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**HOW THEY PARTED.**  
'Lu, I wouldn't allow it if I were you. I think it is outrageous.'  
'What is outrageous, Fanny?' and Lucy Elliot raised her calm blue eyes to her cousin's face.  
'Why the way Ralph Leland is acting. I saw him myself to-day on the street with May Walters.'  
'Well, I don't see anything outrageous in a gentleman happening to meet a lady on the street and walking with her.'  
'Happening to meet her?' cried Fanny, indignantly. 'It is very strange how often Ralph Leland happened to meet May Walters of late. But it's no use talking to you, Lu, you take everything so easy. One would think you didn't care whether Ralph Leland was deceiving you or not!' and Fanny flounced out of the room.  
Not care whether Ralph was deceiving her or not! Lucy Elliot looked down at Ralph Leland's engagement ring sparkling on her finger, and her calm blue eyes seemed to light up suddenly and return the sparkle of the precious stone.  
Ah! little her impetuous cousin, Fanny, dreamed what Ralph Leland was to her. She had given him the first love of her heart. She judged her lover's heart by her own, that beat true and strong for him. No; Ralph never would deceive her. She had heard a great many stories about his attention to May Walters of late, but she was Ralph's promised wife, and she would trust him, in spite of all the gossip in Christendom.  
Lucy's thoughts ran on in this strain. Presently some one entered the room and crossed to where she was sitting. A hand rested gently on her head, an air voice said:  
'A penny for your thoughts, my love.' Lucy's cheeks were like two roses, as she looked up, and met the bright handsome face of her lover.  
'Good evening, Ralph; my thoughts were of you.'  
'Then they're not worth a penny, Lucy,' said Ralph, earnestly.  
Lucy looked up quickly. Never before did she hear her lover in any—but airy, careless tones. For an instant their eyes met, then Ralph, laughing lightly, turned away.  
What was it that made Lucy shiver, and the bright pink fade from her face?  
'Won't you be seated, Ralph?'  
'Not this evening, I've made—I mean, I have some business to attend to. I can remain but a few minutes.'  
A silence fell between them, Ralph said but little, and Lucy answered that little in monosyllables. His few minutes were up, and he kissed Lucy lightly on the brow, and took his leave.  
After her lover left her, Lucy sat for some minutes with her arms folded, gazing into the fire. What terrible fear was this which came over her? Was it a presentiment of what she was so soon to learn?  
'Is Ralph deceiving me?'  
The words fell from her lips involuntarily.  
'No, no, a thousand times no!' she cried, starting up.  
As she rose from her chair, her eyes caught a white paper that lay on the floor. She picked it up. It was a folded sheet of note paper. She opened it, her heart beating rapidly—she knew not why. A few lines, traced in a delicate hand, met her view, and she read them in a glance:  
'DEAREST RALPH:—If you love me better than her, you will be with me this evening at eight o'clock.'  
MAY WALTERS.

Neither moan nor cry escaped Lucy's white lips as she read those lines. She stood for a minute as if turned to stone; then, looking up at the lit bronze clock on the mantel, she hastily left the room.  
It wanted a quarter of eight, and in a few minutes Lucy had on her hat and cloak, and was hurrying in the direction of May Walters'.  
Did Lucy still believe in her lover, or did she wish to make sure of his falsity?  
A few minutes' brisk walking brought her in sight of Mary's home, and she was not a moment too soon. She stood still as she saw her approach and ran lightly up the steps of Mary's dwelling.  
Something like a wall burst from Lucy's lips now. The faint hope she had clung to was gone, and she tottered and would have fallen, but she grasped a friendly railing for support.  
She watched her lover until he disappeared within the house; then turning away she slowly retraced her footsteps homeward, with that feeling in her heart that only those who have loved and lost can ever know.  
It was evening. Lucy Elliot sat in the same room where but last night she had parted from her lover. In the gathering twilight her features were scarcely discernible.  
'Are you here, Lucy?'  
It was Ralph Leland who asked the question, as he hurried into the room.  
'Yes, came in Lucy's quiet tones.  
'Ah, wasn't I told you I would find you

here, and he crossed over to where she was sitting. 'Lucy, I received a letter from you to-day, and our engagement ring. What does it mean?'  
'It means just what it says. I want my freedom—I give you back yours.'  
'But, Lucy, you give me no reason?'  
'It is woman's prerogative to change her mind when she pleases, you know. I do not care to give you any other reason,' and Lucy laughed lightly.  
'And you are sure, Lucy, you won't be sorry for what you have done?'  
'Quite sure, Mr. Leland.'  
Ralph Leland drew a breath of relief, and in a few minutes more he was wriggling merrily on his way to May Walters'.  
'They parted as all lovers part—She with her wrong'd and breaking heart. But he, rejoicing to be free.  
Bounds like a captive from his chain. And willfully believing she  
Hath found her liberty again:  
Or, if dark thoughts will cross his mind, They are but clouds before the wind.'

