

THE SPRING TIME.

WHAT IS TO BE EXPECTED.

Now the milk-milk wakens us early, With his long and mournful cry...

Now the father thinks with groaning That the boys all want new boots, And the mother knows with moaning...

Now the man who owns a garden Issues forth to view the same, And begins his hands to harden...

Now the poet searches madly In last Spring's rejected verses— Searches wildly, searches sadly...

Now the painter is most precious, And engaged for all he's worth; While the builder's hopes are spacious...

THE AUCTIONEER'S STORY.

This is a strange world! And yet I never thought so until my attention was called to the fact by a little incident...

I had cried dozens of pawnbrokers' sales in my time and never thought anything about them, unless it was that old Two to One or Give and Take were doubling their money...

But I had never thought of the story connected with any one article of the sale of the heartaches, and despair and woman's tears...

The city of B— is a splendid market for our business. The trade done there by one house alone would discount any banking, commission, or other business...

An old lot came into the ware room one day, consigned to us by Clutchem & Keep, a shrewd firm of new beginners...

The consignment consisted mainly of glass and silverware, pictures and bronzes, as Clutchem & Keep were rather first class in their business...

Here were about a dozen specimens of claw legs, stick backs, and otherwise uncomfortable household articles...

One article alone I noticed with attention enough to remember afterward, and then only because I struck my hand roughly against it...

The crowd had begun to thin, and I was busily mopping my wet face with a fresh handkerchief—for it is warm work, I can tell you...

"Are you the proprietor, sir?" she asked, with nervous haste, and I saw she was trembling.

"I am the auctioneer, madam," I said, wondering what was wrong. "I will call the firm, if you wish."

"Perhaps you can attend to my business, I—I—do not—understand—these matters—very well," she answered...

"I drew an old chair up into the corner and asked her to sit down, and as she did so gratefully—poor little woman—I took a good look at her. She was still young and pretty.

Behind her hung a long mirror. It had grown dim hanging there, and had a misty shadow over it, and in the two angles of the corner stood a faded old Japanese screen and a tall chest of drawers.

The store was now empty, and the light was leaving it, as the sun was creeping away from the doorsill and mounting up to the roof, as if he had only waited for the sale to be over.

The lady had a face that touched me at once. She was pale and timid, but there was that in her face that made me take off my hat while I talked to her.

"What can I do for you, madam?" I asked. She had been looking all around her, as if seeking something.

"You sell the goods, do you not?" she said, eagerly. "Yes, madam."

"You would know the articles sent here?" "Probably."

"She looked about her again, and the color came and went in her face nervously. "I have just come from Clutchem & Keep," she began, in hurried tones...

"I am anxious to help you, madam." And I was! I believe I was growing superstitious, too; for it seemed to me as if a ghostly pageant was crossing and recrossing that dim mirror, and the old screen shook as if sighs or sobs were coming from it.

"Thank you! I am looking for a cedar cabinet," said the lady, gently, "which was among the articles I parted with to Clutchem & Keep, and am told it was sent here for sale. I wish to redeem it any price."

"She stopped suddenly as she saw my face change. A cedar cabinet! I remembered it at once. The hurt on my hand recalled it, also that it had been labeled for that day's sale."

"Do not say that it is gone," she cried, rising quickly and grasping my arm. "O, God would not so afflict me! Look, look everywhere for it, I beg, I pray you."

"Her hands shook so on my arm that I could feel the quivering of her thin fingers. I tried to think to whom I had sold a cabinet that day; then it flashed upon me that there had not been one in the catalogue."

"Had I made a mistake and sent it west with the bric-a-brac? If so, it could be recovered. I felt glad for my error, but the poor little woman mistook my silence and broke down completely, sobbing so pitifully that I knew then that some great cause was hidden beneath her desire to reclaim the old cabinet."

"It is more to me than life or death," she cried out passionately, looking straight before her. "It means my children's honor. Listen, and you will be influenced by my great need to find this cabinet for me. I believe it contains the certificate of my marriage and my children's baptism, without which I cannot lay claim to my husband's estate in France. It is not the money I want," she added, with proud spirit; "I cannot bear to touch that, but my children shall not be robbed of the right to their father's name."

