An Air-Castle.

I built a house in my beautiful dreams, In a sunny and pleasant nook, Where I might listen, the whole day long. To the voice of the gurgling brook; A cottage, with wide and airy rooms And broad and shining floors— A house with the hidden charms of home And 'he freedom of out-of-doors.

Fair morning-glories climb and bloom At will by the eastern eaves, And on the doorstop and window-sill The roses shake their leaves; And fair old-fashloned lilacs toss Their purple plumage high, While honeysuckles drop their sweets On every passer-by.

Down at the end of a pleasant path Is a group of evergreen trees— Pine and hemlock, and spruce and fir, With their spicy fragrances; And, sweetest picture of calm content That mortal ever saw, Under a low-boughed apple tree Is a bee-hive made of straw.

I have pictured it all a hundred times-I shall do it a hundred more; But I never shall own the pleasant home, With the roses over the door. Never a dream of mine came true It is fate's unbending law; I never shall see the apple tree, Nor the bee-bive made of straw

But yet in the airy realms of dreams, Where all my riches be, I enter into the heritage Which is else denied to me.

I have but to close my eyes to find
My Eden without a flaw — The home, the garden, the apple tree,
And the bee-hive made of straw.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

## A FAMILY GENIUS. BY ETTIE ROGERS.

Fortunate is the family that is without its "black sheep," but blessed is the famly that is without a genius.

It not unfrequently happens that the poor "black sheep" has been dyed his Plutonian hue by malice or ignorance, and that after leaving the unappreciative old for new and more congenial pastures is wool is washed as white as snow by hose who more properly value him.

But the family "genius"-ah, well! we have all met a specimen here or there, and are almost ashamed to confess that a not a few instances we were sadly diseachanted.

Nancy Develin was a family "genius.'.
The divine seal was set upon her the moment she came into this cruel, consorious world; the divine afflatus was heard in he first faint cry and seen in the far-away aze of her wondering eyes. Assuredly he was a marvellous child, and surprisng possibilities lay before her. It was ot strange, considering that the world is roverbially blind to genius, and especilly family genius, that she was given a nost unpoetic and unsuggestive name.

However, the misfortune was allevialed a few years later when, the genius iscovered that "Nancy" was convertible "Anne," and that "De Velin" was the more proper and æsthetic form of the prosy cognomen "Develin," so henceforth e was known as Anne De Velin.

The gifted girl had many talents, undoubtedly, although the simple people smoog whom she dwelt did not always teadily recognize them. But she was mired and flattered for more prosy conderations. She was the only child of a ealthy but practical and unlettered

with an inferior sort of person who is too hopelessly stupid to comprehend her

noble asperations. .. "Well, you see," she answered with dignity, "I was not born for this kind of life. Something higher and sweeter is necessary to one like me. You men here sow and reap, toiling on and plodding on year after year, never thinking of the ceautiful things you might give to the world by a stroke of the pen or the pen-cil. Joe, life is a grand and glorious thing if lived as it ought to be. O, how I despise these poor, unrefined women who are content to drudge like oxen, with no rest and no amusement. A little gossiping, a little church-going, and a great deal of soul-crushing work is enough for them. But one like me, Joe, must have something different."

"Ab, indeed; that is it, is it?" returned the young man, eyeing the pretty egotist with an amused smile. "What do you mean to make your life, Anne? What will you be?"

"I mean to be a great and famous wo-man," she asserted; "I have not yet decided how. Perhaps I shall be an artist or a prima dona."

"And perhaps you will be my wife," was the thought that he did not utter. After a few days of pleasant preparation, Miss Anne De Velin became the

guest of Mrs. Crowly, who received the girl affectionately enough, but not with the manner of one who realized the auspicious presence of a family genius. Anne soon learned that her relative cared a great deal for social pleasures, but did not appreciate her marvellous talents in

"You sing on the stage? What an absurd child you are!" she cried, laughing heartily.

"I have been told that my voice is very fine." persisted Anne, much nettled at the critical and incredulous manner of her aunt.