**SONG BY A NEGRO DEMOCRAT.**  
(Not colored gentleman.)  
Oh, I'm a red-hot Democrat,  
I don't care what you say  
And when you try to walk my dog  
Then there is—I to pay.  
I tell you radical niggers  
When ever you claw my name,  
Right then you'll go to Raleigh  
To wear a ball and chain.  
All the niggers ought to know,  
If they had the sense of a goose,  
When they whip a nigger Democrat,  
Then the tiger's let loose.  
I voted for the 'mendments  
As soon as I got the chance—  
Hurrah for Samuel Tilden  
And Zebulon B. Vance.  
When you niggers want to come,  
Fall in with your cane,  
But when I return the fire  
It'll be, "good bye Liza Jane."  
—Adapted.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal nor a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron framed fire place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming, in town as well as the country, was done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking 'sweep.' No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled; and if the fire 'went out' upon the hearth over night and the tinder was so damp that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their bed in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

Rev. John Carter, of Branford, in Suffolk, England, a man learned and modest, was dining at the house of a worthy Alderman of Ipswich, when one of the company boasted of his own acquirements, and proceeded to such lengths that he challenged any one present to start a question in theology or philosophy to which he could not give a ready and satisfactory answer. An awful silence fell on the guests at this proposal, and for a few seconds no sound was heard but the clatter of knives and forks, when Mr. Carter looked up and said: 'My plate furnishes me with a question. Here is a fish that has always lived in salt water; pray tell me why he should come out of the fresh fish, and not a salt one?' This simple query utterly discomfited the bully, who for the remainder of the feast ate much and spoke little.

The Rev. Miss Anna Oliver is announced as having taken pastoral charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Passaic, N. Y.; though it would be interesting to know whether her appointment is an official one, made by the Bishop. She goes to wrestle with a heavy debt and a somewhat divided church membership. She is hopeful and enthusiastic, and most of the church members are disposed to give her a chance. The church is said to have cost nearly a hundred thousand dollars. If the woman, preacher is able to rescue such a concern, peculiarly and spiritually, it will be a feather in her bonnet.

When is love like a battle? When it comes to an engagement.

**NO LONGER A SPHYNX.**  
The wisdom to be found in the retirement of our administration finds illustration when he speaks. Silence with him was indeed golden. For many years we have gazed upon his intellectual countenance, and marveled greatly at the supposed thoughts and feelings hidden behind the dull, hind 'dead look of the modern Sphinx. We cried out again and again, "Speak, oh, mysterious being! Let us know in oracular speech of what thou seest." It is human nature to believe that animals see spirits, and the approach of the earthquake and the tornado. We feel that we are warned when the horse or dog stands trembling, or looks amazed when there is naught we can see to alarm. In like manner we watched our executive, believing that he saw signs and had visions. Alas! he has spoken, and our Sphinx is as dull as he looks.  
We are reminded of the story told, if we remember rightly, by Charles Lamb. He was impressed by a Caesarian head and a solemn countenance at a dinner party. The owner of this imposing appearance spoke never a word, and the poor author felt depressed in the presence of this thoughtful man. He feared to open his mouth lest his utterance would meet with disfavor. The dinner wore wearily on, for the wise man said not a word. At last a dish of smoking-hot dumplings were brought in, and the feared philosopher roared out, "Them's the gov'nors for me."  
Since the President has opened his ponderous jaw and let out his views, "we are ashamed, through all our being, to have been wroth with so weak a thing." It is too pitiful for laughter. He seems to be oblivious of noted events in his own term of office, such as the vote of Louisiana in his second election. His opinions would disgrace a colored Legislature and fetch a ten-year old boy up for punishment. In the midst of such grave events, before complications brought on by wicked men, that threaten the very existence of our republic, to have our Chief Executive, upon whose wisdom, caution and forbearance depend so much, uttering such twaddle as he gives out through the Associated Press, is enough to make a people despair.

