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[illegible] wars!
No need of [illegible] to him;
We wreathe about [illegible] stars
That neither time nor chance shall dim.

But History, as she brooding bends
Above the tablet on her knee,
The impartial stylus half suspends
Before she writes the cold decree:

The wisdom won in fiery air
Of siege and battle scarce availed
To serve him when he sought to wear
The civic laurels. There he failed.

In that to other brows they fall
More fitting; let him read his fate—
In battle, great among the small;
In statecraft, small among the great.

—*New York Tribune.*

THE GOLDEN HAIR-PIN.

(Detroit Free Press.)

George Adolphus Clarendon was a young man of pleasing pesence whose age was not far from 20 years. His father had long and successfully conducted a most exemplary meat-market at the corner of Market and St. Clair streets, in the thriving Village of Westford, in Central New York, and amassed a competence by fair and honorable means. But the son held the meat business in abhorrence, and steadfastly refused to entertain the thought of following it for a livelihood. He conceived himself to be formed of a quality of clay quite above the average, and was often heard muttering incoherently in his sleep about the 'higher walks of life.' Old Mr. Clarendon was a stern father and he determined that if George Adolphus would not sell meat, he should engage in the distribution of tracks, with the heel toward the paternal mansion. George Adolphus accepted the peripatetic alternative with cheerful alacrity, and went on an aimless tramp. He said he was going in search of his proper level.

II.

Maud Muller was the only child of a retired banker in the sleepy Town of Couponville, an aristocratic village in one of the eastern counties of Ohio. Maud's charms, both physical and mental, were the rarest ever lavished upon woman, and she had been furnished with every advantage of education that money could purchase. Her beauty and accomplishments had made her the idol of a large circle of young men, to not one of whom she had ever given the slightest encourgement. They swarmed under her chamber windows on moonlight nights and made the long hours hideous with their catwaulings, until old Muller got tired and stole around the house with gunpowder with tenpenny nails and let drive at the rock, killing three outright and wounding four others so that they died on the following morning. That was the kind of man Mr. Muller was; but he was exceedingly fond of his daughter, and had always been kind to her.

One evening as Maud was emerging from her boudoir, where she had been scrutinizing a large mirror and dressing for the opera, she was met by her father with the information that Mr. Muggleton waited in the parlor.

Now Mr. Muggleton was an ancient fossil who had taken a great fancy to Maud, and as he was a man of high social standing and great wealth, Mr. Muller had thought best to encourage him as much as possible, hoping that his daughter would have the good sense to offer no objection on account of age.

'Mr. Muggleton is waiting,' repeated Mr. Muller.

'Well, [illegible] my compliments and tell him to keep [illegible] waiting,' [illegible] Maud, with some spirit.

'But don't you intend to go down? Are you going to [illegible] dude.'

'O, yes,' replied Maud, with an injured air. 'I'll go down and stroke his shiny old bald head and ask him about his children and his grandchildren, and I'll go to the opera with him, and I'll ask him if there was [illegible] talent on the board when he and Methuselah were young!'

'Now, Maud,' said Mr. Muller, 'you are making a fool of yourself. Mr. Muggleton never saw Methuselah in his life. As to grandchildren, you know very well that he is a bachelor and hasn't a relative in the world so far as he knows. I command you to present yourself at once, and if you don't behave properly, there will be a young lady about your size begging her bread in the street before she is aware of it.'

With these words the indignant father turned on his heel and left Maud to choose which alternative she would.

While the events above narrated were transpiring, a young man, possessing a dignified bearing and eighty-five cents in money, was just entering the brilliantly lighted town of Couponville in search of his level. It was a larger town than he had ever seen before, and he was consequently dazzled and bewildered. He began to be doubtful about finding his level that night, as the evening was rapidly wearing away, and another question was beginning to trouble him namely: How was he going to reach the higher walks of life without money? How was he to be a high-toned gentleman and live in a dolter atmosphere than meal shops with so small a sum as eighty-five cents in his pocket? As he walked gloomily through the strange thoroughfares busy with these troublesome reflections, he heard loud tones issuing from a mansion which he was just passing. A moment later the door opened and a slight female figure flurried silently out into the street, and, passing by him with a quick determined tread, was soon out of sight.

