THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOLMA'AM.

How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned schoolma'am,
When sad recollections present them to view;
The way which she'd often we boys with a rule lamm
Would make the whole future look fearfully blue.
And still in my fancy I feel my flesh tingle,
Time never can quite the sensation destroy,
For when she got rattled she made the house jingle—
The old-fashioned schoolma'am I knew when a boy;
The red-headed schoolma'am, the strong-muscled schoolma'am,
The argus-eyed schoolma'am I knew when a boy.

If we dared crook a finger 'twas quickly detected,
And followed at once with a punishment dread,
Until all the boys in the school half suspected
She could see just as well with the back of her head.
There, then, was no use in our trying to fool her,
She had an impression we couldn't destroy,
And so she would earnestly lay on the ruler—
The old-fashioned schoolma'am I knew when a boy;
The red-headed schoolma'am, the strong-muscled schoolma'am,
The argus-eyed schoolma'am I knew when a boy.

And yet, notwithstanding her constant endeavor,
Our school days with sly, boyish pleasure were fraught,
We always were into some mischief whenever
We thought we could do it without being caught.
We threw paper wads and were noisy and pranky,
And did everything which we could to annoy;
No wonder that once in a while she was cranky—
The old-fashioned schoolma'am I knew when a boy;
The boarded-round schoolma'am, the underpaid schoolma'am,
The much-abused schoolma'am I knew when a boy.

—*Youth's Companion.*

DAVID MARLE'S STORY.

BY ESTHER SERLE HENNETH.

I never quarreled with my brother John until we came to settle up business in 1865. We had been partners ten years, ever since we had been West, indeed, but some changes made it at length advisable that we should seperate. He had made his fortune, and wanted to return East. I, also, was able to live with less care, and so we sold every acre of our landed property, and were settling up the books, when there arose dissension. I was not willing to divide profits equally. John was married and had a family to support, while I was unmarried. His expenses had been three times as much as mine. Morever, I had taken the burden of the labor and responsibility—this having been tacitly agreed upon, I being the youngest man. While he had lived comfortably with his wife and children among the farms, with horses, men and money at his hand, and absolute control of the farming interests, I had been beating about over the country, from the Denver to the Florida Glades, buying and selling land, timber and stock—living anyhow, and sacrificing all personal comfort to our mutual advantage. It is rough traveling in the West. Twice I had swam the Missouri when every stroke endangered my life; once I had been captured by hostile Indians, and escaped by strategy. I was overtaken by a pariie fire and nearly burned to death, when taking up claims in Nebraska; and my periods of weariness and discouragement were indescribable. I grew gaunt, and pale, and hard, making money, while John waxed fat and merry. I had all the hardships, and I decided I ought to have more than half the profits, taking everything into consideration. John refused this; and it was true, as he said, that this had not been the contract.

"John Marle," said I, "look at the difference between us. All the trouble you have had in getting this money is taking it from my hand. You have never lost a night's sleep in getting it; you have had full sway in making these farms as profitable as you please, and when you have made a miscalculation in a tenant or a crop, I have never blamed you. You have had a comfortable roof over your head, while I languished with yellow fever in the South, and sickened with ague from exposure in the West. Two-thirds of this money is justly mine. You have spent more than I, and you have a right only to one hundred thousand dollars."

"I will have one hundred and fifty," he said, doggedly.

"You never shall!" I answered.

I had the books. They were in the office of a life insurance company, for whom I was agent. This business had been privately my own. I had worked it in with other pursuits, and it paid me well. I had dealt in it only for the last year, but, during that time, I purchased for myself, out of its profits, a fine library, and had made several valuable presents to a favorite old maid sister, living in the East. These expenses were in the books of the firm—four hundred dollars for books, fifty for maps, seventy for a set of furs for Margaret, and forty for an easy chair for her. I knew I must take these off the books before John saw them, or he would claim that they had been paid for out of the general fund. As I have said, they were in my private room of the insurance company's building, in St. Joseph. When I left my brother's house in Kansas, I started directly for this point; but at Atchison a dispatch met me, requiring me to wait there until I received further directions from the directors of the Phœnix. I saw no actual danger in waiting, and so remained in the city nearly a week. I received some policies then to be carried into the country. As soon as they were delivered to the specified parties, I returned to St. Joseph.

I hurried to the office; somehow, I felt as if something was wrong. As I unlocked the inner door, Major Hawley looked up from his newspaper, and said:

"By the way, Marle, your brother came yesterday and got some books from your desk."

