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BLUE AND GRAY.

[The following beautiful lines we find in an exchange. The author's name is not given. The sentiments expressed are noble and touches the heart in the right place.—ED. HERALD.]

"Oh mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue;
The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg,
The other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn and weary and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill;
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,
And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farmyard gate
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm
With fighting their battles o'er.
And, parting at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each called on God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side, and, lisping, prayed
"Our Father which art in heaven;"
How one wore the gray and the other the blue,
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue:
"The blue and the gray are the colors of God;
They are seen in the sky at even,
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them passports to heaven."

LOST.

Once on a time she came to me,
As some small star from Heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's sole delight,
A love by day, a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad too sing.
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel, strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles—
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

What words she stammered soft and low,
No other ear but mine could know;
More gentle than a cooing dove,
More fond than any voice of love,
So shy, so sweet, so tenderly,
My little 'arling spoke to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin, the lips, pure bloom,
The clearest eyes that new not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone,
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting;
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, brings to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain;
In all my dreams she comes again;
Her precious head is on my breast;
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet, too brief
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachael-mourning, comfortless.
O God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me!
[—Rose Terry Cooke, in Harper's Monthly.

New York Commercial *Advertiser*: Brown came home late the other night, says Hohokus, and Mrs. Brown, looking out of the bedroom window, observed. "So you've been tipping the glass again, have you?" "Glass," said Brown "(hic), 'ts a funny word; take off the 'G' and it's you, my dear." "Yes," answered Mrs. B., "and then take off the 'I' and it's you, you wretch," and she slammed the window down with a bounce.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It was a wild, windy night, and the light snow filled the air with fine cutting particles—a night when a good fire and the society of friends became vitally essential to a man's comfort and happiness.

Margaret Edgarton rose from her seat by the scanty fire, and opening the door looked out upon the night. She stood a moment, then, with a shudder, closed the door and returned to her husband's side.

"Heaven pity those who are exposed to the storm this night," she said fervently.

"Amen!" responded her husband, in a deep solemn voice. "Though we are very poor, Margaret, there are many even poorer than ourselves." The man raised his dark serious eyes devotedly upward, and the fair youthful head of his pale wife leaned down to his shoulders.

"Yes, William, I tremble to think of the future. The rent due, our stay here only as an act of mercy on our landlord's part—oh, Willie."

The feeble voice broke down in tears.

"Take no thought of the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, Margaret. If it hadn't been for misfortune," and he glanced at the mutilated and bandaged arm which hung powerless at his side, "we might have been enjoying the fruits and comforts of my labor; but it is all for the best I suppose."

A knock was heard at the door just closed but a moment before by Margaret Edgarton.

"Who can it be on such a night?" and Mrs. Edgarton started up hastily to admit the visitor.

He was an old weather-beaten man of some three score of years, shabbily dressed, and carrying in his hand a lean, meagre bundle.

In reply to her kind invitation, he followed Mrs. Edgarton into the house, and took a seat by the smouldering fire. After a few common-place remarks the stranger said:

"It's a rough night, friends, and the traveling is none the best—can you let me stay all night here? A man has just told me that it was good four miles to a village."

Mr. Edgarton looked at his wife, and in her sympathizing face read her consent.

"Yes, my good man," he replied, immediately, "you can stay if you will, but I'm afraid you will find accomodations none of the best. We are very poor and destitute, but such as we have we offer you freely."

"Could you give me something to eat? I have traveled far to-day, and have not tasted food since yesternight! Food cannot be got now-a-days without money."

The eyes of Mrs. Edgarton filled with tears as she thought of the quartern loaf of bread—their earthly all—which she had reserved for breakfast.

"Heaven will take care of us," she said, thoughtfully, and rising she placed the scanty store on the table.

The stranger ate the bread without comment, and when he had finished he seemed wonderfully invigorated, and conversed quite intelligently with Mr. Edgarton.

"You have a bad arm there, sir; may I ask how it happened?"

"Certainly; an unlucky fall from a high building has crippled me for life."

"You were at work on a building? A mechanic, eh?"

"A bricklayer. The staging on the new warehouse where I was at work gave way and I was precipitated some twenty feet."

"The warehouse of Mr. Morgan?"

"The same, sir. It was a bad accident for me, but I have tried hard to be reconciled."

"Well, this is a hard life for us all. But if I'm to stay with you tonight, I may as well retire. It's getting towards eleven.

The poor but clean bed appropriated to the stranger guest was made more comfortable by additional clothing taken from the couch of the poor couple; and the man in apparent thankfulness, bid them good night and retired.

They, too, leaning on the Everlasting Arm, took no thought of the morrow, though it was to see them homeless and without food. Verily the faith that can sustain the soul in the most trying moments is no delusion.

