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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COURIER.

A Thought of the Past.

Time hath spoiled the chain that wove—
Its wreathes about my heart;
But cannot pluck the bloom of love,
'Twas planted not by art.
Although the winter winds hath reft,
The foliage rude apart;
The one that nestled there has left,
His voice within my heart.

A manly well-developed form,
More noble than the rest;
And o'er his brow the sunbeams roam
And are forever blest.
And now when o'er the cottage floor,
The common sunshine streams;
The form he wore is there once more
He liveth in my dreams.

Ah! I was then of earth more blest,
Too much joy for me to claim;
A tomb of love is in my breast,
O'er written with his name.
A memory of exceeding bliss,
A yearning, crushing pain;
A wakening dream of happiness
That cannot come again.

MARGRIE PRESTON

SELECTED STORY.

How Louise Lost Her Lover.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

An autumn sun blazed above the Beechwood hills, and tinged the yellow oak boughs with living gold, as Arthur Lisle rode down the broad avenue which led from his stately old home toward the village high road.

Standing on the vine-shaded portico, his mother looked after him with an anxious expression in her loving eyes. She was a widow, and Arthur was her only son.

'Are you quite sure, my boy, that you have chosen wisely?' she had said to him, as they parted.

'Why, mother, to be sure,' had been his eager answer. 'Louise is all that heart can wish—refined, accomplished, and very beautiful.'

'And she loves you, Arthur?'

'She loves me, mother!'

'Well, I hope you won't be disappointed, my boy,' she murmured, as he rode off, 'but I have my fears.'

Meanwhile Arthur cantered on his way in high spirits. When he had performed about half his journey, he dropped the reins upon his horse's neck, and fell into a reverie. Presently he drew a dainty little casket from his pocket. It contained an exquisite ring, set with an immense fire opal, surrounded by pearls. The ring had been in the Lisle family for ages, and had always been presented as an engagement ring to the fair and favored woman who had won the hearts of the successive heirs to Beechwood.

Arthur's father had given it to his bride, and from his mother's hands the son had received it as a sacred memento, and now he was taking it with him to Talbot, to put it on the slim finger of the lovely girl who had won his heart. As he turned it over in the afternoon sunlight, his handsome eyes grew tender, and his bearded lips trembled like a woman's.

Very brief and very bright was Arthur Lisle's love-story. Only a few months before, he had attended a country fair, which closed with a grand tournament. There were hundreds of daring young knights, who risked life and limb for the honor of crowning the queen of love and beauty; but Arthur Lisle, the boldest rider in all that country, outstripped them all, and won the prize. This prize was a lovely string of pearls, and Miss Louise Lenoir, the prettiest girl in Talbot, was the queen. The young master of Beechwood went through the interesting ceremony of crowning her golden tresses with the starry chaplet, and in doing so, naturally enough, he lost his heart.

Louise was his first love, and he loved her blindly. He was utterly bewitched by the delicate beauty of her prim rose face and the azure brightness of her shy eyes. In one month after their first meeting they were betrothed lovers.

The red fires of sunset had burned out, and the stars were out in thousands in the misty autumn skies, when Arthur reached the small suburban cottage in which the Lenoirs lived.—There were lights in the windows, and the sound of a piano, accompanied by a sweet, girlish voice, reached his ears.

It was Louise singing. With a fond smile at thought of the little surprise he would give her, he fastened his horse, and unclosing the little wicket, walked up the graveled walk toward the door. But there, possessed by a lover's whim, he turned across the grassplot and reached the drawing-room window. It was open, and he had a full view of the apartment.—Louise was at the piano, in her pretty blue evening dress, with her golden hair rippling over her white shoulders. But she was not alone. A young man of an excessively foppish appearance was bending over her, and toying with her curls, and Louise appeared to take his familiarity in good part, and ever and anon gave him a glance of bewitching coquetry.

Arthur Lisle was terribly shocked; he turned short about, and, striding back to the door, rang the bell and presented himself in a rather grave and formal manner. But Louise received him with a shy, sweet surprise that was irresistible; and the charm of her beauty and vivacity soon banished his jealous doubts. The foppish individual having vanished, he had his charmer all to himself, and they wandered out into the autumn moonlight hand in hand.

Arthur took the little casket from his pocket, and produced the ring. He put it on her finger, kissing the little white hand as he did so, and entreating her that the engagement should be a brief one.

Pretty Louise listened, examining her ring with a critical eye and a little half-sigh of dissatisfaction.

'Very well,' she said; 'I've no objections, and mamma doesn't like long engagements.'

'Neither do I,' cried Arthur, eagerly. 'You can be ready in a month, I know, darling? I want you at home before Christmas.'

Louise shrugged her white shoulders, and gave another little sigh.

'How I do wish we might live in the city, Arthur,' she said. It must be horribly stupid at Beechwood.'

'Why, my dear,' cried the young man in amazement; 'stupid at Beechwood! Not a bit. We are within a nice drive of the city, but we shall have every comfort and amusement at home.'