"Some books!" I said. And I felt myself growing pale.

"Yes. Ledgers, you know. I knew he was your partner, and so I let him take them. Nothing wrong, is there, Marle?"

"No," I said, and went into my office and shut the door. My first movement was to open my desk hurriedly. Yes, they were gone. John had the books. I denounced him for a villain.

After awhile I grew cooler. I was very much surprised at what he had done. It was not like him. It was plain that he thought I meant to cheat him in some way.

Nor was I inclined to trust him. I did not believe that he would make charges against me on the books, but I knew he would reckon that five hundred and sixty against me on the general account, nor believe my story that these outlays were never made with his money, or money on which he had a claim. Nothing burns up confidence like the love of gold. John and I had never before had a word of difficulty or a hard thought, and now here we were, ready to call each other thieves and liars.

In the first place I felt insulted by his suspicion. I meant no injustice; I merely wanted what I considered my right—what I thought I had well earned. Then this movement of his, which had the look of outwitting me, I mentally anathematized. It was a mean, sly thing to do.

Of course he would transfer the accounts to his own possession, and return me the books. There were five of them. If he had worked all the night before, he could not have thoroughly examined more than one. This private account of mine was entered on the latest. So the thought came to me, finally, to regain immediate possession of this one, at least.

It was not the mere five hundred and odd dollars I cared for the loss of; it was the right which this gave John to infer that I spent more than I acknowledged, and, that my personal expenditures were not so inferior to his that I could claim more than half the contested profits; and more, it was the disagreeable idea of being defeated.

That very night I started for Marleville. I arrived the next day. I went straight o John's house. He received me alone, his face set in unusual lines, and his eye meeting mine burningly.

"John Marle," said I, "you have done a mean thing. You have insulted me."

"You refer to my taking the books in which our accounts have been kept?" he said, quietly.

"I do."

"I had a right to see them, if I wished," he said.

"But you had no right to come, like a thief in the dark and take them, until I told you that they were prepared for you to examine."

"What preparation did they need?" said he, with a sneer.

This was too much. Before I knew what I was doing I struck him. He was a large man, but he reeled and clutched at the piano to save himelf from falling. His aim missed, and he grasped only the rich, crimson cloth, and he dragged it with him as he dropped into a seat. He was very pale. I was almost ready to beg his forgiveness, when he looked at me with such a gaze of hatred that I turned, instead, and walked out of the room, kicking an embroidered stool out of my way as I went.

This interview had not been satisfactory, and I was at a loss what to do next. An amicable settlement of the matter was now out of the question.

I was passing the house that evening, when I saw the family carriage, containing my brother, his wife and his four children, drive away from the gate. I decided instantly that they were going to evening meeting in the town two miles distant. Then the house was left alone, comparatively—and the books—were they there? Could I not enter, find them and take possession of them as unceremoniously as John had done?

It was growing dark. There was no light in the front of the house, but I saw one gleaming from one of the lower ones at the back. It was the family sitting-room. I approached it and looked in.

It was a large, comfortable apartment, with a fire upon the hearth; and before the fire sat a young lady, rocking an infant.

The child was probably the last-comer, the little nameless one I had not before seen, and which John wrote me a month before was to be called David, if I approved. But who was its nurse?—this sweet-faced girl who handled it so dextrously, feeding it from a silver poringer, and then laying it over her shoulder and patting its back with her pretty, ringed hand, to make it go to sleep, as she rocked back and forth before the dancing blaze? I could see the gloss on her braided hair, and the glittering buckle upon her little slipper.

The child seemed uneasy. It wailed, and she rose and walked the floor with it, soothing it in a low, cooing tone of endearment, now and then singing a lullaby. At last it was asleep, with its bit of a face hidden in her neck, and she sat down again before the fire. I stood and watched her; indeed, I had forgotten all else.

She had soft brown eyes; I don't know any other word to use; they were tender and quiet. She looked quite happy in a silent way. As she swayed back and forth, the lamplight and then the firelight touched her forehead, and cheek, and sweet mouth, and white neck, with their different tinting—the firelight making her rosy and radiant, the lamplight showing the lovely face in a paler guise. I thought, "What if this were my home? What if that was the darling wife I had longed for all these years, and that my child? What if I might move now, and she would turn her head and listen for my step?"

The thought made me tremble. I retreated to the road, and walked back and forth there, trying to think to some purpose. Of course I could not enter the house, though it would probably not be difficult to do so. I might get the books with little difficulty, for that young girl was probably all the person under the roof; but somehow I did not want them; the current of my mind had changed. I walked half a mile down the starlight road and came back. Once more I went to the window.