"Of course you have a fine voice," said Mrs. Crowly, soothingly; "but not near-ly fine enough for a public singer. Besides you would be obliged to study for

years to perfect it." "I thought one who had a great gift need not study at all," yentured Anne, who was loth to have her country reputation questioned. "And that I have the true artist inspiration, I know myself. You know how good my pictures are. I intend to put my best on exhibition."

Anne's face grew hot, and angry tears gathered in her eyes. "You had better learn to dress well, the first thing you do, Anne," continued Mrs. Crowly, seeing the girl's agitation; "I want you to look very nicely at my party to-night. Fred Fitch is coming,"

"I am glad of that," answered Anne, with charming frankness; "I think Mr. Fitch is really the only gentleman whom I ever admired."

There was nothing that this girl of many gifts imagined she could not win, and she thought the conquest of a gentleman's heart a very easy matter indeed. Besides, she had found in Mr. Fred Fitch her ideal lover, and he was quite the person to fascinate a much wiser and more experienced girl than Anne.

His dark eyes could look unutterable love, the touch of his white hand was mesmeric, and every accent of his voice was thrilling as a caress. Miss Anne De Velin fondly believed that she had found

in his sight, and she determined to ice ambition for leve, as the most 3 thing she could do, considering persistently blind her new friends

ed to be of her genius.

had known Mr. Fitch some months Mrs. Crowley gave another party to he was invited.

ear Fred will certainly propose to she thought, as she made her toithe event.

dress she chose for the evening he most expensive she had ever and would have been a charming if worn by one of an opposite style auty. Miss De Velin was highly ed with her appearance as she went to the parlor and ensconced herself ly in a curtained niche where she

watch the guests unseen until Mr Fitch should arrive. esently he came, and leaning on his was a lovely woman, They stopped he window where Annie was sitting, ose that she could have touched the ling jewels that the lady wore.

wonder where Mrs. Crowly's little is to-night?" observed Mr. Fitch. ve you met her, Maud? No? Well. s a curiosity. You ought really to her and to hear her talk. It is better. a comedy. She thinks herself us, you know-fancies she sings like ngel and paints like a prodigy." s she really talented, Fred?" inquired

ady, with polite indifference. 'alented?" he laughed; "she is one of nost ordinary girls I every met in life; but her system and self-conceit tunning."

suppose you found her tiresome, did not?" observed the lady, carelessly. Jupleasantly so," he returned, more usly, "But of course one has to her nicely, although no doubt she akes one's courtesies for the partial tions of a most infatuated admirer. ly, Maud, I have fancied at times she believed that I loved her." hope you have not trifled with her.

" said the lady. assure you I have not," answered he, gallantly; "I could not do that, esilly as I am promised to your fair

self, sweet ma belle Maud." They moved away presently, and then

poor Anne slipped unobserved out of the grand parlors.

She sobbed a little when she at length reached her own room. Her last illusion was gone, but had left her much wiser and much less hurt than might be supposed. She was only eighteen, be it remembered; and, after all, her fancies had not been more extravagant than those of many others who, unfortunately, for lack of this sort of salutary lesson, have remained fools to the end of their lives. And she was, quite certainly, not too much of an idiot to know how foolish she had been, nor to feel a womanly, resentful desire to confuse the elegant telligence, Charles VI. made a sign to the and vain Mr. Fred Fitch with some pretty

and seemingly ingenious sally of strategic sprang to her feet, and hurriedly flung aside the golden-tinted silk, the crimson

parlors.

"Auntie, please do introduce me to that charming young lady whom Mr. Fitch is entertaining," she solicited, slipping to the side of her relative at a moment time-

surprised admiration. "Really, Anne, she whispered, "you are looking remarkably well this evening. What fairy helped you to dress with such exquisite simplici-

The compliment was very gratifying to. for Mr Fred Fitch and his stylish be graceful in her simple dress, and he be-gan vaguely to wonder if she were really he had supposed her to be, albeit her new mood, that was charmingly naive and

an arch and sancy smile, when his soft flattery became somewhat profused, "I

"Why must you not?" he asked tender-

"the dear fellow who is to be my husband would certainly object, if he knew." "Ah, indeed," observed Mr. Fred Fitch.

woman wit that had helped her to nonplus him who had ridiculed her. She went home the next day, quite

faithful, met her at the station. "Has my little girl come back to be my wife?" he asked, lovingly, reading aright the expression of her tired and

there, regardless of the gaping crowd.

