

### After the storm.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard  
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea  
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O,  
God.  
Who cry unto Thee.  
But in beauty and silence in the morning  
broke,  
O'erflowing creation the glad light stream  
ed;  
And earth stood shining and white as the  
souls  
Of the blessed redeemed.  
Oh, glorious marvel in darkness wrought!  
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,  
As if to whisper to all who mourn—  
Love's hidden intent.

### THE INTREPID MOTHER.

#### A Traveler's Tale.

The diligence from Paris to Chalons stopped one evening, just after dark, some miles beyond the little town of Rouvray, to set down an English lady and her child at a lonely roadside *auberge*. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to the Chateau de Senart, a distance of some leagues, whither she was repairing on a visit, but was told that it had not yet arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse looking woman, who allowed her into the vast hall that served at once as a sitting-room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night that there was little chance of her friend arriving before the morning. "You had better, therefore," she said, "make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you, and you will be much more comfortable between a pair of clean, warm sheets than knocking about in our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly."

Mrs. Martin, though much fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect; but she felt confident that her friends would not neglect her, that after a moment, she replied, "I thank you, madame; I will sit up for an hour or so; it is not late, and the carriage may come, after all. Should it not, I shall be glad of your room, which you may prepare for me at any rate."

The hostess, who seemed anxious that her guest should not remain in the great room, suggested that a fire might be made above; but Mrs. Martin found herself so comfortable where she was—a pile of fagots was blazing on the vast hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter about five years of age, soon went to sleep in her lap, and she herself found that whilst her ears were anxiously listening to the carriage-wheels, her eyes occasionally closed, and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the objects around her. The apartment was vast, and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dirty candle, stuck into a filthy tin candlestick that stood on one of the long tables. Two or three huge beams stretched across half-way up the walls, leaving a space filled with flitting shadows above. From these depended a rusty gun or two, a sword, several bags, hanks of onions, cooking utensils, &c. There were very few signs that the house was much visited, though a pile of empty wine bottles lay in one corner. The landlady sat at some distance from the fireplace with her two sons, who laid their heads together and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind that she had fallen into a resort of robbers; and the words "*C'est elle*," (it is she), which was all she heard of the whispered conversation, continued to alarm her. The door leading into the road was left ajar, and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation, and if the people of the hour really entertained any evil designs, her attempt would only precipitate the catastrophe. So she resolved on patience, but listened attentively for the approach of her friends. All she heard, however, was the whistling of the wind and the dashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At length the door was thrust open, and a man, dripping wet, came in. She breathed more freely, for this new-comer might frustrate the evil designs of her hosts, if they entertained any. He was a red-haired, jovial-faced looking man, and inspired her with confidence by the frankness of his manners. "A fine night for walking!" cried he, shaking himself like a dog who has scrambled out of a pond. "What have you to give me? I am wet to the skin. Hope I disturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a surly, sleepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman, and then addressing Mrs. Martin, said: "You see your friends will not come; and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply, which elicited a kind of shrug of contempt.

The red-haired man finished off his bottle of wine, and then said: "Show me a room, good woman. I shall sleep here to-night."

Mrs. Martin thought that as he pronounced these words he cast a protecting glance towards her, and she felt less repugnance at the idea of passing the night in that house. When, therefore, the red-haired man, after a polite bow, went up stairs, she said that as her friends had not arrived they might as well show her to a bed-room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. "Pierre, take the lady's trunks up stairs."

In a few minutes Mrs. Martin found herself alone in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care after putting the child to bed was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked round for something to barricade it with, and perceived a chest of

drawers. Fear gave her strength. She lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table, to increase the strength of her defence. The leg was broken, and when she touched it it fell with a crash to the floor. A long echo went sounding through the house, and she felt her heart sink within her. But the echo died away, and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Tolerably satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the windows. They were all well protected with iron bars. The walls were papered, and, after careful examination, seemed to contain no signs of a secret door.