Morning came, and to the great surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Edgarton their guest was missing. Gone, and when or how they could not imagine, but gone he certainly was. They wondered over the circumstances, but in the trouble and anxiety of their utter destitution, the strange man was dismissed from their thoughts, to make room for their own immediate affairs.

Ten o'clock was the time given them by the landlord for the removal, and with heavy hearts they prepared to go forth. Through the kindness of a neighbor they had been allowed the use of a building for the storage of their little furniture, and a room in the house until Mr. Edgarton's health should be sufficiently re-established to admit of his performing some light labor.

Nine o'clock pealed from the bell in the neighboring town church. But one short hour of home light remained for them.

Fifteen minutes later there came a knock at the door of Mr. Edgarton's house.

Mrs. Edgarton sprang to open it, and a well dressed man put a large package in her hand and turned hastily away.

The package was addressed in a bold, masculine hand:

"Mr. William Edgarton."

William tore it open, and dropped out two papers, one being an official, the other a private seal. He examined the former, and found it to be a deed conveying to him and his heirs a certain piece of land, with a large and handsome house thereon, and the appurtenances.

Transfixed with surprise, he broke the seal of the letter, and a hundred pound note met his eyes, accompanied by these brief words:

"Last night you freely gave all to a poor and destitute wayfarer, who now begs you to accept the accompanying deed and money for your noble kindness. A conveyance will come immediately to take you to your new residence. When you are fairly established there, your friend, the writer of this, will do himself the honor of calling on you.

Respectfully yours, HOWARD MORGAN.

William Edgarton looked at his wife as he finished reading, and both burst into tears. Well did they know the name of Howard Morgan; the upright and high minded old bachelor. It was in his employ that William Edgarton had received the serious injury that had disabled his left arm for life. yet strange to say he had never seen the rich man, his business being done principally by an agent. He had no boubt but his visitor was none other than Mr. Morgan.

True to the promise contained in the letter, conveyance came for the Edgartons, and without hesitation they entered and were driven to their handsome and pleasantly situated house. They found it prepared for immediate occupation—even to the plentiful fires and smoking breakfast on the table.

He received all the grateful thanks the bewildered Edgartons tried to make him, and taking a seat on the sofa, he drew them down on each side of him.

He was well dressed now, and Mrs. Edgarton wondered that she had not noticed the extreme kindness of his countenance on the preceding evening.

"My good friends," he said, taking a hand of each, "I'll begin to explain a little mystery. I had heard of the misfortune of one of the workmen, through my agent, and that his family were in destitute circumstances. Before I could trust myself to do anything for you I wished to ascertain the true state of affairs, and last night's experience satisfied me. When I find charity and true goodness anywhere I am detrmined that it shall be rewarded, even in this life. And now Mr. Edgarton, I am in want of a deputy manager, and I promise the situation to you, when you shall be able to endure the fatigue. The salary is two hundred pounds a year, and perhaps your pretty wife can manage affairs comfortably on that—eh, Mrs. Edgarton?" and the old man cast a good-humored glance into her tear-wet face.

That was a happy day for Mr. and Mrs. Edgarton. It was also a happy day far the charitable Mr. Morgan, and no doubt the angel who records the good deeds of men wrote many a shining line against his name that day. William Edgarton assumed the post offered him in his establishment, and faithfully were his duties discharged, and more than satisfied his employer.

Mrs. Edgarton grew to be the merriest, blithest little woman to be found anywhere.

Mr. Morgan spends many a delightful evening at their house, holding their bright-eyed little Howard on his knee, and telling him pleasant stories of the great and good.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S ASSETS.

Rise and Fall of a Charlatan.

[From the New York Tribune, March 24th.]

George Francis Train was examined yesterday in the Marine Court before Judge McAdam, under what were called supplementary proceedings, as to the property his creditors could reach. In his examination he said:

"I reside at No. 61 Lexington avenue; I have a wife and three children; I am in no business at present; I have realized large profits on my lectures throughout the country as Presidential candidate, and expended in charities and promoting my welfare as a candidate large amounts; I have not lectured for the last five years; I have no personal property except my clothes and watch, which are worth $100; I have no jewelry; I pay ten dollars per week for my board; have no income; my wife has an income in her own right; fifteen years ago I settled on my wife $100,000, being commissions made by me for negotiating the original bonds and purchasing the iron for the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company; my wife now pays my board. I have assets; they consist of claims against corporations."

His assets, he stated, consist of royalty on 2,000 miles of railway at $2,500 per mile, built in Birkenhead, Darlington, and elsewhere, England, etc., in 1850, $5,000,000; a claim against the British Government, $1,000,000; a claim against John McHenry for negotiating the bonds of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, and other claims, amounting to about $20,000,000. His real estate he sets down in Omaha, Chicago, Council Bluffs, and Columbus, at about $13,000,000; but he has no faith in real estate.

