

A woman passed by the brooklet's side. Walking in sorrowful grief alone, Hearing moans in its turbid tide Echoing those her life had known ; Changed the sound of its restless ruin, Life had reached to the height of noon.

Aged and bent a woman roamed, Bowed with burdens and creased with care Over its rapids the water foamed, Fierce and swift from its woodland lair ; sadly she listened, then wept and sighed, Life drew near to its eventide.

Once again did she come that way, All her beauty and brightness hid, Fair face furrowed and hair turned gray, Sheltered under a coffin's lid : Wind and water in dirges blend, Life was over, and this its end. Still the brook in its restless flow, Chants its anthems or murmurs low. Just as it did in the long ago.

LOVE OR DUTY.

"And so, Jeannie, after all, John is going to Australia? Well, all I can say is this : if he will go he must go alone. Your father will not let you accompany him."

"He has not asked me, mother; his plan is to go out for three years, and if he gets on he will either come or send for me. He is coming to-night to see father and you about it."

"I think he is very foolish. He was doing well enough at home, and your father would have helped him start in

of the ship "Tasmania," that would sail do but to wait. about the end of January, had promised After five days, at last John put in an to take charge of them. appearance, but it took all his powers

It was the last day of the year when of persuasion to please Jeannie, and he this unwelcome letter arrived. Jeannie saw he had tried her too far. At last had just gone to see Peter's parents and she forgave him, and both couples were spend the holidays with them ; for the married on the same day, the one country folk in Scotland have always standing groomsman and brides raid for great merrymakings about that time. the other. After promising to write Her mother's first impulse was to burn often they bade each other good-bye. it; but better thoughts prevailed, and their homes lying in different direcshe resolved to send it to Jeannie and tions. let her decide for herself. Jeannie's luggage being packed on the

* * * "What can the postman be bringing us on a New Year's night?" said Mrs. Harper, as she rose from the supper table, around which were ble-looking shanty, and the young wife seated a party of their friends. "A letter for you, my dear," said she, as, giving Jeannie the epistle, she handed the expected New Year's gift to the postover she did her best to make

things better, and it was wonderful Tearing off the envelope, Jeannie saw what a change she soon made. But the John's well-known caligraphy inside. life was so dreary and full of hardships ; The color left her very lips. and no sooner did she learn of her

"What is the matter, my dear? Is any one ill at home?" were the anxious juestions which met her on all sides. Trying by a great effort to master her

emotion, she answered as calmly as she could that it was a letter from a friend which her mother had enclosed. "Mother is so exact," she added, as

they returned to Scotland. she hastily thrust the letter unopened Their friends were all astonished at

wagon that John had brought, they set

out on their homeward journey. After

a week's uneasy jolting over rough

roads they arrived one night at a misera-

could hardly believe her husband when

he told her that was to be her future

home. After the first shock was

father's death than she resolved to go

home. John represented to her that

they would get rich soon living as they

were, and after a few years they could

return; but for once she would have

her own way. So the shanty and the

sheep were sold to a new settler, and

way across the aisle and pillowed his weary head on the window sill. That was very comfortable. But in a minute or two a woman walked down the aisle and fell over his feet and screamed ; then a child came along and fell over the feet and cried; then a man came along, and stumbled over the feet and swore, and just as Mr. Dinkleman was beginning to hope the procession was all by, the brakeman came rushing

along, he stumbled over the projecting feet, made one short, unrevised remark, turned up and gave the nearest foot a kick that made every soul aboard that car draw in his breath and shudder and shriek "aou-ou-ow !" and then he said to Mr. Dinkleman : "Now, hold out the other one."

But Mr. Dinkleman said nothing. He could only hold that foot up by the ankle, hold it up high in the air with both hands, while he swayed back and forth, held his mouth wide open and wished for a broken bridge, or an open switch, or an accident policy.

Then when the cessation of his agony allowed him to feel sleepy again, he buckled himself up into the shape of a letter N, with his knees braced against the back of the seat in front of him, his feet hanging down, his body erect, and his head drooping over the back of the seat. Both his feet got sound asleep