Mrs. Martin now sank down into a chair to reflect on her position. As was natural, after having taken all these precautions, the idea suggested itself that they might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought of what her friends would say when she related to them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping tranquilly, its rosy cheeks half buried in the pillow. The fire had blazed up into a bright flame, whilst the unsmoked candle burned dimly. The room was full of pale trembling shadows, but she had no superstitious fears. Something positive could alone raise her alarm. She listened attentively, but could hear nothing but the howling of the wind over the roof, and the pattering of the rain against the window-panes. As her excitement diminished, the fatigue—which had been forgotten—began again to make itself felt, and she resolved to undress and go to bed.

Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment she seemed perfectly paralyzed.

She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidentally dropped her watch. Stooping to pick it up, her eyes involuntarily glanced towards the bed.

A great mass of red hair, a hand, and a gleaming knife, were revealed by the light of the fire. After the first moment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind returned. She felt that she had herself cut off all means of escape by the door, and was left entirely to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into bed by the side of her child. An idea—a plan—had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

Her bed was disposed that the robber could only get out from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable that he would choose, from prudence, this means of exit. There were no curtains in the way, so Mrs. Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running knot in her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defence of her own life and that of her child.

The position was an awful one; and probably, had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to her fears, and endeavored to raise the house by screams. The fire on the hearth—unattended to—had fallen abroad, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Every object in the vast apartment showed dimly and uncertainly, and seemed endowed with a restless motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the floor, but, startled by some movement under the bed, went scurrying back into its hole. The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother endeavored also to intimate slumber, but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not avoid occasionally making a slight noise.

Mrs. Martin was occupied only with two ideas. First, she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in this red-haired man; and, secondly, it struck her that as he could fear no resistance from a woman he might push aside the chairs that were in the way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once even she thought, while her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; but she was deceived by a flickering shadow on the opposite wall. In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enterprise; the shrieks of a victim put on his guard, might alarm the house.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour, with your fishing-rod in hand, waiting for the ferocious patience of an angler for a nibble? If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with far other interests at stake—passed the time, until an old clock on the chimney-piece told one hour after midnight. Another source of anxiety presented itself—the fire had nearly burnt out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she bent with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noise hanging, like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture, "What," she thought, "if he delays his appearance until the night has completely died away? Will it not then be impossible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill this assassin—to save myself and my child? O, God! deliver him into my hands!"

A cautious movement below—the dragging of hands and knees along the floor a heavy suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were bared to the shoulder; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a lioness about to leap upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down upon the spot where the question of life or death was to be soon decided. Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out—every second assumed the proportions of an hour. But at last, just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through an indistinct medium of blended light and dark-

ness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over, the time of action having arrived, every thing seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head cautiously forward. Mrs. Martin bent down.

There was a half-choked cry—the sound of a knife falling on the floor—a convulsive struggle. Pull! pull! pull! Mrs. Martin heard nothing—saw nothing but the scarf passing over the head of the bed between her two naked feet. She had half thrown herself back, and, holding her scarf with both hands, pulled with desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun; and one or the other must perish. The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; but in vain. Not a sound escaped from his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

"Well, mother Guerard," cried a young man, leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the *auberge* next morning; "what news have you for me? Has my mother arrived?"

"Is it your mother?" replied the landlady, who seemed quite good-natured after her night's rest. "There is a lady up stairs waiting for some friends; but she does not speak French easily, and seemed unwilling to talk. We could scarcely persuade her to go to bed."

Show me the room," cried Arthur, running into the house.

They soon arrived by the door. "Mother! mother!" cried he, but received no answer.

"The door is only latched, for we have no robbers in this part of the country," said the landlady.

But a formidable obstacle opposed their entrance. They became alarmed, especially when they heard the shrieks of the little girl, and burst open the door.

The first object that presented itself was the face of the robber, violently upturned from beneath the bed, and with protruding tongue and eyeballs; the next was the form of Mrs. Martin in the position in which we left her. She was still pulling with both hands at the scarf, and glaring wildly towards the head of the bed. The child had thrown its arms around her neck, and was crying; but she paid no attention. The terror of that dreadful night had driven her mad.