"She paused to look at me. I felt as if a severe tension upon her nerves had given way at last, and, crushed by her fear of the cabinet being lost to her, her silence and reserve had broken down and then she appealed to me unconsciously in her need."

"The shadowy pageant passed to and fro across the mirror, and as she went on passionately with her story it seemed to me I saw the whole sad episode pass in review on the dim surface."

"Fifteen years ago my husband deserted me. Evil influence led him astray, and while, for my children's sake, I would have pardoned him, I never saw him again or heard one word of him until I learned through the paper that he was dead and had left an estate to his wife and children."

"I could not grieve except that he had died in his sin, unforgiven by me. I was poor, for he left me only the household furniture, and have toiled all these years to maintain my children. So, for their sakes, I applied to a lawyer to obtain possession of the estate."

"O, the shame, the despair, of finding another claimant in France to my children's name and honor. "I must prove our claim as wife and children," said the careful French lawyer, "by the production of the marriage and baptismal certificates!"

"And I knew not where they were! The minister was dead, and the witnesses gone, I know not where."

"I felt as if my carelessness had dishonored my children, and for days could get no relief from my horrible anxiety until, by a flash, as if from heaven, I remembered that I had placed the certificate with some other papers in the old cabinet that I had parted with to Clutchem & Keep. I went to them; they had sent it here for sale, and now you—"

"She broke down with a moan of despair. It was more than I could stand. That cry and pitiful story forced me into action at once. "You shall have back the cabinet, madam," I said, solemnly, as if devoting my life to its search."

"O, sir, you will do a noble deed if you but find it for me," she cried, gratefully, looking at me with beaming eyes.

"The face looked to me as if a halo came over it, and I dimly felt why I stood bare-headed before her. Truly I had stood in Death's presence—the death of hope and love in this poor woman's life—the requiem of gladness and impulse."

"She left me with a hopeful smile, taking my hand with a pretty grace, and I watched her, in the mirror, go down the shadowy room into the sun-

light of the street, and the shadows seemed to fall from her forehead.

I telegraphed the western firm. They had the cabinet and returned it at once; so that before many days the little, nervous fingers were searching in the presence of the lawyer and myself for the precious papers."

"She found them! I shall never forget her face when she held them up. The halo was there as she said, so softly: "Thank God!"

"And it seems to cling to me yet, and to make me think how much misery our evil passions can work through selfishness and thoughtlessness."

It Wasn't a Mash.

Soon after we left Meridian, on the way across to Vicksburg, a solemn-looking old chap came into the smoker and groaned and sighed and took on like a man terribly distressed, and when we asked him where he seemed to feel it the worst, he replied:

"Gentlemen, there is a powerfully good-looking young woman in the next car, and she has fallen into the hands of a human hyena."

"No!" shouted three or four voices at once. "Yes, indeed. He's a wicked-looking wolf in sheep's clothing. If I mistake not, he represents some New England machinery house. He's a squeezer of her hand and a whispering of his love, and the giddy thing has fallen right into the trap. I couldn't bear to see it any longer and so I came in here. Gentlemen, some of you have daughters!"

"Yes, there were three of us who had daughters ranging from two to seven years old, and we were honest enough to admit it. "Just think of your daughters being kayjayed by a Philistine!" he continued. "He's talking and flattering and promising, and she's somebody's daughter. Gentlemen, something or other he did."

"We agreed. We all lunged in and saw that she was a good-looking, happy-faced girl of twenty, and we returned and held an indignation meeting. After a fine display of eloquence and oratory it was unanimously agreed that if the masher got off at Jackson, where we were to wait twenty minutes, the good old man should go in and tell that girl what was what. Jackson was finally reached, and sure enough the human hyena got off and ran into the hotel. He was not out of sight when we all entered the car, and the philanthropist took a seat beside the girl and began:

"My dear young lady, my heart is sad—oh, so sad!—for you! You are on the road to destruction!" "W—what do you mean?" she faltered.

"I mean that the villain who left you a moment ago is seeking to ensnare you." "The v-villain!"