their sudden home coming, but only to long before he did, and when he stood up he fell down and all the her mother did Jeannie tell the hard shook their heads, the men laughed sar-Mrs. Lamberton, finding the charge donical laughs, the women said "what of the shop too heavy, offered it to John a shame ; such a nice, respectable looking man, too," and the man on the wood-box unfeelingly said, "too much booze." And his hat fell off into a seat settled down to suit all parties. But behind him and the man in that seat Jeannie was not happy; her husband put his feet in it and spit all over it before Mr. Dinkleman could find it. Clearly that was no way to sleep. verb, "A full cup is ill to carry," was Then he curled up in the seat like a true in his case; he began to drink dog on a rug, with his knees drawn up heavily, and the business fell off in conto his chin, his head on the window sill sequence. Jeannie did her duty bravely. and his feet braced against the end of although many a night her husband came home helplessly drunk. But this the seat. In about twenty minutes he woke up with more aches in his legs could not last long; soon his health broke down, and he fell ill. Jeannie and body than he had hairs on his head. nursed him as only a wife can, He was so sore and stiff that it was ten but, despite all her care, he died at the minutes before he could bend his elbows enough to get his hands into his pockets early age of thirty. Although she mourned him truly, at the same time to get his ticket and the conductor got she felt a sense of relief and freedom tired of waiting for him at last, and which she had not experienced for years. said, sternly, "get off at the next station," and Mr. Dinkleman could hear She and Peter had never met since their bitter parting. She had heard that the passengers saying, "dead beat" and "got the bounce" and "served him he was still unmarried, but that was all right." Evidently, no man could sleep she knew. John had been nearly a year dead when she was surprised one very long in that posture, and get home day to see the well-known gig stop at with any kind of a reputation. her door, and a healthy, jolly looking Then he tried to sit straight up and farmer step out. The servant was not hold his heed up by clasping his hands behind it, but when his hands gave way long in showing him up to the parlor. his head fell back with a snap that came where Jeannie sat all in a tremor. Their so near breaking his neck that he hasn't meeting was rather constrained at first, got over it yet, and one of the passenbut that gradually wore off, and soon gers asked him if he did that for fun or they were talking and laughing almost just because he liked it. Then he as merrily as of yore. The years that leaned his head down on the back of the had passed since they last met were forseat before him and dozed until he woke up with a crease on his forehead like the This was but the beginning of many brand of Cain. Then he lay down with imilar pleasant visits. "Jeannie," Peter said, one day, "we his head pillowed on the arm of the are both too old and have waited too seat, and the first man that walked long to care for a lengthened courtship. down the aisle jammed his head half way down into his neck, and made him Will you not name an early day for our feel that life was a mockery. Then he sat up in the seat, facing the aisle and And Jeannie did so, blushingly. put his feet upon the arm of the seat. Her early dreams of wedded happiness are now realized to the full; her husleaned his head against the window and broke the glass the first time the car band is all that she could wish, and his lurched. Thirty cents and a cold in the parents almost idolize her. And so we head for that. will leave them, always looking forward Having thus sampled all the positions to some future good .- Waverly Magahe could think of he spent the rest of the night trying them, sometimes separately, and sometimes altogether, and A Negro Girl Turning White. when at last he got to Burlington, his One of the grandest curiosities behair was gray, his eyes were wild, he longing to the human family ever seen had to be carried to his home on a in these parts, perhaps, was on our streets last Saturday evening. It was in mustard plaster case right away, where the person of a little negro girl, aged about seven years, who, about a year ago, commenced to turn white. Her coach yourself, sometime.-Burlington forehead, from the hair of her head to Hawkeye. the bridge of her nose, extending around on either side of her neck, is perfectly

this weapon, however, he failed to acand chewing tobacco and endeavoring complish any decided success, the bulto catch glimpses of the girls' feet. lets falling close all round, but the After we had been only a short time bottle remained untouched.

seated, and most of the crowd had ex-"I cannot shoot with your rifle," he pressed the usual wish that they had observed ; "but give me a Martini-Henry not come, and a determination never to and I will pick off two bottles at 200 be so foolish again, two rather goodyards." I sent up to the camp for a looking girls, with their attendant Martini-Henry carbine, which the Boer beaux, seated themselves near us, took laid hold of with a great deal more apout their snuff-boxes and prepared to parent confidence, and in the first two take a comfortable "dip." The men shots verified his boast, for the bottles were, from their dress, evidently cowwere immediately shivered to atoms. boys. Every one was well dressed, but He next proceeded to show me the Boer cow-boys, on all festive occasions, excel mode of shooting from behind rocks and stones. "The great mistake your in that respect. There appearance was striking, and I certainly thought them soldiers make," he observed, "was to fine-looking specimens of the Texas aim over the stone at the enemy, but we ranger, with their broad-brimmed hats always fire round the corner." Throwornamented with a star, cord and tassel, ing himself flat on the ground, he proceeded to put his remark into practice, long boots reaching to the knee, worn outside of the pants, large, jingling and, dragging himself lithely along, peered cautiously round the right-hand spurs, fancy-striped shirts and jackets. corner of a low stone that only just con-After chatting merrily for a few minutes. cealed his form from sight of the supthe girls dipping furiously all the while, posed enemy. Removing his hat, he the gentlemen went in search of lemonraised it slowly aloft on the top of his ade, or some sort of compound made ramrod and manœuvred it so as to cause popular by the name. The girls took a it to have the appearance of a man's mouthful of it, and rinsing their mouths head cautiously taking note of the with it, spit it out and drank the rest, enemy. At this hat an English soldier and with it, I suppose, a goodly portion is supposed to have taken a pot shot, of the snuff. My titter at the whole when the Boer suddenly let it fall, and, proceeding merged into a laugh, which bringing his body round the corner, I was powerless to suppress. Fortutook steady aim at a black bottle some nately, the objects of my mirth were 150 yards distant, which, in another mounconscious of doing anything ridicument, was smashed to atoms. lous, and probably thought-if they

