

Select Miscellany.

LIKE HIS DAD.

I hear his mother's chiding voice:
"How came your trousers torn?
And black as ink, sir, is that shirt
You put on clean this morn."
"Your feet are wet, too, I declare;
You're muddy to your knees;
It is too bad, you only care
Your mother, sir, to tease."
"And those nice shoes—your Sunday best,
That but three times you've worn,
Are scratched and scraped and run down,
The heel of one is gone."
"Your hair is twisted in a snarl,
And just look at that hand!
It looks as though 'twere never washed—
How dare you say 'tis tanned?"
"You've been a-fishing, sir, I guess—
What? been to see the match?
You'll have a fit of sickness, sir;
A pretty cold you'll catch."
And thus she talks for half an hour,
And only stops to say:
"Your father'll hear of this to-night;
I wonder what he'll say?"
My friends in complimentary way
Declare to me they see
A close resemblance—very marked—
Between the boy and me.
But nothing that they see in him,
In either form or face,
Bespeaks my son as do his pranks—
In these my own I trace.
And why should I at tattered clothes
Or dirty ones repine?
In him I live my youth again—
"God Bless the boy—he's mine!"

THE FRANKLINS.

BENJAMIN, THE FATHER'S FIRST VISIT
TO NEW JERSEY—WILLIAM, THE
SON, THE COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

In 1723 the direct route between
New York and Philadelphia was by
way of Perth Amboy and Burlington;
by land to Amboy along the road lead-
ing from Communiaw, or to the city
by water in sailing vessels through
the Kills.

In October of that year a small sail-
boat was making her way down New
York bay, bound to Amboy, with
three persons on board—the skipper,
a Dutchman, and a lad of seventeen.
In a squall which struck the vessel
the Dutchman, being intoxicated, fell
overboard. The lad seized him by
the hair and drew him safely on the
boat again. Thereupon the drenched
hollander drew from his pocket a
hook, and handing it to the lad, asked
him to dry its wet leaves. It proved
to be a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's
Progress, an appropriate and timely
tract for the lad, though coming from
an odd colporteur.

Heaven's hints sometimes come in
strange ways and by odd hands, but
still they are hints from above.

The lad had left his home in Bos-
ton, and was on his way to seek his
fortune in Philadelphia. He was a
printer boy. Printers were few at
that day. His name was Benjamin
Franklin.

The squall had torn the rotten sails
to pieces before the boat could reach
Staten Island. She could not make
the entrance of the Kills, and was
driven towards the beach of Long Is-
land. Here she lay helpless all the
night. No provisions were on board
and no water; only a bottle of "fil-
thy rum," which the printer boy did
not relish. On the next day the voy-
agers managed to reach Perth Amboy,
after being on the water thirty hours.

Friendless and alone, the youthful
wanderer landed at the dock at the
foot of Smith street, and entered the
ancient metropolis of the Jerseys. He
was wet, dirty, in his working clothes,
his pockets stuffed with shirt and
stockings, and with scarce a dollar to
carry him on his way.

After a day of abstinence and expo-
sure he roamed through the streets of
the old town, until towards evening
he found himself very feverish. He
then sought a shelter and went to bed.
Having read somewhere that cold
water, drunk plentifully, was good for
a fever, he followed the prescription,
and, as he afterwards wrote, "he sweat
plentifully most of the night."

His fever left him, and in the morn-
ing he crossed the Long Ferry to South
Amboy, and started on foot for Bur-
lington. Thus began and ended Ben-
jamin Franklin's first visit to Perth
Amboy.

It rained hard all the day, and the
young wayfarer became thoroughly
soaked. He had made so miserable a
figure in his journeyings that he found
by the questions asked of him that he
was suspected to be some runaway in-
dentured servant, and was in danger
of being apprehended on that suspi-
cion.

After some days of privation and
exposure he reached Philadelphia.
Here, within the few following hours,
his life of great events had its real be-
ginning. Passing up Market street
with three penny rolls of bread under
his arm, he ate his first meal as he
strode along, and thus his unkempt

figure met the gaze of his future
wife.

Then the first house he entered was
a Quaker meeting, where, amid the
silent worship around him, his tired
nature sought rest in sleep. Angels
ever hover round our beginnings, and
angels, unseen by him, were watch-
ing his first steps on the ladder.

