

AFTERWARD.

Oh, strange, oh, sad perplexity,
Blind groping through the night,
Faith faintly questions can there be
An afterward of light?

Oh, heavy sorrow, grief and tears,
That all our hopes destroy;
Say, there shall dawn in coming years
An afterward of joy?

Oh, hopes that turn to gall and rue,
Sweet fruits that bitter prove;
Is there an afterward of true
And everlasting love?

Oh, weariness within, without,
Vain longings for release;
Is there no inward fear and doubt
An afterward of peace?

Oh, restless wanderings to and fro,
In vain and fruitless quest;
Where shall we find, above, below,
An afterward of rest?

Oh, death, with whom we plead in vain,
To stay thy fatal knife;
Is there beyond the reach of pain
An afterward of life?

Ah, yes; we know this seeming ill,
When rightly understood,
In God's own time and way fulfill
His afterward of good.

—(Chambers' Journal.)

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

It was in a luxuriously furnished room where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants that General Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listening with baited breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told a story of life.

The speaker, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low, cushioned chair, her attitude both speaking of the ease that wealth gives, but her face was full of the deepest anguish as her lips recounted the story.

"You love me," she said gently yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved any one before, although I am a widow. That you know, but did not know my husband's name. By my uncle's last request I dropped it and took his with the property he had left me. Do not look at me tenderly, Gerald, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know who I am you will not repeat the offer you made me, and which heaven is my witness I tried to divert."

"Let your conscience be at rest there," said her listener, in a grave, yet tender voice; "you have never given me one hope, Maude. By what instinct I knew that you loved me I can never tell. Something in your eyes—some tone of your voice betrayed you. If, as you say, something in your past life does separate us, you have been no coquette to torment me with false hopes. But, Maude, tell me again, whatever stands between us, you love me."

"I love you," she said gravely, "and it is because I love that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband. I was very young—not sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank. Uncle Richard has a country seat near the village. I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party; everybody's cavalier; courteous to all; full of wit and animation and service to all. I believe every girl on the grounds thought she had captivated him, his attentions were so well divided and yet so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house, with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman of education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man. It was not long before it was evident that he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task. Such love as a child of sixteen can give I gave him. He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like, I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this, my first admirer, with all his imaginary perfections."

"From the first, Uncle Richard disliked him, pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but the fact of my being an heiress to a large property gained me the protestations in which I so firmly believed."

"It is a painful story to me now, Gerald. Let it suffice that I have lived in a world of pleasant dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left me he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas."

"I think if my money had depended on Uncle Richard, my marriage might have been prevented by his threatening to disinherit me, but both from my father and mother I had inherited money that made me independent in a pecuniary sense of his control or consent."

"Most grudgingly, however, uncle did consent, after searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worse report than that his employers thought him fast, idle, and just the man to be a fortune hunter. Even then my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by settling it upon myself; but with the reckless generosity of extreme youth I refused to have this done. Never, I was firmly convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way."

"For a year after the splendid wedding that made me Alexander's wife I was very happy. I was too ignorant of value to understand that we were living far beyond our income—enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries around me—the constant gaiety that was in such strong

contrast to the school routine from which I had been released.

"Then began a life of neglect, often of quarreling, when I objected to my husband's course of conduct—his drinking, his extravagance and his late hours. Still I found my own pleasures in society."

"It was four years after my marriage when I was thunderstruck by Alexander asking me to request a loan of money from Uncle Richard, with the information added that every penny of my property was gone."

"Since then I have known that a large portion of it was lost at the gaming table."

"Long before this I had lost all love for my husband. Respect had died out when I knew the dissipated life he was leading, and foolish as I was, I could not continue to love a man whom I despised. I refused the errand and brought down a torrent of such great abuse that I really expected that Alexander would end by striking me."

"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage, Uncle Richard had sold the city residence and taken a permanent abode at Grassbank, where, knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of years, like that of a father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander that even our correspondence was languid and commonplace."

"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not have been necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and such refusal made my husband more furious. Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check and drew £2,000 of Uncle Richard's money from the bank. I don't think my uncle would have prosecuted him had he guessed who was the forger; but he handed the whole matter over to the law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged. It was then traced to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed in the same manner his former employers. He had given up all work on his marriage; but when he found himself without money his knowledge of the business enabled him to forge the name of Derkiss & Co. Even if Uncle Richard had spared him for my sake the other forgery would have entitled him to penal servitude. He was sentenced to seven years, and uncle took me home full of heavenly pity and forgiveness for the child who had treated him so ungratefully."

"Then your husband is in prison?" said Gerald, in a hard, strained voice.

