Concluded from third page.

figure clam as the flowers on which the sun was rising—an indistinct memory of stifled sobs, agitated whispers, a baby's cries, and through it all a boy's clear voice faintly recalling his daily prayer—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

I knew I was forgiven as I stood in the stillness of the solemn room and tenderly looked my last look at him who would so soon be removed from our sight. The heavenly calm of little Willie's face spoke peace to my troubled soul; the love that had given him rest held pardon too for me. I could not bear to remain there long, one mother's kiss I gave him—a parting kiss that refused to part—and then I left him as before, with the pure white rose strewn around him and the lilies on his breast. And my husband, who had followed me unperceived, took me in his arms with a fondness that had new element in it.

"Dear love," said he, pressing his lips to mine, "I have learnt all now; and what remains untold I read it in his eyes that morning as he looked upon you. Heaven reward you, my Millicent!"

I put down my head upon his shoulder and cried there for the first time since our sorrow—cried out all the feelings I had no words to tell.

A Memorial.

It was a bright spring morning. The sun had just emerged from behind the drapery of forest, and was dipping his golden beams into the dew-filled petals of early flowers when Harper Argow slowly limped along the village road returning the cheery salutations of passing neighbors with a pleasant smile and a faint "good morning."

Harper Argow was lame, but in spite of that he was the pride of the village; the boy to whom every father pointed as a model for his sons; the boy whom every other boy claimed for his comrade; the boy who was always called upon to arbitrate in every quarrel. He was on his way to the play ground to which his comrades had invited him after a whole week of conlcaves and mysterious gatherings from which he, their leader was for the first time excluded.

Arrived on the grounds where upwards of thirty boys had gathered he said, with a faint touch of reproach in his voice, "Well, what are you up to now, so early? Some mischief, I guess, or else you would not have kept your secret from me so long."

"Wrong, Harper, wrong!" they replied with merry twinkles in their mischievous eyes," we got you out so early because we wanted to enjoy your suprise undisturbed by any passers-by. Here," said Ashley Grey, producing a handsome new crutch from behind the nearest tree, "I present you this in the name of your comrades as a memorial of your heroic deed this day two years ago." Then turning quickly to the rest he wispered, "boys, I've seen tears in his eyes let's give him three good cheers while he masters himself."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for Harper Argow," rang through the clear sky while Harper looked through the mist before his eyes first at his new crutch, then at his old one, then again at his comrades whose hats were tossed in all directions in an excess of delight at the happy issue of their plans, drowning his words of thanks in the united exclamation of "All right Argow, we'll do more than that for you, we'll vote for you for Governor some day."

While they are enjoying the surprise of their comrade who is comparing the merits and beauty of his new wooden walking-companion with his old one, we will relate the events of that same day two years ago when Harper was fourteen years old.

Ashley Grey and Harper Argow were on their way to the mill with four bags of wheat on their light spring wagon. About four miles from home they heard a loud crash in the neighboring wood and a man's cry of alarm. Hastily jumping from the wagon to ascertain the cause of the noise they diocovered Max Roberts, nick-named by the village-boys as the Mexican Robber, ever since he chased them with a cow-hide for playing baseball in one of his fields, lying in a helpless bleeding condition beneath a huge tree which had fallen across the railroad track. Ashley was about to harangue his unfortunate enemy about his cow-hiding but Harper, silencing him with one sharp word of reproof, scrambled down the steep banks and placed his ear close to the man's lips who, after telling him that after endeavoring to fell the tree the rope, which was to pull the falling tree from the direction of the track broke, and the branches catching his garments, pulled him along as it fell into the track.

Harper realized the terrible situation at a glance, and calling to his companion to aid him they took long poles drove one after the other as a wedge betweed the track and the tree until it was sufficiently raised to releave the man from the pressure which had broken his arm.

"Now, Ashley," he said, to his frightened companion, while the perspiration, stood in large drops on his forehead, "we are not strong enough to take him, but you run to the neighbors and ge tthem to do it, and if possible to build a fire on the track in case I should not be in time to stop the train at the station."

"Hurry, Ashley, for your lite," he cried after the fast vanishing form: "the train is due in twenty minutes!" Then rushing to the wagon and unhitching the horse, he swung liimself on his back.