After these rough experiences of
life's opening twenty years passed
away, years of a busy life, years of
mingled good and ill. The printer
boy had married, he had bravely
mounted the ladder and had grasped
honors of office and success. A new
life from his loins began to run par-
allel with his years. Of his son he thus
writes in 1750:

"Will is now nineteen years of age,
a tall, proper youth and much of a
bean. He acquired a habit of idlen-
ess in the expedition, but begins of
late to apply himself to business, and,
I hope he will become an industrious
man. He imagined his father had got
enough for him, but I assured him
that I intended to spend what little
I have myself, if it pleased God that
I live long enough; and as he by
no means wants acuteness, he can
see by my going on that I mean to be
as good as my word."

William Franklin, the son referred
to, had received a commission in the
Pennsylvania Colonial forces, and had
served one or more campaigns on the
northern frontiers before he was
of age, rising to the rank of captain.
On his return to Philadelphia he aided
his father in scientific pursuits, and
from 1754 to 1756 was comptroller of
the general postoffice, then under the
management of his father. In 1755
he was also Clerk of the Provincial
Assembly. In 1751 Benjamin Frank-
lin was appointed Colonial agent in
London, and his son accompanied him
thither.

Shortly after his arrival William
Franklin, an eminent London publish-
er and a friend and admirer of her
husband, thus writes to Mrs. Frank-
lin in Philadelphia:

"Your son I really think one of the
prettiest young gentlemen I ever
knew from America. He seems to
have a solidity of judgment not very
often to be met with in one of his years.
This, with the daily opportunity of
improving himself in the company of
his father, who is at the same time
his friend, his brother, his intimate
and his easy companion, affords an
agreeable prospect that your hus-
band's virtues and usefulness to his
country may be prolonged beyond the
date of his own life."

While in London William Franklin
commenced the study of law in the
Middle Temple, and was admitted to
the bar in 1758. He then traveled
with his father through England,
Scotland and Flanders, and profited
greatly by the companionship. In
1762 the University of Oxford con-
ferred the honorary degree of Doctor
of Laws upon the father, and at the
same time the son received the degree
of Master of Arts for his attainments
in natural science.

In August of that year, through the
influence of Lord Bute, and without
the solicitation of his father, William
Franklin was appointed Governor of
New Jersey. He had previously
passed a thorough examination by the
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

This appointment caused much re-
mark and disapprobation at the time
among various circles in England and
America. By some it was pronounced
a dishonor and disgrace to the coun-
try. Slanderous tales were spread,
having their origin only in the
rumor that the newly-appointed Gov-
ernor was born out of wedlock. But
the true reason of much of this calum-
ny was that a native of the colonies
had received the preferment which
was thought due to the aristocracy of
England.

Previous to leaving London Gov-
ernor Franklin was married to Eliza-
beth Downs and with her he arrived
at Perth Amboy in February, 1763.
At that time the governors of New
Jersey took the oaths of office and
were proclaimed at both Perth Am-
boy and Burlington. On his arrival
at Amboy he was escorted by numbers
of the gentry and by the Middlesex
troop of horse, and was there form-
ally received by the retiring Gov. Hardy,
and the members of the council. First
residing at Burlington in October,
1774, he took up his official residence
at Amboy, in the ancient "Proprietors'
House," now forming a portion of
the "Brighton House."

Amboy had formerly been the resi-
dence of Govs. Hunter and Burnett,
who ruled over both New York and
New Jersey. Later, those who ad-
ministered the colonial government of
New Jersey also resided there.

Gov. Franklin endeavored to ren-
der his administration acceptable to
the colonists, but he was also con-
strained as an officer of the crown to
advocate and enforce the views of the
British ministry.

In 1775 Dr. Benjamin Franklin re-
turned from Europe, where he had

long sojourned, sustaining the claims
and rights of his countrymen against
the aggressions of the crown.

On his arrival he visited the Gov-
ernor at Amboy. Fifty years before
he had wandered through the ancient
thoroughfares destitute, sick and
friendless. Now his son ruled there
in vice-regal state, and the printer
boy was welcomed with honor to the
palace of a royal province.

But the father, undazzled, was
wiser than the son. During his visit
he labored zealously to draw the Gov-
ernor over to the side of the Colonies.
In many interviews, marked with
much warmth of expression, each
failed to convince the other, and thus
they parted forever.

In January, 1776, Gov. Franklin
had taken such a decided stand against
the rising colonists that the Provin-
cial Assembly determined to secure
him. Lord Stirling placed a guard at
his gate, in Amboy, to prevent his es-
cape, and he became a virtual prison-
er in the Government House. On the
17th of June he was formally arrested
by a body of militia under Col. Heard,
of Woodbridge, and carried to Burling-
ton. Upon refusing to give his parole,
he was removed to East Windsor, Conn.,
and placed in charge of Gov.
Trumbull. In April, 1777, the Con-
gress ordered him into close confine-
ment for distributing British protec-
tions and pardons.