We have these views before us. It was our intent to give them comment and criticism. But this is too much like dissecting a worthless insect beneath a microscope, for our taste. And so we dismiss His Excellency—as we trust the people may be able to dismiss him on the 4th of March next—with no other feeling than one of commiseration for him and for ourselves. For him, that he has been so pilloried by a false position, and we, that his pillory was the President's chair. —Washington Capital.

**A THRILLING SCENE.**  
The London Standard says: The following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry a few months ago:  
Not far from 30,000 cavalry were in line. A little child—a girl—of not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable—and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs. Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized upon his middle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress. And a proud and happy moment must it have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly-embroidered Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

Some people have wondered all kinds of things about the nature of the soul's existence after it leaves the body. The Rev. Joseph Coo's, at whose feet sit all the intellectual Bostonians, says that "existence after death is but a postulate of the psychological analysis of the soul." No Bostonian brave enough to controvert this statement has yet appeared.

A bad egg is not a choice egg, but it is hard to beat.

**STARTLING AND CONCLUSIVE.**  
The Hon. Zachariah Chandler was for three hours before the Committee on Elections and Privileges of the House, and was put through an examination so embarrassing that at last, after declining to answer several embarrassing questions, he asked the privilege of time to answer. He was given until next Monday to consider. The committee have proof positive in their hands, being messages over the gentleman's signature, that he advised the manipulating of the ballots in the disputed States and provided a corruption fund for the purpose. Mr. Chandler was not shown the proof possessed by the committee, and whether he answers or not the result is precisely the same.  
Thus we have coming to the surface, to be tested by the light of day, the dark conspiracy which was organized to cheat the people of their choice and continue in power the gang of dishonest officials who, not content with degrading their places, have plotted to destroy the Government by an attack on the ballot.  
In addition to this fact, for the truth of which we hold ourselves responsible, it is reported that the President, sick of Hayes as Hayes has been sick of him, has Gen. Sheridan preparing a report that will show conclusively the utter corruption of the Kellogg faction, and that will, therefore, be forced to recognize the Nichols government. We give this as the rumor upon the street. One fact is well known upon the streets, and in the hotels, and clubs, that Gen. Sheridan is open in his denunciations of Madison Wells, and asserts, to use his own language, that in his report he will 'salt' that gentleman.  
Thus do the righteous prevail and confusion and defeat come to the wicked. Out of their own mouths are the conspirators convicted and put to shame. We learn from a witness that Chandler left the committee-room pale and haggard, and, driving home, sent for Garfield and William E. Chandler. These be able advisers, but the great political manager cannot escape the pit he has dug himself. The Republicans are sadly depressed, while the honest lover of their Constitution and country are rejoiced—Washington Capital.

**A SCHOOL BOY ON CORNS.**  
[From the Lafayette Courier.]  
Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows; animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is the unicorn, capricorn and cornodogger, field corn and corn you feel the most. It is said, I believe that coppers like corn; but persons having do not like to "go far," if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some Colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, animal corn grows on the feet at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; these kind grow on oaks, but there is no buzz about the corn. The acorn is a corn with the indefinite article included. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn wishes it was an acorn. Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is correct, he probably won't do so well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes which is probably the reason when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well, he can get a great deal of corn on an acre, but I know of a farmer that has one corn that makes the biggest acorn on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises the better he likes it; but the bigger crop of animal corn he raises he does not like it. Another kind of corn is the dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and is as follows—that is if you want to know. You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn and a rough character; then you step on the toe that has a corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn dodger is.

Thomas Charlton booked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the Fifty seventh Street Police Court and regarded His Honor with a bland smile.  
'Thomas you are charged with being drunk,' said the court.  
'I can't deny it,' said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear.  
'You don't seem to be very sorry.'  
'I'm happy, Yer Honor,' said the prisoner, grinning.  
'What excuse have you for getting drunk?'  
'I've got seven of em Judge.'  
'Seven excuses?'  
'Yes, Yer Honor, seven. Now, I don't mind telling ye all bout it. Ye see I've got six boys in my family, an' last night it's a girl judge.'  
Thomas got off.

A man went through the bankruptcy court. He had owned a fine horse and g.g., and they both disappeared for a time, but by and by the horse and gig were doing service for the same owner again. On being asked what this meant, the man's reply was, 'I went through the bankruptcy court, lost the horse and gig went round.'