"Yes, ma'am, the wolf in sheep's clothing—the hyena in human form—the scoundrel whose very look proves the vileness of his heart. I warn you to beware of him as you would of a serpent."

"Why, he's—he's my husband!" she shouted at the top of her voice, and the next instant she had her fingers playing through his venerable locks and excavating channels down his wrinkled cheeks.

"All of us got away at last and found hiding places in the baggage and mail cars—all but the old man. When he managed to get clear of the bride he slid off the car and took a bee-line toward town, and though he met several people while in sight of us, we couldn't see that he stopped to answer any questions.—Detroit Free Press.

Strange Loss of Sight.

In the course of a recent debate on vivisection in the Prussian Landtag, the Minister of Public Worship, Von Gossler, cited the following remarkable case: "A young lady, belonging to an aristocratic family in Königsberg, gradually lost her power of vision, until at last she was entirely blind. Her eye, on being examined, was found to be perfectly sound, whence it followed that the seat of her trouble must be in the brain. All treatment proved availing until the discovery was made that she had received some months previously a heavy blow on the head from a falling board. Professor Munk, the famous experimentalist who examined her, convinced the oculist and the surgeon that the affected part must be that section of the brain which his experiments on monkeys had proved to be the central station for sensations of sight. The blow had evidently injured the membrane of the brain. This made perforation of the skull necessary—a very difficult operation—which, however, in this case was comparatively simple, because the exact locality in the brain was known, whereas in the case of a Prince whose skull was perforated for a similar reason, previous to Dr. Munk's discoveries, the operation had to be repeated thirty-two times. The young lady recovered her eyesight completely."

"The scientists, talking as if they had been there to experiment, tell us that a man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth, if transported to Jupiter, would shake the ground with a ponderous tread of 45,000 pounds, or twenty-one and a half tons! A hickory-nut, falling from a bough, would crash through him like a Minie-ball. Water would weigh fifteen times as much as quicksilver, and a moderate wave would shiver to atoms the strongest iron-clad."

"Detroit Post.

"A young gentleman of an aspiring turn of mind has been passing himself off in Italy as the son and heir of Napoleon III. Of course, a rich widow believed him, but when she found him out he took to the road as a highwayman. At last he robbed the mails, and at the Turin Assizes was condemned and sent to penal servitude for twenty-one years."

"An English cotton operator visiting Fall River recently, said he would rather have the value of the waste from the cotton mills than their profits. One of them alone figures their annual loss at \$20,000.—Boston Journal.

"Day by day good old citizens gather around Boston Commons and lament railroad encroachments and the gradual ruin of the field.—Boston Journal.

The Late Hayes Administration.

Little more than two years have elapsed since the Administration of R. B. Hayes expired. Its termination produced a feeling of relief and gratification throughout the country, in which men of all political opinions shared. How thoroughly despised the Hayes Administration was is shown by the manner in which it is remembered by most representatives of the party that placed it in power. It is seldom mentioned by them without a sneer. While all other Presidents have been honored by the naming of persons and localities after them, hardly any such tribute of respect and sympathy has ever been paid to Hayes. To appreciate the extent of the contempt with which he is regarded by Republicans one need only watch for a short time the utterances made by Republican papers representing different sections of the country and their party whenever they have occasion to refer to the defunct Administration. There is reason to believe that if Hayes were to run again for office he would be beaten in his own State though the general political situation were favorable to his party. The feeling toward him undoubtedly is due to the fact that the existence of his Administration was a disgrace to the country, a reproach to our institutions. Those who approved the fraud looked with contempt upon its creature. Yet it would be strange if the most despised President had not a few defenders. Indeed Hayes has such. We recently quoted a paper that at this late day spoke of his "clean, upright and able" Administration. Its editor has long been an enemy of Roscoe Conkling, and naturally became an admirer of the man who did his best to overthrow the power and influence of the former Senator and was cordially hated by the latter. There are other defenders who were connected, in one way or another, with the Hayes Administration or received favors from it, and still other Republicans who had to make up for their hostility toward the Grant Administration by professed loyalty toward its successor, like the Republican journals which supported Greeley in 1872, and subsequently felt obliged to surpass in party zeal the staunchest Republican organs which had never wavered in their political allegiance. Two New England papers which more or less openly favored Tilden's election in 1876, endeavored to reconcile their Republican readers by the pretense of attachment to Hayes.