For a moment he paused to consider: "I have no matches to build a fire; nothing to give the signal of danger, I must go and risk it. In ten minutes the train will be at our village station, and I have four miles to ride in that time with an old horse. Now Dolly, do your best," he muttered, as he lightly swung his whip and sped away to race with time. Past fences, and trees, he flew; hills, forests, and fields followed each other in quick succession. Cattle grazing in the meadows stared in mute, lazy astonishment at the flying rider; people in blank amazement hastily drew aside to let the escaped madman, as they thought, pass. But on, on, he sped, paying no heed to shouting, wondering people; thinking of nothing but the wounded, senseless man he had left, whose life depended on the speed of his horse, and the train full of passengers swiftly whirling to destruction. Seeing nothing but his horse's flyingmane and frothy mouth, hearing nothing but the clattering hoofs and the short gasping breath of his almost exhausted steed.

There was a narrow foot-path leading through the forest which would cut off a considerable distance. Into that he directed his horse. Fortunately there was no underbrush, and by hugging Dolly's neck he could just escape the branches of the trees. At this moment the shrill whistle of the train nearing the station reached his ear. Three minutes more and he would be too late. Again the horse dashed forward while Harper, clinging close to him, left shreds of his garments hanging on most every branch. At last he emerged fsom the woods; the village was in sight; he saw the puffs of steam from the waiting engine; a minute more and the train would start. Already his horse was nearly exhausted; he could not hold out much longer. Once more he gently urged him on and in another instant he dashed hatless, coatless, ragged and livid into full view of the station.

"All aboard," cries the conductor, another shrill whistle, and the wheels begin to move.

"Too late!" muttered Harper, almost beside himself. He tried to shout but his voice failed him. His heart sank within him as he saw the train start. Suddenly he caught the eye of the switch-tender, who seeing the desperate motion of the boy's arm towards the train, swung his red flag and rushed up to the engineer, pointing towards the wild horse and still wilder- looking rider.

The train stops, the conductor jumps off, passengers look from their windows just in time to see the horse flag, stumble, and fall over his rider in a trembling heap. Harper is dragged with a bruised, broken leg from under the animal; he tells his story in a broken sentence: "tree across the track, four miles," and he fell back insensible.

The man, train, and passengers were saved, but Harper Argow was a cripple for life.

This is the event which brought his comrades out so early, and to none of the boys does the recollection of that day come more vividly than to Harper, as he, sadly smiling looked again at his at his new crutch and said, "Well boys, it is better to lose one leg than a hundred lives.

MASTERLY INACTION.

A Sketch from Life.

BY R. T.

Laurence Delmar was one of those rare beings who seem to possess the happy faculty of enjoying life without an effort. Indeed, if his enjoyment had depended upon personal exertion, he would doubtless have remained forever in a state of wretchedness, for he was indolent to a degree bordering on laziness.

His father, Judge Delmar, was one of those exceptional men who add active endeavor to hereditary endowments. Although he had inherited an immense property, instead of resting content with the abundance Providence had given him, he had labored constantly to increase the family store, until his wealth and influence had grown to be almost incalculable.

Like most men of his class, he prized energy above all other qualities. Consequently, when he saw his only child developing into a careless, ease-loving youth, his anger and mortification knew no bounds. After vainly attempting to teach his spiritless son the value of promptness and persistency, the irate parent determined to try a different method. "If the boy won't move of his own accord, I'll move him; for, by Heavens, he's got to stir!" was his inward resolve.

Accordingly Laurence was compelled to master his studies at school, after which he was, with much difficulty, driven through college. On graduating, the young man, sorely against his will, had been forced into an attorney's office, and at the time our story opens the indefatigable judge was preparing to push his unresisting victim into matrimony.

They were seated in the large old-fashioned library where three generations of Delmars had sat before them. If there was anything Laurence dreaded, it was these private interviews with his father. He never attempted to avoid them, for that would have necessitated action of some sort; but on such occasions his looks as in the present instance, plainly indicated his abhorrence.

His father opened the conversation by remarking, in his sharp, decisive manner, "Laurence, it't time you were married."

"Too late to think of such a thing tonight," replied the young man, glancing at his watch.

"Since your return from college," continued his father, "I have waited, hoping that you would take a decided step in this important matter. As you evince no disposition to do so, I am obliged to follow the old plan and help you along. Here are the names of three ladies"—drawing a slip of paper from his vest-pocket—"either of whom will make you an excellent wife. besides bringing a moderat dowry to increase the family property. I have spared no pains to inform myself as to their circumstances and I assure you that, pecuniarily considered, there is little to choose between them.

"You needn't have taken the trouble, father," said Laurence, as the old gentleman handed him the paper. Having glanced at the list, he returned it saying, "The selection does credit to your discrimination, and had you mentioned the subject six weeks ago. I would have married either of the ladies with the greatest pleasure; but unfortunatly, the proposition comes to late. I have already determined to wed one who is ten times richer and twenty times prettier than any other lady in the village."

