

Poetry.

Flowers that Never Wither.
 There are flowers that never wither,
 There are skies that never fade,
 There are trees that cast forever
 Cooling bowers of leafy shade.
 There are silver wavelets flowing
 With a lulling sound of rest,
 Where the west wind, softly blowing,
 Fans the fair folds of the blest.
 Thitherward our steps are tending,
 Oft through dim, oppressive fears,
 More of grief than pleasure blending
 In the darkening woof of years.
 Often would our footsteps weary
 Sink upon the winding way,
 But that, when all looks most dreary,
 O'er us beams a cheering ray.
 Thus the Father who hath made us
 Tenants of this world of care,
 Knoweth how to kindly aid us,
 With the burdens we must bear;
 Knoweth how to cause the spirit
 Hopefully to raise its eyes
 Toward the home it doth inherit,
 Far behind the azure skies.
 There's a voice that whispers lowly
 Down within this heart of mine,
 Where emotions the most holy
 Ever make their sacred shrine,
 And it tells a thrilling story
 Of the great Redeemer's love,
 And the all bewildering story
 Of the better land above.
 Oh, this life, with all its sorrows,
 Hasteth onward to a close!
 In a few more brief to-morrows,
 Will have ended all our woes.
 Then o'er death the part immortal
 Shall sublimely rise and soar
 O'er the star resplendent portal,
 There to dwell forevermore.
 —Household.

Selected Story.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY M. K. D.

When I was a little boy twelve years old, I fell in love with my first sweetheart. She was as pretty, fair little creature, with long, yellow hair and lived only a few doors away from us. At first I used to watch her playing with her doll, in her little front garden, without daring to speak to her. Her parents were new neighbors, and mine were not acquainted with them; but after awhile I began to make childish overtures to acquaintance in the shape of smiles and lingerings at her gate, and at last in a speechless offer of candy through the palings. The candy was accepted and we were friends henceforth.
 Often I used to take my little cart and go to her gate and whistle there. Then she would bring out her doll, dressed in hat and shawl, and put it in the wagon, and take hold of the cross-handle, of which I held one side, and away we would go down the road, generally stopping at the graveyard, which was green and pretty and had neither terrors nor sad associations to us. There we would play until we heard the clock strike six.
 It was always after school that we started on these excursions, and then we would pack the doll into the wagon and go home again. We always talked a great deal on the way, and I suppose a listener would have been much amused at our chat. We however thought it very sensible.
 I was fond of telling her my school troubles and she hated my teacher, Mr. Birch, worse than I did. Once when he had ruled me on both palms so that they were sore, I remember she kissed them and vowed to go next day and steal the ruler and break it. She did creep to the window for that purpose, but there she grew frightened. It was before school hours; but she could not be sure that Mr. Birch was not hiding in some corner ready to pounce upon her, and she ran away.
 She had her troubles too; one was needlework. She hated to take tiny stitches and she always tangled her thread. I used to comfort her by promising that when I was a man she could be my wife and never sew one stitch; but there she always shook her little head.
 'I shall have to make your shirts, you know,' she would say, 'and I must try to learn; but I hate to learn now.'
 'Yes, we were betrothed to each other, in our baby fashion. We had even exchanged bead rings.

