The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Blossom and Blight.

I saw her in her innocence,
A child with beauty rare;
The light was in her tender glance,
And on her golden hair—
A perfect blossom of the earth,
But formed divinely fair.

I saw her when a blooming girl,
Half shy and yet half bold;
Her feet just entering on the path
Whose end is to be told—
Her features wore a softer shade,
Her hair had deeper gold.

I saw her in the early bloom
Of woman's glorious grace;
Her bosom's swell but half concealed
By folds of filmy lace—
The jewels flashing from her neck,
The beauty from her face.

The gayest of them all she moved
A thing of life and light;
A gem as rich as ever shone
Upon the breath of night—
The flush of triumph on her cheeks,
Her forehead ivory white.

The blush of Eden seemed to rest
Upon her finger-tips;
The red rose in her dainty hand
Was pale before her lips;
The azure of those melting eyes
The violets did eclipse.

I saw her once again, alas!
That ever she was born,
A tainted wretch, a cast off toy,
Her beauty wrecked and torn—
As changed as storm from calm may be,
As midnight is from morn.

Ah me! ah me! the human heart
Must still the story tell;
The willing ear to whispering lush
Had listened far too well—
And heaven's pearly doors swung close
When ope'd the gates of hell.

But pray, perhaps the Sacred Hand,
Nail-pierced in other days,
May still in mercy be outstretched
Such fallen ones to raise;
And feet yet walk in paradise
That here trod devious ways.

Perhaps before the curtain drops
The blinded eyes may see;
The wandering feet to Jesus turned,
By Him may be set free;
'Forgive, dear Lord!' 'This very day!'
Was spoke on Calvary.

SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

Laura sat by the window of her room, reading a note, nothing but perplexity and disturbance in her fair face. She was a noble, intelligent, well-educated girl, but utterly unsophisticated, or, as her schoolmates called her with girlish slang, 'green.'

There was no reason for this in her social surroundings. She had been born and brought up in a city, been sent to more than one boarding-school, and seen much good society in her father's house; but her nature was radically unworldly, and could receive nothing of a counteractive kind from things about her. She was as romantic, as sentimental, as ideal, enthusiastic, innocent, and gushing at twenty as a girl of ten; believed what people said to her, had implicit faith in the newspapers, despised money—it is to be acknowledged she never knew the want of it—and had entire trust in the honor, honesty, and kindliness of all about her. Within a year of the time we are introduced to her she had formed an acquaintance and what she called a friendship with a young man in Dennis, who was a law student, and rather an unusual specimen of the class. Mr. McDraw—for he was of Scotch descent—was poor, pious, and prim to a degree. Laura thought him as near a saint as could be, and considered their intimacy a privilege to her. He was one of those people who talk a sort of refined and poetic cant that sounds well, but, like the fruitless fig tree, feels no living soul. His modest recreation after hard study consisted chiefly in long walks, and he delighted in getting up parties of his own age to divert the way. Miles and miles had Laura Stockton followed his strides over hill and dale, distancing her less enthusiastic comrades; she panting with fatigue, he cool and gaunt, the sandy hair that thatched his angular head flying in the breeze, his high cheek-bones and prominent nose turned of a crude pink in the keen air of the Dennis hills, and his great red hands swinging beside him like a pair of raw pendulums.

Sally Stockton, Laura's little sister, sinfully given to parodies, travestied the 'Battle of Ivry' for Laura's benefit, and made the refrain:

'Press where ye see my light locks wave, and hear my loud guffaw,
And be your oriflamme to-day the red hands of McCraw.'

Laura was very angry, but everybody else laughed. She alone, she thought, understood this lofty spirit, and enjoyed being a disciple of his fine theories. It was a pleasure to her to pound along after him by the dusty road-sides, and come up in time to hear him say, with a gesture of command and *digito monstratum*, 'That cloud!' or, perhaps, 'That cow!' whereupon Laura fell to and admired at it, as old writers say; in the infantile innocence of her heart thinking the thing was to be admired because Mr. McCraw said so.

Then they would pause under some great tree, and when their companions had gathered about them, this youth would draw from his capacious pocket a small volume of poetry, and torture Tennyson or declaim Browning with such tricks of elocution as college had taught him, and such lack of perception as was inborn with him.