A month after his son's arrest, on
July 10, 1776, Benjamin Franklin
again visited Perth Amboy, together
with John Adams and Edward Rut-
ledge. They represented the Conti-
nental Congress in an interview to be
held the next day with the Commis-
sioner of Great Britain, Lord Howe, at
the Billow House, opposite Amboy.
That night the committee lodged at
the Long Ferry Tavern, near by the
Government House. The situations
were now changed. The son was a
prisoner, his authority destroyed, and
the regal power of Britain dethroned
in the colonies. The father held in
his hands the destinies of a continent.

While William Franklin was held
in confinement in Connecticut, his
wife found refuge in New York. Here
she died July 28, 1778. Her memorial
tablet is in the chancel of St. Paul's
Episcopal church, in New York city,
and is thus inscribed:

"Beneath the altar of this church
are deposited the remains of Mrs. Eliza-
beth Franklin, wife of His Excellen-
cy William Franklin, Esq., late Gov-
ernor, under British Majesty, of the
Province of New Jersey. Compelled
by the adverse circumstances of the
times to part from the husband she
loved, and at length deprived of the
soothing hope of his speedy return,
she sank under accumulated distresses,
and departed this life on the 28th day
of July, 1778, in the 49th year of her
age.

Sincerity and Sensibility
Politeness and Affability
Godliness and Charity
were

with Sense refined and Person ele-
gant in her united. For a grateful
remembrance of her affectionate ten-
derness and constant performance of
all the duties of a

Good wife,
"This Monument is erected in the
year 1787. By him who knew her
worth and still laments her loss."

Gov. Franklin was released on No-
vember 1, 1778, and came to New
York, where he remained till 1782,
being part of the time the president
of the "Honorable Board of Associa-
ted Royalists" in the city. At the
close of the war he was exiled and
went to England, where he received
a pension. He appears as a promi-
nent figure in Benjamin West's cele-
brated picture of the "Reception of
the American Royalists by Great Bri-
tain in the year 1783."

The son became an exile. The
father represented the United States
at the Court of France. They never
met again. There was no intercourse
between them during the whole of the
revolutionary war, and the engage-
ment continued even afterward to a
great degree. In Dr. Franklin's will,
after bequeathing to his son his lands
in Nova Scotia, and certain books and
papers, he thus adds:

"The part he acted against me in
the late war, which is of public noto-
riety, will account for my leaving him
no more of an estate he endeavored
to deprive me of."

William Franklin died in England,
November, 1813, aged eighty-two.
Benjamin Franklin died in Phila-
delphia April 17, 1790, aged eighty-
four.

"Fugit cloelo fulman, septuaginta
tyranni."

"Oh, go way, you great big Gath-
opper," cried George Alfred Town-
send's girl, when he tried to kiss her
among the new mown hay, out in the
country the other day. Somebody
was looking.

Old age overtakes all, and there
comes a time when a dimpled chin
loses its cunning.

From our Extra of Tuesday. The "Highland City" Car- ries the Day!

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CON-
VENTION MEETS AT

!BATON ROUGE!

OCTOBER 6TH, 1879.

THREE CHEERS FOR "RED STICK!"

[Special to the CAPITOLIAN.]

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 26, 1879.

The Convention of the Democratic-
Conservative party of the State of
Louisiana will meet at Baton Rouge—
our lovely "Highland City." The time
fixed by the State Executive Com-
mittee for holding the Convention is
the 6th day of October, 1879.

The parish of East Baton Rouge
obtains its eleven votes.

The Executive Committee adjourned
late yesterday evening.

Pass the word along to the boys!

LEON JASTREMSKI.

A PAINFUL SCENE.

Yesterday morning while seven or
eight old and reliable citizens were
holding down chairs and boxes in a
Michigan avenue grocery, and unani-
mously agreeing that this was the great-
est country on earth, a stranger
entered and said:

"Gentlemen, I suppose you are all
familiar with politics?"

"We are," they replied, in chorus.
"And you know all about the
fundamental principles of liberty?"

"We do."
"Well, I'm glad on it, for I've made
a bet with a fellow back here as to how
the reading of the Constitution begins.
One of you just write me down the
first ten words."