Her father was delighted. I knowed how it would be," he dethings them kin do as wus born to 'em. misery. But I tell ye rale genius is al-God bless ve."

## How Mr. Lincoln Made a Match.

It was about a year before the fall of that "some good man had not been lucky enough to marry her." Adding:

A few minutes later Major C., a vol unteer officer, thoroughly respected by the President, and a bachelor, came into the study. Mr. Lincoln looked at him thoughtfully.

girlish laugh was heard at that moment. 'No, you can't go to seek it new; business first. But there it is."

the White House. The President beckoned to Major C.

A lady whom they could not see because of the crowd, was singing, in a voice of great beauty and sweetness, some gay song. The Major would have moved forward, but Mr. Lincoln detained him, his eyes twinkling with shrewd fun.

ner song. The good word of Mr. Lincoln probably influenced both parties. In a few months they were married, and the union

"I did one wise thing in 1864," Mr. Lincoln said, rubbing his chin, as was his wont when pleased;"I made that match.'

## A Te Deum.

An anecdote of the Emperor Charles VI. is worth preserving: During the reign of that monarch an Italian officer of distinction was dispatched to Vienna with news of a battle, in which the imperial troops had been completely routed. On his arrival at the frontier, he was informed by the Governor of the first fortifled town he entered that, although the object of his journey was to announce a defeat, he must on the contrary proclaim a victory wherever he went, and be preceeded by twenty or thirty couriers, each blowing a horn. Obliged to conform to this ridiculous custom, the officer continued his route, and on reaching Vienna, was instantly admitted to the imperial presence; upon which he exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Victory, sire, victory!" adding in a lower tone, "Sire, your Majesty has lost the day!" On receipt of this inenvoy to accompany him into the next room, and there demanded the particuwit. She thought of noble, manly Joe lars of the disaster. "What became of Sanders, and smiled contentedly as a my cavalry?" he said. "Cut to pieces, bright plan suddenly took shape and sire," replied the officer. "And the inform in her giddy, egotistiarl brain, so fantry?" "Bolted as fast as their legs rudely stung to defensive action. She could carry them, sire." The Emperor The Emperor listened with perfect gravity to this cata-

sung in honor of the triumph of our

Baby Has Goneto School. The baby has gone to school; ah me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie little shoe

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good-bye" to say, And the mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away; And turns with a sigh that is half relief, And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out in the world
To battle with life alone.
And not even the baby he left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there, Thrown down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced. If the house were always as still as this, How could she bear the loneliness?

hurrying into the morning parlor, where Berenice and I sat, busy over blue and pink tarlatan candy-bags, for the charity fair, "I've news for you, the very best of news."

and the fair was to be held at my annt's

"What is it?" demanded Berenice, scat tering her candies. "Has Mr. Everleigh poken at last?"

"My aunt flusned and bit her lip. "My dear Berenice," she said, "you should not be so out-spoken! To hear

"Well, aren't we?" interrupted Berry saucily, tossing her blonde hair, "I'm sure we've been expecting him to speak for the last month, and hoping for it, too. Where's the harm in saying what we

Aunt was silent. I laughed, as I filled a blue bag with pink bon-bons.

"You seem to take it for granted, Ber-ry," I said, "that when Mr. Everleigh does speak, it will be to propose for you. Now, you forget me. Who can tell, which he may choose?"

"He'll not be likely to choose you, Meg.

was a poor orphan, my father died, penniless, a few years before. We lived in a small cottage, with only four rooms, that had once been the gardener's cottage, and which had been granted to us rent free, by Aunt Mary. In fact, we were, more or less, dependents on her bounty. Mother eked out our scanty living by taking in plain sewing, and I carned a little by fine embroidery; but I had not much time of my own for this kind of work, for my aunt was sending for me, continually, to do this and that; and I did not dare to refuse. I was, in short, a kind of maid-of-all-work, up at the "great house," as we called Aunt Mary's residence. Sometimes, I thought, with a sigh, of the difference between mamma's ot and Aunt Mary's. Then I remembered that the latter had sold herself for money, marrying an old man, who was twice her age, and both jealous and exacting. Fortunately, he had died, at last. But Aunt Mary had, long since, paid the pen-alty, by growing hard-hearted and more selfish daily, when my own dear parents, who had married for love, had been supremely happy; at least while father ived. I was not sure, recalling all this, that, in spite of our privations, we ought to complain. Yet Berenice was correct, of course. What right had I, a dependant, even to think of Mr. Everleigh, who was rich, fashionable, and a favorite every

taunt roused me. "I can't see why he shauldn't marry even me, if he loved me," I retorted. "He's free agent, at any rate.'

ets were in a shimmer.