The child was awake and crying. She was walking the floor with it again. I forgot to be cautious, she was so unconscious, and quite leaned on the stone sill as I stood. Turning. in her walk, she happened to glance toward the window, saw my face as the light fell upon it, and, uttering a scream of terror, fell to the floor.

I rushed to the door; it gave way to my hand, and I went in and raisel her. She was quite senseless, but she still clasped the child, who screamed frightfully. I laid it in its cradle, and tried to revive her. She scarcely seemed to breathe before she broke into hysterical sobbing.

"Don't cry, don't cry!" I said awkwardly. "I did not mean to frighten you. Look up! I am David Marle. You must have heard of me. I meant no harm in the world. I was only looking at you, because you looked so pretty."

She did not seem to see the ludicrousness of this explanation. She caught her breath, and looked at me with dilated eyes and the utmost anxiety for some time.

"You are Uncle John's brother?"

"Yes." And then I knew who she was, Aurelia May, a favorite neice of my brother's wife, whom I had never seen.

"I was very foolish to be so frightened," she said, at last; "but you looked like a ghost."

"Shall you tell them?" asked I.

"Uncle John and Aunt Susan? No; and don't you," she said, with a blush.

She had taken the poor baby from the cradle, and, as it soon hushed its cries, we concluded that it was not hurt. Before the family returned, Aurelia had regained her natural color and composure, and I had reason to be thankful that it was so.

John started when he saw me, and looked bewildered when I arose and offered him my hand; but he took it, and bade me sit down again, cordially. Perhaps some good word which he had heard in the house of God had softened him; certainly the pure face of that girl had changed my heart. We sat together, a pleasant party, that evening, and the next day John and I entered into a calm discussion of our business. He was finally willing and even anxious to give me two-thirds of the money, but I would not accept it.

"No, no, John," said I, "we will divide evenly, and, if you want to do anything more for me, just try to make Aurelia think that I'm not a monster."

"Aurelia?" repeated John. "Why, she don't know that there has been a word of trouble, and doesn't dream of such a thing. If you want her go in and win; the coast is clear, and may God bless you!"

I was not much used to women, but she liked me, and finally I got her. It frightened me to think how wretched I should have been, if I hadn't. I have only to add that she is just as good as I thought she was when I first saw her through the window; and, if God prospers us, I may, before another year, see her rocking a baby that is mine, the firelight and the lamplight again on her sweet face.

THE HONEST GROCER.

"I noticed Mrs. Brown's little girl pick a nice apple out of the barrel while she was here with her mother," said Mrs. Troubleraiser to the grocer. "I don't see how some people can bring their children up so. You must loose a great deal by this petty pilfering."

"Not at all, ma'am," replied the grocer. "I saw her take the apple and charged her mother for a quart."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BENKS—Are you going to see Molcini, the famous actor, to-night? Dobson—No, sir. Benks—Why not? Dobson—It costs too much. I paid $50 for seeing an actor last week. Benks—How was that? Dobson—He held four aces.

ARNOLD AND SHERMAN.

What the Funny Old General Told the Noted English Editor.

From a letter by Sir Edwin in the London *Telegraph:* It was my good fortune to make at New York the close acquaintance of another and hardly less renowned soldier of the republic, Gen. Sherman, nor could any conversations have been more interesting than those in which he did me the honor to describe and discuss, among many other matters, that wonderful and memorable march led by him, which pierced the Confederate States like the thrust of a rapier and helped largely to bring about the collapse of "secession." The General was evidently and justly discontented with certain criticisms which have appeared in England, from a high military source, upon the conduct of the campaign. "We had," he said, "to create armies before we could use them in the established and scientific way, and it is unfair and illogical to judge the first two years of our war as if we had been commanding trained and seasoned troops. In the third year we had regiments to lead as good and skilled as commanding officers could ask for, and to the movements then made the rules of military science may be properly applied." Gen. Sherman spoke of the quality of courage in soldiers and men generally, distinguishing it impatiently from brutish and irrational recklessness. "True courage," he said, "is founded on presence of mind. The man who in the face of imminent peril can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly is the brave, self-possessed, reliable individual. Moreover, true courage goes with unselfishness. I have seen an officer fight on unflinchingly in my presence bleeding from many wounds, of which he was disdainfully heedless, and in later life have witnessed the gentleman turn deadly white while he held the hand of his child that a surgeon might operate for some trifling abscess."