Coney Island "the most important lifesaving station on the coast."

Mr. Powers, the sculptor, commenced work on a bust of President Garfield in his studio at Florence on the very day that his life was attempted.

The new comet is coming towards the earth at the rate of 44,000,000 miles per day. Let us hope it will deflect a little in the course of the next year.

It is proposed in New Hampshire to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth, which falls on the 18th of January next.

Rhode Island has 210 miles of railroad, but when a deaf man is hoisted off the track by the cow-catcher, he always finds himself in an adjoining state.

The Chicago Bridewell has been struck by lightning. It looks as though we should have to go back to first principles and protect our convicts with the rod.

You can tell a new paragrapher in a minute. He always inquires if Dr. Mary Walker doesn't pant for office. This oke seems to be the alphabet and primer of a paragraphic education.

An English correspondent writes to the Free Press that it is predicted in England that messages by the new Atlantic cable will cost only six pence per word.

"H. H.," Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, left New England a pale, delicate invalid, and now in her Colorado home has ecovered her health Another method of shooting on horsepounds. back he showed me in a brilliant and There is a school for the technical effective manner. Mounting his horse and uttering a loud cry, he sent it galeducation of young colored people in Alabama, where the culture of the silk loping up the hill as hard as it could worm is said to have been undertaken go. Suddenly, without a word of warning, the left foot was pressed to the with success. stirrup, the right leg thrown backward Watering place correspondents say over the saddle, the man was on his that the three notable things about these places are: The fat women, finefeet, and the horse stopped instantanelooking elderly gentlemen and scarcity ously, as if spellbound. Standing erect, the Boer aimed coolly at a distant bottle of eligible young men. A felon refused to be photographed for a rogues' gallery at Erie, Pa., and swore that he would kill whoever attempted to force him before the camera. Legal opinion was given that compliance with the order could not be violently enforced, and he triumphed.

business. He knows we have only your sister and you to provide for, and that your father has been prosperous."

"He has set his heart upon going, mother, and I will not try to keep him." The speakers were the wife and daughter of David Lamberton, a wellto-do shop-keeper, who had commenced in a very small way, but had done so well that he had the best trade of the kind in town.

Jeannie was one of those rare women whom you could only describe as queenly. John Crawford had been her schoolmate, and ever since she could remember they had been lovers. Her parents would rather she had looked a little higher, but did not seriously oppose her.

Calling that night, as Jeannie had said he would, he pleaded so earnestly that they would allow her to go out to him if he succeeded that her father and mother consented, provided he sent for her before three years, after which time they should consider her free.

The parting of the lovers was very tender; but the hope of soon meeting again made it less sad. After John's departure Jeannie was at a loss how to spend her time. She missed the long walks and the many entertainments to which he always escorted her; but she tried to bear his absence as best she could.

At last the long waited-for letter came, telling her John had arrived in Melbourne and made arrangements with a sheep farmer to go up the couutry, where he intended to try sheep farming in a small way.

Nearly two years went by, but no more letters came. Jeannie began to think she had been jilted, and that she had kept her promise long enough. One of her sister's companions being married about this time, they were both asked to the wedding. They procured new dresses for the affair -crimson velvet trimmed with creamy lace, with white flowers in their hair. Thus at-

tired they far outshone the other girls, of whom there were more than twenty. And so thought the groomsman, Peter Harper. Having been used all his life to the country style of dressing, Jeannie's appearance fairly dazzled him. As soon as the dancing began he asked the bride's mother to introduce him to her, after which he kept by her side nearly the whole evening, much to the chagrin of his partner, the bride's sister, who had counted upon making a conquest of him; for, besides being good-looking, he was quite well-to-do.