"What a little fool you are," she said, "for goodness' sake hold your tongue. Mamma, love," and she turned her back on me, "don't you mean to tell us your good news?"

done with your absurd discussion?"

"Quite, mamma! It was Meg who tarted it; she's always chattering nonsense. But let us hear the news."

"My dear, no. No one mentioned Mr.

Everleigh's name, but yourself. I really wish you would try and be a little more guarded. The letter is from your uncle

clamation. Since the earliest years of our childhood, "our uncle in China" been the center about which all our romance had revolved. He was mamma's brother, and Aunt Mary's also. Years before, when I was a mere baby, he had gone abroad, become soldier and sailor by turns, and finally had amassed, we had heard, a great fortuve. Once in a long while a battered box that smelled of camphor and foreign spices came over the seas, a reminder that Uncle Hal had not quite forgotton either mamma or Aunt Mary. But generally the gifts were to my aunt. "Those on whom success shines," says the old homily, "are successful in all things."

"When your uncle comes home from China, Berenice dear, we will do thus and so," was always on my aunt's tongue; for,

And now he was coming! Berry screamed with delight. "I shall teil Everleigh," she said almost instantly, and a little spitefully, "I dare say he'll speak now."

"It doesn't at all matter whether he speaks or not, my daughter," said my aunt, loftily, "when your uncle arrives -and we may look for him any day next week-you will feel, my dear, that your position in life is doubly secured. Even Mr. Everleigh would hardly be a match for you! So now you and Maggie go on with your work. I'm glad our charity fair comes off to-night; we shall be busy

the charity fair. A devout church member, and something of a philanthropist,

"Mamma, mamma, I say," called Jack, Berenice's hopeful brother, a lad some dozen summers old, thrusting his curly head in at the door, "Have you got any stale victuals, or old clothes, or anything to give away?"

My aunt put down her gold pen, and threw back the point-lace lappets of her breakfast-cap, with an air of annoyance. Jack was such a terment! "Why, Jack?" demanded Berenice.

"'Cause there's a beggar out here. He looks awful hungry; and ain't got no overcoat. I say, mamma, can I give him that cold turkey in the larder?" Mamma leaped to her feet.

"No. I want that turkey to make sandwiches for the fair; don't dare to touch it. Send the beggar away; you know I won't have tramps about the place. Send him away, this minute; and my aunts' to the fair, as we had promised, go straight up to the library, and write I was only too willing to consent. For ous your Latin exercises."

Jack turned from the door, a cloud on dow, I saw an old man, insufficiently clad. Our big dog Carlo was snarling at his heels. The beggar was so close to the window that he must have heard every word my aunt said; and he looked crestfallen enough in consequence.

"It doesn't seem quite consistant," I remarked, for once letting my indignation get the better of my love for peace, to have the house about one's ears, getting ready for a charity fair, and a starying begga walking from the door un-fed."

"A thieving tramp," cried my aunt, hotly. "Keep silent, Meg, and don't interfere. It's none of your business, anyhow."

I was prudent enough to make no reply, but my blood boiled, nevertheless. Had I remained much longer, I should have lost my self-control, I fear; so I got up directly, and saying that I had promised to go home soon, left my aunt's.

Our cottage was at the edge of the woods, just outside of the great gates; but the avenue was half a mile long, and before I reached the gates, I had almost overtaken the beggar. He seemed not only old, but feeble, and walked with difficulty; he was probably deaf too, as he did not seem to hear my footsteps. Just outside the gates, he met my little sister, Kitty, who was returning from the wood, where she had been to pick up sticks for our fire.