But in all these walks and talks and readings, though he singled out Laura as his companion, and turned to her for the appreciation he failed always to obtain from others, she never dreamed of any peculiar and personal interest on his part more than that community of spiritual interests which was once the fair Platonic day dream of many a girlish soul. Girls in these days know better, or know more. She had never had her pulse quickened or her visions perturbed by this man. Theoretically she admired him; his mind seemed to her very deep. His selfish reticence and moody temper were a great deal deeper than any mind he had, and his pompous self-conceit was but a cover for the most crass and dogmatic ignorance of any thing more profound than his law-books. Even his professed religion was a form that did not modulate or sweeten his daily life; he kept the commandments because it was respectable and proper to do so, not because he loved to obey his Father and Lord. Honesty, cleanliness, economy, a certain hard and useful intellect, and tolerable self-control, were his virtues; but to a person with any sense of humor he was absurd too often, and his rampant conceit made him obnoxious to every one with the least perception of character. Luckily for Laura, neither humor nor perception was in her make-up. But Mr. McCraw was a judicious person, and he by no means intended to suffer Platonism to take possession of his soul, and blind him to his best interests. He fully understood that marriage with Laura Stockton would insure him a high position in society and eventual wealth, and his friendship of a year culminated in a formal and distinct offer of marriage in the note which we found Laura reading and meditating over.

She was pained, grieved, and disappointed; she liked Mr. McCraw much, so long as he was only a friend, but not one tender sentiment pleaded for him as a lover. The truth was, though she could not formulate it, that this man was not a gentleman in any sense of the word. Good-breeding is a safe shield against an unfit marriage, for a well-bred woman is repelled by her instincts from a low and vulgar man. And at heart this precise Mr. McCraw was both vulgar and low. Laura was perplexed, and tried to recall to herself any undue encouragement she might have given him; but her conscience acquitted her, and she excused him as being beset by some passing fancy, and answered his note in the kindest and most delicate manner, expressing regret that she must seem to hurt his feelings, and hoping they would still continue to be friends.

Partly because she was shy, partly because she was an American girl, she did not go to her mother with this note, or, indeed, confide it to anybody; yet Miss Sally's sharp eyes read the secret with the sentences of fifteen—when fifteen is acute; Laura at twenty was no match for her. Mr. McCraw smiled a grimly pleasant smile when he received Laura's answer. Worldly wisdom was not wanting in him; he regarded her regret and hope as tantamount to an acceptance, and in a week or two re-appeared at Mr. Stockton's house as pious, poetic, and prim as ever, and was received by Laura exactly on the old footing. She was pleased to think he cherished no ill feeling at her rejection; he was as much pleased to be virtually accepted by her smiling welcome; and Sally, who hated him, was furious to see that he had returned to his former footing without even a dint or a stain on his mail of conceit.

She turned upon Laura as soon as he left the door that morning. 'Laura Stockton! are you a fool?'

'Why, Sally, what is the matter? what have I done now?'

'Done! When you refuse a man, why don't you refuse him, and not have him dangle after you like this?'

'Who told you I refused him?' said Laura, blushing red as a fire-lily.

'Your face told me, and various other indications. I can see with my eyes, if you can't.'

'But, Sally, what I done? I don't see any reason why one cannot dislike to marry a man, and yet like to be friends with him.'

'Perhaps you don't; but he does. In six months see if he don't offer again.—I'll give you my gold bracelet if he doesn't. He don't feel rejected; not at all, I assure you. Laura, if you had been a little yellow gosling on the edge of Cross pond, you couldn't be more silly than you are."

Laura opened her large eyes. 'Sally, I don't think you ought to talk that way about it; you're only a little girl.'

'A little girl! Then you're only a baby, Miss Laura; and I believe in my heart you are—a great, big, dear, impracticable baby. Just wait till he offers again, and we'll see who is right then.'

'Sally!' But the lecturer had vanished in wrath.