IV

When Maud recovered from the shock which her father's angry words had given her, she immediately determined upon a course of action. She resolved that she would be carried out of doors before she would consent to go to the opera with the antedeluvian relic, who waited for her in the parlor. She carried her father back and told him her determination. The result was that the proud yong beauty was promptly ejected through the hall door; for she it was who had passed George Adolphus as he wandered on in search of his level.

When Mr. Muggleton had waited for Maud until he was tired and on the point of leaving, Mr. Muller entered the room and apologizing for the non-appearance of his daughter by saying that she had a violent headache, begged him to come again in a few days, as Maud would then be delighted to see him. The truth was that Mr. Muller had no idea of punishing his daughter's disobedience with permanent banishment. He reasoned that she would surely go to some of her friends and return in penitence in the morning.

V.

George Adolphus followed swiftly on after the young lady hardly knowing why he did so, but feeling irresistably drawn by some unaccountable presentiment that all was not well with her. In a few moments he came up with her and followed at a little distance, watching her movements with the keenest interest. But Maud was so intent upon some purpose which lay deep hidden in her heart that she did not notice him. The street now began to be deserted, but still the resolute girl walked rapidly on. At length a small foot bridge across the canal was reached. The girl paused. Was her purpose a desperate one? George Adolphus asked himself this question and many more besides as he lingered in the shadows close behind her.

Murmuring something to that effect, that the heaving, white-crested billows which rolled at her feet would soon embrace her and free her from the wretchedness, Maude began to take down her hair.

'Going to swim?' asked a voice behind her.

She turned and beheld a stranger standing close at hand. At first she could not utter a word. Presently, however, she said in tones that betrayed her intense excitement.

'Oh, sir, do not thwart my purpose. I desire to put an end to my trouble—I wish to sleep beneath the wave.'

'There is not any wave there,' said George Adolphus. 'The canal's dry you will break your neck if you jump off this bridge.'

'But I want to find a grave in the restless deep. I want the blue billows to fold me in everlasting slumber, where the sea-weeds grow in sunless gloom.'

'But I tell you, my dear lady, there is not any restless deep anywhere around here. Yould better put it off until the canal opens. Here you are talking about a deep beneath the billows, when they won't be let on in a month yet. And besides if you want to be buried in everlasting slumber, it would be wise for you to jump in a well. You'd have a sure thing then.'

'That would be horrible!' exclaimed Maude, with a shudder.

'Yes,' replied George Adolphus: 'it would spoil the well.'

Maud felt that George Adolphus was right. True, he did not appear to enter very much into the tragic spirit of the situation. He ought to have dropped on his knees and implored her to forget her trouble and sip a little longer the nectar of life. He ought to have pictured to her imagination a fair-haired girl lying with pallid face and marble form in the silent bosom of the canal, where the dolphin sport unseen and the mermaids comb their locks in shadowy solitude. But he did nothing of the sort. He told her to go home and practice in the cistern.

Maud thought the matter over for a moment, then bursting into tears she wrung the hand of our hero and ran swiftly home.

George Adolphus stood upon the bridge and watched Maud until she was out of sight. As he stood there, wondering what it was that weighed so heavily upon the mind of this fair young girl, he saw something glittering at his feet. He stooped and eagerly picked it up. It was a golden hair-pin of peculiar pattern. It occured to him at once that it must have been lost by the girl, when she took down her hair. [illegible] it in his trowsers pocket, thinking it would be a handy thing to pawn for his breakfast. The more he tried to forget about this fair girl and the previous circumstances under which he had met her, the more persistently they rose before him. Presently he found himself laying plans to find out more about her, and then it dawned upon him that he was in love. He then tenderly removed the hair-pin from his trowsers pocket and placed it next his heart. It was now getting very late, and the police were beginning to glance suspiciously at our hero, and so he turned into a more retired street and determined to search for a cheap lodging place.

