

One Day.

Wild wind, which on my mood as on a lute
Plays sad airs and passionate melody,
And will not let one string of me be mute,
Smiling like master, fierce and absolute—
One day, one day I shall be freed from thee.

Bright sun, upon whose blinding, noonday
wing
Fall the dim shadowing of human care,
Weariness, discontent and suffering—
One day, my eyes made strong to see and
hear,
I shall stand up in your full light and sing.

Visions that dawned and staid not, glories
brief,
Whose swift evanishment provokes my
grief—
Which vainly I stretch after to detain,
One day, one day they shall be mine again
Garnered and bound in an immortal sheaf.

Sorrows which blessed and suffering blent
with balms.
Love with a baffling thorn to mar its flower
Hindrance that helped me, storm-enfolded
calms.
One day shall come, renewed to life and
power,
A troop of gracious shape, upbearing aims.
All things which work together for my we
And wake the mortal heart-ache now shall
be.
Transfigured into beauty's brightest glow
One day, and I through happy tears shall
see
The loveliness I was too blind to know.
Susan Coolidge in N. Y. Independent

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

The Story of a Happy Discovery.
"I will not threaten you, Hilton. Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and my respect, but the money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words. Truly, with his frank brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke his voice was low and pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she has told me herself; that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and, after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her, if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here; and with a sudden fierceness he added, "I want no woman here to remind me of a past hope I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollections of his grave quiet uncle, had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago when I was past forty years old I fell in love. Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had travelled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful.

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the loveliness of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the continent and then returned here to this house and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna.

"We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned.

"Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me."

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and

found a note upon my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarrelling and reproach. She had taken her child, and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years and then, you know, went to see my only sister, dying of consumption."

"And to become my second father?"

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart-broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, travelled with you, made you my one interest in life. You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have been in London three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, I trust them to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp, and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour to see it?"

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then."

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock till the hour should be over. He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over again that past whose remorseful memories had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly. "Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society, and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this," Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table.

The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists.

For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked:

"Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but, surely, in heaven she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must be,

for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs, as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her own loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

MOTHER SHIPTON ECLIPSED.

The Destiny of the Republic Prophecied a Century Ago.

The family of Dr. March, in Albany avenue, Brooklyn, have in their possession a remarkable old document, which has been preserved with great care ever since the father of the present head of the family came to reside in that city. The paper is a dilapidated bit of parchment containing written verses on both sides, but the ink has become so faded that careful study is required to decipher the words. Around the edges a rude attempt at binding has resulted in making the parchment more fragmentary than before. Several years ago a copy of the verses was made, which is still in good condition, and is shown to friends of the family. The verses contain a prophecy, and were written by Mrs. Abby Marsh, in the year 1787, at her home in Sherbrook, Canada. Her immediate descendants claimed that Mrs. Marsh was possessed of extraordinary powers of foresight, and instanced an occasion where she awoke from a dream in time to save the life of a child. Like all other prophetic effusions however, it received but little attention until several of its assertions had become things of the past, and public attention was called to their apparent fulfillment. Fragmentary portions of the rhyme, which Mrs. Marsh called "Columbia's Destiny," found their way into the Canadian newspapers, some of the extracts being now in the possession of Dr. Marsh.

A reporter obtained permission to copy the old document and they are herewith given, together with the explanation which a reference to the history of the last century suggests. Thus it runs:

Columbia, home of libertie,
Shall not twenty rulers see,
Ere there shall be battle smoke,
Ere peace shall seem to be broke,
And in waves of peril tost,
The ancient order shall be deemed lost.

It is a significant fact, when taken in this connection, that E. B. Hayes is the nineteenth ruler of the United States, as will be seen by the order in which the President succeeded each other:

1—Washington.	8—Van Buren.	15—Buchanan.
2—J. Adams.	9—Harrison.	16—Lincoln.
3—Jefferson.	10—Tyler.	17—Johnson.
4—Madison.	11—Polk.	18—Grant.
5—Monroe.	12—Taylor.	19—Hayes.
6—Q. Adams.	13—Fillmore.	
7—Jackson.	14—Pierce.	

The strange chronicler continues:
The first shall, too, the second be,
If the Fates tell Truth as even he;
Where sits the sire shall sit the son,
But not the son's son.
And ere the son shall ruler be
Once place shall send three;
Three with one shall make her four (4),
And there shall be no more.

Reference is undoubtedly made to Gen. Washington's proverbial truth-telling, in the second line, and to the succession of John Quincy Adams to the place of his father, in third. "But not his son's son," seems to put to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who has uniformly failed in his aspirations to become President. Between the Adamses did come three from "one place" (Virginia), who with the accidental John Tyler made the fourth; nor has the "Mother of Presidents" since borne a son distinguished by even nomination to the Chief Magistracy. The prophecy proceeds:

The first sprung from these second lions
In death his predecessor joins;
Who beneath his son shall pass
And in a house that different was.
The next one shall have peace and war;
The third shall brook no kindly star;
When the quarter century's run,
Where sat the sire shall sit the son.

