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The Path Through the Clover.

KATE TUCKER GOODE.

We strayed together where the path
Goes winding through the clover,
And cross the soft, sweet orchard-grass
Where apple-boughs hang over,
We watched the waving of the hay,
All ready for the mowing.
We saw the blueness of the sky,
And felt the fresh winds blowing,
And to our light, free hearts the day
Was glad as glad could be;
And nothing lacked of fair or bright
For Margaret or me.

But at the brook our ways diverged,
Mine up the hillside leading,
And hers across the gentle slopes
Where peaceful flocks were feeding.
In slight uncertainty we stood,
We thought not of dividing,
While each the other's doubting steps
Rebuked with playing chiding.
In mood half vexed, half laughing, we
Could never quite agree
If I should cross the fields with her,
Or she its hills with me.

At last we took our separate ways,
Our hearts with anger burning;
Each longed to call the other back,
But scorned to think of turning.
Ah, me, had we but read aright
The omen clear before us,
We had less lightly held the faith
No future can restore us;
Nor sighed to think how better far
For both of us 'twould be
If I had crossed the fields with her,
Or she its hills with me.

JEAN'S LETTER.

Six years old; leeches broken at the knees; hair blonde, curly, so rich and thick it would have rotted the heads of the two pretty ladies; two great blue eyes that still tried to smile a little, though they had cried so much; a jacket well cut, but falling to rags; a girl's shoe on one foot, a boy's boot on the other; both shoe and boot too wide and too long, turned at the toe and lacking in heels behind—this was Jean.

Little Jean, so cold and hungry this winter evening, who had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and who had finally decided to write to the Virgin. And how, say you, did Jean, who no more knew how to write than he knew how to read, arrange this letter?

Listen, for it is that which I am going to tell you.

Below there, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillion, at the corner of the avenue not far from the Esplande, there was a shop, in the days I tell of, of a public writer; for in those days also there were so many claims and petitions to be made to the government, and so many people that Jean, did not know how to write.

And the writer that kept this shop was an old soldier far on in years, a brave man, but a little testy, who was anything but rich, and had the additional misfortune of not being sufficiently chopped to pieces to secure admission to the Hotel des Invalides.

Jean, without prying at all, had many times seen him through the dingy glasses of his little cobbyhole smoking his pipe and awaiting customers, and so to-day he entered fearlessly with a civil—

"Good-day, monsier. I have come, if you please, for you to write me a letter."

"Ten sous, little one," Pere Bonin responded, gazing over his spectacles at the midget before him.

Jean had no cap, and was, therefore, unable to left it, but he said very politely:

"Then excuse me!" and he turned to reopen the door.

But, pleased with his manners, Pere Bonin stopped him.

"Stay!" said he; "tell me first, little one, if your are the son of a soldier."

"Oh, no!" said Jean, "only mamma's son, and she's all alone."

"I see," said the writer, "and you have not the ten sous?"

"No, no sous at all," said Jean.

"Nor thy mother either, 'tis plain to be seen! And thy letter, little one—is it to make the soup come?"

"Yes," said Jean, "exactly."

"Advance, then. Ten lines on a half sheet. One is never too poor for that!"

And Pere Bonin spread out his paper, dipped his pen in the ink and wrote at the top of the page in the beautiful hand of the quartermaster that once he had been:

PARIS, Jan. 17, 188–.

Then a little lower:

To Monsieur—

"Well, go on," said he. "How do you call him, baby?"

"Who?" demanded Jean.

"Parbleau! the gentleman."

"What gentleman, monsieur?"

"The one to make the soup come."

Jean this time comprehended.

"But it isn't a gentleman," said he.

"Ah! bah! a lady, then?"

"Yes—no—that is—"

"Name of names! midget," Pere Bonin cried: "don't you know whom you are going to write a letter to?"

"Oh, yes!" said the child.

"Out with it, then, quick! I can't wait all day!"

But little Jean stood all red and confused. The fact is, it is not as easy as it looks to address one's letter to public writers from correspondences of this kind, but Jean was brave and presently answered softly:

"It is to the Holy Virgin that I wish to send a letter."

Father Bonin did not laugh—not at all; he simply wiped and laid aside his pen and took his pipe from his mopth.

"See, you midget," said he severely, "I don't want to believe that you mock an old man; beside, you are too small for me to trouble. Face about march. Out you go!"

Little Jean obeyed and wondering, tired and hungry, rather, since heel he had none; and, seeing him so submissive, Pere Bonin a second time reconsidered and regarded him more closely.

"Name of names!" grumbled, "but there is misery in this place. What do you call yourself, baby?"

"Jean."

"And what do you wish to say to the Holy Virgin?"

"To tell her that mamma's been asleep since 4 o'clock yesterday and that I can't wake her up."

The heart of the old soldier suddenly stood still. He feared to comprehend. He demanded again.

"But that soup you spoke of awhile ago?"

"Yes," said the child. "I know I had to speak of it, you see, because mamma before going to sleep yesterday gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat, pray?"