Judge Delmar eyed the speaker in astonishment. "Who is she?" he asked, eagerly.

"Blanch Conway," was the quiet reply.

The old gentleman sprang to his feet. "Marry that beggar!" he shouted. "Wed a girl who works six hours in the twenty-four for less than a wood-sawyer's pay! By Heavens, if you ever mention such a thing again in my presence I'll disown you!"

"A teacher isn't a beggar," said Laurence, coolly. "Don't you remember what you said in the last school report about the moral grandeur of the position? Now I think of it, it was your panegyric which caused me to notice her."

"Are you intimate with her?" asked the judge. He tried to speak calmy, but his voice trembled with passion.

"I think I may venture to say I am," answered his son.

"And your are determined to marry her?"

"Just as soon as I can without hurring matters," was the candid reply.

"Then," said the enraged parent, resuming his seat, "to-morrow morning you leave this house forever."

"At what time am I to start?" asked Lawrence, who feared he was to be deprived of his morning nap.

You may choose your own time, provided you keep out of my sight," was the stern reply.

"Thanks for your consideration," said Lawrence; and bidding his angry sire good-night, the thoughtless fellow went yawning to bed.

The next morning, after removing his personal effects to the hotel, he proceeded to the nearest recruiting office and deliberately enrolled his name among the defenders of his country. Then he strolled leisurely to the home of his affianced and rang the door bell. It was a holiday, and the object of his affections answered the summons in person. She looked prettier than ever in her dainty morning-wrapper, he thought, and his heart smote him for having called at so early an hour to trouble her with business matters. There was no help for it, however, and after they were seated alone in the humble sitting-room, he came at once to the point by inquiring how long it would take her to arrange matters for their wedding.

"It's too bad to bother you, I know," he remarked, apologetically, as Blanche raised her eyebrows in surprise. "I hate to hurry you, but, confound it, every body seems bent upon hurrying me, and I am obliged to disturb others. A little difficulty occurred last night between father and myself. Nothing serious," he added, observing his listener's look of alarm. "I was requested to leave home this morning, so I enlisted a moment ago, and I thought we could be married before I joined my regiment it would be better for us both.

Blanche made her lover narrate the circumstance which had driven him to this desperate extremity. At the conclusion of his story she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"Nonsense, Blanche," said Laurence, composedly, as he lifted her tenderly to a seat on his knee, "don't cry; there's no need of worrying on my account; I've joined a cavalry regiment, and won't have to walk; so cheer up, my dear, and say when we shall be married."

"We ought never to think of such a thing while your fathor hates me so," sobbed Blanche.

"You are not going to marry my father," was the cool reply.

"If I consent, it will only make trouble for you persisted the young lady.

"It will trouble me more if you refuse," rejoined her lover.

"But what will people say? and how shall we manage to live?" queried Blanche; who, with the preverseness of her sex, loved to raise objections for the sake of having them overruled.

Laurence smiled good-humoredly.

"Some will say one thing and some another, but whatever any body says won't be likely to harm us nor help us. As regards living, I suppose we shall subsist mainly by eating. You have taken care of yourself for the past three years, and I shall be taken care of for the next three; so there's no danger of our starving. I hate to urge the matter, but *won't* you name the day, and end this confounded uncertainty?"

Unable to convince her obstinate lover of the folly of his request, the hesitating maiden yielded. In less than a week from the time the above conversation occurred she had become Mrs. Delmar, and her husband was on his way to the seat of war.

After Laurence's departure, Blanche resigned her position in the school room, and occupied her time in giving music lessons at her own residence. As often as circumstances would permit, she received letters from the front, written by her husband's round, legible hand, and overflowing with brave, loving words of comfort for "the little woman at home." He had participated in several battles, and escaped unharmed; which he attributed to his having remained perfectly quiet during the fighting.

On several occasions when others had fled in hot haste from the enemy he had stood his ground; and his laziness being mistaken for bravery, had been rewarded with promotion. After a time there came the news of a terriable engagement in which Laurence's regiment had played an important part. Still uninjured, he embraced the first opportunity to inform Blanche of his safety and unexpected promotion. Thus it was, that from the hour of his enlistment until his term of service had expired fortune smiled upon the true-hearted soldier, and when the war was over he marched home at the head of his command as Colonel Delmar.

On that eventful day a joyous crowd assembled in the "town-house" to welcome the returned veterans Of course the gallant colonel was the observed of all observers, and well did he deserve the honor. Judge Delmar refused to be present at the festivities, and his absence occasioned neither regret nor astonishment.