However, as the summer went on, matters reverted to the former footing entirely. Geology now occupied the McCraw mind; and with bags and hammers he led his neophytes up and down, and filled the echoes with sounds of gneiss, syenite, volcanic formation, dip of strata, and the like utterances, and gave occasion for the enemy to mock him in the person of Sally, when, being asked by a visitor in search of information what a certain blue mountain in the distance was, he curtly answered 'Trap!' the astonished girl having meant to ask its proper name.

But when winter covered all geological formations, and walks were brought to a sudden end, this strenuous youth devised a new dissipation. Collecting a ragged evening school in the lower part of Dennis, he beat up recruits among his own sort to become teachers, and Laura took up the project with earnest enthusiasm. So docile was she in adopting all his suggestions, so devoted to the work he had inaugurated, that he considered himself before long to have formed her mind and molded her character, and looked upon his creation, in a certain proper way, much as Pygmalion looked at his peerless statue, yet no doubt with a profounder sense of his own power and glory in the fashioning of such an image. Seeing in Laura a reflection of his own goodness and greatness, a deeper emotion stirred within him than she had ever before awakened. Self-love was his strongest trait, and he learned to love her from this motive, his eyes shone while he talked with her as pleasantly as green eyes can shine, and a milder pink than the spring breezes bestowed—though still visibly vivid—suffused his countenance with an arid glow whenever she came into the school-room. He was so certain that he was in love with her that he resolved not to wait till the year expired which he had set for the limit of his delay, and before spring had fairly begun he again, though in a rather less formal and a shade warmer manner, requested Miss Laura to accept his heart and hand, adding:—'I make this offer in the confidence that such a union will conduce to our mutual spiritual good, and render more useful to both of us the discipline of this life and the means of preparation for the life to come.'

Unluckily the girl who received this curiously methodic and stilted note at the door carried it to Sally, who recognized the tall and angular script she had so often said was a perfect photograph of the man.

She ran up stairs with it to Laura, and maliciously stood by while she read it; for Laura was too simple to understand expedients, and dared not quite ask Sally to leave her. Poor girl! she could be silent, but her face spoke for her. Even to her unsuspecting soul this letter was ungracious as well as ungraceful; between the written lines ran that annotation that letters so often betray: the self-love, the innate tyranny, the obtuseness, the stiffness of the man's nature underlined his words. Sally unfeelingly watched her face as she read.

'Will you have my gold bracelet?' she asked, mockingly, when her sister laid the note down. 'Oh, Laura, you'll believe me next time, won't you? The wretch! the miserable prig! does he think he's fit to touch my dear, good, sweet, silly, lovely Laura's shoes? I'd like to express my mind to him!'

'Oh, Sally, don't think of that!' said innocent Laura.

'My dear, it would do no good if I did. But, Laura, do, *do* reject him once for all this time. Shut the door on him, or, as mamma used to say—and you know you always did leave the doors ajar—'you'll have to do it over again, Laura.'

'I don't want to hurt his feelings, though, Sally. I think that would be unkind. It is a great compliment to pay me, of course.'

'Laura! Laura! you make me think of what that horrid man we met last year at Newport said about Niagara Falls—you're 'such a sweet green.' Will you let me write the note?'

'No, indeed!' was the indignant answer.

And Sally could only hope that her interference had been of use; but she doubted it when in May she saw Mr. McCraw, after a brief season of sulky absence, yield to Laura's gentle civility and evident remorse at having offended him. He was not gentleman enough to perceive that, being a lady, she was pained to have wounded his feelings; and was too simple, besides, to know that any attempt at reparation would be treated as repentance. He took the role of an injured person, led Laura on to endeavors at appeasing and conciliating him, and, when friendly relations were at last re-established, persisted in airs of *de haut en bas* toward her that enraged Sally.

'Well, dear Laura, so you mean to marry Andrew McCraw, after all?' she said, with great sweetness, one day, when Laura came back from a botanical excursion under his direction.

'How dare you say that?' retorted the angry Laura, roused for once.

'How dare you encourage him?' replied Sally coolly.

'I don't. A man don't want to be refused more than twice.'

'You don't think he has been refused, do you, my dear? He thinks even now that you are trying to draw him on again.'

'Sally, you are too bad.'

'Laura, you are too hopelessly absurd.'

