

From the "Shelby (N. C.) Aurora."  
**DEAD.**

BY SUE J. JESSUM DICKSON.

DEAD! we exclaim as we bend to gather up the withered petals of some lovely summer flower, that we have loved and cherished through the all too fleeting months of bud and bloom. One by one, and with caressing touch, we tenderly lift the faded leaves, that were once so sweet and bright—now so dull and colorless. Mournfully, to gingly we gaze up on them, perhaps with a tear, perhaps with a sigh, for when first this flower burst into bloom, did not another pair of eyes look upon it with us? Did not another hand save ours touch it—a hand dear to us? Aye, another form bent with ours above it—another hand lingered tenderly or it; and another pair of eyes admired its delicate tints—loyal eyes, that have looked upon a thousand times with infinite love and tenderness. And now, we look upon this little faded floweret, we ask ourselves—Where, oh! where is that other one, who admired thy beauty with us? Sadly, tenderly, regretfully, we lay the withered petals aside, as a still, small voice mournfully whispers—"Dead!"

"Dead!" sighs the rustling leaves, as they go whirling past, borne on the chill wing of the Autumn winds. Cast from the topmost bough of the mightiest tree, by the fierce breath of advancing Winter, slowly they quiver earthward—dry and brown, to be trodden 'neath the foot of man and beast—to be tossed from place to place by every angry wind that blows. Yes, slowly, trembling, they rustle downward, and as the sad sound falls upon our ears, we are reminded, oh! so vividly, of the many hopes—bright, beautiful hopes that died in the long ago. Hopes which have faded as those leaves have faded—perished as those leaves have perished, and fallen away from our eager grasp, just as those Autumn leaves are falling, brown, withered, blasted, Dead!

"Dead!" we exclaim, as we tenderly lift the lifeless bird which the merry sportsman has cast at our feet. Softly we stroke the pretty, bright plumage, examine its stiffened limbs, gaze into its cold, glassy eyes, with a feeling of pity for the pretty feathered creature which lies in our hand so cold and still. But one short hour ago it was soaring proudly, grandly, through its native air, carolling its sweetest songs, rejoicing in its freedom, and now—'tis Dead!

"Dead!" wails the grief-stricken mother, as she bends in unspeakable anguish over the still form of the pale little sleeper, who for a few brief months has been cradled in her arms—aye, like a rosebud, it has been nestled upon her bosom, cheering her when weary with its innocent smile, stroking her wan cheek, with its soft little hand, and making her heavy heart bound with joy, for in her innocent way, baby seemed to sympathize with "mother" when no one else did.

"It was but yesterday," cries the unhappy mother, "when thy baby prattle filled the house with light and joy, but now thy sweet eyes are closed—the signet of paleness is stamped upon thy brow, and thou, my babe, my first-born art dead!" No, mother, thy little one is not dead, she only sleepeth. The innocent soul has been transplanted to a fairer, purer clime, for the Saviour hath need of thy beautiful bud, and He hath sent his angels, who have called it from the parent stem, and borne it up to the Hills Everlasting, that it might be planted in the garden of celestial bloom. Look up mother, and rejoice, for it is one more chord to draw thee up to the Land of Light!

"Dead!" sobs the lonely orphan, as she kneels in the first hour of sorrow, by the chill shrouded form of her best and truest friend. Softly the toil worn hands are folded over the pulseless breast, and the eyes which were wont to beam with love and tenderness are closed—aye, forever closed! The pale, cold lips are dumb, and the ensign of death encircles the brow; and all who come to gaze upon her whisper—"dead!" But all are wrong, for she lived the life of a Christian, and her true existence has just begun. True, the casket is but a lump of clay, but that which it contained, has only quitted its mortal habitation, to live and bloom throughout successive ages, in a land of supernatural beauty. She is not dead!

Oh, maiden! now in the first flush of thy womanhood, remember this hour which must come to all, and so live, that when the grim Messenger comes, they who look upon thee may not exclaim—dead!

On youth! just entering the dawn of a proud, young manhood, look well to thy ways—look well to the paths thy feet are treading, and waste not the golden moments which the Everlasting Father has given you for improvement. Yes, up and be doing, "ere the night cometh," remembering that the earth must pass away. Yes, from the flowers of summer, to the leaves of the forest, from the leaves of the forest, to the birds of the air, from the birds of the air to the innocent babe, from the innocent babe, to the care-worn mother, must all alike bow to the chill breath, and the pale sickle of Azrael.

#### Nothing Mean About Him.

A Western paper tells the following: A man went into a confectionery store a few days ago, in an excited manner, and rushing up to the proprietor said:

"Do you make wedding cakes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm goin' ter git married ter-day, I'm goin' ter dew things right up to the handle. I don't intend to git married but once, and yew bet I'll make things howl."

The proprietor smiled blandly, and commenced lifting out ten and twenty-dollar wedding cakes, gorgeous in beautiful frosting and artificial flowers. Among the rest was a small plain cake.

"How much is that?" asked the excited purchaser.

"Four bits."

"That's the one for me; here's your money, old pard; wrap her up. There's nothin' mean about me; I wouldn't care if it was six bits."

The proprietor gazed after the purchaser as he went out, about five minutes, the picture of amazement, and then he sat down and fanned himself for half an hour, and then got up and consumed half an hour more in stowing away the piles of fancy cakes and talking to himself softly, but his bland smile had passed away for the time being.