What will be the final judgment of history on the Hayes Administration? No one should venture to forecast it at present. The time to speak of the events of the last few years without anger or partiality has not yet arrived. Still this Administration is a thing of the past. Censure can not hurt it, eulogy will be of no advantage to it. There were undoubtedly some able and patriotic men identified with it, but any Administration of the United States wholly unsupported by such men is imaginary? Of the many things which occurred during the four years of the last Presidential term and reflected credit upon the country a few—very few indeed—were connected with its Government. But how could it be otherwise in a highly civilized and free country? The thing for which the Hayes Administration obtained most credit, at least from its political opponents, was its so-called Southern policy. This policy originated in a political bargain, but when it was bitterly denounced by the stalwart Republicans Hayes' chief Secretary, John Sherman, effectually vindicated it by showing that the Administration had no choice in the matter and at no time had the power to treat the South as Grant had treated it. During the term of Hayes' Administration the House of Representatives remained under Democratic control. At the outset the Senate had an insignificant Republican majority which in the middle of the term gave way to a stronger Democratic majority. Aside from the fact that Hayes only performed a duty in not meddling with the local affairs of the Southern States he had no option in this respect. It would have been possible for him to reform the Civil Service. To its thorough and complete reform he committed himself during the canvass of 1876. But the use which he made of the appointing power to reward political crimes was more discernible than the nepotism of General Grant. Whatever may have been attempted or achieved in a few Governmental offices, the result of Hayes' Administration was to bring Civil-service Reform into disrepute. The vitality and strength of the reform movement was shown by nothing more than by the fact that it could live and prosper after Hayes had done everything to make it ridiculous. The Chicago Convention of 1880 at first wanted to ignore the reform question entirely; such was the impression made by the performances of the Republican President.

It has been claimed, however, that at least the financial achievements of the Hayes Administration were great. Even this claim was unfounded. Hayes found the Resumption act on the statute book. All that his Administration did in the way of preparation was to issue bonds to the amount of some ninety millions at a time when the Government enjoyed unlimited credit. But before the day of resumption arrived Congress passed an act which amounted to a repeal of some of its most important features. It prohibited the redemption of the greenbacks, and it revoked the authority for their reduction to three hundred millions independently of specie payments. This bill was approved by Hayes. For the high credit of the Government which made the refunding operations possible he deserves no more praise than for the bountiful crops or the magnificent results of the tenth census. After the expiration of the Hayes Administration a second-rate Minnesota politician was able to secure still better terms for Government loans than the "great financier" of Ohio. In this connection it should always be remembered that Hayes, instead of contributing to the reduction of the public burden, made it larger than he found it at the beginning of his Administration, by his approval of the Pension Arrears swindle. He might have done much to let the country forget the shameful origin of his power, but he failed to do this. Though the Republican party as a whole now repudiates him, it was responsible for him. This fact ought to be impressed upon the public mind

while the two parties are preparing for a new National contest.—Buffalo Courier.

The Decay of the Republican Party.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Tribune, professes to be satisfied with the prospects of the Republican party. It said yesterday:

"Having nothing to hide, it can nominate new men, or men who have been long identified with its history, as circumstances in each case may dictate. It will not be foolish enough to pretend that in every particular every Administration, including that of President Arthur, has met its highest aspirations, and yet it will have no occasion or desire to disavow or disown that Administration, as a whole, or any other; on the contrary, it can claim public thanks and honor for the general conduct of the Government under the present Administration."

Who are these "new men" in the Republican party that can be nominated? Who are the "old" leaders "long identified with its history" of whom the Tribune speaks?

Has the Republican party not been lately engaged in physically, mentally or morally assassinating nearly every one of its former chieftains? Is there a single former Presidential candidate or leader "long identified with its history" left alive?