Moody, Sankey and the Catholics.

[New York Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

It is printed as a significant fact, that in response to a request from Messrs. Moody and Sankey on St. Patrick's Day, the bands of music in the procession were bidden to cease playing in the neighborhood of the Hippodrome while religious services were in progress therein. This was clever and courteous, and is mentioned as especially significant, because Mr. Moody in his sermons never says anything offensive to the Roman Catholics, and on several occasions has rebuked speakers who have spoken slightingly of Catholicism. He says, very justly, that he hopes to turn impenitent Catholics to repentance, and that if he allowss sectarian prejudices to drive away many who have been brought up in Catholic families he can never hope for God's blessing on his labors. There is a story current that early on his return from Philadelphia he waited upon two Catholic priests and asked them to attend one of his meetings. He said: "Now, you come and take notes; if you think it is Moody and Sankey's work, say so; but if you think the Lord is in it, then come in and help us. If you cannot come in yourself, let your people come in, and we won't do them any harm." The priests accepted the invitation, and now Brother Moody has in his possession a letter from one of them thanking him for his courtesy to Catholics and wishing him to pray for his soul.

JIM BLAINE.

A Democrat's Opinion of a Republican Presidential Candidate.

Judging by the number of people who ask "How does Blain look?" the gentleman from Maine must be considered one of the most important men in Washington. He is not by any means common place in appearence, and yet it is not easy to give one who has never seen him a fair idea of him. He is in the prime of life and the full flush of health. He is undoubtedly above the middle hight, and yet he is so compactly and strongly built that he does not seem tall. The peculiarity of his shape is that his body is not flat but rounded, and while it presents a good breadth across the shoulders, it is almost as deep through from chest to back. Upon this powerful trunk is set a large, well developed head with a full, handsome and expressive face on which is eligible the confidence which comes from conscious ability and continued success. The crown of the head is just touched with baldness, but there is abundance of hair to serve to set off the countenance. The eyes are keen and bold, and when the brows lower and the lines of the face wrinkle around them, the expression is that of

AN ANIMAL ON THE WATCH.

The lower part of the face is covered with a full, neatly trimmed gray beard, in which the trace of its original dark color may still be detected. Mr. Blaine's favorite attitude in repose is not a very peculiar one, and yet he contrives to throw much that is characterstic into it. He has a habit of sitting with his feet well under him, his body thrown forward, his elbows on his desk, his short neck sunk down into his shoulders, and his face gathered into a watchful cunning look. There is something about him at such times suggesting a bronze lion on a pediment. He appears to be gathering himself for a spring, and you instinctively feel that his propensity will be to retreat discouraged if he misses his first jump. When he rises to speak you will be at once impressed with his wonderful vigor, vitality, nerve power. He is quick, agile and strong in his movements, stepping backward and forward in the aisle as argument leads him in aggressive movements toward his opponents or persuasive efforts with his friends. He treads lightly but firmly; his gestures, if studied, became second nature to him long ago, and are now made with unconcious grace and strength, and he emphasizes a point with either hand in a masterly way that would indicate some practice with the boxing gloves.

HIS STYLE OF SPEAKING

Is clear, rapid, vigorous. The magnetism of his audience and the spirit of the occasion thrill and enkindle him and he dashes impetuously on in his argument. Not a little of his influence is due to his rich, manly voice, which he pours out until it fills the Hall of Representatives without uttering a false tone or giving an inflection that would be out of place in conversation with a friend. He can, in one word, make a speech without overstraining himself or falling into mannerisms. This is not the best praise, but it is the highest that can be granted him; for Mr. Blaine, though ready and subtle, is not learned or profound. He springs into a debate like a gladiator into the arena and struggles for victory.

IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY

Mr. Blaine is a great favorite, and when it is announced that he is to speak, the galleries are sure to be crowded with elegantly dressed ladies who doubtless find strange pleasure in contrasting his suave courtesy in the parlor with his aggressive bitterness on the floor of the House.

Gen Butler's Daughter.

Gen. Butler's daughter, now the wife of the unfortunate Ames, was a lovely girl in every sense of the word, blessed with an amiable disposition, engaging manners, and a sweet, shrinking delicacy of manner charming to behold, while her face was radient with purity and replete with an expressible beauty, Her hair, which was very luxuriant, was a deep, rich auburn, and her skin of the fine, soft whiteness which usually accompanies hair so warmly tinged. Every one wondered from whence gentle Blanche Butler derived her beauties of person and character, for her mother is by no means handsome, and although a very worthy woman, was leading the life of an actress when Gen. Butler married her. The daughter evidently inherits her charms from some distant ancestor, who perhaps in his or her day were numbered among the inhabitants of sylvan shades.

