THE GLEANER

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Poetry.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

It's a very good rule in all things of life,
When judging a friend or brother,
Not to look at the question alone on one side.
But always turn to the other.
We are apt to be selfash in all our views,
In the jostling headlong race;
And so to be right, ere you censure a man,
Just "'put yourself in his place."

It is very hard to be just-to know The reason another may give.
How much he has struggled and fought and

striven,
How honestly tried to live;
How much been cheated—how sorely tried,
Ere the wrong he was forced to embrace;
And if you would learn these things, the way
Is to "put yourself in his place."

There's many a man crushed down by shame Who biamcless stands before God, Who biamcless stands before God,
But whom his fellows have utterly scorned,
And made 'to pass under the rod;"
Whose soul is ustained by the thought of sin,
Who will yet find saving grace.
And who would be praised where you now

If you would "put yourself in his place,"

CARMINE'S TRIUMPH. BY ANNABEL BARKER WHITE.

[Sunny South.]

CHAPTER I,

*My wife an authoress! Ha! ha!' and Staylor Rowan laid back his curly head and laughed in the merry, stinging way that grated on his sensitive wife.

She stood near with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, her slender fingers clasping the unfortunate magazine that contained a short story from her pen.

'Come here!' The trembling culprit approached her lord and master, who drew her to his side. 'Carmine, I am not going to reproach you for your folly, nor shall I get angry with you if you continue it, but it you love me you will write no more. This thing,' touching the magazine lightly. 'is but just started in the world, and cannot afford to bring out embryonic authors. It must have well-known authors to push it up. How much did you get for your story?' he

Nothing,' she faltered: 'it is the first I ever nad published, and but she stopped, checked by his cynical smile. 'Nothing, I Then the editor thought it was worth nothing. Was there no way you could have used your time with better results?" he went on. 'It is folly to attempt anything in this line, Carmine.

It takes talent, scuse, influence, experience, thought and cultivation to succeed. se you have not got, my good little

But I have studied and thought and written in secret more than you think, said, eagerly, 'and I am resolved-

t the world on fire,' he said, with nucleat galling laugh. 'No, my don't aspice to be a muse; be nt to be a nice house keeper and a ful entertainer. Dress the outside of that protty head with crimps, but don't twist up the inside with brain efforts that will never result in auything but efforts. I don't want any slatternly id-be authoress, up to her nose in ink foolscap, with her house and kitchen at sixes and sevens. I want a wife of whom I can be proud; a wife who is als ways prepared for company, with an immentate house, golden butter, and—and—in lact, I want a woman for a wife like her, a woman of whom any man

might be proud, energetically.

And cannot a woman be a good house eper and yet use the gift of expressing hts through her pen, if God has

given her such a gift?"
"No," he interrupted almost roughly, it is no use to talk of it any more, for it a subject upon which we never will agree. And, I repeat, if you love me, will think no more of such foolish go as 'writing for the papers.' Say-which, he west out of the door with len oath, (i. e., slauming the door y), and hurried off to the 'depot, sevitable refuge in that part of the

ity for men when out of humor. cried heartly when he was who should be able to amuse, if

not instruct and elevate, her fellow be- my humble gift for your acceptance.' ings; but the hope was too strongly ed—it was too deeply founded in soul. Thoughts and feelings with called for expression through her This was the one way in which she c utter them. If she could express herse pleased Staylor better, she thought, but one must take the gifts of the gods as they come. And she had a gift-she felt it in her inmost consciousness. And he shall yet acknowledge it, she said her eyes shining through her tears with the glow of a sudden proud resolve.

CHAPTER II.

Three years have passed. It is night, and Carmine Rowan sits in her tasteful little parlor, buried deep in thought, and an easy chair. Her dainty figure is arrayed in a warm colored cashmere, while the filmy lace collar encirkling her white throat is caught together with a ruby pin. Her little feet are neatly clad, and her hands are wnite and shapely, as they rest on the elbows of her chair. A smile now plays around her tips, loosing itself in a faint hint of dimples, Surely her thoughts are pleasant. A step sounds in the hall, and she rises to her feet, the color deepening in her cheeks.