VI

Old Mr. Muggleton, whom we left at the residence of Maud's father, wended his way homeward, filled with bitter disappointment. He had long regarded Maud with tenderness, and had desired to offer her his hand and fortune, and now he felt that he was rejected. He had seen nearly four-score years of bachelorhood, and it was getting burdensome. He dragged himself wearily and sadly home and retired to his couch in wretchedness.

VII.

The clock had just struck 11, and the town was silent as the grave, when two villainous looking men, with muffled faces, broke open the street door of a large mansion where an ancient bachelor lay dreaming of a supercilious maiden who had declined to meet him in her parlor a few hours before. The men passed safely into the house, and were standing by the bedside of the dreamer. A moment later a swift blow fell upon the unconscious millionaire; but before it would be repeated the assassin was stricken to the floor. His companion escaped. The police were summoned by the servants who had by this time been aroused by the noise and the captured man was led away in irons.

'Who is this young man who has followed these villains and risked his life to save mine?' asked the wounded man.

'My name is George Adolphus Clarendon,' was the prompt reply.

'George Adolphus,' said the millionaire, 'you have done a brave and noble action. I am mortally wounded, and I must die in a few hours, but you shall be rewarded. You shall be my heir.'

The next morning there was crape on the door of the Muggleton mansion, and George Adolphus was a millionaire. He had been suddenly landed in the lap of luxury. He could not have been more completely taken by surprise if he had suddenly succeeded to the English crown. And yet his magical elevation to wealth and position did not engage his mind so to dispel certain memories that were lingering there—memories that carried him back to the foot-bridge across the canal—who was this beautiful stranger that had almost made the canal bridge a bridge of sighs? Why had she sought a watery grave? And if she wanted to rid herself of sorrow why didn't she jump off a house top instead of hunting up a tiny canal full of broken glass, frog and old boots? These questions were too much for George Adolphus. In less than a week he found himself in a perfect fever of mental excitement. He felt that he was growing rapidly worse. It did seem as if he could not get that hair-pin near enough his heart. He thought of swallowing it, but changed his mind and had it made into a bosom pin. In another week the malady had obtained so complete a mastery over him that he began to write poetry. He could not even think in prose, and when he read a newspaper the lines all seemed to commence with a capital and end with a jingle.

Thus the weeks passed wearily by without bringing the slightest intelligence of the owner of the golden hair-pin.

VIII.

In a brilliantly lighted ball-room, in Couponville, gayest of the gay, and admired of all admirers, Maud Muller promenaded to and fro like a fairy queen. Her wretchedness had departed with Mr. Muggleton, but she had not forgotten that night when a stranger had rescued her from self destruction, and she had secretly longed to know who it was that had saved her from herself. She closely scaned every gentleman that entered the room as if in half-frightened expectancy. She had heard of Mr. Clarendon the young millionaire, but as he had not appeared much in society, she had not met him. Of course she was not curious, for she was a woman, and woman are not curious but she could not feel easy after learning that Mr. Muggleton's heir was present, till she had signified her willingness to have him presented.

As George Adolphus advanced, arm in arm with an acquaintance, a perceptible pallor overspread Maud's countenance. Was it caused by the peculiar pin that ornamented his shirt bosom? She tried to convince herself that the pin signified nothing. Perhaps he had picked up the hairpin in the streets on that eventful evening she so well remembered. But when she heard his voice she withered like a stricken flower. George Adolphus was puzzled. So were all the by-standers. It was a very singular case, indeed, they all said. Presently, however, Maud rallied, as the Hon. George Adolphus were left alone.

'Do you remember me now,' she asked, faltaringly. 'Do you remember having seen me before?'