While he felt for a stab of a pencil
every man began scratching his head
and cautiously eyeing his neighbor.
One began muttering, "Now I lay me
—," and a second said something about
"Resolved," and a third wrote on the
top of a cracker box: "On motion it
was voted that—that—" There was a
great deal of coughing and sneezing
and nose blowing, when a boy came
in and said the stranger's horse had
run away. He rushed out, and seven
men took fresh chews of tobacco and
tried not to look too important, when
the grocer said:

"The Constitution? Why, every
one of you can repeat it by heart with
your eyes shut—of course you can."

HOW NOT TO GET THE LOCAL NEWS.

The other day an old and respected
citizen came into our office, and after
paying his last year's subscription,
took a seat and remarked:

"I guess you needn't send me the
paper any longer; I have just sub-
scribed for a Philadelphia paper which
suits me pretty well, and it doesn't
cost as much as the *Observer*."

Here he handed us the paper for
inspection. We found it to be a neat
looking sheet, handsomely printed,
with a large engraved head, containing
about forty-eight columns of miscel-
aneous reading matter.

"Fair looking paper," we remarked
as we handed it back to him; but did
you ever see anything in it concerning
our parish?"

"Well, I don't know as I ever have."
"Anything in regard to this State?"

"Nothing."
"And yet you give up a paper that
contains the local market reports, the
state of the crops, the deaths and
marriages, and the thousand and one
happenings from week to week, which
make up the history of the region in
which you are most interested, and
which you can get from no other
source and take instead a city paper
simply because it comes a little
cheaper." "Yes, and it contains more
reading matter," he added.

"Certainly," we remarked, "but
what is the character of the matter?
Nothing in regard to your own village
—your schools, your churches, your
local improvements and the thousand
and one things that happen in your
parish. There is nothing in it that
helps build up your parish and sup-
port home institutions. It is as for-
eign to you as the city in which it is
published. It may contain more
reading matter, but your neighbor-
hood is not represented in its col-
umns."

"But why can't you furnish your
paper cheaper, if they can afford a
much larger one in the city at a low
price?" he queried. "Labor is cer-
tainly cheaper here."

"For the reason that a country
paper has a small circulation com-
pared with a city paper, and the labor
expended upon 1,000 papers is about
the same as on 50,000, especially when
it is taken into consideration that the
city weekly which is furnished for a

dollar per year, is "made up" of the
type set for the daily."

"That's enough," exclaimed the old
gentleman, as he pulled out his wallet,
"just send me the *Observer* for another
year!"

As he bade us good morning, and
passed through the sanctum door, we
heard him remark: "It's my belief
that a man who stops or refuses to
subscribe for his local paper, simply
because it doesn't contain as much
reading matter as one "made up"
from a daily and published in the city,
should be supplied with medical
almanacs at the public expense."

ELEPHANT AND MONKEY.

Max Adler reports the following
only too brief remarks a managerie
manager made while he was Max's
seat-mate on train: "I've got the
finest elephant out of Asia! Perfectly
amiable and good-humored. He killed
his keeper two years ago, but that
was the man's own fault. The keeper
was green and not perfectly familiar
with elephants, and appeared to have
an idea that both ends of the animal
were exactly alike; so he would per-
sist in trying to lead the elephant
around by the tail, and act as if it
was a matter of indifference whether
the animal picked up his hay with his
trunk or his tail. So one day when
the man was trying to persuade the
elephant to drink by holding the end
of his tail in a bucket of water, the
elephant put out his hind leg, and
kicked him into immortal chaos!
People, you know, never do get sense.
There's no money in the business any-
more, though. The losses are too
heavy. I had a box-constrictor that
stood me \$400, and he did well enough
for a while. But one day he got loose,
and when we found him he was stand-
ing on his head out by the railroad,
with his tail in the air. I tried to
coax him to come down, but he re-
mained perfectly quiet, and when I
came to examine him I found that he
had swallowed the top of a telegraph
pole, and he had set his way down
until his nose touched the ground. He
was dead. What killed him I don't
know. It may have been electric
shock, or it may have been dyspepsia.
Howsomever, he was a corpse, and
there were \$400 gone.