'Ha! Carmine, this is comfortable. said Staylor as he received his usual welcoming kiss, then sank down into the vacant arm chair, standing cosily near the fire. She smiled half sadly as he drew her down to his knee.

'Why so thoughtful little one!' tapping her cheek with his finger. She turned suddenty.

'Staylor, what day is this?' Why, the anniversary of the day that gave me the sweetest wife in America, he cried.

·Fiattered.'

'You little witch you know it's so. But for doubting me I shall not show you what is here, putting his hand in the breast pocket of his coat.

'Ah! do,' she cried coaxingly, aftempting to put her own band in the mysteris ous receptacle. He appeared reluctantly to yield, and she drew forth a small round box, wrapped up neatly in tissue pa-

'What is it?' she asked, undoing its wrappers. 'For Carmine,' she read. then opened the box. A cry of delight escaped her. A tiny gold watch and pretty chain glittered on the white velvet cussion. She kissed Lim gratefully twice the foolish tears springing into her eyes.

'My generous husband! But are you sure you gould afford this dear?' ·Very sure, thanks to your careful man-

gement my household fairy. 'Is that said from the heart Staylor? she asked looking at him wistfully.

For answer he put her taper little finer between his teeth and bit it, while he lowly nodded his head.

Oh! but my husband answer me see rionsly,' she said, 'have I been a help

riously, she said, have I been a help mete to you in these five years we have been united?

None mere truly so in the whole world, he asswered tenderty putting his arm over her shoulder and tooking wonderingly at her eyes that seemed to hold some important secret.

'Thank you. -Have I been a tidy wife,

a neat housekeeper, a pleasant culer tainer of my husband's friends?' You have been all these in very truth

What are you driving at little wife?' Thanks again; one more question; have you a wife of whom you can be proud?

More catechism? Half the city anxies me my wife, and I am justly proud of

A happy smile trembled round Car mine's lips and she dropped the white lids over her brown eyes, lest their mischievons twinkle should be seen. She leaned closer to him as she softly asked: 'Do you love me as well as your moth-

'A thousand, thousand times better. ne cried, straining her to his heart.

'Release me!' she pantingly cried.
When he had done so, she smoothed
her hair and collar, and representingly

'How many times must I beg you remember your promise not to interrupt. But we now come to question last. Stay-

lor, have I any sense? He stared, and said: 'Pil be hanged if I see any sense in that

'I am answered,' she said turning

'Stay,' and he drew her back. 'To be sure, you are the most sensible woman of my sequaintance. Will that suswer

please you?"
'That depends on the number of you acquainta we, smiling. 'Well, your cats ne, and she was strongly tempted to schism lesson is ended and here is your give up her hope of becoming a writer reward, for I too remembered it was the auniversary of our marriage, and have

She took a brown parcel from the table, and unwrapping it, disclosed a handsome volume bound in brown cloth with elegant designs in gold. He took it and read the title.

'By George!' the very book I meant to in music or paiating, that might have get for you to-day, but they told me the last copy at the bookstore had been sold this morning. It is the book that has caused such a furore in the reading world. I was delighted with the extracts from it I read in the different Te

'Do you think those extracts evinced experience, cultivation, sense? asked Carmine, mischief and eagerness dancing in her eyes.

'Why of course, child! Did I not tell you the best critics had praised the book, and that it had set the reading world afire with enthusiasm?

'I am atrated it is over-rated,' Carmine said, shaking her head.

'Suppose you read it before passing judgment,' he answered, a little piqued. 'I have read it,' she replied quietly. He looked surprised.

What already? 'I read it hefore it was published,' she said demurely, but with throbbing heart. 'How-why-' he cried perpexedly, do you know the author, Carmine?

'Intimately." 'Who is he? The public is on its head to know him.

Carmine laughed merrily. 'The poor public! It is a pity that i nust be lett in that uncomfortable posi tion, for no one but her husband will know her.

'ller? The author is a woman then?' Yes.

But Carmine, I can't understand. Who is she, where is she, and what is she?

'You are as competent to answer al those questions propounded in a breath as I am.

41?' A world of astonishment in the in terrogation.