We were going to build a house in the woods and live there together always as soon as I was grown.
 When I shut my eyes and lean back in my chair for my afternoon nap I can sometimes see a picture of my little sweetheart that seems to bring her straight before me.
 Her sweet, big blue eyes, her rosebud mouth, her pretty, round white shoulders, her pale, yellow hair falling over them there she sits, in her blue gingham dress, holding her doll in her arms and talking to me. The shadows of the swallows flutter over her as the wind swings the branches to and fro, and my heart is full of the innocent baby love it felt for her. If there be angels, I think they love as my little sweetheart and I loved each other.
 How many days, how many months passed over us thus? Not many. It was spring when I first saw her in the garden. It was autumn when we went for the last time to the old grave-yard.
 I had no idea that it was the last time then. Neither had she. We were as merry as usual, and I grew gleeful over a visit I was to pay to my uncle in London. I should be gone a week, I said; and that was Saturday. The next Saturday we should see each other.
 We kissed a parting and she made me kiss her doll too.
 As I went into my house, I saw her standing at her gate, looking at me wistfully. I smiled at her. She lifted the doll in the air and waved its hand towards me.
 At early dawn next morning I was off upon my journey.
 That week seemed like a year, it was so full of adventure, of sight seeing and amusement. I came back a traveled man in my own opinion.
 After I had my dinner my first thought was of my little sweetheart. I gathered up the fine new treasures that had been bought me in the city and hurried to the door.
 'To see Lilly,' I said.
 She looked at me oddly, I thought.
 'Paul,' she said, 'you will be a good boy and mind mamma, I know. You will not go to Lilly's house to-day?'
 'Why not mamma?' I asked.
 'Because there is a reason why you should not,' she said. 'I will tell you to-morrow.'
 'But Lilly will want me, I said; and she will cry. And I want to show her my blue top and my red soldiers, and the village and the Noah's ark,' and I began to cry myself.
 My mother knelt beside me and put her arms about my waist.
 'You love little Lilly very much, my boy,' she said.
 'We love each other very much, mamma,' I said; 'and when I am big, Lilly is to be my wife, and I'm to be her husband.'
 My mother kissed me.
 'Poor little fellow,' she said. 'Sometimes I think it is a pity there should be such a thing as affection in a world like this.'
 'Why, mamma?' I asked.
 She did not answer. After a while she made me promise that I would not go to Lilly's house and bade me run and play somewhere.
 She knew I would not break my word, and I did not; but she had not told me not to go to the grave yard, and I had a faint hope that Lilly would come there and meet me, if I went to our accustomed place. So, making a circuit, I gained it by another road, and, climbing a fence, hurried to the great willow and sat waiting for my little sweetheart. It seemed to me that she was sure to come; but an hour passed and still I did not hear her little feet tripping over the gravel path, and I walked towards the gate to look down the road. On the way I passed a little pit that had been evidently newly dug, for a spade lay beside it. And as I paused, with childish curiosity, to peep in, the church bell began to ring slowly and heavenly notes as they rang for service.
 What could it mean?
 And there came the clergyman in his surplice and the old clerk. I knew him and I had begun a shrill question when he put his hand upon my head and said:
 'Don't talk now, my lad. Just sit down and listen with reverence. It is no time for that.'
 And I obeyed, perching myself on a stone and staring at the people coming through the gate—was men all in black, who seemed to be crying and who, as they stepped aside, gave me a glimpse of

four men who carried something covered with a black fringed cloth.
 It was all so solemn that I began to feel frightened, though I did not know why. I had heard of death, but in so vague a way that I had no fixed ideas concerning it, and I had never seen a funeral; but suddenly it occurred to me that I had been told that people were buried in the church yard.
 They were going to bury some one. I supposed it was the lady in the black veil who sobbed so. A great terror seized me. I shut my eyes and sat shaking as with an ague on the tombstone, and then I heard the clergyman begin to pray. Sure good Dr. Walverton was too kind to bury any one. I grew more courageous and dared to look at the group again. And now I saw they had laid aside the black cloth, and there was a little box set on a sort of table—a very pretty box, with silver nails in it.
 Suddenly the black veiled lady uttered a cry:
 'Oh, Lilly! my little Lilly is dead!' I looked and listened, I did not yet understand what I saw; but the veil was cast back and I saw Lilly's mother, and I heard the word 'Lilly.' I repeated 'Lilly,' and rushed from the graveyard and, forgetful of my mother's injunction, straight to Lilly's home.
 The doors and windows were all wide open and a servant with swollen eyes was putting the parlor to rights.
 'Where is Lilly?' I screamed. And she turned toward me, looked at me and burst into tears.
 'Oh, you'll be so sorry, little Paul,' she said. 'Poor, dear little Lilly is dead. They have taken her to the graveyard to bury her.'
 'To bury her!' Then I knew all. As much of the mystery of death as we ever know was taught me in those words.
 'They shall not bury her,' I screamed, and rushed headlong back to the churchyard; but when I got there, there was no open grave anywhere, only a smooth mound of turf.
 The bells rang no more, the mourners were gone, and I knew that I should never see my little sweetheart's face again.

Miscellaneous.

How to Get Along.
 Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.
 If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.
 No man can get rich by sitting around the stores and saloons.
 Never fool on business matters.
 Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.
 Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.
 Do not kick every stone in your path.
 More miles can be made in one day by going steadily than by stopping.
 Pay as you go.
 A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.
 Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford because it is fashionable.
 Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.
 Use your own brains rather than those of others.
 Learn to think and act for yourself.
 Keep ahead rather than behind the times.
WHAT I HAVE SEEN.—I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn a merchant and die in an insane asylum.
 I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.
 I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.
 I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits and repent it as long as she lived.
 I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.
 I have seen extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want and themselves to disgrace.
 I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.
 The Emperor of Brazil will sail for this country in April and will be accompanied by his wife.