Suddenly the truth flashed upon George Adolphus like a national convention bulletin.

'The,' he replied making an effort to control himself, 'I remember a former meeting with you very well.'

'I think perhaps you would give his consent,' said Maud very timidly.

'But you are not going to try it again,' said George Adolphus in horror.

'O, dear no!' exclaimed Maud. 'I don't mean that. I think he would give his consent to—that is—I don't think he objects.'

'Object to what?' asked George Adolphus, blandly.

'O, dear,' exclaimed Maud.

'Do you mean to say,' continued George Adolphus, 'that you don't think the old man would object to your trying it again after the water is let on?'

'No,' said Maud, 'I don't mean that, for he is very fond of me, and I am sure he would be glad to encourage so worthy a—that is—O, what am I saying.'

Then George Adolphus began to see how the land lay; but as a hall room is not a favorable place for a tableau, he mastered his impulse to catch Maud in his arms and merely observed that she was a gem of the first water, and that he would give his consent, too.

Old Muller sat in his library that night when Maud and Adolphus entered the house, and the young man was soon prostrate at his feet clasping him tightly about the legs and imploring his permission to marry his daughter.

'Ahem!' remarked Muller.

George Adolphus thought this rather meaningless remark a favorable indication, and squeezed the old man's legs harder than before.

'Come, young man,' said Mr. Muller, 'you are hitting my slippers with tears. Arise up and let go my legs.'

'Oh, do you give your consent?' sobbed George Adolphus.

'Consent!' roared the old banker. 'Heavens and earth! Of course I do. Here, Maud, take this lunatic away, and get me a pair of dry socks.'

And they were happy ever afterward.

Wealth of the Presidents.

(Baltimore Gazette.)

Washington left an estate worth $800,000. John Adams died moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that it Congress had not given $20,000 for his library he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives in Lincoln. John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams gained a large fortune by marriage. Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $300,000. It is said that during his entire administration he never took any portion of his salary, but on leaving grew the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left $150,000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishments, and died rich. Taylor left about $150,000. Fillmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $50,000. Buchanan left about $200,000. Lincoln about $75,000. Johnson about $50,000.

Anderson writes to a contemporary: "Thanks for me to 16 is vanity my superior, not so much in accomplishment, nor even in intellect, but in irresistable force of character—a man who will compel my spirit to bend to his—who will command my soul to stand still and shine on him, as Joshua commanded the sun—who can trample my will to the dust beneath the tread of his irresistable and indomitable energy and fixity and courage, and require he should make me worship and fetch him, and that instead of guiding and protecting me, he should master me." Lots of young women think like that. Many experienced wives, however, after starting in on the same lay as this emotional female, wound up by having their husbands arrested for assault and battery.

An exchange knows whereof it speaks when it says "Let it put be forgotten that a newspaper does more to develop the resources of county and town than anything else. And let it be remembered that a newspaper is the poorest patronized industry in the land. Merchants and business men owe their prosperity to a great extent to the influence of their town paper. It is read by hundreds of people in different parts of the country who are induced to make your town their trading point through the influence of the paper."

"D." writes to the Louisburg *Times*: "Time at last sets all things even," and the fame we to-day deny to Edwin Booth our grandchildren will accord to him, and the "Angel in the Cloud" will live to please and instruct mankind when Tennyson will be buried in the dark corners of our libraries with Ossian, Longfellow and such.

An eminent Boston preacher once said that it was a mockery at night to pray for sweet and refreshing sleep, without seeing to it that the bed room is well ventilated. God takes care of those who take care of themselves.

GLEANINGS

In the Turkish language there is said to be no word for ingratitude.

Fishermen [illegible] lies about their catches and [illegible] weight in them.

Girls think that a man should be at forty, [illegible]

A vein of [illegible] is alleged, has been opened in one of the streets of Dahlonega, Ga.