"The monkey seems to amuse the
people most. I like a monkey myself.
Do you know I believe it's a positive
loss to human beings that they
haven't got tails like monkeys. Why,
a monkey can take hold of anything
with his tail, just like you can with
your hand. It's really a third hand.
Now, s'posin' you had such a tail! If
you had to hang on to the platform of
a crowded horse-car with your hands,
you could hold your umbrella with
your tail. If you were walking up
and down the room at night with the
baby, you could carry him in your
arms and give him a spoonful of para-
goric with your tail. If you wanted
to take your family out for an airing
you could grab a child with each hand
and pull your baby-coach with your
tail. I tell you, sir, it's a dead loss
to you that you're not built like a
monkey. Freehold, is it? Ah! I must
get out here. Come round and see
my show, won't you? Good morning."

GRIEF CHANGES AS LIFE CHANGES.

This sense of things tempers men to
men, and to their circumstances. It
limits the avaricious desires of men
who seek to grasp the world. It takes
away the domineering influence from
time and change. Men live as if they
were of universal and illimitable en-
ergy; but no man carries it, it is contin-
ually changing or modifying more
or less. We are never the same for two
days in succession. There is enough
of sameness to maintain consecutive
life; but life itself, more narrowly
viewed, is perpetually changing in its
aspects. The things we desire, we
desire till we get them, and when we
get them they turn to ashes—and am-
bition more than almost anything else.
In the very strife by which we reach
out we lose; and no men are less
what they were when they began their
race and their conflict than the men
who seek power, position, amplitude,
that they may rule life; but high or
low, men are ruled by life; and only
to a very limited extent do men ever
become sovereigns of the affairs around
about them. We do that which we
propose; the will searches out and
selects here and there a few things
for accomplishment; but we stand in
the very gulf stream of time; and we
are acted upon by innumerable influ-
ences—ten thousand times ten thou-
sand of them—that are working at the
flesh, at the nerve, at the bone, at
thought, at emotion, at the will, that
are working within and without, and
that are perpetually changing us.
These changes of life will direct men
to a better view of themselves as they
have passed out of the material stage
and into the spiritual condition in the
higher clime.

THE INTELLIGENT JURYMEN.

New York Graphic.
Counsel—Do you know anything of
this case?
No.
Ever read it?
No.
What! never!
No. [Applause.]
Have you formed any opinion as to
this case?
No.
Any opinion as to anything?
No.
Never have opinions?
No.
What! never!
No. [Applause.]
Ever heard "Pinafore"?
No.
Groans. Remarks, "No wonder he
didn't do it. Sold."
No sympathy with anything per-
taining to the public interest?
No.
No information, no knowledge, no
opinions, no taste for reading, no de-
sire to know what's going on in the
world?
None whatever.
Good. You'll do for a jurymen.
You are accepted.

A GREAT SPANISH ACTRESS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

During Cumberland's stay at Mad-
rid he witnessed a performance of the
great Spanish and gipsy actress, Ti-
tanna, about whom he tells some amu-
sing anecdotes. Upon hearing that a
famous English play-writer desired to
see her act, she sent word that he was
not to come to the theatre until she
desired him, as it was only when in
the humor that she could play well.
After waiting several days he at length
received the expected summons. But
he had not been many minutes in his
box when she sent word that she felt
no inclination for acting that night;
she would not be able to do justice to
her talents or to his expectations, and
that he was to go home again. He
obeyed the capricious creature, and
another week elapsed before he re-
ceived permission to attend the thea-
tre again. "I had not," he says,
"enough of the language to under-
stand much more than the incidents
and action of the play, which was of
the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the
course of the plot she murdered her
infant children, and exhibited them
dead on the stage, lying on each other,
while she, sitting on the bare floor be-
tween them (her attitude, action and
features defying all description), pre-
sented such a high-wrought picture
of hysterical frenzy, laughing wild amid
severest woe, as placed her in my
judgment at the very summit of her
art." So tremendous was the effect
of this acting upon the audience, who
rose in a kind of tumultuous frenzy,
that the play was not suffered to ter-
minate, and the curtain was abruptly
dropped. Presently a gentleman
brought her around to Cumberland's
box. "The artificial paleness of her
cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed
of a bright vermilion around the
edges of the lids, her fine arms bare
to the shoulders, the wild magnifi-
cence of her attire, and the profusion
of her disheveled locks, glossy black
as the plumage of the raven, gave her
the appearance of something more
than human, such a sily, such an
imaginary being, so awful, so impres-
sive, that my blood chilled as she ap-
proached me, not to ask but to claim
my applause, demanding of me if I
had seen any actress that could be
compared with her in my own or any
other country. 'I was determined,'
said she, 'to exert myself for you this
night, and if the sensibility of the au-
dience would have suffered me to have
concluded the scene, I should have
convinced you that I do not boast of
my own performances without reason.'"