It is difficult to interpret a portion of this extract. Jefferson and John Adams, it is well known, died on the 4th of July, 1826, their simultaneous death forming one of the most remarkable coincidences in history; but the meaning of the clause, "And in a house that different was," is rather vague. The venerable ex-President died on the floor of the Capitol, but the latter building is part of the original one erected at the seat of Government. Mr. Adams, administratively witnessed both the war with England and the period of peace and prosperity which followed; while the quarter century, reckoning from 1800, saw the inaugural ceremonies of the younger Adams.

Here several lines in the paper are so obliterated or defaced that they are unreadable.

Then comes who should have been before,
A soldier, who should have any war.

"Old Hickory's" record seems to bear this out, especially the last line. The vigorous manner in which he "sat down" upon the Nullifiers of that day "deferred," so Mr. Bancroft says, "the approaching civil war for many years." The prophecy:

(1) After the fox the lion shall
Be lordly ruler over all;
But death shall in the mansion wield
Sword surer than in the fenced field.
(3) After him there comes anon,
One who had friends, but shall have none
(4) The hickory shall sprout again;

A soldier come from battle-plaine,
But shall not long remain,
Nor shall his heir bear away again.
(5) Then a youth shall follow, who (sic)
All shall know, though none knew.

Taken in their successive order the above lines ought to apply first, to Martin Van Buren (but why should he be called a fox?); second, to General Harrison, who died almost immediately after his inauguration; third, to Tyler, whose conduct caused a rupture in his party; fourth to Polk, who was popularly known as Young Hickory (See B. Norton's "Thirty Years in the Senate," I. p. 374), and fifth, to Franklin Pierce, the youngest up to that time, and whose selection was a surprise to everybody.

While the next [probably Buchanan] do bear the rule,
To-morrow's sage is this day's fool;
There shall be trouble manifest,
North and South, and East and West.
The strong man shall the weak befriend,
But it shall not be the end;
Under the next [Lincoln] shall widows mourn
Thousands be slain, but millions born;
Death, in the strife, shall pass him by,
But when the peace cometh, he shall die.
A soldier after him shall be,
Who shall see his century.

The hero of Appomattox is here undoubtedly referred to, and the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia. But the most remarkable part of this prophecy is the following:

Rule afterward shall be got
By the one whose it was not;
Men shall roar, and rage and rave
But he shall have who should not have.
When the tide of storm is over
Four shall make 6 and not 4,
He who shall be no more,
And all that's past not make a score.

This will seem almost incredible to many but it is proved beyond doubt that the lines were in existence, and in one instance published, before Grant left the Executive Chair. Mr. Hayes is the nineteenth President; there has been "battle smoke" enough in a political sense, when it is taken into consideration the recent Electoral frauds. Can the last two lines by any possibility refer to the sage of Grammercy park, received at the hands of the *Tribune*.

But Columbia shall again
Rise, and fairer be than then (sic).
Ere other shall with brother speak
Whom he hath not seen a week;
Letters shall go north the deep,
Likewise will the mountain steep;
Men shall speak to brazen ears,
That shall be mouths in after years,
Words spoken shall be sent through post,
So no syllable be lost;
A drop of water shall have then
The force of many thousand men.

It does not take a very fanciful imagination to draw from the above a clear indication of Prof. Edison's numerous wonders of invention. The alleged motor of Mr. Keely, the Philadelphia mechanic, claims to utilize "a drop of water" with such effect that thousands of pounds pressure are obtained.

Much of the next passage is senseless, and clearly written in imitation of the old weards. Whether the rain falling "as men ordain" might not be taken for the modern weather predictions, is a question for the individual reader to pass upon.

Ghosts shall guide the plow, and rain
And snow shall fall as men ordain;
The commonest of some or stick
Other shall be than long broad, thick.
Here and in a for-in-clime
Men shall be at the same time.
Bread ye shall from ashes bake,
Ice they shall to diamonds make,
And salt seas their thirst shall slake.

The conclusion, which looks very much like the time when "two Sundays meet" or "to-morrow come never," runs as follows:

All these things shall happen, when?
They shall have been not before
Six years shall be reckoned four,
Thirteen shall be thirty nine;
This shall be the certain sign;
Nine and nine rehearsing take,
(Eight and one the nine shall make.)
When ninety-two and eighty-one,
All these marvels shall be done.

A singular explanation of this apparently unmeaning riddle has been suggested by a mathematician named Townsend. "When ninety-two are eighty-one." Washington took his seat as president in 1789; add ninety-two and you have eighty-one (1881). This 1881 is also made up of ones and eights, forming nines in reversed order. "The 'thirteen' may be taken as alluding to the original number of States, which the rhymist (remember that she is stated to have written in 1789, not in 1812 or 1813) would have in her mind. The recent introduction of a bill into Congress proposing a Constitutional amendment to extend the term of the Executive to six years, may cover the line—

Six years shall be reckoned four,

Mr. Marsh considers the document as genuine, and is able to produce a copy of the green mountain (Vt) *Chronicle* published in 1813, which contains an almost verbatim copy.