'Oh, yes, I suppose so,' assented Louise, still dissatisfied, but thinking it prudent to bide her time. 'All the Talbot girls are dying to see my engagement ring,' she added, twirling the old opal round. 'I warned them to expect something grand! I do wish you had chosen a diamond solitaire, Arthur, instead of this. It would have been so much more elegant and stylish. Miss Denham is engaged to Mr. Walters, and her diamond ring is *g-r a-n-d*?'

Arthur Lisle flushed with pain.

'You see, dearest,' he explained, 'this old opal has been in our family so long—my grandmothers wore it as an engagement ring ever so far back, and—'

'Ah,' interrupted Louise, 'that accounts for its odd, old-fashioned look.'

'Well, never mind,' said her lover, soothingly, 'you shall have your solitaire all the same.'

'Oh, you are so good, and I'm a naughty puss, am I not?'

She held up her cherry lips, and he kissed her in silence, and a little later he was in his saddle again, and on his way back to Beechwood, blindly in love as ever, but an indefinable cloud overshadowed his fine face. His mother's fond eyes saw it the moment they met.

'My boy will be disappointed,' she sighed, but she spoke never a word.

A week later Arthur Lisle was called to the city on business, and he took that opportunity to purchase a very costly and elegant diamond ring; and being anxious to please his lovely Louise, he took the train to Talbot, and walked across to the Lenoir cottage.

The autumn day was fine, and anticipating a long ramble with his betrothed, he hurried toward the house. The front door was open, and a small housemaid was cleaning the steps.—She ushered him into the small drawing-room, and there he sat down. As he did so the sound of angry voices reached his ears.

Just across from the drawing room was a smaller room, where Louise and her mother sat to sew, and it was from this that the sounds proceeded.

Arthur listened in alarm at first, fearing that some one was ill.

'Now, Louise, my dear, try to be reasonable,' pleaded the voice of Mrs. Lenoir. 'We are doing all we can for you. You know how your poor father stands, my dear. The roof over our heads is mortgaged, and pray how can he raise money to buy such extravagant things?'

'I don't know, nor care,' retorted the angry voice of Louise. 'Let papa borrow it then. He must get it somehow, for I've set my heart on having a splendid outfit.'

'So you will,' said her mother, soothingly. 'You have three nice silks, and a number of other nice dresses besides; and you know, dear, you won't need so very many changes at Beechwood.'

Louise broke into a peal of scornful laughter.

'Beechwood, indeed!' she cried.—Don't fancy that I shall bury myself at Beechwood with Arthur Lisle's old cat of a mother! I'll show my fine gentleman better than that. I'm going to the city for the winter, and to balls and operas, and everything, and I will have a suitable outfit, no matter how papa has to raise it. I've got to have it, and you know I always have my way."

Then there came a sound of sobbing, and a child's voice cried out:

'See, Lou, you've made poor mamma cry again. What a naughty girl you are.'

'Shut up, you meddlesome brat you. Who asked you to put in your say?—I don't see what you're here for anyhow, hauling at what few things I've got, and gaping at every word one says! Take yourself off this minute, and that for your smartness!'

The sharp sound of a blow followed, and the child, Louise's little sister rushed through the drawing-room, crying bitterly. Arthur Lisle had risen to his feet, and the child saw him. For an instant she stared in amazement; and then she screamed out with wicked delight:

'Aha, Miss Louise, here's Mr. Lisle and he's heard how noughty you've been! Oh, dearie, ain't I glad?'

Louise hurried to the drawing-room door, and there she stood transfixed, in her torn, untidy wrapper, her hair in a tangle, and her pretty face distorted with passion.

Arthur Lisle, standing grave and stern, regarded her in utter silence, with an agony at his heart like death. Then he advanced with extended hand.

'Good-by, Louise,' he said, gently.—'No words that I could speak would tell you what I feel. I am glad this has happened; it were better now than later! But I don't think I can ever forgive you. Louise, you have broken my heart!'

And before the terrified girl could utter a word he was gone.

'Oh me, oh me,' she wailed, wringing her hands; "I have lost him—oh, I have lost him. Mother, what shall I do?'

'Bear it in shame, as your just deserts,' replied her mother, severely.

Over the autumn hills and under the purple sky Arthur Lisle walked home to Beechwood, shaken like a very reed.

'Mother,' he said, briefly, when she met him, 'it is all over; you were right.'

'And all for the best my son,' replied his mother.

Arthur could not think so then; but years after, when the true and tender woman who was his wife and the mother of his children sat beside him under the summer oaks, in the fullness of his love and gratitude, he knew that his mother's words were true.

Nothing Remains at Rest

It is a fallacy to suppose that there is any such thing as rest for matter.—There is not a particle in the universe which is not on the move, not a drop of fluid on the globe that is perfectly quiescent, not a fibre in the vegetable kingdom inn a state of inactivityy. In animal bodies, from monads to the complicated organism of man, every part and parcel, even in the solids, are incessantly moving among themselves, and their component elements never cease to act in accordance with that universal law till death stops the machinery. Even the a new series of movements commence at that accumulating point. Chemical dissolution of organic structures is but a little action of molecules, the aggregation of which was necessary for a corporeal beginning and subsequent growth; and they then disperse to enter into new relations and new forms, and thus one never-ending circle of activity characterizes the material universe.