During the evening he took the op- girls, and his wife was to have the portunity of asking Jeannie if he might house and shop, with power to dispose call upon her. This question was an- of it after her death as she thought swered in the affirmative; for she was best. tired of waiting for John, and liked Mr. Harper's appearance.

Although it still wanted a year of the to marry ; and thus in a very short time, time she had promised to wait, once the once happy household was broken again the old happy times commenced. up, and Mrs. Lamberton was left with Peter's home was about seven miles only an old servant who had been with from Jeannie's, but that was nothing to them for years. the lover; his carriage was soon as well

After that, although she tried to enjoy herself like the others, their mirth ships she had gone through with. jarred upon her, and it was a relief when the party broke up.

into her dress pocket.

Once in the neat little room which at a handsome salary, and also a share was hers for the time being she bolted of her house. This was too good an the door, and then sat down, woman- offer to be refused, so they were soon like, to have a good cry before she could muster courage to open the letter. After passing a sleepless night she arose the did not turn out well. The old pronext morning with the firm resolve to do what she thought her duty ; she had

promised, and, hard as the task was, she would keep her word. The first duty was the hardest of all : that was to break the news to Peter. He reasoned and pleaded with her, but all to no purpose. She was firm, and at last he had to submit.

"Jeannie," he said "I will live single for your sake, since I cannot get you.

shall never love another." Having said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Harper, who wondered much at her sudden departure, Peter took her home in his gig. On the way there was little said by either; both knew it would be the

last ride they would ever have together. We can scarcely describe the parting, but it was much more bitter than the parting with John had been; Peter wanted to visit Jeannie until she sailed, but this she would not allow.

"Let it be over at once," she said, for both our sakes."

And he had to own that she was right. One kiss and a warm hand clasp, and he was gone.

Jeannie went to the address John had gotten. sent, and found the young lady mentioned. Being mutually pleased with each other, they became friends. In the

meantime her trousseau had to be got ready, and her father spared no expense to send her off decently.

At last the eventful day arrived ; her marriage ?" parents and a few friends saw her safely on board the ship, and Captain Adair, the bluff commander, promised to look out for both the young ladies entrusted to his care.

Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the tears of friends the stately ship slowly left the dock, and her parents rezine. turned home without their darling. At night, when Mr. Lamberton went to bed, he complained that he did not feel well, but hoped to be all right after a good night's rest. But Mrs. Lamberton was horrified in the morning to find him lying at her side dead. Heart dis-

ease, the doctors said, was the cause, brought on by excitement. After the funeral, when the will was read, it was found that he had left his money to be divided between the two

Maggie, the eldest daughter, who had

been engaged for some time, now resolved

hair, which is almost as thick as that of white person, but is very coarse and nearly all white, it having commenced to turn gray at the same time the skin

- Too Fastidious.

While a lady selects her ribbons with white, while both cheeks are almost a an amount of care simply indescribable, jet black. Her arms, feet, legs and hands are covered with white and black and indeed immeasurable with our present insufficient means of computaspots, the latter apparently the most numerous. She has a heavy head of tion, the average man will seize upon the first necktie offered to him with confidence in the wisdom of his choice, which is positively indecent. A woman making a deep study of what tints her commenced turning white. She is per- complexion will bear and what it will fectly healthy, as her parents, who were not, heightens her charms when her de-

thought anything about it at all-that the young Texan with whom I was conversing was peculiarly entertaining. After the lemonade had been disposed of, the rangers disappeard again and presently returned with very large striped white and red sticks of candy, which the young ladies, who had re sumed their dipping, devoured, snuff and all.

Pioneer Anecdotes and Jokes.

The Cleveland Herald says : The proand knocked it over; then springing eedings of the Early Settlers' Associainto the saddle, he executed the same tion were slightly spiced with some good manœuvel in two opposite directions, jokes. Mr. Addison gave an account of with single and unerring aim effect. one, at the expense of an early settler The man was one of 180 who first of Warrensville named Brown, who, as stormed and took the Maiuba Heights. he said, was "one of those interesting -London Morning Post.

Lovelorn Women.

Lovelorn damsels are credited with

in all likelihood was simply an adapta.

A Helping Hand.

The poor give more than the rich.

This proposition holds good as a gen-

ral thing. Money is by uo means the

only thing to give in this world

neither do large gifts necessarily contri-

bute more to the happiness of the re-

ceiver than small gifts. Go into any

country and converse with the people.