### The Artistic Girl.

It would be a delusion to suppose that she enters the room. She is not one of the soft, gliding creatures invented by novelists, and supposed to steal into the hearts as into the presence of the hero. Miss Daw bursts upon you at once, like a well-trained hurricane. She is expansive, eloquent of voice and of gesture—were I quite sure that the remark would not cost me my life, I would say she is noisy. Yet there is nothing about her to which exception can be taken. She speaks good English with an elegant pronunciation. She is perfectly fresh and frank, and has a habit of saying what she thinks, which, charming as it is now, augurs ill for the man destined one day to call this thing of brightness his own. She is this morning clad in enthusiasm, and dark green of the hue known as Morris green. Her figure, very tall, slight and elegant, is freely shown through the tight robe actually strained over it; her fair hair is not laid smoothly in any intelligible order, but suggests that it has been brushed in opposite directions by insane ladies' maids. A Rubens hat of astounding grandeur of conception crowns this startling figure. Miss Daw is armed with a book of sketches, and has just come from Heatherley's or the Slade School of Art. I forget which. She is full of art and artistic talk—that is to say, of art of one kind. Her yearnings toward music and poetry are of a very mild nature, as compared with her enthusiasm for the arts plastic and pictorial. Miss Margery Daw has made good progress in both of the latter. She has thrust aside painting on pottery with scorn and derision; she has advanced from water-colors to oils; draws and models in the life school. Whether she will become a second Rosa Bonheur remains to be seen. Probably as she has both beauty and money, she will marry a broad-acred squire and hunt three days a week in the season, but wherever she may go, her artistic instincts will go with her. This type of girl has been greatly on the increase since the death of fancy work—a species of industry which produces, at great expense of time and money, a large number of entirely useless and worthless articles. Our artistic girls are by no means free from the taint of esthetic coat, and plunge into the mysteries of decoration with unflinching courage. Ranged on opposite sides, they debate with much vivacity and at great length the respective merits of the systems now in vogue, including the style known as "decoration by plot" in which every thing is considered with reference to the employment of blue and white china. The artist girl is very proud of knowing distinguished painters. She talks feebly to and of them, and has views as to their method of work; but the summit of her ambition is reached when Stodge, R. A., or Scumble, A. R. A., introduces her portrait into an Academy picture with a catching title, such as "Ask Papa," or "The Mitten," "At Last," and so forth. Then she is supremely happy, and having sworn the artist to secrecy, quietly tells Jawleigh, who is "connected with the press," all about the matter, knowing, the sly puss, that the world will certainly be informed of her identity with Stodge's or Scumble's model.—*All the Year Round*.

### Curious Legend.

The Irish have a curious legend respecting what they call "Blaiad na oze," in other words, "The bloom of youth." The legend is this: An Irishman at one period went to Denmark, where he was hospitably received, much to his astonishment. He was taken into

immediate favor by those among whom he visited. He was told that in a certain part of the county of Limerick, which it appears he came, there was a crock of gold hidden under a white-thorn bush in a garden, which was so clearly pointed out to him that there could be no mistaking the locality. He was further told that among the gold was a remarkable circular piece or coin, with which he should return to Denmark, but that he might become the possessor of all the gold in the crock with the exception of that particular circular piece. The Irishman was obedient to the letter. He returned to Denmark with the circular piece, and kept for himself all but that. The Danes were rejoiced. A very aged Dane, having been rubbed with the wonderful circular piece of gold, at once became young again, fresh and vigorous as in the days of his boy-hood. So with other Danes. "You have brought back," said they, "the 'Blaiad na oze,' the blossom of youth, and Ireland shall be poor evermore."

### Quant Story of a Tournament.

A correspondent of the American Register translates the story of a tournament, which took place before Duke Charles of Savoy and the duchess and the ladies and lords of his court, the record of which is still preserved in the archives of Turin. At a royal banquet, one of the lords of Blonay, he being a married man, asserted that the married man was as gallant and formidable in deeds of arms, and in all things, as the unmarried man, and that the married woman was as virtuous and worthy of praise as the unmarried woman and offering to prove it by the lance or sword, if there was any one who wished to contradict it.