BELOW PAR.

"That reminds me of a little anec-
dote," is what every bright man has
heard over and over again, as his
memory has been jogged by some
one's telling a good story. When
good stories and ready repartees are
going on, one witty little thing is sure
to suggest another.
Thus we thought, a day or two
since, when reading in an evening
paper that Charles Sumner was no
musician, and that a lady friend once
told him that if he were to buy a
music box set to "Old Hundred" she
did not believe he could make it play
"more than seventy-five."
It was doubtless something in the
same vein that prompted old Mrs.
Rothschild, when ninety-seven, to say
to her physician:
"Doctor, you must keep me up for
three years more at least, it would be
discreditable for a Rothschild to go
off "under par."

A very rich old man who had mar-
ried a young wife died suddenly, upon
which the widow raved like a maniac,
and exclaimed to the doctor, who
stood by the bedside of the departed,
"Oh, I'll not believe that my dear
partner is dead; he could not die and
leave me! No, no, he's alive; I'm
sure he's alive. Tell me, doctor, don't
you think so?" "Madam," replied
the medical man, with much gravity,
"I confess I have the means by which
he may be revived. I will apply the
galvanic battery." "Oh, no, no!"
cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard
as it is to bear my fate, I will have
no experiments against the law of na-
ture. Let him rest in peace!"

I envy the man that can talk three
hundred and sixty-five days in a year
on one subject, and thinks he is origi-
nal and interesting all the time; but
I don't want to be a sun-fa-law ov
one of these kind ov people.—*Josh
Billings.*

Johnny says his mother makes a
great cry if his sister goes out without
her shade hat. She don't want her to
get freckled, but she doesn't seem to
care a bit how much his father tans
him.

"This," said the dentist, "is my of-
fice." "And that?" inquired a visi-
tor, pointing to the apartment where
stood the tooth-pulling chair. "Ah,
that," replied the proprietor, "that is
my "drawing" room."

Wit loses its respect with the good
when seen in the company of malice,
and to smile at a jest which plants
thorn in the breast of another is to
become a principal in the mischief.

Imaginary troubles are the most
difficult to cure. No one can locate
the disease for the purpose of apply-
ing a remedy.

All the snobs are not dead, by any
means. Moral—attend to your own
business!"

Blatherskites and pullbacks are
still on the rampage. Move aside!

The apostate Vaudry is like the
end of this column—a blank!

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a
wife all other bereavements are trif-
ling. The wife! she who fills so large
a space in the domestic heaven, she
who busied herself so unwearily
for the precious ones around her; bit-
ter is the tear which fell on her cold
clay. You stand beside her coffin,
and think of the past. It seems an
amber-colored pathway, where the
sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or
the stars hung glittering overhead.
Fain would the soul linger there. No
thorns are remembered save those
your hands have unwillingly plucked.
Her noble, tender heart lies open to
your inmost sight. You think of her
now as all gentleness, purity, all
beauty. But she is dead. The head
is laid upon a pillow of clay. The
hands that have ministered so untrif-
lingly are folded beneath the gloomy
portal. The heart whose every beat
measured an eternity of love lies un-
der your feet. The flowers she sent
over with smiles, bend now over her
with tears, shaking the dew from
their petals, that the verdure around
her may be kept green and beautiful.

There is no white arm over your
shoulder, no speaking face to look up
into the eyes of love, no trembling
lips to murmur, "Oh, it is too sad!"
There is so strange a hush in every
room, no smile to meet you at night-
fall. And the old clock ticks and
strikes—it was such music when she
could hear it. Now it seems to rattle
on the hours through which you
watched the shadow of death gather
on her sweet face. And every day
the clock repeats that old story. Man-
y another tale it telleth, too, of
beautiful words and deeds that are
registered above. You feel—oh, how
often—that the grave cannot keep
her—that she will live again.

BELOW PAR.

"That reminds me of a little anec-
dote," is what every bright man has
heard over and over again, as his
memory has been jogged by some
one's telling a good story. When
good stories and ready repartees are
going on, one witty little thing is sure
to suggest another.
Thus we thought, a day or two
since, when reading in an evening
paper that Charles Sumner was no
musician, and that a lady friend once
told him that if he were to buy a
music box set to "Old Hundred" she
did not believe he could make it play
"more than seventy-five."
It was doubtless something in the
same vein that prompted old Mrs.
Rothschild, when ninety-seven, to say
to her physician:
"Doctor, you must keep me up for
three years more at least, it would be
dis