At a late hour that night, as Laurence and his wife were alone in the little sitting-room where they had first agreed to join hands and fortunes, they were surprised to hear a timid knock at the street door. On opening it the colonel was still more astonished to behold his father, looking old and careworn, but still preserving much of his olden pride and dignity. "I called," said he, "to inform you that in the hurry of your departure, three years ago, you left some clothiug, a picture, and a few other articles, at my house. They have remained undisturbed, and you can have them whenever you wish."

"I will call for them in the morning," said Laurence, smiling. "But," he added, "to-night you must come indoors and be presented to my wife. You shall not refuse!" he exclaimed, collaring his refractory parent, as the latter drew back. "If time hasn't cured your resentment, I know what will. Blanche," he cried, as he led his bewildered captive into his wife's presence, "allow me to present my father, who has come to welcome back an undutiful son and make the acquaintance of a derserving daughter-in-law."

Tears streamed down the old gentleman's furrowed cheeks as he took the soft white hand so cordially extended "Laurence," cried Blanche, reproachfully as her husband coolly contemplated the touching scene, "why don't you speak to your father, and tell him how we appreciate his kindness?"

"What's the use?" retorted Laurence, with a dash of his olden impudence. "I see nothing remarkable in the circumstance. I have been absent from home, and I have returned; and nothing is more natural than that my father should hasten to pay me a visit. I am glad that we have met, and I would have been glad never to have parted. In fact, I always was delighted never todo any thing, which I maintain to be the true secret of happiness. In the future I hope we shall not waste our energies in foolish attempts to better circumstances that are good enough; but instead, pass our days plasantly and peacefully in a state of 'masterly inaction.'"

A Brave Girl.

Miss Emma Richards, of Akron, a girl verging on twenty years of age, was with her mother visiting at the residence of Mr. Timothy Loomis, in Lodi, when a son of Timothy surnamed Phineas, proposed that he should show her a small herd of deer that was kept in an enclosure on their premises. The young lady consented, and Phineas started into the brush to scare them up, the young lady meanwhile standing at the gate to await the appearance of the menagrie. Suddenly she heard a cry of "murder" in the somewhat juvenile voice of Phineas. Never thinking of fear, Miss Richards started in the direction of the noise, and, after going a few rods, discovered the boy pinned to the earth, while an angry buck stood over him, with the prong of one horn through the flesh of the boy's side and embedded in the earth. She instantly grasped a club and went for Mr. Buck. He paid no attention to the first and second blows, but when she gave him the third crack he turned and went for her.

Unable to ward off his approach with a club, she dropped it and grasped him by the antlers, at the same time calling to the boy to arise and put for the fence. He was either too much hurt or too badly scared to mind her, and so, disengaging one hand, she lifted the boy to his feet, at the same time crowding the deer back with the other. Once on his pins, young Phineas found his speed, and put for the fence like a streak of lightning on a copper rod, while the brave girl gave all her attention to Mr. Buck. It was a lively tussle, and kept all her nerve and pluck to prevent her being thrown to the ground Still holding on to the horns, she backed off gradually, and in that manner reached the fence, but not till her clothes were badly torn, and her body was bruised again and again. At last, nearly exhausted, she reached the fence, and succeeded in getting over it without receiving any serious injury. It was a close call, but the spunk that many a man couldn't have furnished won the day.

Strychnia and its Antidote.

A correspondent in *Nature* says: Wanting to banish mice from a pantry I placed on the floor at night a slice of bread spread over with butter, in which I had mixed a threepenny packet of "Battle's Vermin Killer," which contains about a grain of strychnia along with flour and Prussian blue. The following morning I was roused by a servant, telling me that a favorite skye-terrier was lying dead. I found that the mice had dragged the slice of bread underneath the locked door, and that the dog had thus got at it and eaten part equal to about one-sixth of a grain of strychnia; it lay on its side perfectly rigid; an occasional tetanic spasm showed that life was not quite extinct. Having notes of the experiments made by direction of the British Medical Association last year on the antagonism of medicines, and wherein it was proved that a fatal dose of strychnia couldbe neutralized by afatal dose of chloral hydrate, and that the minimum fatal dose of the latter for a rabbit was twenty-one grains, at once injected under the dog's skin forty-five grains of the chloral in solution, my dog being about twice the weight of a rabbit. In a quarter of an hour, fancying the dog was dead, as the spasms had ceased and it lay apparently lifeless, I moved it with my foot, when it at once struggled to its feet and shortly after staggered to its usual corner by the parlor fire; it took some milk, and except for being quieter than usuel, seemed nothing the worse for the ordeal it has passed through. That the fatal effects of a poisonous dose of stryhnia was thus counteracted so successfully by what I say was a poisonous dose of chloral, given hypodermically, is an interesting fact verifying the experiments I alluded to. Without such experiments on the lower animals, a medical man might often be found standing by helpless to aid his fellow man under similar effects of poison.

