription of that eminent German physician, Christoph W. Hoofland, of Langan-Salza, Germany, the efficacy of which won for him many marks of distinction by the crowned heads and nobility of Europe. It tones the stomach to healthy action, regulates the bowels, arouses the torpid liver, promotes natural perspiration, invigorates the nerves, and restores all the functions of nature to vigorous health. The efficacy of this remedy is daily acknowledged by the happy subjects of its treatment, who now enjoy robust, glowing health.

Hoofland's Podophyllin Pills are recommended when a brisk purgative is required. They operate thoroughly, without griping. They are the best anti-bilious pills extant.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED AGENTS—To canvass Indian Illinois and Iowa, collecting for, or selling Dr. Buell's medicines. Agents must furnish horse and buggy For full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed, C. H. BUELL, Indianapolis, Ind.

$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted; particulars free. J. Worth & Co., St. Louis Mo

WANTED—Females with chronic diseases to consult DR. FARR, 6 East Washington street. Hours—Eight A. M to nine P. M. Send stamp for circular.

INDIANAPOLIS
SEED AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

J. GEORGE STILZ,
No. 78 EAST WASHINGTON ST.,
INDIANAPOLCS, IND.
Manufacturers' Indiana Central Agent for the sale of

S. HORNBY & CO.'s RICHMOND GRAIN PLOWS.

The Eagle Feed Cutters, for hand and power, each size cuts five different lengths.
Cahoons' & Wells' Grain and Grass Seed Sowers. Sows all kinds of seeds broadcast.

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds,

300 bushels choice Clover Seed.
50 bushels sapling Clover Seed.
250 bushels new clean Timothy Seed.
500 bushels cleaned Kentucky Blue Grass Seed
English Blue Grass, Orchard Grass, Bottom Grass, Lawn Grass, and a large stock of fresh and reliable Vegetable Seeds, in store and for sale by

J. GEORGE STILZ,
SEED AND IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE,
No. 78 East Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

BOSTON, Dec. 12, 1869.

Gentlemen—My only object in giving you this testimonial is to spread valuable information. Having been badly afflicted with Salt Rheum, and the whole surface of my skin being covered with pimples and eruptions, many of which caused me great pain and annoyance, and knowing it to be a blood disease, I took many of the advertised blood preparations, among which was any quantity of Sarsaparilla, without obtaining any benefit, until I commenced taking the Vegetine; and before I had completed the first bottle I saw that I had got the right medicine. Consequently I followed on with it until I had taken seven bottles, when I was pronounced a well man, and my skin is smooth and entirely free from pimples and eruptions. I have never enjoyed so good health before, and I attribute it all to the use of VEGETINE. To benefit those afflicted with Rheumatism, I will make mention also of the VEGETINE'S wonderful power of curing me of this acute complaint, of which I have suffered so intensely.

C. H. TUCKER, Pass. Agt. Mich. C. R. R.,
29 Tyler Street, Boston.

HAS ENTIRELY CURED ME.

BOSTON, October, 1870.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—My daughter after having a severe attack of whooping cough, was left in a feeble state of health, being advised by a friend, she tried the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles, was fully restored to health.

I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended the Vegetine to others, with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is pleasant to take; and I can cheerfully recommend it.

JAMES MORSE, 344 Athens street.

NO TROUBLE SINCE USING

VEGETINE.

CHARLESTOWN, October, 1870.

This certifies that my daughter has always been troubled with a humor, which has caused frequent swelling on her face and about her eyes. Physicians called it the Erysipelas; but after having taken two bottles of the Vegetine, she has not been troubled with it since.

SIMON ALDRICH,
Charlestown, Mass.

DR. TU-SEE says: "It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the Vegetine should be used. I know of no disease which it will not admit of its use with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be easily expelled from the system by the use of the Vegetine. When the blood is perfectly clean and the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease, healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured."

The remarkable cures effected by Vegetine, have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact Vegetine is the best remedy yet discovered, and is the only reliable BLOOD-PURIFIER yet placed before the public. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

DAMAGED

BY WATER.

[Eight cases of

BLEACHED MUSLINS

4-4 Hills, 4-4 Lonsdale, 7-8 Hills,

4-4 Raymion, will be sold at 10

and 12 1-2 cents.

FARMERS' STORE

94 and 96 East Washington street.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Indianapolis & Fall Creek Gravel Road Company are hereby notified that the annual election for five directors for said company will be held at School-house No. 11, in Center township, Marion county, Indiana, on the 9th day of May, 1874, at 9 o'clock A. M.

By order of the Board of Directors,
POWELL HOWLAND,
Secretary.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Indianapolis & Fall Creek Gravel Road company are hereby notified that the annual election for five Directors for said company will be held at school house No. 11, in Center township, Marion county, Ind., on the 9th day of May, 1874, at 9 o'clock A. M. By order of the Board of Directors.

POWELL HOWLAND, Secretary.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fall Creek & Warren Township Gravel Road company will be held at schoolhouse No. 11, in Center township, on the 9th day of May, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M., to elect five Directors for said company for the ensuing year. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOS. K. ENGLISH, Secretary.