Take the Presidential candidates at the Chicago Convention. Is there one of them still seriously considered? Blaine, Grant, Washburne, Windom and Sherman were the five principal contestants at Chicago. Where are they now?

Grant, the great "silent man," now dabbles in stocks as the silent partner of brokers in Wall street. Blaine, the formerly popular "plumed knight," is out of the Senate, out of the Cabinet, out of his former element, retired to private life, absorbed in building a railroad and writing a book. Windom is out of the Treasury, out of the Senate, out of his former State and out of all Presidential possibility, trying to make a living in Wall street by forming another stock exchange. Sherman, though in the Senate and a man of ability, has lost his prestige and prominence. He is no longer in the public mind. Garfield is dead—murdered by a Republican spoils politician. And where are the Republican candidates for the Presidency in 1876—where are they?

Morton is dead. Bristow—who even remembers that Bristow once was the great "reform" candidate for the Presidency with serious prospects of success? Bristow—well, Bristow is pretty completely out of politics.

Conkling, the ablest and most daring leader of them all, has retired to practice law. Hayes, who carried off the prize and served through his fraudulent term, has sunk into the obscurity to which he is so eminently fitted. Who, then, is there left of the "old" Republican leaders?

Edmunds seems to be the last of the Mohicans—the only one of the old chiefs who still has political life and is available. But the Tribune speaks of "new men" the Republican party can nominate. Who are the "new" men who have taken the places of the old chiefs?

Is it, perhaps, the great and distinguished Senator Miller, of wood-pulp fame? Or is it the great and distinguished Senator Lapham, of this State? He is a new man, indeed, as successor to Conkling.

Or is it that extraordinary mediocrity, Keifer? Or is it ex-Secretary Robeson, the leader of the last Republican House? Or did possibly the Tribune mean Senator Tabor, of Colorado, the latest of the "new" Republican stars, Senators and leaders?

The decay of the Republican party is perfectly manifest and is owing to natural causes. Political parties depend upon leaders and issues. All the issues that have enabled the Republican party to remain in power for the last twenty-three years are practically settled. The Union is restored. The war is over and almost forgotten. Slavery is abolished. Reconstruction is a reminiscence. The greenback is as good as gold. For over nineteen years profound peace has now reigned throughout the land. Instead of political, physical or financial disorders we have a stronger, a better and a more powerful Union than ever before.

Upon what issue, then, and under what leader can the Republican party have the audacity to ask for a continuance of that National power which it has already held for over twenty-three years—almost invariably against the clearly known will of the real majority—held, first, through the war; next to the disfranchisement of a part of the Union; next, through open and shameless fraud, and last, through self-confessed bribery and intimidation of voters?—N. Y. World.

Men avail themselves of the most trifling pretex for committing suicide nowadays. Here is a Pennsylvania farmer choking himself to death with a second-hand rope because some lazy workman did not finish his new barn in the time specified. And it was but a little while ago that a man cut his throat because he had more furniture than he could load onto a wagon at one time. The first thing we know some reckless man will blow his brains out because he can not join two sections of stove-pipe.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A gentleman in Manchester, Eng., claims to have succeeded in applying orange peel to a very useful purpose. Orange peel dried in or on an oven until all the moisture has been expelled becomes readily inflammable, and serves admirably for lighting fires or for resuscitating them when they have nearly gone out. Thoroughly dried orange peel will keep for a long time, and might be collected when the fruit is in season and stored for winter use.

The ladies of Amite City, La., who have gone into the silk-worm business, instead of selling the cocoons, propose to spin and sell their own silk, and will have woven fabrics on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition next year.—N. O. Picayune.

Country boys at the age of fifteen average about one inch taller and seven pounds heavier than city boys of the same age.

Philadelphia has two base-ball clubs composed of colored women.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There is a colored church in New York City whose leading members have property valued at \$4,000,000.—N. Y. Times.

—The Reformed Episcopal Church in General Council at Baltimore resolved to celebrate the tenth anniversary of its organization December 10 next.

—"I've never saw the book," remarked a member of the Baltimore Board of School Commissioners, in a discussion about introducing a new grammar.—Baltimore Sun.