Death is a dissolution of the union that existed for a limited period of what is called life with organized matter. How that union commenced is as much a Divine mystery as their separa' They are distant in nature and character although one cannot manifest itself without the brains and nerves of the other.

Astronomy reveals the astounding intelligence that there are no fixed or stationary bodies in the unsurveyed regions of celestial space. Even the fixed stars, as they were once considered, permanent landmarks in the heavens, coursing with undefined rapidity in the train of countless globes of shinning glory, on a circuit too distant to be followed even by human imagination, in the boundless realms only known to that God who controls the mighty whole.

Everything, therefore, is moving.—When motion ceases there will be a wreck of words and a crash of an entire universe. Life is motion; in inertia, to our infinite minds, is death. Nature, however, neither modifies nor repeals a law, and consequently those now in force will operate with unerring certainty through the endless cycles of eternity.

Example teaches with telling effect on the minds of the young. The child of three or four summers repeats the words and re-enacts in its play the movements of the mother witnessed as she receives callers, entertains society and performs the routine of domestic duties. The boy of a dozen years will have already adopted in a good degree the language, manners, bearing, and tones of voice of the father whom he has revered from his earliest recollection. These potential influences are of course subject to modification as the result of other early associations. Writers on mental science tell us that every coarse and profane word heard and every evil act witnessed makes its impression, the evil effect of which may be counteracted, but that lasts as long as the mind endures. It is believed that nothing heard or felt or seen is ever so erased from the memory as to have permanently lost its influence, or which may not be called up with the vividness of first impressions.

When a cup is full it runs over, and the human heart cannot hold more than a certain amount of sorrow; what is over remains unfelt. Great calamities are to be measured by the length of time in which they involve us in suffering they cause. Some griefs stretch their back shadows over whole lives; others but darken a short passage of our history.

No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what we want, and must have, to be good for anything.—Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

GRAVES.—What unconscious tribute we pay to the doctrine of the resurrection by the love and honor in which we hold graves, century after century. Surely in our hearts we believe that each such spot becomes forever unlike all other ground: by whatever process the dear flesh crumbles, returns to dust, and is changed into the leaf flower and seed that perished, in our hearts we believe that the grave remains a grave, and that at least this much is sure; that the happy, soaring, growing spirit which has gone on in the worlds will never forget where the tiny spot is on this one in which its human body was laid.

A French gentleman, learning English to some purpose, replied thus to a salutation.

'How do you do, monsieur?'

'Do vat?'

'How' do you find yourself?'

'I never loses myself.'

'How do you feel?'

'Smoothe; you just feel me.'

'Good morning, monsieur.'

'Good! No it is a bad one; it's wet and nasty.'

'Good morning, Mr. Smith. On the sick-list to-day?'

'Yes' sir; got the ague.'

'Do you ever shake?'

'Yes, shake fearfully.'

'When do you shake again?'

'Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?'

'Oh, nothing in particulvr: only I thought if you shook so bad, I'd like to stand by and see if you couldn't shake the five dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long.'

A stingy man who pretended to be very fond of his horse, but kept him nearly starved, said to a friend, "You don't know how much we all think of that horse! I shall have him stuffed so as to preserve him when he dies." "You'd better stuff him now, so as to preserve him living," retorted the friend.

Let no man be too proud to work.—Let no one be ashamed of a hard or a sunburnt countenance. Let none be ashamed of poverty. Be ashamed of nothing that is honest, but glory in the fact that you earn your own bread by the sweat of your brow—that you are obeying the divine injunction. Labor is honorable and be not ashamed of it.

"PA, didn't I hear you say the other day you wanted a cider press?' "Yes, daughter, where can I get one?" "Why, you try Zeke Stokes; he hugged me the other evening at the party, an' I tell you he made me grunt."

A New Orleans Juryman was asked by the Justice if he ever read the papers. He replied "Yes your honor; but if you'll let me go this time I'll never do so any more!"

'I want to know,' said a creditor fiercely, 'when are you going to pay me what you owe me?' 'When I am going to pay! Why, you're a pretty fellow! Do you take me for a prophet?'

"Ain't it wicked to rob dis here roos', Jim?" "Dats a great moral question, Gumbo; we ain't got time to argue it now. Hand down another pullet!"

'Mamma,' said a little girl, who was nursing the latest born. 'If baby came down from the ange's, musn't they miss him awfully?'

A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness which no riches and no circumstances alone do.

The good wear their years as a crown of glory upon their heads; the bad, as a heavy burden upon their back.

Slander travels on the wind; and where it comes from and where it will go we don't any of us seem to know.

Young folks grow most when in love—it in creases their signs wonderfully.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

The best thing out—an aching tooth.

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