But Sally's case was proved, as she had triumphant evidence within the third month after this sharp skirmish, finding Laura one day in tears over a note renewing Mr. McCraw's offer in set terms, but adding that he should not, after previous experience, have tried his fate again, but the unmistakable encouragement, even invitation, she had given him of late really obliged him to do so.

Sally raved and Laura cried, but counsels of sense prevailed at last. No notice whatever was taken of this impertinence, and the answer sent was the simplest and severest negative.

'I think you will shut the door after you this time,' said Sally; 'but you'd better look it, too, my dear.'

Yet she might have spared Laura, for she had learned this lesson by heart.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Woman's Energy.

In Elizabeth street, not far from Broome, New York, stands a dingy, old-fashioned house, managed by an English woman upon the stereotyped English lodging house principle. This house is owned by, and has for years been the residence of, a woman whose career possesses some extraordinary features, who commenced with nothing and amassed a fortune of $1,000,000 by real estate operations, and at seventy years of age is intending to finish her career in the world by writing a treatise on religion and science. More than fifty years ago a young girl in an interior county in that State walked thirty miles to engage the vacant principalship of a village academy. Although not competent to pass an examination for the vacancy, the trustees were struck by the indomitable pluck of the young rustic, and kindly promised her the situation if she would prepare herself to pass an examination within the two months' vacation between the spring and fall terms. The girl went home, shut herself up in a little garret room, lived on bread and water, quarreled with her mother about the housework, and applied herself night and day to arithmetic, geography and grammar. But when sturdy little Louisiana St. John reported for examination, at the expiration of the two months, she answered every question triumphantly, and entered upon her duties as the principal of a village academy. For more than twenty years Miss St. John pursued the career of a pedagogue, amassing money dollar by dollar, and investing her savings with circumspection, until she thought herself financially strong enough to abandon the schoolma'am's desk and remove to New York. At first her operations in real estate were small and tentative, the Englishwoman, then young and active, acting as her agent. But successful accumulation engenders confidence, and the year 1873, memorable for its financial crisis, found the adventurous schoolma'am operating on a large scale in Western land, St. Louis city lots, etc., and exercising from her little parlor in Elizabeth street a potent influence on the market. Her habits are peculiar and methodical. Rising with the sun, she lays out the business of the day with mathematical precision before breakfast, and issues her instructions to her trusted lieutenants, giving minute directions as to the conduct of each enterprise, and holding each subordinate to a military accountability. Although seventy years old and suffering from dropsy, not six months ago this indomitable old lady journeyed unattended to St. Louis, and there, week after week, while the bridge across the river was in progress, looked after the interests of a large property likely to be affected by that enterprise. Beset with sharpers and interested parties of all sorts, her woman's insight rapidly sifts out the false from the true, and protects her million alike from the speculative enterprises of the visionary and from the bubble companies of the professional financier. She will tell you, nevertheless, with a sigh, in a moment of confidence, that her whole life has been a failure, and her splendid fortune only a trouble to her for these many years; that she would give her million for a toddling little granddaughter, but, in the absence of the granddaughter, means to leave it to found any institution that shall in some way benefit humanity.

A Nobleman's End.

The son of a German prince, and the nephew of a cabinet minister of the German empire died in Chicago a few days since, with a strong suspicion of suicide, and now fills a pauper's grave at the early age of twenty-three. He was the son of Prince Herman von Manteuffel, and having committed peccadillos in Germany that the wealth of his family, and even their rank, could not shield him from punishment, he reached this country last winter with about $3,000 in money. He led a reckless life in Chicago, devoting himself to women and whisky. His favorite among the fair sex was a pretty girl attending a cigar store, whom he had promised to marry, and much to her credit she supported her 'count' when his wealth was exhausted and his noble relatives cut off the remittances. In his despair he added opium-eating to his other vices, and the title is now vacated.

The number of packages of tomatoes put up in the United States last year reached the great total of 19,668,000—Maryland leading off with 6,840,000; New Jersey 5,592,000; Delaware 1,884,000; New York 1,680,000; Massachusetts 960,000; Pennsylvania 192,000; Pacific coast 1,200,000; Western and other States 1,320,000. The value of this industry to the trade is given at $1,600,000. Yet many of the present generation can recall the time when the tomato was regarded as only a curiosity.