"Nothing for more than two days—she always said she wasn't hungry."

"And you tried to make her, say you—how?"

"As I always do—kissed her."

"Did she breathe?"

Jean smiled, and that smile made him beautiful.

"I don't know," said he. "Don't we always breathe?"

Pere Bonin had to hastily turn his head, for two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his reply to the child was another question.

"And when you kissed her," said he, "you noticed nothing strange?"

"Yes, I did," said Jean; "how cold she was; but it's always so cold in our house."

"She shivered, then, your mamma—shivered with the cold?"

"No, she was just cold, but pretty. I put my cheek to her lips and felt the breath come out of her beautiful nostrils, like the wind in the sky.

"And, I wanted, rather," Pere Bonin murmured—"I who have enough to eat and drink, when there is one who died of hunger!"

And drawing the child to him he took him on his knee and softly began to talk to him.

"Thy letter, my child," said he, "is written, sent and received. Now take me to thy mother."

"Oh, yes, I will, but—but why do you cry?" demanded Jean, astonished.

"But I am not crying, Jean—no, men never cry. Tell your mamma precious, who will soon do that!"

Then, straining him in his arms and covering him with kisses: "I too, know, Jean, I too, Jean, once had a mother, whom I see even now in her bed, so pale and white, and saying to me, the image of the Virgin resting at her head: 'Bonin, my son, be an honest man I have been, but a Christian—ah, dame!'"

He sprang to his feet, the child still hugged to his breast, and speaking as if to one invisible.

"But now, old mother, now, I say, rest thou in peace, for thou art going to have thy way. Friends may laugh and jeer, if they will, but where thou [illegible] to go I shall be led by this precious angel here, who shall never leave me again. His letter, which was never even written, has made double shot—it has given him a father and me a boy!"

That is all. This story, without end is done. I know no more, save that somewhere, in Paris to-day there is a man still young, a writer also, but not as Pere Bonin.

This man is a writer of eloquent things.

His friends still call him "Jean," as he called himself. And, though I know not either the name of the postman that carries letters like these, they always reach their destination.—Translated from the French of Paul Favel, for Short Stories.

Pettigru's Reply to the Judge's Order.

A subscriber writes to the *Sun* as follows: "The paragraph in the *Sun* entitled 'Must Wear Coats' reminds one of that famous lawyer and wit, Pettigru, who graced the bar of South Carolina many years ago. A judge had issued an order that all attorneys appearing in his court should wear 'black coat and trousers.' Pettigru appeared one morning wearing a pair of black trousers. His honor, with frowning visage, accosted him:

"'Mr. Pettigru, do you not know, sir, that you are transgressing a most positive order of this court?'

"'In what way, sir, may I please your honor?'

"'The order, sir, that you shall wear black coat and trousers,' yelled the judge.

"'I have on a black coat and trousers,' replied the wit.

"'But,' roared the judge, 'the order means black coat and black trousers.'

"'I don't read it so,' replied Pettigru. 'He also says the sergeant-at-arms should wear a cocked hat and sword. I see the cocked hat, but I don't see the cocked sword.'"

There was no further judicial order.

The Judge Had Been There.

Officer: "I found this man, your Honor, dancing around like a Sioux Indian and acting like an escaped lunatic."

Judge: "Have you been drinking, sir?"

Staley: "Well, you see, Judge, we got a little boy at our house last—"

Judge: "Prisoner discharged."

NOTHING BUT WORK.

Out for Her Family.

Self-sacrifice comes natural to woman, March, of course, with them, and what is not, into them from their childhood education. For the sake duties a girl gives up and privileges which her would never be expected for the like reason. As she older the spirit grows, by all traditions and custom, and then it becomes one long division of endless and acceptance of all things, that the pleasant living may be kept sacred rest of the family.

The purely useless entire self-abnegation times strike the beholder, effacing of individuality common. And if gives a real benefit to the family to the individual. Putting aside the moral the youngest members of the by brought up to regard mother as second in family service, does she who so gives herself for the belongs to the family rest? Publishing her desires without pause or slackening and day out, does she always satisfied, with admiring that it is the perfect way health and happiness? announces a [illegible] for her [illegible]

[illegible] beautifully supplied, handsomer clothes [illegible] greatly injured than the cleaning [illegible] It is to be born out to [illegible] patiently and [illegible] joys and sorrows, wear clothes and furniture [illegible]

[illegible] Master [illegible]

[illegible] hundred miles away to the first I meet."

This astounding statement [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] Rail Road [illegible] Pittsburg [illegible] Mr. Richards [illegible] having no peer in knowledge certing locomotives and machinery, has [illegible] his latest invention [illegible] ten years, and a few [illegible] of or of [illegible]

[illegible] made a mile in the [illegible] time of 39.25 seconds and 27. The ordinary speed [illegible] destined [illegible] ty-five miles an hour.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Good and Lou Peyton of North Carolina.

Mr. Rufus Mahone of Chicago [illegible] Good and Lou Peyton of North Carolina [illegible] Mr. Mahone