"No, no, he is dead! He died within the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in a paper, and sent the money for the burial. No, I am free; but none the less, I am the widow of a convicted felon."

"But, none the less," quoted Gerald, "the woman I love and honor above all others, and hope still to make my wife."

It took, however, more than one interview, full of love's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution. She so honored her lover, and was so proud of his good name and the position he had attained by his talent, that her sensitive nature shrunk from even the shadow of her misery upon his life.

But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud, glad joy, for Maude had then promised to be his wife.

"If you are willing to take Alexander Hull's widow to be your wife," she said, "I will not oppose you any longer, for I love you with all my heart."

He had no thought but of that glad triumph when he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a late visit there before going up to his bed-room, in case notes or messages were left for him. One lay there on this evening, a shabby looking envelope, but directed in a bold, handsome hand, which he recognized at once.

He tore it open. After a few words of introduction, the note ran:

"You did the best you could on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I have now a last favor to ask of you. I die, as you know, at noon to-morrow. You, as my lawyer, can see me at any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this, and with the gratitude of the man you know as

JAMES FOX."

"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer; "the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted. I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting. How he deceived me, though, for a time. And how he exulted in doing so when he saw the facts were too strong. Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still very early."

It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who in a few short hours was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst of crimes. Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal. His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, his moustache faultless, his hands white and refined looking. He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered the cell.

"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my want of frankness. Well, that is all over. You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"

"Not if I can grant it," was the reply.

"This," said the murderer, "is not my first offense against the law. Some years ago I was sentenced to a term of years for forgery. By a strange accident I escaped the penalty. On the same day James Fox was sentenced to

two years for petty larceny, and we were sent together to prison. James Fox—my companion, understand, not myself—was deranged, but his lawyers had not been able to save him, as his aberration was not always apparent. When we were entered upon the books of the prison, imagine my surprise when my fellow prisoner gave my name for his own. Like a flash I saw the advantage to be gained by the deception, and allowed the error to pass. My companion committed suicide, and I escaped with two years' imprisonment instead of seven. But I feared recognition and went to Canada. There I lived by my wits until a year ago, when I returned to try and raise money from my wife, and thought I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. But I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but heaven is my witness, I love her. When I was in prison she dropped my name and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs. Alexander Hull you must ask, but for Mrs. Maude Temple."

Was the room reeling—the ceiling falling—the wall closing around him? Gerald Langton felt that they were, as the name fell upon his ears. Maude—his Maude—the wife of the cool villain who talked of his hideous crimes as if they were ordinary events? Well, he knew that to carry the man's message was to separate himself from Maude forever. Never would she let him marry the widow of a murderer! Very rapidly all the terrible facts passed one after the other, and he said: "If you love her, why add a misery to her life? She may have lived down the old pain you have caused her; why, for a selfish gratification, will you make her whole life a misery?"

"She is my wife! I would bid her farewell."

"She is not your wife. Your own crimes have released her from all allegiance to you."

"You know her?"

"Yes. I know what she has suffered, and beg of you to let her still believe you died years ago."

"She is happy?"

"Scarcely that. Such wounds as hers never heal entirely, but it is cruelty to tear them open when they are quiet."

"Has she married?"

"No! She is your widow."

"It is hard to deny myself one more sight of her face and the hope I had that she would say she forgave me."

"Think of her, not yourself."

There was a long silence in the cell.

Every throb of Gerald Langton's heart was pain to him, but Alexander Hull sat in moody silence; evidently reluctant to give up his wish.

At last he spoke.

"You have been very good to me. Tell me, now, if you have any personal reason for your request. Perhaps you may love her."

"I do!" was the reply. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Then it will be James Fox who is released to-morrow. I mean to give my real name, but I will carry my secret to the grave. It may be in another world that the little self-denial will be a plea for me. Go now. You may trust me."

He kept his word, and Gerald Langton his secret.

When Maude, a few weeks later, became his wife, she little guessed the terrible ordeal which he had spared her, or the added disgrace that belonged to the name she had given up.

A Quaker's Friendly Scuffle.

Detroit Free Press.

When Lee's graybacks were making their way through Pennsylvania toward Gettysburg two infantrymen belonging to Pickett's Virginians raided into a Quaker's house in search of something to eat. They were met at the door by the owner of the premises, who asked:

"Are you rebels?" "You bet we are!" was the blunt reply. "And what do you wish here?" "Fodder, old man, and don't keep us waiting for it."

"If thee wishest for something to eat thou canst have it," said the Quaker to the spokesman, "but I trust that ye will take nothing from the house." It was a poor trust. After the boys had finished their meal one of them pocketed a watch which was hanging on a nail, and the other seized upon a silver cream pitcher as a token of remembrance. "Are ye thieves as well as rebellious citizens?" indignantly demanded the old man as he confronted them. "Stand aside and let us out or we'll damage you!" "Verily, I will not! Thou must not rob my house."