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recital from the lips of Gen. Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pagss of his autobiography or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is perhaps worth preserving from all the war talk which we enjoyed. "Gen. Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints about the pilfering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and, being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign. Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the General, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action, until one day, riding with an orderly down a by-lane outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having laid aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking some porkchops. 'Ah,' cried the General, 'you rascal! at last I have caught one of you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time and I will make an example of you, sir!'

"'Bedad! General, honey!' said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, 'it's not shooting me that you ought to be at, but rewardin' me.'

"'What do you mean, sir?' exclaimed Gen. Thomas.

"'Why, your honor,' the soldier replied, 'this bad baste here had just been disicratin' the rigimental badge and so I was forced to dispatch him. It's 'atin' the acorns that I found him at!' Even Gen. Thomas was obliged to laugh at this and the soldier saved his life by his wit."

A FORTUNE WITH HIS WIFE.

All the Athenians know Dan Taliaferro, the colored barber, who did business in this city and afterward moved to Jacksonville, Fla., and married. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good will of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come in possession of a handsome fortune estimated at about $100,000 or more.

His story is a strange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers he met a colored girl of Key West, and after a brief courtship the pair were married. It now seems that the proudest blood of Castile flows in the veins of this octoroon, for she is a lineal descendant from a Spanish General who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the dominion of that country. This old General was a great roue, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minorcan, raised a family of children by her. On his deathbed he repented of his liaison, and left these children his entire landed property in Florida, including 30,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that state. A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon Hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over the city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Tallahassee, and other places. This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine, and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and as they are all of age, have demanded that a division be made, arrangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the State are employed. There is no question of doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade by which this Government was pledged to protect the titles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause does Dan's wife come in.—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

A BISHOP IN THE SALOONS.

Bishop Talcott, of the diocese of Montana and Idaho, preached at St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church. In the course of his address on the subject of the work that has been and is to be done in his field the Bishop gave a characteristic experience of his in a mining town where he desired to hold services and to have the inhabitants know of and attend the services. He said:

"I arrived in the town on Saturday morning. It was pay-day and an unusual crowd was about. I had printed a circular, which was placed in all the conspicuous places. Then I started about to see how it was being received, and, to my dismay, found that there were too many other circulars about for much attention to be paid to it. Clearly I must get at the people in another way. But how? Looking about I soon found that the majority of the inhabitants were in the saloons. It was an odd thing to do, but I determined to go into the saloons and speak to the men myself. So I started down the street.

"The first saloon I came to I entered. Several men looked curiously at me as I asked for the proprietor. I was taken back into a most comfortably furnished room, where the proprietor was. I introduced myself saying: 'I have come to pay my respects. Will you introduce me to these gentlemen?'

"'With great pleasure,' said he, and a minute later I was shaking hands with 'the boys' and talking to them. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I am going to hold services in the Town Hall to-morrow morning, and want to get the people there. Will you help me?'

"'Yes, sir,' they answered. 'Bishop, you can depend on us. We'll see you through.' And they did. I visited the other saloons with almost identical results, and the following morning you would have thought that the circus had come to town from the crowds that flocked to the service. I have never preached to a more reverent congregation than they were."

At the close of the sermon Dr. McConnell spoke a few words urging that the donations for the work should be large, and announcing that the offertory would be for Bishop Talcott's diocese. An unusually large collection followed. —*Philadelphia Press.*

WHITEWASHING WAR.

Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, was a most humane man, like all scientific men, by-the-way, and one of the problems of his life was to reconcile the horrors of war, pestilence and famine with the beneficence of the Creator. But he did it in a queer way, as Maria Mitchell relates in her "Reminiscences of the Herschels," in the *Century.*

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast table when he asked the question. We thought they could not.

"But if they stood closely, and others stood on their shoulders—man, woman and child—how many layers would there be?"

I said perhaps three.

"How many feet of men?" he asked.

"Possibly thirty," I said.

"Oh, more!"

"Well, we'll say a hundred."

"Oh, more!"

Miss Herschel said:

"Enough to reach to the moon."

"To the sun."

"More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment. "Bid higher."

"To Neptune," said one.

"Now you burn, he replied. "Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way," he said, "of whitewashing war, pestilence and famine."

JACK IS A CRITIC.

Young Lady—Are sailors as superstitious now as they used to be, Mr. Servenmalet? Do they think they see suppernatural things?