'Yes; why not, you have the honor to Wite! I! Carmine!'-his autonished

face was a study. Carmine burst laugh, ringing as a chorus of u ·Revenge is sweet,' she cried as a

danced out of the room.
'She has triumphed,' he said shower of newspaper notices that had fallen on the floor from the book in which Carmine had placed them. 'Gold bless her! She's a noble woman, and her book will do good, much good,' and his face glowed with love and satisfaction as he berused the notices of Carmine's book. The secret was to good for the fond husband to keep, and soon the little world of readers was in possession of the full name of the author of the rolume that had created such a stir.

"My husband's approbation is more precious than the world's praise," said the young authoress, with shining eyes. And this was Carmine's triumph.

MARY ANN AND I.

(From The Sunny South.) 'Mary Ann,' said I, 'what's living?'
My domestic partner faced about and looked at me. Now do not imagine that I am one of the 'lords of creation' whom Mary Ann has profitised to love, honor, and—so forth. Nothing of the kind. We are lost too lone women, are Mary Ann and L. Two old women tied—not to an apple tree or anything else very produc-tive, but pretty closely fied, each to her own work; for, not having taken up the burden of our mother Eve, we had, from necessity, to take up that of our father, Adam, and earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. I cannot say that I think of our brows. I caunot say that I think Mary and I were born for each other, but having 'met by chance, the usual way,' we concluded to consolidate our forces from about the same course of reasoning as that by which the poor Scooth lassic justified herself to her pastor for marrying a man equally poor. 'May it please you, father,' said she, 'I had a blanket and Jimmy had a blanket, and we thought it would be well to put them, together.' Neither do I think that Mary Ann and I had as many rosy visions about 'donbling our joys and dividing our sorrows' as many who go into domestics partnerships; but we did have some definite ideas about doubling our household furniture, blankets included, and dividing our expenses. So you will understand me when I say that my domestic partner turned about and looked at me when I me when I say that my domestic partner turned about and looked at me when I asked, 'Mary Ann, what's living?'
'I should say it consisted principally in keeping body and soul together,' ans sered that practical woman.
'And how is that to be done?' said I. 'Enough to eat, enough to wear and a good tire like this in cold weather,' and Mary Ann.
'And are the comforts of the body all that hold body and soul together?' I asked.

'I don't see.' said Mary Ann, souls are apt to quit good, healthy, com-fortable busies and go hunting for any-thing better. I don't believe it's their

"But do clothing and food and shelter always make good, comfortable, healthy bodies; must not the mind be also fed and warmed, even if it be only that it may farnish the blood with happy, fively mo

My partner dropped her hands in her lap and looked squarely at me again. What do you want now? said she.

It is not pleasant to feel that some one

else understands you thoroughly when you are trying to play a hille game of boodwink with yourself and make yourself believe that you are not forming your ideas of what is right and acceptable by self believe that you are not forming your ideas of what is right and acceptable by what touches you as every one in this creation has formed his. So I answered somewhat sharply, I want a great many things, and some few I mean to have. There was slence; for Mary Ann, though yery direct when she does say anything, is a master hand at minding her own busings and I sat thinking the say anything; endo ing things beforehand, quite contented and happy, knowing that the little in my purse was my own, to go, when it did go, as I pleased. Therefore, it was probably with more good nature

than it I had been the dependent member of a domestic firm, that I, by and by, said, 'You know, Mary Ann, I am just as prudent as you are. I like to spend my noney in a different way. That is

That is all, said Mary Ann. And now I'll tell you; here's a picture down the street in a bookstore that I must have. It's only a chromo and untrained but I can-

'I thought you didn't prize cheap art,' thought you didn't prize cheap are, said Mary Au...
'I don't think I ever said exactly that but I do say that I would give more for one fine picture than for a house tull of the chromos of the day as they average. But once in a while you see a chromo, and sometimes of the cheapest kind, that that is an accidental beauty, You are well aware, Mary Ann, that about art, as art. I know—well, really nothing.

But I like that picture down there. It

What keeps you in,' said Mary Ann.
'Fatigue and the want of a coach and our. And if one can get taken out

casily—.