De Corsant, of Savoy, an unmarried man, presented himself as champion for the unmarried. Duke Charles, seeing that the question was not provoked by hatred or malevolence, and that they wished to fight to pass the time, and for pleasure as well as for the exercise of arms, gave his consent. There were to be two trials with the lance and fifteen strokes only with the sword. If the married man was conquered, he must beg for mercy of Mile. De Savoy, and of all the unmarried ladies of that house, and from one lady out of the house of Savoy, who should be appointed by his conqueror. If the unmarried man was conquered he was to ask for mercy of the Duchess of Savoy and of the wife of Lord Blonay.

The arrangements completed, the two champions met on the 12th of May, 1504, on the square before the Castle of Turin. On the first trial they fought with so much address the lances were broken to pieces. Having received new lances, De Blonay broke his boldly, and Corsant, encountering the shock, breast-piece, girth and saddle all were carried to the ground with the chevalier in such a way that every one believed it was all over with him. Not so, however; Corsant sprang immediately to his feet, ready to do his duty with the sword. The combat was sustained long and bravely, and it would have continued longer if Duke Charles had not ordered them to desist. Duke Charles accorded the honor of the day to the married lord, but acknowledged that the champion of the unmarried had done his duty bravely. Following the conditions of the combat, De Corsant knelt for pardon before the Duchess of Savoy and the married ladies of the court, and then set out for the Castle Blonay, which, after a long and perilous journey, he safely reached, and asked grace of Lady Catherine of the Castle; and now having paid the penalty of the vanquished, he asked for his discharge.

On the next day Lady Blonay gave a grand banquet, and invited the lords and ladies, married and unmarried, of the neighborhood. Then De Corsant met the beautiful Zolande, cousin of Lady Blonay and he concluded that by taking a wife he should better sustain the cause of the married than he had done that of the unmarried at the tournament of Turin.

Lord Blonay returning four days after and giving his consent, the nuptials were celebrated in the good Castle of Blonay, when De Corsant bravely cried, "If any one says aught against the married man, he must settle it with me, and I will do to him what was done to me in the tournament at Turin!"

### A Petrified Papoose.

There recently came into Washington, without company of kith or kin, an Indian papoose, of the Arspahoe tribe. He is a little fellow and is petrified, and has been set in state in the Smithsonian. He was found in a wild lonely mountain gulch in Dakota, in a hollow tree, in which were also conveniently placed knife and food in the gripsack for use, until his spirit should reach the happy hunting-grounds. His face is painted in red streaks, and his garments are fine and gaudy. A rare Arapahoe blanket, made by hand by the tribe, and which would bring fabulous prices among connoisseurs was wrapped about the little fellow in his pine-tree cradle. He is a very small wanderer from his Western camp-fire, and looks lonely enough peeping from his glass case at the living throng of pale-faces and the ghastly multitude of skeletons that rear their wire-tied bones in the great museum hall. He probably does not enjoy his visit to civilization as much as he would if he could walk the streets, surrounded by a crowd of yelling gamins and crowding nurse-girls; if he could take one squint at the shop-windows, or visit the big east-room of the Great Father; see the steam street-car that now rolls down the avenue without the aid of horses, or watch the yellow lights blaze out at nightfall like summer fire-flies, swarming over the marshy city of the nation's capital—it would be jollier for him, but not for us. For dirty live Indians we can see nearly every day, but not a grand frozen little warrior like this.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Times*.

### The Beautiful Gate.

It is a fair tradition, one of old,  
That at the gate of Heaven called Beautiful  
The souls of those to whom we ministered  
On earth, shall greet us, as we enter in,  
With grateful records of those lowly deeds  
Of Christian charity, wherewith frail man  
Proffers his humble loan unto the Lord,  
Oh, think, if this be true; how many eyes,  
Whose weeping thou hast stilled, shall glisten  
there;  
How many hearts, whose burden thou hast  
shared,  
And heavy feet, whose steps were turned by  
thee  
Back to their homes elastic through the joy  
Of new found hope, and sympathy, and love,  
Shall welcome thee within the gate of bliss—  
The golden city of Jerusalem.