Jack Servenmalet—Aye, suthin' like that, mum.

"Now what did you ever see that wasn't natural?"

"A the-ay-ter sailor, mum."—*New York Sun.*

FIRST CHEESE—Are you improving in health? Second Cheese—Greatly; I am getting stronger every day.—*Judge.*

PITH AND POINT.

A PATIENT waiter—Hospital nurse.

FAVORITE tipple of the seal catchers—A Beer-in Straight.

WHEN the Shah of Persia returned to Taheran, all the girls said "te-he."

SWING cradles are used in the capital of Arkansas, so there is very Little Rock there.

JAMES (piously)—What is the gate to Heaven? James' father—Well, it's not the gait you've been going at recently.

LITTLE Flaxen Hair—Papa, it's raining. Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand)—Well, let it rain. Little Flaxen Hair (timidly)—I was going to.

"I WISH that I was a minister," said Bobby, one Sunday afternoon. Why, dear?" Because he is the only one who can speak out loud in church without going to the bad place for it."

JUDGE—Witness, you are 40 years of age? Female witness—Yes, alas! One gets older every day. And yet I was young once, (heaving a sigh. Ah, your worship would hardly believe how young I was!

MRS. POPINJAY—I see by the paper that a newly married couple in Michigan are taking their bridal trip in a row boat. Mr. Popinjay—Huh! I'll bet before the trip is ended it will be all oar between them.

"TALK about absent-mindedness," said a citizen to-day, "why," when I was a boy I worked for a man who was so absent-minded that he discharged me three times in one week, and paid me a week's wages each time."

FRAYED KEEGAN—Please, sor, can ye give me a nickel to get a night's lodgin'? Rowne de Bout—But you can't get a lodging for a nickel. "O' course not, sor; but Oi can repeat this act two or three times, can't I?"

"SEE here, Georgie," said a fond mamma to her small son, as they walked on the beach, "what a lot of nice, smal', round stones." "Yes," grumbled Georgie, as he cast a searching glance around, "and not a single thing to throw 'em at."

A SAFE Affiliation—The clock struck 12. "Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" "I can safely say yes, Mr. Smithers, because it doesn't look now as if you would ever go," replied the lady. And then Smithers knew his case was hopeless.

AT Midnight — Stounder — Excuse me, sir, but that is not a letter-box you are trying to put that letter in. It's a fire alarm box. Rounder—Who said it was a letter box (hic)? If I want to send a note to ze firemen sayin' there ain't a fire (hic) whose business is it (hic)? Where's your letter box?

UNCLE SI LOW (watching pile-drivers at work on a West Street foundation)—Waal, I swow! I've heard about your buryin' the wires, but this do beat all. Idler—What's this got to do with it? Uncle Si Low—Why, when you git them telegraph poles druv into the ground, how do the men get down to string the wires?

IN a small town in Baden a minister closed his sermon the other day with these words: "We would be pleased, moreover, to have the young man who is now standing outside the door come in and make sure whether she is here or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch and exposing the people in the last row of seats to a draught."

OLDBOY—How fine a thought it is that the smallest creature that lives was created for some purpose and could not be dispensed with. Newwed—I can't agree with you there. I think there are some animals that have been the cause of a great deal of envy, extravagance, and strife. Oldboy—What animal, for instance? Newwed (with mind on $500 dolman) —The seal.

SAD SPORT.

The taking of harmless life, even for science's sake, involves a violation of human feeling, and persons are to be pitied who can slaughter innocent animals without compunction for mere gain, or worse, for mere sport. A correspondent writes from New York to the Chicago *Herald:*

A gentleman stood in front of a furrier's store contemplating the seal garments that filled the windows.

"I never see a sealskin coat," he said, "that I am not reminded of a heart-breaking day I passed among the seal-killers."

Then he told of joining an expedition when he was a young man, and going out for the sport of seal killing. They knocked the pretty creatures on the head. The seals were so tame, affectionate and fearless that when the hunter's landed they crowded round them like dogs, making their little, friendly bark, and fawning upon the murderous hands that proceeded to stretch them as bloody corpses upon the beach.

The man related how sick at heart he got, and how he tried to get away from this massacre of the innocents. To this day the sight of a sealskin coat recalls the wretched sensation he then experienced.

This reminds us of Gilbert White, of Selborne, when he first shot a lapwing, and the remorse he felt when the bird dipped its bill in its mortal wound and looked up into his face.

HOW CAN we expect that another should keep our secret when it is more than we can do ourselves?