The price paid for liquor during the Republican convention at Chicago would buy bread for Ireland for two years.

Tell me ye winds that sound my earthway roar,
Do you not know some spot on earth where
dust [illegible]
The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as they answered—We dust
not know.

Christ church of Boston, erected in 1723, is older than any other church edifice in that city. The bible and several prayer books were presents from King George II., in 1733.

The Eureka (Kan.) Herald says that a number of Indians secretly buried a warrior known as 'Old Adam' alive. The Indians explained that Adam was about to die when they [illegible]

Mr. Waterman, of Lynn, was so exasperated by a corn that he took careful aim with a pistol and shot a bullet through it. The corn disappeared and so did a large portion of the toe.—*Syracuse Herald.*

'No, William,' she mournfully uttered, stirring allowing him to retain her hand. 'No, William, I can't marry you. I don't believe you can [illegible] and I can't eat oleomargarine.'

A long winded lawyer defended a criminal unsuccessfully and during the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in his sentence."—*Criminal Law Magazine.*

Gen. Robert Toombs of Georgia, was recently asked if he would sell fifty bushels of fine wheat for distribution among the farmers of the State. The General refused to sell for such a purpose, but said: If that is what you want with it I will give you one hundred bushels.

When the census-taker, wishing to compliment the children, asks them if they've a wife of a hundred! Goodness, grabbed a rolling pin, and sailed in on him yelling: 'You villain, I told you I was only 25. Don't you dare to put it down as 100.'

'Do you see that spring over there?' said a settler in Arkansas to a stranger. 'Well, that is an iron spring, that is; and it's so mighty powerful that the farmers' horses about here that drink the water never have to be shod.—The shoes just grow on their feet naturally.'

[illegible]
But could not climb the fence,
And when he tried to climb the fence
The dog would scrutinize by the [illegible]
She water [illegible]
(She didn't want him to come in)
And softly murmured when he left,
"God bless the old gate and the pup."

A man [illegible] in a Michigan sawmill. He fell across a dog which was being sawed, and was carried with it slowly but surely to the saw. He was conscious but utterly helpless. The saw had cut half through his arm when his awful predicament was discovered.

'Goods at half price,' said the sign. 'How much is that teapot?' asked the old lady who had been attracted by the announcement. 'Fifty-five cents, madam.' 'Well, I'll take it.' [illegible] down a quarter. The dealer let her have the teapot but took down his sign before another customer came in.

While traveling in America Prince Leopold will carry his cook, his silver, his wine and his basket [illegible] with him. He thought, some of bringing a tent, to camp in, should the American savages, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia prove inhospitable and refuse to let him into their wigwams.

'Yes,' said a witness, 'I remember the defendant's mother trying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only eye she has, and the tears were running down her right cheek.' 'What,' exclaimed the judge, 'how could that be?' 'Please your honor,' said the witness, 'she was naturally cross-eyed.'

'Your house is a perfect conservatory,' Oldboy, admiringly remarked a friend, gazing at the beautiful window, crowded with blooming plants. 'Ah, yes,' replied the Oldboy, nervously glancing at a woman with her head in the bedroom sash, just coming from a step-ladder to fondle the bird dog with a mop stick. 'Oh, yes; it is a regular hot-house.'

Some one put a wooden Indian under the bed of a Detroit old man and of course he sold it at sacrifice, and a policeman came in and asked under the bed to bring the burglar out, and fought the Indian for thirty minutes before he found it was wooden, and then he told the sponser he was a gone by old numbhead and [illegible] on his head for half an hour to get the dust out of his eyes.

TRAVELING STONES IN NEVADA.

The curious traveling stones in Australia are paralleled in Nevada. They are described as almost perfectly round and about as large as a walnut. When distributed about upon a floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other they immediately begin traveling toward a common center, and there he huddled up like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of 32 feet upon being released returns to the heap; but if taken away 4 or 5 feet remains motionless. They are composed of magnetic iron ore.