### A Little Advice by Josh Billings.

Dear girls, are you in search of a husband?  
That is a pumper, and you are not requested to say "Yes" out loud, but are expected to throw your eyes down onto the earth as the you was looking for a pin and reply to the interrogatory with a kind of draulin sigh.

Not to press so tender a theme until it bekums a thorn in the flesh, we will presume (to avoid argument) that you are on the lookout for something in the male line. Let me give you sum small chunks of advice how to spot your future husband:

1. The man who is jealous every little attenthun which you get from sum other fellow yu wud find after yu are married to him he luvs himself more than he duz you, and what you mistook for solissitude yu will discover has changed to indifference.  
Jellosy isn't a heart diseze, it is a liver complaint.

2. A mustash is not dispensible: it is only a little more hair, and is much like moss and other excrescences—often doz the best on site that won't raise any thing else. Don't forget that those things which you admire in a fellow before marriage you will probably dislike in a husband after, and a mustash will get to be a very week diet after a long time.

3. If husbands could be took on trial, as Irish cooks are, two-thirds of them would probably be returned; but there don't seem to be enny law for this. Therefore, girls, you will see that after yu git a man yu have got to keep him, even if yu loz on him. Consequently, if yu have got enny kold vittles in the house, try him on them once in a while during scouring season, and if he swallers them well, and sez he will take sum more, he iz a man who, when blue Monday cums, will wash well.

4. Don't marry a pheller who is alwus tellin how his mother doz things. It iz too hard to ween a yung one.

5. If a young man can beat yu playing on a pianner and kant hear a fish-horn playing on the street without turning a summersault on account of the music that is in him, I say leave him; he might answer to tend babe, and if yu set him hoeing out the garden, you will find that you have got to do it yourself. A man whose whole left lies in music (and not too hefty at that) ain't no better than a seedlitz powder; but if he luvs to listen while yu sing sum gentle ballad, yu will find him mellow and not soft. But don't marry enny body for just one virtew enny quicker than you would dop a man for jist one fault.

6. It is one of the most tuffest things for a female to be an old maid successfully. A great many has tried it and made a bad job of it, and had a hard time. Every body seems to look upon old maids jist as they do upon dried herbs in the garret—handy for sickness—and therefore, girls, it ain't a mistake that you shud be willing to swop opb with some true-hearted phellow for a husband. The swop iz a good one; but don't swop for any man who is respectable jist because his father is. You had better be an old maid for 4,000 years, and then join the Shakers, than tw buy repentence at this price. No woman ever made this trade who didn't get either a phool, a mean cus, or a clown, for a husband.

7. In digging down into this subject I find the digging goes harder the further I get. It is much easier to inform yu who mo't to take, for the reason there is more of them.

I don't think you will foller my advice if I give it, and therefore I will keep it, for I look upon advice as I do castor-ile—a meam dose to take and a meam dose to give. But I must say one thing, girls or spile. If you can find a bright-eyed, well balanced boy who looks upon poverty as sassy az a child looks upon riches—who had rather sit down upon the curbstone in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and eat a ham sandwich, then go inside and run in debt for his dinner and toothpick—and who is a man with a sort of pluck that mistakes a defeat for victory ma advice is to take him body and soul—snare him at onst, for he is a stray trout, a breed very skarse in our waters.

Capt. Peabody, of the bark C. A. Whitmore, is under arrest at Boston for cruelty to his second mate, Elwood, resulting in his death. The trouble occurred during a voyage from Cardiff to Hong Kong, in the summer of 1876, and, according to the affidavits of the crew, Peabody's treatment of Elwood was outrageous. He confined him in chains rode him on the keel of a boat, and scrubbed him with a broom and salt water. Around his wrists were sores, and there were five wounds in his head. The Captain had a small bank made for him, four feet long and one and a half feet wide. It was so short that Elwood's knees almost touched his chin, and he died in this bunk from the injuries he had received three days after the last beating. The Captain was arrested at Hong Kong but fled, and it was only a few days ago that he was found in Boston.