A Preacher's Best Sermon Spoiled.

The Richmond (Va.) *Religious Herald* says: Brother Cuthbert Roach, brother of the Rev. Elijah Roach, many years ago moved from Charlotte county, Va., to Trigg county, Ky. He told me when he went to the Little River association, Kentucky, he heard a leading minister in that association, and a very good man, preach from the following text: Acts ii, 40: 'Save yourselves from this untoward generation.' The old gentleman pronounced the word 'untoward' as if it was untowered, and went on to tell the audience that in the days of the apostles the people lived in walled cities, with towers and battlements for their defense; that the apostle used the word figuratively here, to show how defenceless was that wicked generation, without towers of strength, in which they could enter and defend themselves from the wrath of God. Thus it is at the present day, said he; the sinner is exposed and has no tower in which to defend himself. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, save yourselves from this untoward generation. As they returned from church Brother Roach said to the preacher:—'Did you not give a wrong interpretation to the word untoward in your text to-day by pronouncing it incorrectly?'—He replied, 'Oh, no, Brother Roach, I know I am correct, for I have preached that sermon at least twenty times at different places, and the brethren have told me it is the best sermon they ever heard me preach.' 'Well, well,' says Brother Roach, 'we will see what the dictionary says as to the meaning of the word and its pronunciation when we get to the house.' After they looked at the dictionary the good brother, with evident mortification and regret, exclaimed: 'Brother Roach, this is too bad! You have spoiled one of my best sermons! I shall never be able to preach it again.'

The United States vs. Europe.

The president of a Connecticut cutlery company has invaded Sheffield, the home of the edge tool trade in England, and has engaged 100 of its best workmen to come with their families to his factory in Connecticut. They are on the way, and in September they will be followed by a large number of skilled edge-tool makers from Germany. Other Connecticut workers of iron and steel have recently built up a flourishing trade in Australia and some other colonies of Great Britain. These signs of the development of American trade are full of meaning to those who are studying the condition of England. No subject at the present time so holds the attention of thoughtful men in that country as the great and advancing power of America in the markets where England has in years past been foremost, and America's influence upon her home agriculture and manufactures, the fountains from which come her life-blood. The fertile plains of our great West are sending to her grain and meat in large quantities, and at prices for which they cannot be produced in England without loss; and it is announced in the House of Commons that farming in England has ceased to be profitable.—Even her own colonies close their doors against her goods, and in some of them the trade of American manufacturers is growing as rapidly as her own is passing away. To many of those who formerly bought her finished goods she can now send only raw material. Her farmers see no profit in raising crops, and her workmen see less and less money with which to buy them. Her statesmen may soon be confronted by internal troubles for which it will be hard to find a remedy.

He Avoided the Appearance.

The Boston *Transcript* says: An incomplete idea is apt to be a false idea; it is necessary to take the whole in order to make it valuable. Cæsar remembers a good country parson who preached a series of sermons on practical morality, and very interesting and instructive they were. A lad in the village who had heard only one of them was coming out of an orchard one day, his pockets bulging with stolen fruit. He met the parson, who noticed his efforts to conceal the evidences of his guilt. 'Have you been stealing apples?' asked the minister. 'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, sheepishly. 'And you are trying to hide them from me?' continued the good man. 'Yes, sir,' said the culprit and then added, his face brightening up, 'you said last Sunday that we must avoid the *appearance* of evil.

High Priced Musicians.

Levy, the cornet player, is reported as being paid $450 a week and board for his family for his services in the orchestra at Manhattan beach, Coney island, where Gilmore is paid $500 for himself and $1,000 for the rest of the band.—Arbuckle, who stands on a pedestal in Talmage's church on Sundays, receives $300 a week at West Brighton; and of Brighton the same writer says: 'The only solo player on the cornet to be had for this place was Liberati. In the spring he offered to play for $100 a week, but his offer was rejected, as it was then thought that there could be a better player obtained in Europe, but Neuendorff searched in vain for one, and had at last to seek Liberati again; but in the meantime Liberati's price had doubled, and so they had to pay $200.'