#### Naked Truth.

According to an old fable, truth dressed in robes of purity and innocence, met falsehood near a beautiful lake. Falsehood induced truth to go into the lake alone to bathe, and when truth had swam out a considerable distance from the shore falsehood hurried back, dressed in the garments of truth, and fled. Truth hastened to the shore, but falsehood was nowhere to be found. Naked truth has ever since been pursuing falsehood, but has not yet overtaken the thief, who still wears the "garb of truth," and is constantly deceiving all who are willing to rely upon external appearances.

#### What a Non Mason Says.

At the reception of the Richmond Commandery, at Rocky Point, Rhode Island, Senator Anthony thus spoke about Freemasonry:

I came here as a spectator and an auditor, with no thought that I should be expected or permitted to interrupt your proceedings by any utterances of mine. But I suppose that I must regard the intimation from the head of the table as a command; and, although I have not been initiated into your mysteries, I have a fear of your discipline. And clearly I am in your power. What could one man, familiar with no weapon but the goose-quill, and without even that at hand, accomplish against the five, yes, twenty score belted Knights who are ranged under your banner, and ready to obey your commands? And don't I know from those most authentic and veritable sources of information, the anti-Masonic newspapers, (the Governor and I know that all the newspapers tell the truth,) the terrible penalty of Masonic disobedience? And if such punishment be inflicted upon your own brethren, who have the right of trial and claim of mercy, how will it fall on a defenceless outsider? Plainly, it is a case of speech or a gridiron. Better that I weary you with the former than broil upon the latter.

But, although I am not a member of your ancient and honorable Order, which traces its origin through the annals of authentic history into the regions of dim and misty tradition, I am not so careless of what has passed in the world but I can recall the services which it has rendered to civilization, to freedom, to law, to the elevation of man and the worship of God.

Beginning at the remote period when intercourse was infrequent and communication difficult, when science was occult and little cultivated, when the arts were in their rude and feeble infancy, when rank and privilege asserted an insolent ascendancy over merit and intellect and culture, too often over right and justice, your Order established a general brotherhood, not recognizing outward station, nor limited by political or geographical lines. Gathering strength as it went on, it has extended through the centuries, and spread over the world, not stopping for race or language or form of government. It flourishes alike on the glaciers of Switzerland, and beneath the palms of Oriental despotism; in free and enlightened America and England, and in superstitious and bigoted Spain and Portugal. Wherever it has gone, if I read history aright, it has carried the principles of fraternity and the practice of charity; it has mitigated the horrors of foreign wars, and ameliorated the cruelties of civil strife. Its lodges have been erected between the camps of hostile armies, and men who were to meet on the morrow in the struggle of life and death, have exchanged knightly courtesies and have softened their personal asperities beneath its mystic symbols. It has experienced the vicissitudes that are inseparable from human institutions; it has tasted the sweets of power, and has eaten the bitter bread of exile. To-day, princes and nobles have been proud to wear the insignia of its offices; to-morrow its confessors have been burned at the stake. Under these varying fortunes, it has preserved its principles and its magnanimity. It has borne prosperity with moderation and adversity with fortitude. It has loomed loftier through the mists of error, and gleamed brighter in the fires of persecution.

Americans will not distrust the patriotism of an Institution of which Washington was the chief. I should be the most un-

grateful and unfilial of sons if I failed to recognize its virtues; for my father was a Mason and the Master of a lodge, and my uncle was a Grand Master of Masons, and if your privileges were hereditary, I should be within your brotherhood.—*Tidings.*

Masonic power, like its genius, lives in the atmosphere of a charitable intelligence. It cannot breathe anywhere else, for it is a child of the higher humanities, and drinks only of pure crystal streams. Its temples, lit up by the lights of intelligence, humanity and charity, have kindled a sanctified glory over the world and given to the benevolent of all classes examples, which they cannot ignore without destroying their own prestige and inflicting upon themselves the pitiful contempt of the intelligent, the sympathetic and the noble. So mote it be.—*Masonic Advocate.*

In response to inquiry of a newspaper reporter, recently as to his opinion of what is the true secret of success in making money, Vanderbilt said: Save what you have and live within your income. Avoid all speculation. No matter what I was making I always made it a rule to save something; and this course, if persisted in, is sure to succeed. The money will pile up in time.

#### Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The offender never pardons

Money is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the certainty of the end.

To do nothing is not always to lose time; to do negligently is sure to lose time; it is fatigue without profit.

God takes some things from us lest we should spoil them, and we have more of them in missing them than we should have in keeping them.

Happiness is having what one likes; contentment is liking what one has; but contentment is only the pale ghost of happiness.

A religion which is but an intellectual conviction of the truth and does not call into exercise the emotions of the heart, can have but little effect upon the life.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken.

There is only one stimulant that never fails and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the skylark—happiness—always goes singing.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

The man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet sounds, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with music.

Most of the failures in life arise from ignorance of how and when to leave off. When you read the life of almost any great man, with the exception of Augustus Caesar, you see how much greater a man he would have been if he had known how and when to leave off.

There is a story told of Jacquin Miller, the poet, that when he was at Barnum's Hotel, New York city, a few weeks ago, he wrote to a friend in New Jersey and ended the letter: "Come and see me whenever you can, I am at Barnum's." The friend, who does not appear to have been familiar with the names of the city hotels, answered: "I am sorry you have commenced to exhibit yourself. If you had stuck to literature you would have made your mark and fortune. Whereabouts is the show now?"

A philosopher observes: Trying to run a household without love is like running a railroad train without grease, and many a "hot box" is inevitable.