—Dr. Lyon Playfair, in a recent speech on the Scotch universities, said: "Whereas the English universities taught a man to spend £1,000 a year with dignity and intelligence, the Scotch universities taught him to make it."

—Dr. W. W. Macfarlane has offered a twelve-dollar medal as a prize to the young ladies of Hardin College, Missouri, for the best essay on any subject, filling at least three foolscap pages and containing no word of more than two syllables.

—Boston University has now the largest conservatory of music in this country, whether measured by the number in the faculty, the attendance of students, or the number and excellence of instruments and accommodations for pupils.—Boston Transcript.

—Union Theological Seminary, New York, has property worth \$1,750,000, which is an increase of nearly a million dollars as compared with what it possessed ten years ago. Liberal donations of wealthy friends and the rise in certain pieces of real estate have united to bring about this prosperous state of affairs.—N. Y. Sun.

—Rev. Dr. D. H. Wheeler, formerly United States Consul at Genoa, subsequently Professor of English Literature and History in the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., and for the past few years editor of the New York Methodist, has been elected President of the Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa.

—A report from the records of the courts of France upon the relation between education and crime describes results directly opposed to those obtained in the United States courts. Of 25,000 persons wholly illiterate, five were criminals; of the same number able to read and write, six were transgressors, and of an equal number of persons of superior instruction, fifteen were under the ban. Relapses into crime were found much more numerous among educated people.—N. Y. Herald.

—Nearly two hundred women of New York, wives of some of the best known citizens, have petitioned the Board of Education to make the teaching of sewing to girls between ten and twelve compulsory in the primary schools. A plan of teaching accompanies the petition, and provides that after attaining a certain proficiency the children may bring their own work. This is a step in the right direction. The tendency of our modern education is too often away from home; it trains the brain, but does not make housewives. But as these good women point out sewing is of much more importance to the mother of a poor family than arithmetic, or geography, or history.—N. Y. Tribune.

FUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice but rather depend upon yourself.

—An exchange says all the cotton factories in the South are making money. That is "queer." Isn't the mint in running order?—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

—A mule's hind leg has only one season—it is always a beautiful spring, even if it is backward. Spring in this case is always followed by an early fall.

—Some one wants to know why Nilsson announces every concert she gives in Boston as a "farewell." Because she does fare well every time.—Milton News.

—Here is proof conclusive that a pig may be a fish. A tautog is a fish; an educated pig is a tautog hog; ergo, the metamorphosis is apparent.—N. Y. Advertiser.

—A Venetian glass manufacturer is fabricating ladies' bonnets by the thousands, and selling them, too. That style of bonnet ought to make good looking—ladies.—Boston Star.

—Base-ball fashions for 1883: Fingers will be covered with cotton cloth, cut a la mode, and held in place by splints; eye-patches will be dark blue in color, and without fringe; bandages will be cut bias, and court plaster will be worn on all occasions.—Chicago Times.

—A well-meaning person gives hints telling "How to live on seventy-five cents a week." There is such a thing as being too close, and most editors will just keep on squandering eighty cents a week, even if they see ruin staring them in the face.—Texas Sifflings.

—The Toronto Globe has found the bane of Manitoba. It is the too eager pursuit of wealth. We had an idea that it was forty-eight degrees below zero in winter and good sleighing all the spring, but the Globe probably knows best.—Detroit Free Press.

—Miss Finlay—aw—you know you are deuced clever—some of them are? "Ah, yes, indeed, Mr. Featherweight. And do you know there is something about you that reminds me very much of an etching?" "Why, really—aw—how charming." "Yes, there is about you such a foggy suggestion of something that isn't there, you know."—Harford Post.

—A few years ago two boys of the name of John Smith were sent to the same school where the pupils had learned that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Hence they were more prodigal than particular in conferring new names upon each other, but the twin name of "John Smith" for a time staggered them. At last, however, they discovered that one of the young gentlemen was the son of an auctioneer and the other the son of a writer, so the former was at once dubbed Going Smith and the latter Coming Smith, names by which they are still distinguished.—Chicago Tribune.