"My dear," said the old man, sddressing her, "can you tell me where I can get a bit of supper and a night's lodging? I am old and poor, and haven't the money to go to a tavern. You look as if you had a kind heart, God bless it! I've just been turned away from the big house here; but perhaps you are not so hardhearted as the mistress there." Kitty's honest little face showed the

pity that she felt. But she was only a child, and shrank from responsibility. "I don't know, sir," she said, diffident-

"I think mamma will give you something to eat; and maybe we can find a bed for you; that is if sister Margaret and I sleep on the settee; for you see our house is small. But, oh, here comes sister herself," she cried, as she discovered me, "and she'll tell you all about it."

My heart was still hot with indignation at the brutality with which my aunt and Berenice had treated the old man, and I hastened to reply, warmly:

"Yes, I will undertake that you shall have supper and bed, although neither may be as good as what they could have given you up at the great house. But roll of wheels on the drive and bustle at what little we have, you shall share. Stay, let me carry your pack for a small one strapped on his back. "Indeed, I am fitter to do it than you.

"Thank you," he said, slowly taking a long look at my faae, and then scrutinizing that of Kitty's. "You seem, both of you, as if you were good children; and your offer to take my pack proves as much. But I'll carry it myself, still. Little one," and he turned to Kitty, "what have you got those sticks for?"

"For mother's fire, please," she said, dropping a little courtesy. "I have just been getting them in the woods."

"My aunt," I interposed, "who lives in the great house here, kindly allows us to pick up loose bits from under the trees. We are poor, as sister says, and so every little helps."

"And you are duly thankful, I suppose?" said the old man, sarcastically Beggars must not be choosers, you know, as I heard just now myself."

I blushed scarlet with shame for my aunt. "Indeed, indeed," I cried, "you must not judge Aunt Mary too harshly. for I see, from what you say, that you overheard her. She must have been out of sorts this morning"-

"And I suppose that a voice which answered her, and which I think I recognize," he interrupted, looking at me keenly again, "belonged to so ne one who

was not out of sorts, eh?" Before I could answer I heard the quick gallop of a horse, and my poor weak heart gave a great bound, for I recognized in that elastic footfall the step of the thoroughbred that Mr. Everleigh rode. In my embarrassment I stepped quickly aside, though of course there was no danger, and in stepping aside my foot slipped on a stone, my ankle turned, and with an unconscious cry of pain I sank to the earth

The rider was off his horse and at my side, and had lifted me in his arms, even before the old beggar who stood so close to me could stoop to assist me. "It is only a sprain," I stammered, trying to free myself, yet feeling, oh! so happy, in those strong arms. "I am sure I can

"But I know you can't," said Mr. Everleigh, impetuously. "How shall I lever forgive myself? It was my rapid gallop that made you start."

"No, no," I cried, "I was talking to this poor old man, and it came on me so suddenly-you are not a bit to blameonly I have been foolish. But do let me try to watk."

My earnestness, joined to my struggles. induced him to yield. He released me from his arms. But the instant he put my foot to the ground, the agony was such that I almost shricked. I bit my lip till the blood came, however, and

Having said this, my aunt sat down to John," and he called to a groom, who write our invitations and directions for had been fellowing him, "ride at once to Dr. Landor's. We must, my dear Miss Chidleigh, have the foot bandaged with-

out delay."
"And I will lead your horse to the cottage," interposed the old beggar, "and tie him there. Come on, little Kitty, you and I will follow."

When we got home the house was filled with the smell of crullers, which mamma was baking for the feast that was to be given, up at Aunt Mary's, after the fair. Poor mamma, she looked tired to death; and when she saw me, she fairly gave up for a moment; but Mr. Everleigh, in a few, kind words, put her fears to rest; and long before the physician came, my injured foot was swathed and bandaged, so that Dr. Landor declared he had been "re gularly taken in."

When evening came my foot was eve so much better; so mubh so, that, when Mr. Everleigh returned with a carriage, and insisted that we should all go up to I was only too willing to consent. For the first time in our acquaintance, there was something in Mr. Everleigh's manhis sunny face. Looking out of the win- ner that made even me, humble as I was, think that I was not without a charm for him.