Two or three months ago an extended description of the large dairy conducted by the Darlington brothers, in Delaware county, Pa., was printed in the *Intelligencer*. It was therein stated that no blooded imported stock of any kind is kept on the place, and all the purchases of cows are made without regard to breed or pedigree. Having seen the published statements of Eastburn Reeder, made to the Genouon Commission, which they think designed to show superior excellence for Jersey cows, the Darlingtons have written out a result of the production of their own herd. They state that during the first week in August they were milking over 100 head, all native stock, and that it required 9.71 quarts of milk produced by them to make one pound of butter. According to Mr. Reeder's calculation it took 9.82 quarts of the milk of his herd to make a pound. The Darlingtons add that the average above given is below that for a woele year, but they have at times obtained a pound of butter from less than nine pounds of milk.

"Go West, Young Man."

This expression of the lamented Greeley has been the but of many a joke. And yet, if it had been taken in its true spirit, as expressed and intended by one who had worked his way from obscurity and poverty to one of the proudest positions on earth, its full significance could be better appreciated. The history of the West is full of illustrations of the wisdom of the advice; and our mind is now called to this subject by the marriage of a couple endowed with the old spirit of enterprise. An energetic young man married one of the women described in the last chapter of Proverbs. She is truly what God said, in the second chapter of Genesis he would make for man—a help-meet. She can work all day, dance all night, and be as cheerful and happy as a bird the next day.

Shortly after their marriage they collected together their worldly possessions, and loaded themselves and goods into a two-horse wagon and started for Nebraska to locate a homestead. They will camp by the way, and we will guarantee that their wedding tour will be as happy as that of many a fashionable couple who marry in opulence and spend their honeymoon in the most fashionable resorts. There is scarcely a county or township in Iowa, but what can be found old couples, and their respective families, who came to this State in the same way, and who are now the wealthiest and most respected citizens of the neighborhood. There are several now in our mind, who married the noblest specimens of women who have proved to be help-meets in the true meaning of the Scriptural word. "Help-meet" means a companion qualified, suitable, adapted to the position, a help a comfort, and a solace. That is what God intended when he said he would make a help-meet for man. But, nowadays, too often a tax, a burden, an expense, which a man cannot support without a large fortune. They have perverted the objects of their creation.

Work is not degrading. Faithful attention to household duties is pleasant and ennobling, where the right sentiments are entertained. If a wife does not strive to make her home pleasant by cheerfully performing all her duties, but disdainfully looking upon the work and care of her children as drudgery, her marriage vows were not spoken from the heart. What more noble reward need a woman expect or desire for her life's great labor than in ripe age to know that there have gone out from her example and training noble and earnest workers that are honoring her, and are beloved by God and man?

There came to the neighborhood of Melrose Farm twelve years ago a young married couple who had not exceeding five hundred dollars in goods and money. This money was all spent in buying a span of horses and a few farm implements to cultivate a rented farm. He was not of that class who study for an excuse for going to town and who frequently go without an excuse. He attended faithfully to his business. His wife is a scriptural help-meet. Watchful, earnest, intelligent, devoted. This couple to-day are worth \$15,000—made by close attention to business and not by speculation.

That couple who took up their line of march from Grundy lately have an abundance of examples to cheer them. Let us take two examples from the West. The Nebraska City *News* says:

"Mr. J. B. Wood resides three miles west of Syracuse, Neb. Eleven years ago he arrived with twenty dollars, and took up a homestead of 160 acres, and traded his watch for a land warrant, with which he acquired 40 acres more. Since that time he has been a worker, and now he owns one of the best farms in the country—a little paradise—with 100 acres under cultivation. 40 acres hedged off for pasture, plenty of fruit and shrubbery. During 1877 he sold \$600 worth of cattle, and has on hand a herd of forty. Mr. Wood is independent—all the work of eleven years."

And the same paper gives another:

"Mr. G. Warner came to a Nebraska poor boy, but he started in the right way. He did not wait for fortune to come, but started in pursuit, and he has been successful in the chase. He obtained a homestead where he now lives, and his farm now covers 820 acres, and his residence, barns and out buildings are as good as will be found on farms east. In his orchard he has 2,500 apple trees, 400 cherry trees, and pears and peaches in bearing. Mr. E. Andrews is a neighbor of Mr. Warner; he brought a little but not much money to Nebraska, and during the eight years he has been a resident on his farm he has been thoroughly successful. He now owns and farms 500 acres; his buildings are excellent; he has 15 acres of orchard, five miles of live hedge, and he is fattening this year 100 head of steers and 160 hogs from the corn he grew in 1877, and he estimates that he will have 2,000 bushels for his pigs in the summer."

These triumphs of energy are not alone in Nebraska, but they are all over Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri, and in every land where energy, enterprise and economy have planted their feet and reared their standards.—*Iowa State Register*.

Burglars broke into the house of a horribly ugly old maid, the other night, and, just as they approached her couch, the woman, who was dreaming she was being proposed to by a handsome young man, rose up in bed, and exclaimed, "Yes, love, I will marry you!" The frightened burglars sprang thirty feet through the window-sssh and never stopped until they were hid under a haystack fifteen miles from town.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald*.