'Or taken in, added Mary Ann.

But I did not mind it. I know it is considered by our best writers and talkers as nothing short of an insuit thus to interrupt with cheap wit a person's conversation; and I did feel insulted, but I smothered my wrath, for I considered not those who do not care for conversation is not those who do not care for conversation. have not those who do not care for con-versations their rights also, and must they not defend them as best they can? Is it not quite as much an imposition for anyone, however wise or learned, to claim the right of conversing uninterruptedly at people whether they wish or

other side of the subject, a feelingt hat 1 as well as Mary Aun, spoke to let out and relieve myself, that made me take her unintended insult to my intellect so cools and go on saying: 'Why should not me take a still journey for health and ion now and then.

ght, I answered. 'I tell light, I answered. I tell you man, a lar look does the soul and eyes good, and in this crowded collection of houses and people one can hardly get that either physically or mentally, for both physically and mantally our eyes look out upon the walls of our neighbors which they have builded about their homes of soul for protection and comfort. Necessary walls, but—I believe the old fronts jersman who could not bear a neighbor iereman who could not bear a neigbor within twenty miles, must have been some relation of mine, for I do like room enough to find myself, as Emerson says anyway. This little snuggery of ours, with its four walls, shuts out the city as the walls of the city shut me out, and gives me so much room at least; room for a little time to think my own thoughts and teel my own feelings; room for nature to grow reatfully as plants in the still night; room for my soul to breathe the breath of life first hand from God, not blown from others lips and changed by others' lines. And my soul wants in here, want this picture with the onlook over the snow covered roots of a city, that they may dream that they are looking on and on and out and out, an til their force goes no farther, till they have stretched themselves like a steed at til their force goes no farther, the they invostretched themselves like a steed at the stee, that is no longer restive in the stalf. I lay back on the lounge and shut my eyes. I had forgotten the preschee of positive Mary Ann; had forgotten ellathe self asserting facts that rubbed against me through the days and days. They were all behind me. Before me, was breaith, apace, apportunity, type of the never ending. But the things to which you have put your back, though they are not seen, may sometimes be heard from, and a voice behind me said upon the grand silence. You might as well go to bed as sleep here. Come.

There are very many people who hold the firm belief that the world will come to air end-in 1881, according to the famous prophecy said to have been made by one "Mather Shipton," an English secress. It has been discovered that the seeress. It has been discovered that the book of prophecies, as published by her about 1684, contains no such prophetic statement. A man named Hinley fabricated the prophecy and ten others, to render the book prefending to be a correct version of Mother Shipton's salable. He was detected and made to pay dearly for

The Christiancy divorce case is one of the leading topics of social gossip, occupying as prominent place as the noted marriage did several years ago. Senator Christiancy's announcement of his coming home to sue for divorce in person ining home to sue for divorce in person in-dicates the energetic condition of his mind, notwithstanding his age and the enervating atmosphere of Pern. He comes with allegations against the char-acter of his wife, which she pronounces the outgrowth of the crazy jesionsy of an old man with a rong wife. The po-lifical scandal involved in their domestic outbreak, however, surpasses everything cise in the case. Mrs. Uhristancy's story of her domestic diffusions him and in some particulars, very squadional. and in some particulars, very smeatlonal. The story of domestic unhappiness related by Mrs. Christiancy is exceptional in some particulars. One could hardly imagine an ex-Sapreme Court Judge, uncx-Senator of the United States, and at present a member of the American March 1988. present a member of the America: Dip-lomatic Corps, in the role of wife beater, yet Mrs. Christiancy avers that he has, apon several occasions, actually knocked her down, and that upon other interesting occasions Mr. Christianoy varied the programme by choking, puching and slapping her.—Hales Weekly.

Gleanings. " It to anti-

Longfellow has declined three limer oreign missions offered him by the Gov-

Twenty-two thousand Jews in Am

A wenty-two monand Jows 3a Amsterdam are engaged in cutting, polishing and setting diamonds.

Gen. Grant has sent a \$300 silver pitcher to Hang Chang, a Chinese vice-roy, in remembrance of courtesies extended.