The beggar had crept, unobtrusively, into a corner while my foot was being bandaged, but Kitty, remembering him, left me when she found the hurt was not serious. "Poor old man," she said, "we had nearly forgotten you. You must be hungry. Here, eat some of these crullers, and when mamma has finished with Maggie she will make you a cup of tea."

The cup of tea was made in due time. and a substantial supper set before the mendicant; in fact all the cold meat we had in the house. When Mr. Everleigh returned, and we proposed to go, the old

beggar rose to his feet:
"I am a stranger to you, ma'am," h said, addressing mamma, "and naturally you will not wish to leave me here in your house. I will wait outside till you come back."

"Wait outside?" cried mamma, "and in the cold? No, your face is an honest face, if there ever was one. Sit down again, here by the fire, and sleep here to-night and take dinner with us to-morrow. It will be a homely meal for a Thanksgiving one, but such as it is you will be welcome to it.'

"God bless you, ma'am," said the old man, with a shaky voice. I am sure I heard him murmur, as he turned away to hide his emotion: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The charity fair, as the reader, by this time has understood, was to be held in my aunt's spacious apartments. Everybody was to be there. The governor even, who was on a visit to his brother, a near neighbor, was expected to attend. One of the senators for our State was also to be present. It was to be a most brilliant affair.

So, when the dining-room was all a-glitter with lights, and echoed with gay voices, and shone with handsome dresses, and beheld the presence of the most distinguished society of the county; and was filled with stalls of pretty things, the big, chintz-covered chair was wheeled into the hall, and I, my sprained foot resting on a cushion, sat in it, with a table of pretty knick-knacks before me; and Mr.

Everleigh by me.

My aunt did not look in a good humer, nowever, though her fair could not have been more of a success, and though everybody praised her philanthropy, enice, too, wore a scowl, that spoiled all her blonde beauty.

Somewhere about ten o'clock, when business was at it briskest, there came a the door. Presently, Jack, who had gone o see what was the matter his gray eyes dancing.
"Oh! Berry, I say," he cried out, sti-

fling a burst of laughter, "You know the beggar? The old man we turned off this morning? Well, he's back again: here at the door, and, oh! my buttons, but he's our uncle from China." My aunt, in her black silk and point

lace, stood behind a stall of cakes and ices. She turned sharply at Jack's words. He saw her look of consternation, and screamed with laughter again. "I say, now, mamma, it is true. Don't

you wish you'd let me give him the cold

turkey, instead of making it into sandwiches?" My aunt did not utter a word. But she hurried to the door, and Berenice fol-

lowed. There he stood, our long-expected uncle from China, a little, weather-beaten old man, with a pinched, pale face. A wicked twinkle lit his eyes. My aust rushed up to him at once, and would have smothered him with kissses. But he merely gave her the tips of his yellow fingers.

"I made acquaintance with your niece, this morning," he said with a dry, chuckling laugh, turning to me, as he came in, "and the little girl there, he came in, "and too," indicting Kitty. "She is poor too," indicting Kitty. "She is poor too," indicting Kitty. "She is poor too," indicting Kitty. mother's fair face, and good She gave the beggar a welcome, which some others, I know of, didn't. Ah. well. I suppose its human nature. But I'll make it up to her, all the same. Never turn a needy man from your door, Mrs. Chidleigh. You know what the good book says about entertaining angels un-

awares? Poor aunt? The look on her face was too ludicrous? In spite of our relationship I laughed till my sides ached. But Berenice went to her room and cried herself to sleep.

Well, there is little more to tell. It really was our uncle from China, who had chosen to come to us, wearing the guise of a beggar; and if only my aunt had been consistent in her charity, her long cherished expectations might have been realized.

As it was, the great China fortune went to me and Kitty and Jack; and Berenice got never a penny. And, moreover, when Horace Everleigh did speak (he had spoken that evening before our uncle declared himself), it was me he asked to be

Berenice takes it all bitterly to heart, and my aunt is inconsolable; but I, believing that in this lite and in the life which is to come we get our just deserts, have nothing to say.