BRISTOW is relieved, if any relief seemed necessary, of any damaging chances regarding that Louisville hog story. Reeves, the drunken loafer who made the statement that Bristow, while District Attorney, had dismissed a case against him upon his giving him the proceeds of a drove of hogs, has confessed that when he made the statement he was drunk; that he never gave Bristow any hogs; that he was never involved in any trouble requiring his assistance whereby a donation of hogs would have been possible, and that the whole statement was, in point of fact, a simple hog story. On the whole, the man Reeves, in inventing and retailing so improbable a yarn, shows that in his nature he is a good deal more of a hog than a man.

Uncle Dan'l Drew was obliged one day, in consequence of sickness, to give his clerk the combination of his safe lock. The word was "Door." The clerk tried it in vain, and returned to Mr. Drew's house for better instructions. Remembering that Mr. Drew was eccentric in some things, he asked: "How do you spell it, sir?" "Such ignorance! D-o-a-r-e, of course." The safe was opened.

Pleasantries.

When detectives get the right pig by the ear there are plenty of "squeals."

Beer, sparingly used, acts as a tonic, says an exchange. We have always regarded it as Teutonic.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow; your last speech is the one remembered.

Where are the men of '76?" shouted a stump orator. "Dead!" responded a sad-looking auditor.

Phil. Sheridan says that his wife will make a papoose of that baby, giving her so much Siouxthing syrup.

If you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.

The man who hoped to make gunpowder finer by grinding it in a coffee-mill has nearly completed his new kitchen.

If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.

A physician boasted at dinner that he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor, I'd sooner be your ham than your patient."

"Well, sir, what does h-a-i-r spell?" Boy—"I don't know." What have you got on your head?" "Boy (scratching)—I guess it's a muskeeter bite."

A prisoner in the New London lock-up, when asked if he wanted counsel, replied, "Yes; I want Moody and Sankey." The officer said he didn't know any such lawyers in town.

A little boy told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother, and required to say he was sorry, he ran to the insulted parent and exclaimed: "Papa, me sorry you's a fool!"

An exchange says: "In our obituary notice of the late Mr.——, in yesterday's issue, for the phrase 'he was a noble and pig-headed man,' read, 'he was a noble and big-hearted man."

The following advertisement lately appeared in an English newspaper: "A pianoforte to be sold, genuine Broadwood, by a lady about to leave England in a rosewood case on mahogany casters."

"Acres covered with quivering flesh." In reading aloud this phenomenon in nature, a little girl in New York exclaimed, with unfeigned consternation; "Do you think there has been war in heaven, mamma?"

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be an infallible cure for lisping. Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. "This is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs jobs," and Snobbs snobs.

At the Sorosis dinner in New York, a lady toasted: "The gentlemen—while we bask in the sunshine of their goodness, may their shadows never grow less; but if they try to throw us into the shade, may we, by our brilliancy, light the dark places."

A candy store window displays, in worsted letters, the inspiring text, "The Lord will provide." A boy who passes daily says it ain't so, and "you can't git no candy in there on the credit of Providence. Nickels is the only stuff wot gits them gumdrops."

A professor asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student, scratching his head, replied. "Well, Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "Well, that is sad—very sad," rejoined the Professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

A North Carolina negro thought he could outrun a locomotive the other day on the Air Line road, and when he picked himself up, after being thrown twenty feet and landing on his head, he said: "Yer don't ketch dis yere chile doin' dat afin. It's a right smart wonder I didn't tear dese britches clean off."

A writer in an agricultural paper claims hat there is death in the dishcloth. Perhaps they dont know how to cook 'em at his house. We never ate a dishcloth; but we should think if they were soaked twenty-four hours before boiling, and carefully scraped and drawn with butter before placing on the table, they would be every bit as healths and palatable as tripe.

A book agent who has retired from active labor upon the hard-earned accumulations of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was, when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself he always opened by saying: "I beg your pardon, Miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers.

"You see," said the despondent man who was sitting on a barrel, addressing the grocer who was spearing the top of a biscuit-case with a cheese-knife, "some people has good luck and some people has bad luck. Now I remember once I was walking along the street with Tom Jellicks, and he went down one side of it, and I went down the other. We hadn't gone more'n half-way down when he found a pocket book with £50 in notes in it, and I stepped on a woman's dress, and so got acquainted with my present wife. It was always so," added he with a sigh; "that Tom Jellicks was the luckiest man in the world, and I never had no luck."

A sweet young creature who lives out on Angular street, and is just back from Vassar, appealed with tender pathos to her grim parent the other day "Paw, deah paw, chan't you give me Cahlo away, ahd buy me a seal bwown black-and-tan to match my walking suit?" And because paw roared and guffawed and said there were no brown black-and-tans in the market, she cwied, poor girl.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*