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

All usurers and pawnbrokers, to the number of 278, have been expelled from Moscow.

The 'Ladies' Sanitary and Benevolent Association,' of New Orleans, is organized and ready for business.

The United States is now shipping horses to Brest, to be used in the French cavalry service; thus opening a new traffic.

Of the forty million dollars in refunding certificates issued by the United States Treasury, $32,277,000 have been converted into four per cent. bonds.

New York capitalists are investigating the feasibility of a canal across Florida in order to shorten the ocean voyage from New Orleans to the metropolis.

Dissenters from the Greek church, hitherto unrecognized by the State in Russia, are now to have entire liberty of worship. This affects 12,000,000 Russian subjects.

Mr. J. M. Clark, at Howell, Mich., lately delivered a lot of hand-cars with sail attachment. He is now filling orders for sail hand-cars from two parties in New York, one order being for export.

The managers of Manhattan beach, Coney island, New York's fashionable watering place, announce they do not want Jews to visit their grounds, claiming their presence is offensive to the majority of people who patronize that resort.

In consequence of the prevalence of incendiarism the authorities of Kharhoff, Russia, have divided the town into 321 fire districts. Every householder is bound to keep a special night watchman, and to have thirty buckets of water always ready.

The severe drought in Virginia has been followed by disastrous forest fires, in which thousands of acres of valuable timber has been burned, as well as much cordwood and fencing. In many instances farmers with difficulty saved their burning buildings.

A fine illustration of the patience of hope and the labor of love is found in the Church Missionary Society of England, which labored without responding eighty years without a single convert, but it now reports 30,000 communicants and 120,000 adherents in pagan lands.

While the steamer State of Virginia lay on the shoal off the Nova Scotian coast where she struck, being temporarily abandoned, a small schooner, having a canvas over her name, ranged alongside, and the crew stole the larger portion of the cabin furniture, including the piano.

Saturday, July 12th, the thermometer at Charleston, S. C., stood 101 degrees in the shade, the hottest day ever known there, and the record goes back to 1738. In 1748, for the first time, it reached 98; in 1772 it touched 101; in 1826 and 1829 the highest point reached was 100; in 1871 it went up as high as 102.

Twelve large donations to missionary societies have been made within a few months, amounting to over $1,000,000. Miss Lapsley, of Indiana, left $300,000 to the Presbyterian board, and Deacon Otis, of Connecticut, $978,000 to the American board. Gifts of $100,000 each from India and Africa are included in the list.

During the past year 405 distilleries have been seized in the sixth North Carolina collection district, the net amount of money recovered to the United States therefrom being more than $85,000.—The collections from the district for the year were $337,659, an increase of $85,371. This is due to the rigid enforcement of the law.

The New Hampshire house of representatives has passed a bill regulating railway passenger and freight tariffs. It gives to the railway commissioners the right to regulate the tariff of any road in the State, prohibits any railway commissioner from holding office in any railway corporation, or from owning the stock or bonds of any railroad.

Two prisoners who broke jail at Omaha, Neb., have sent a note to one of the papers, stating that the sanitary condition of the edifice was so bad they feared disease, and so escaped. They assert their innocence of the crime for which they were committed, and state that on the day set for trial they will appear and prove their case.

Careful estimates made at New Orleans place the Louisiana rice crop at about one half that raised in the State in 1878. Where irrigating machinery was employed a full crop will be harvested, but the greater part of the crop has suffered terribly or been lost from want of water—a want intensified by the remarkably light rainfall this season.

The whole number of publications of all kinds in the United States and territories, as shown by the American Newspaper Directory, grew from 8,703 in January last, to 9,133 in July. Monthlies and dailies have most increased. Newspapers abound in the territories. Suspensions in general have been comparatively less than for preceding periods.

Discoveries were made at the Blantyre colliery, near Glasgow, Scotland, where a terrible explosion destroyed thirty lives, that some of the men had tobacco pipes and a false key to the safety-lamp, which was found open, making it probable that the explosion was caused by a reckless attempt to take a smoke in a situation where it could not fail to be attended by a tremendous risk.