"Never mind him, Bill; Quakers don't fight," called the one in the rear. "Hit him a clip on the chin and run for it."

"Truly, I shall not fight," calmly observed the disciple of Penn, as he pushed up his sleeves and spit on his hands; "but if in a friendly scuffle to recover possession of mine own the robbers should get injured I shall not have to answer to my conscience." There was a friendly scuffle in the next York minute, and one of the trio, who is now a resident of Richmond, vividly remembers having the jawache for a week after while his companion complained of sore throat, dizziness, lame back and depressed spirits. All the remarks made after the scuffle concerned were simply a few words dropped by the Quaker to the effect that: "I am sorry to put thee out, and sorry to damage thee, but it is better that thou shouldst go thy ways up the pike toward destruction."

Josh Billings says: "You will observe this, the devil never offers to go into partnership with a bizzny man, but you will often see him offer to jine the lazy and furnish all the capital besides."

BY THE STREAM.

I'm standing where I stood of old,
Mid the hills and rocks that are gray and cold.

The shadows still fall from the trees storm-bent,
And the wall of the wind seems Heaven-sent.

And the stream still murmurs its low, sad song,
Soft telling of deeds for which brave men long;

And ever and always it seems to pray,
For the lives and loves that were flung away,
In selfishness, pride and greed for gold;
As men are to-day, so they were of old.

Yet the stream moves on through the endless years,
Still singing its song of sorrow and tears.

While men idly stand by its crystal waves,
Each painting the picture his fancy craves,
Hearing the voices of life in its tone,
Swell'd often by memory's passionate moan.

And cold death kisses the warm lips of love;
And bright forms leave us for the regions above;

And coldly the stream moves on to the sea;
And deep is the darkness—I cannot see.

—(Claude G. Whetstone.)

CATTLE DISEASES.

A Communication from the Veterinary Surgeon of the Department of Agriculture.

The house committee on agriculture will report a bill prepared by the committee of cattle men. A number of memorials from live stock associations will accompany the bill. Also a communication from Dr. D. E. Salmon, Vermont, veterinary surgeon of the department of agriculture. The communication points out the dangers to the west by the existence of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in the east, and reviews the extent of the disease in the latter section of the country. These infested districts, he says, though small, are a real danger to the whole country, because all the way from Connecticut to Virginia there are large and increasing herds of thorough bred cattle, which are frequently shipped west, and some of which from time to time have been infected with this disease. With the increase in the price of cattle a large number are being shipped from the east to the west and the danger of carrying consequently the disease is increasing. While it is true that pleuro-pneumonia has existed in the east for forty years without being carried west, it must be admitted, from what has occurred so many times in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, that there has been danger and this danger is increasing with the larger number of cattle now being shipped in that direction. Though a number of attempts have been made in the states now affected to rid themselves of pleuro-pneumonia, these have generally or always failed, because for various reasons, the work was not thoroughly done. At best the attempts in the states are spasmodic, and while one is earnestly striving to accomplish something the neighboring one will allow the shipment of diseased cattle, thus counteracting the influence of the former. Lack of unity of action between the states prevented any lasting benefit even when much could have been accomplished. With respect to the proposition to establish a permanent bureau for investigating communicable diseases among animals, the communication says there is not a department for original research of agricultural investigation in regard to which there is a more pressing need of development than this, and none which promises a greater saving. Our losses are now heavy, but must increase as the animal population increases and as new diseases are introduced and fresh areas infected, but it is not alone a question of dollars. The investigation of animal contagion must throw light on human plagues which in our country alone sweeps a quarter of a million of human lives out of existence each year. Some of these animal diseases are communicable to man and have a greater influence over our health and lives than is generally supposed, and any means for controlling them cannot fail to have an important influence on human health as well.

Whittier At Home.

Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Whittier has never married, and with the single exception of the exquisite lines entitled "Benedicite," he has given the public no clue to the romance of his youth. His sister, Elizabeth, sympathizing with him completely, of a rare poetic nature, and fastidious taste, and of delicate, dark-eyed beauty, was long a companion that must have made the want of any other less keenly felt than by lonely men in general. The bond between the sister and brother was more perfect than any of which we have known except that between Charles and Mary Lamb, and in this instance the conditions were of perfect moral and mental health. To the preciousness of the relationship the pages of the poet bear constant witness, and Amesbury village is full of traditions of their affection, and of the gentle loveliness and brilliant wit of Elizabeth, whom the people admired and revered almost as much as they do the poet himself. For his old neighbors have the closest affection for Mr. Whittier; except very occasionally, what was his thought has been theirs; and now that he is not with them daily, they miss him sadly, and among those who miss him most and make the most complaint about it are the children of of