'Mamma, what are twins made for? ller precious brother replied: 'So that caunibals may est philogenes. gyra-

A silly woman in a fine dress bears a very strong resemblance to a fifteen cent dahls in a \$2 flower pot.

"How can I ever repay you? said Miss Stevens, of Seven mile, Ohio, to Mr. Benson, who had lately saved her from drowning. "Re-

Benson, who had lately aved her from drowning. "By marrying me, "I he promptly replied. She consented, a 1 if Young lady to recently married friend: "Is he all you hoped for?" "Why, of course." "Fine fellow—genteel?" "More than that—elegan; he talke like a book." "Well, when you come to volume seed him to me."

send him to me."

The oldest post office in the country is that at Jamestown, Va., where letters have been delivered in some form or other for two hundred and eighty three

years. It is said that Oliver Wendell Holmes

It is said that Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, although seventy years of age, splits his own wood. Some day the axe will strike the clothes line and inflict a gash in his head, and then he will, wish he had let his wife do her own work.

The ancient fibe ageinst the young lady, who was only 'Piscopal pions' is now matched by the story of the interesting stranger at a camp lifee hig, who repfied to the usual question asked by a young apostle of the emotional school. 'My dear young friend, have young or religion? Out no, indeed, thank you, I'ma Free byterian.

Child (scarcely three years old) look-ing wistfully at a diminutive pie; Mother - "Now, Meta, I went you to | seve your nice pie so your papa can sepois when he comes home." Child—looking atili more wistfully wil sink I could tells papa exactly how is looks.

The pld family Bible that belonged as 'Mary, the mother of Washington," "Mary, the mother of Washington," as atill in existence, and is kept in a branch of the Washington family in Virginia, It contains the family register, recording the birth of George Washington, February 22, 1738. The blidding has a cover of cloth woven by the hands of his

Mother,

A physician at Arcats, Cal., had for a patient a girl for whom he entertained a high regard, as she was the daughter of an intimate friend. He could not cure her, however, and she died without the exact nature of her discase being dis-covered. Immediately on hearing of her death he accurated himself of a lace of medical skill, and committed suicide

A quaint story of Audrew Jackson is told by a writer in the Nashville Renner. He was visiting a Kentucky town where among the gentlemen presented to him was a Major Lewis, who desired to impress Jackson and his admirers with his own independence. Taking a dignificial attitude, he said: "Well General. I have all my life been roting again you." Jackson courteously howed him and ead, good humoredly: "Wa Major Lewis, I have all my life beinghing the battles of my country order that you might enjoy that privie

ricated the prophecy and ten others, to render the book pretending to be a correct version of Mother Shipton's salable. He was detected and made to pay dearly for his deceit.

The Cleaveland Voice recalls this incident: "Young men on limited salaries and still more limited credit have got to be careful how they practice their little game on the fair sex. A youthful Cleve lander who answers the above description came to guef by presenting the idol of his heart with a pair of solitaire darring wrap sed up in a dollar store advertisement. Hesays it was entirely an accident, but she seat the jewery back, and won't speak to him on the strees.

Robertson, Melina Andrews. Missain Nowton Wyrick, Israel Cable, Elizabe

Done at office in Graham Vinag oil led at be a gon track a leader, and we ginelArength to the ticket

North Carolina bata

Presbyterian

No efforts are spared to make this organ of the North Carelina Presbytasiana both attendant live and useful. To do this we present use of variety of moral and religious reading as will be rund by old and young rich and prior there and laity, learned and unlearned a Dan speak aim is to publish a live paper.

It numbers among its correspondents Rev. Des. Iburn's Among the correspondents Rev. Des. Iburn's B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: Rev. Heaven Lait. B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: Rev. Heaven Lait. B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: Rev. Heaven Lait. B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: Rev. Heaven Lait. B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: Rev. Heaven Lait. B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: Rev. Heaven Lait. B. Anger, and A. W. Miller: R. Rockwell. P. H. Dalton, L. U. Van. H. G. Hillish S. Laisy W. W. Thariff M. Hollington, P. T. Ponick, R. Zalehnstone & H. Church, and many others.

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