"Yes," remarks my uncle, "Maggie and Kitty and Jack shall inherit all I have. Mr. Everleigh snatched me again to his arms. "I knew it would be so," he cried, and now you must let me carry you. I believe in."—Peterson's.

think?" thought Anne, when she knew she was realay going. She rather liked Sanders, who was a sensible and finelooking young land-holder, and who adored her. Him she had never considboorish, nor was his persistent devotion obnoxious to her, although he was and at all the sort of gentleman whom wanted for a lover.

Anne De Velin's ideal lover was not broad-shouldered and muscular, and beared like a Turk, but he was tall and ely; he was dark-eyed, aristocraticpale, and had a gracefully-curved tache. He wore elegant clothes, a ond on his white hand, and a pink in his button-hole, and was as un-Joe Sanders as a prince is like a someo to whom s'ie expected to play Julet in the new grand city life before her. But she was quite too much of a coquette art lightly with Joe Sanders.

really can't see what you want to go to the city for. Anne," he observed, very The girl twisted a showy amethyst on

which finery had become to her, in her abruptly-awakened sense of taste and discernment, correctly and odiously unbe-coming and incongruous. Then, still smiling with a strage and new feeling of satisfaction, she put on a plain, pretty dress of white cashmere, arranged an exquisite affair of soft black lace about her neck and shoulders, fastened a pale pink rose in her fine dark hair, and so went again down to the elegant and crowded

"Certanly, my dear child," complied Mrs. Crowly, at the same time favoring her niece with a glance of sincere but

Annie, but she had no time to respond, rothed were very near. And the gallant young gentleman was somehow very attentive to Annie during the hour that followed. He thought her very pretty and quite as much of a country simpleton as

shyly coquettish, puzzled and piqued him.
"I protest, Mr. Fitch," said Anne, with must not listen to such nonsense

"Because," she returned, demurely, dropping the little brown hand; and Anne smiled and mentally blessed the

convinced that she preferred the rustic life she had once thought so prosy and inferior. Joe Sanders, the sensible and

wistful eyes. Anne's answer must have pleased him mightily, for he kissed her then and

clared; "'cause the gal was bright and hansum, the rest of ye made her b'lieve she could beat all creation at the big Many is the gal as would make a right smart and happified wite as has been poked into citified ways for nuthin' but lers satisfied with the life the good Lord pervides. Kiss me, my little gal, and

Richmond when both North and South seemed tottering to ruin, that a young lady, who had known Mr. and Mrs. Lincolu for years, visited Washington. She was an exceptionally sensible, warmhearted, refined woman, gifted with a marvellous voice and a graceful figure, but she was very homely. She called at the White House, and when she had gone with his wife into a private room, Mr. Lincoln expressed his surprise to a friend

"L. herself would be much happier if she were a wife and mother."

"What are you going to do when the war is over, C.?" he asked, suddenly. "Seek my fortune, I suppose," was the startled reply.
"There it is in that room." A frank

That evening there was a reception at

"Listen!" he said.

"Wait a bit," he said. "Don't look at her face yet." Presently she sang a ballad with such pathos, that the Major's eyes grew dim. "Now go. She's as good and true as

has proved a most happy one.

How can he keep nersel. usy all day, With the ttle andering thing" away?

M Y RICH UNCLE FROM CHINA.

"My dears," cried Mrs. Chidleigh,

It was the day before Thanksgiving, house.

you, one would fancy you were exceedingly anxious about Mr. Everleigh."

feel?"

Berenice curled her red lip.

any rate," she said, with a sneer. Now, I knew this to be quite true.

But I was human, after all, and this

Berenice tossed her head, till her ring-

"Assuredly, when you are polite enough to hear it. I've been waiting now, some ten minutes. Are you and Meg quite

Aunt drew a letter from her pocket. "A letter," cried Berenice; "then it does not concern Mr. Everleigh, after

in Shangbai. He is coming home." Berenice and I gave a simultaneous exhad

rich as she was, at least comparatively, she was always wanting more.

The girl twisted a showy amethyst on aside the golden-tinted silk, the crimson logue of misfortunes, then, re-entering the hereafter preparing for your uncle. What carnations, and the set of rubies borrowed services is supposed to look when talking from her indulgent Aunt Crowly—all of conrtiers as follows: "Let a Te Down be giving."