Ask who ministers most to their happi-

ness. You will very likely be told of

some venerated clergyman, whose salary

has never been more than enough to

barely support him; or some poor

widow, who goes from house to house,

like a ministering angel, wherever sor-

Thiers is related to have said of Du-

tion of the case of a Lady Betty C-

life.

specimens of humanity who make themselves as miserable as circumstances permit about real or imaginary troubles." He (Brown) thought he was strange freaks. In a London paper it sick, and often complained about it to was lately averred that the original of others. One day he improved an op-Dickens's Miss Havisham still existed portunity to state his case to old Dr. in the flesh not far from Ventnor, in the Burton, father of the present Dr. Burton, of Collamer, saying among other when she was young, had formed an things that he had no appetite. As the attachment which did not meet with Doctor did not reply immediately, he maternal approval, and in consequence inquired : "Well, Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?' up her lover, but accompanied the act "Matter !" said the Doctor. "There

is nothing the matter with you, only you are as lazy as the deuce. Go to work, and you will have appetite enough."

A venerable old lady of Warrensville, named Benjamin, once called to see a new grand-daughter whose father was named Job and its mother Mabel, both of whom were anything but pretty, one having carrot-colored hair and large gray eyes and the other black hair and small black eyes, and looked about as unlike each other as two persons claiming to be white well could. After looking closely at the young progeny, she exclaimed :

"Oh, the little darling ! She is a perfect beauty-the very picture of Job and Mabel both." To call it a beauty if it looked like either was bad enough, but to add the balance was the extreme of the ludicrous."

A Good While Age.

Some years ago etiquette required that at a dinner party the hostess should herself carve everything that was presented to her guests. Lady Mary Wortley Montague presided at her stretcher, and the doctors put him in a father's table, her mother being dead, and as a part of her duty was expected he has lain ever since. And if you don't to operate upon every joint. The genbelieve it, try an all-night ride in a day tlemen at the table offered no assistance, and the host had no more arduous duty than seeing the bottle circulate freely. In those days there were professional carving masters, who taught

row and suffering demand consolation young ladies the craft scientifically, and and relief. It is astonishing how much Lady Mary received lessons three times one without money can give. A kind a week, that she might acquit herself word, a helping hand, the warm symwell at her father's public dinners, and pathy that rejoices with those who do to do so more effectually she always rejoice and weeps with those who weep. took her own dinner two hours earlier, No man is so poor, no woman is so poor, and thus fortified herself for the ordeal. as not to be able to contribute largely In those days women were not expected to the happiness of those around them. to take part in the conversation, and possibly the carving was left to them

with the view of keeping them quiet.

Two Queer Stories.

But perhaps the most curious and valuable recovery of a book long sought for occurred to the late Mr. Grenville. whose most munificent bequest of his extraordinary library to the British Museum entitles him to the gratitude of person of an old maiden lady, who, all scholars. I mention the fact on the authority of my late honored friend Mr. Amyot, the secretary, friend and biographer of Wyndham, and for so many came to nothing. The young lady gave years Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries and Director of the Camden of filial duty by a declaration that she Society. Among the choicest books in would go to bed and never get up again ; his library Mr. Grenville possessed one and she kept her word. The years have of two volumes of an excessively rare come and gone, and the house has never fifteener, I think, the Mazarine Bible, been swept or garnished; the garden is printed on vellum and magnificently an overgrown tangle: and the eccentric bound. Of course he was very anxious lady has spent twenty years between the to get a copy of the missing volume also sheets. The teller of the story rashly on vellum, but he hoped almost against put a name to it, and the friends of the hope. After many years, however, he eccentric lady soon published an indighad the unexpected and almost unexnant repudiation of the romance, which ampled good fortune to get not only a copy on vellum, but the identical copy. as shown by the binding, which had who, it is averred, took an unhappy love been so long separated from the one in affair so much to heart that she went to his possession. Mr. Grenville, when her bed and actually lay therein for showing the books to Mr. Amyot and to the remaining twenty-six years of her Samuel Rogers, who was there at the same time, told the history of his good fortune.

Amyot said it was the most remarkble coincidence he had ever heard.

Rogers did not quite agree to this, and proceeded to mention the following. which he thought still more remarkable :

An officer who was ordered to India went, on the day before leaving England, to his lawyer's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The day being wet he took a hackney coach, and when he got out, as he was paying the driver, dropped a shilling. He looked in the mud and slush for it in vain, and so did the coachman. On his return home after some years' service he had again occasion to go to his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When leaving, he recollected his lost shilling, and by some unaccountable impulse began to look for for it, when strange to say, just at the very spot where he had paid the coachman, and on the very edge of the curbtone, he found-----

"The shilling I" was the hasty conclusion of my excellent friend.

"Not exactly," said Rogers,