the street. This is not remarkable when one remembers that Mr. Whittier does not stand on his dignity, but joins in the game played in his presence, writes his nonsense verses on demand, has the keenest sense of the ludicrous, and loves all sorts of innocent fun. We have heard him say that he was known among the children as the man with the parrot—the parrot being a remarkable bird that used to stop the gig with his "Whoa!" and when the school bell rang would call from his lofty perch, "run in, boys! run in!"—the fact being that the children felt the parrot to be a bond between them, and he was less of a demi-god and more of a man to their imagination on account of "Charlie." Mr. Whittier is of course very fond of children, and has been known to risk the loss of an important train with equanimity when the easy-going, good-natured hackman had been overtaken by an uproarious school of children, and had gone with them for a little drive, appearing at the door at length, the carriage overflowing with the faces of the laughing little people, who cared nothing about time, tide and train.

At seventy-six years and over one can be said to have the beauty only of age, striking as that is in Mr. Whittier's case, with the dark eye and the full beard, where black lines will appear among the silver, while his form is as straight and his step is firm and elastic as ever. But the poet's youthful beauty is reported to have been extraordinary; very tall, erect, and well knit, with fine features, dark skin, and a flashing, deep set black eye, he could not have looked on the Quaker to any extent; and in fact we think he is more of a Quaker in habit and affection than anything else. He has himself recognized that

"Over restless wings of song
His birthright garb hung loose;"

and even though he clings to the forms of the sect in many respects, using the plain language generally, and tells somewhere why he prefers the silence of the meeting for worship rather than any solitude of wood or wild where Nature speaks to him with a thousand voices and catches him with a thousand hands, yet he dresses so nearly like men of the world in cut and color that only practiced eyes could detect the slight difference in the shape of his coat, and his feelings about such matters are entirely liberal. When his little niece wanted the scarlet cape that other children wore, and there was objection in the house on account of the Quaker custom, Mr. Whittier insisted that she should be gratified, although, sooth to say, poet as he is, he himself cannot tell red from green till sunlight falls upon it. Once indeed, the library fire, of which he is so fond, having damaged the border of the wall paper, he matched the pattern and triumphantly replaced it before detection only to learn that he had substituted for the green vine one of bright autumnal crimson. Yet so strong is the poet's imagination that this defect of vision is nowhere evident in his works, although one might gather there that while, as he says, "his eye was beauty's powerless slave," yet light and shade please him more than variety and depth of hue.

Mr. Shores' Many Wives.

The story of the matrimonial experience of Charles A. Shores, who eloped with an Atlanta widow and her five children, grows complicated, says a special from Atlanta. Last Sunday the lady registered at the Chattanooga hotel, West Point, Ga., under the name of Mrs. A. C. Shores. She was recognized as Mrs. Davis. She said that when she left Atlanta with Shores they proceeded to Chattanooga, where a Baptist preacher married them. Thence they went to Memphis, Little Rock, Houston Texas, and New Orleans. Here Mr. Shores, who had the widow's \$5,000 in his possession, represented that he had urgent business in Galveston, and instructed her to proceed to West Point, Ga., where he would join her in a few days. Thus the infatuated woman has been abandoned within three weeks and left penniless, her seducer having her entire estate. Now comes the remarkable discovery that the Mrs. Shores who was deserted in Atlanta had herself been deluded away from St. Louis through a bogus marriage. She was a school teacher named Mary S. Craig, and Shores had a wife in a Morgan street boarding house. A marriage previous to this, performed three years ago, has been discovered by the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Maggie Shores, of Bowling Green, Ky., who claims Shores as her husband. Shores claims to be a native of New York.

Our Little Enemies.

Henry Ward Beecher.

When a large house dog comes out with an announcement of himself, a man knows what he has got to meet; but when one of those little nasty Spitz dogs, that don't bark at all, but run behind and nip, you don't know whether to run or to stand still, whether to fight or to give it up. An enemy that is an enemy outwardly and openly, and strikes fair blows, can be met, but whisperers, backbiters, mean folks that follow you and nip you, and sneak in and out of the fence to save themselves, we do not know how to deal with; and yet we are commanded to pray for them. We don't need a command to damn them; that nature does; but grace turns that all out, and says: "For such, the meanest kind of men, who, with all the manner of a coward, have all the venom of a serpent, pray! Oh, may I curse them? No, not till after you have prayed for them."

The actual number of lives lost by the wreck of the City of Columbus was ninety-seven, all others being accounted for.