A Tenor Calls "Encore."

He was a tenor singer in one of the opera companies that visited Cincinnati this season He was a good singer, and everything he sang the audience, with that determination to get the full value of their money and a little more, which is a peculiarity of Cincinnati audiences at an opera or concert always insisted upon an encore. And he responded good naturedly, although he thought it a little hard to be compelled to perform double the work set down on the bills every night. One day while promenading Fourth street it occurred to him to do a little encoring himself and see how it worked. He stepped into a hat store and inquired of the proprietor, who came forward to wait upon him, the price of a silk hat. "Seven dollars," was the reply. He selected one that fitted him and paid for it, then he shouted: "Encore! encore!"

"What do you mean?" inquired the proprietor, in amazement.

"I mean that I want another hat."

"Certainly," said the proprietor, as he placed a duplicate upon the counter, wondered what the man wanted with two hats.

The tenor picked them both up and started for the door.

"Hold on!" cied the hatter, "you didn't pay for that other hat."

"But I paid for the first one, and the other is an encore," replied the tenor Seeing that the man of hats, caps and furs failed to comprehend, he said:

"I think I saw you at the oprea last night?"

"Yes, I was there. But I don't see what that has to do with you paying me for—"

"Wait a bit. You paid to hear the opera given that was on the programme?"

"Yes. Certainly of course I did. I will call the two hats—"

"No matter about calling the two hats You didn't pay to have that opera gone through with twice, did you?"

"How absurd! Certainly not. 'Spose we say twelve dollars for both—"

"Say nothing until I get through. I am the tenor of that opera troupe. Every song that I sang I was called upon to repeat, and if I am not mistaken you clapped harder than any one else in the theater And I had to give you double the amount of goods that you had paid for, don't you see?"

The hat-store man did see by that time, and he said to the tenor: "I acknowledge the corn, you can take my hat," but he wouldn't, he only took the one he had paid for, and with a feeling of satisfaction that he had impressed a lesson upon one Cincinnati man who would encore everything, he walked out and with a genial smile pursued the even tenor of his way

Closing Scene of the European War.

The closine scene of the war is described with great spirit by a correspondent of the London *Daily News*. In a house by the seaside at San Stefano, shaken by the increasing gale that tore across the Sea of Marmora, were busy all night long the secretaries of both diplomatic bodies, copying and arranging for the signatures the treaty of peace, the resul of the now concluded negotiations. All night long Prince Tzreteleff dictated the treaty to his collegue, Chebachoff, who wrote and wrote through the long hours, until the document was finished; About four o'clock the Grand Duke mounted and rode up to the Diplomatic Chancery, where he asked at the door. "Is it ready?" and then galloped toward the hill where the army was drawn up. Finally a carriage came whirling out of the village toward us. General Ignatieff was in it, and when he approached, he rose and said:

"I have the honor to congratulate your highness on the signature of peace." There was a long, loud shout. After riding between the lines, the Grand Duke halted on a little eminence, whence all the troops could be seen, and formally made the anoucement of peace: "I have the honor to inform the army that, with the help of God, we have concluded a treaty of peace." Then another shout burst from 20,000 throats, rising, swelling and dying away. After the review, gathering his officers about him where the priest stood ready for the Te Deum, the Grand Duke spoke briefly and emphatically, saying: "To an army which has accomplished what you have, my friends, nothing is impossible." Then all dismounted, uncovered and a solemn service was conducted, the soldiers all kneeliag.

Never was a peace concluded under more impressive surroundings; the two armies face to face, the clearing storm, the waning light of day, the rush of the wind, and the near wash of the wave mingling with the chant of the priests, and the responses of the soldiers and the roar of the Sea of Marmora swelling and falling. Across the fretting, chafing water of the sea, the dome and slender minarets of St. Sophia came up sharply against the sky, the dominant points in the interesting silhouette of distant Stamboul. Away to the south, the Princes Islands rose like great mounds, dark and massive, against the distant Asiatic shore, and behind them was hidden the English fleet. Above and far beyond the white peak of Mount Olympus, unveiled for the moment its majestic summit, as the rays of the ruddy sunset were reflected from the snow-colored flanks.