An Angel on Board.
 Two hours to wait at a junction depot on a midsummer day! That irrepressible boy came around. This time he had tempting fruit, and I begged him to find my husband. A lady at my side said:
 "Excuse me; but do you carry a purse when you travel?"
 "Never, when with my husband."
 "Let me tell you a story."
 "Thanks."
 And this is what she told me, and I do not doubt its truth:
 "My husband was thirty-five and I a country girl of seventeen when we were married. Our bridal tour was to end on Christmas at his father's, in Boston. We took a boat from New York. The steamer was elegant, and, having shown me my stateroom, he stepped out. I went back to the cabin, read a little, watched my traveling companions a great deal, wondered what friend he had found on the boat, until supper-time came, and he did not. The cabin maid asked, if I were going to supper. I said, 'When my husband comes for me.' She went to the office. Inquiry was made;—there was no such man on the boat. Then came the captain's request that I would 'show my ticket.' I had none! 'Would I please pay my fare?' I had not one cent! Farther inquiry;—there was certainly no such man on the boat. I began to cry.
 "That won't do, my little girl.' (She was very small.) 'We have seen too much of that. Pay your fare, or I'll put you off.'
 "I had a bright thought. 'My trunk is here.'
 "'Show it to me, if you please.' And he went with me to the baggage. I pointed it to him triumphantly. 'Your key, if you please.'
 "'My husband locked it and has the key!—but you may break the lock.'
 "'The owner of the trunk may object.'
 "'It is mine.'
 "'Look here, little girl, you are not married. I shall put you ashore at the first landing. Go home, and behave yourself in future.'
 "'Every drop of blood in my veins boiled, and yet I must bear it, because I had not a five-dollar bill by me! I never before dreamed of the degradation of poverty. He turned away and I sat down on my trunk. It was my own. It would tell of my innocence and my truth, if he would but let it. So, too, would all the presents we had so carefully selected for the dear ones at home. I could have put my arms around it and kissed it. I only asked to be allowed to sit upon it all night. Wouldn't he 'just let me do that?'
 "'It was the worst question I could have asked. 'I presume you'd like to be left here! Go straight to the ladies' cabin, and don't you leave it until I put you off the boat.'
 "'I rose proudly and walked to the cabin without a glance at him. I would not cry until I could get to my stateroom. But when I came to the door it flashed upon me, I have no stateroom. I had no spot my own, no baggage, no friend, no character,—even the black cabin maid was whispering about me, no husband; where was he? where could he be? He must have fallen overboard! I never should see him again! and I should be put off in the night, in a strange place, without a cent of money to buy a lodging—or even a sheet of paper and a three cent stamp! And Christmas morning, when all would be watching for the happy bride party, where should we be? where was he? I grew frantic. I believe now, I was on the verge of insanity. I remember feeling sure he had fallen overboard and was drowned, and that, if left on a wharf, I would go and spend Christmas with him. I often shudder, even now, when I think what I might have been driven to. I only know the dark fright and horror of that hour.
 "One of those little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of the Father, came and put her hand on mine and asked 'why I cried so hard?' I told her. She said, 'He's dead, just as my mamma is, and I'll tell papa.' And she went to him, and I could not doubt but, softened by his own great sorrow and his sweet child's pleadings, he would help me. But I saw him shake his worldly head and heard him say, 'She is crying too hard, too publicly; and I rushed into the stateroom—mine or not: I must hide the sobs I could not check.
 "Then came a thought—ONE here was, even on that awful boat,

who knew all; and I dropped on my knees and simply said, 'Pity me, pity me, dear Saviour. Save or I perish!' I said those words over and over. The loving little girl had not been convinced, and came and peered through the glass and made her father look, and then she came in and put her arms around my neck and said:
 "'Here is a five-dollar bill papa gave me for you, because bad girls don't pray.'
 "'When the steamer touched the wharf, my husband and his father rushed upon it! My husband had stepped back to see a friend on the wharf, and, but for their seizing him, he would have tried to jump on board. He telegraphed his father, took the night express, and was there before the boat arrived.
 "'He had an elegant picture painted of the little girl, and every Christmas we dress it with flowers and call it—THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL."
Indians After an Honest Man.
 Indians may be treacherous, but they can be just, and they can be honest; and who shall say how far the dishonesty of others has led to their treachery? They know when they are cheated, as our government has found to its cost.
 An old trader, who had established himself at what happened to be a favorable locality among the Northern Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had located in that same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians who evidently wanted goods, and had money and furs, flocked about the store of the new trader, and carefully examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally their chief, with a large number of his tribe, visited him.
 "How do, John?" said the chief. "Show me goods. Aha! I take that blanket for me, and that calico for squaw—three other skins for blanket, and one for calico. Ugh! pay you by'm by—to-morrow."
 He received his goods and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds. "Now, John, I pay."
 And with this he drew an otter skin from his blanket, and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third, and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and he drew out a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one—and passed it over.
 "That's right, John."
 The trader instantly pushed back the last skin, with—
 "You owe me but four. I want only my just dues."
 The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At length the dusky chieftain appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader a scrutinizing look, and then put the skin back into the blanket. Then he stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried out to his followers:
 "Come; come and trade with the pale face, John. He no cheat Indian; his heart big."
 Then turning back to the trader, he said:
 "Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive you off like a dog, as we drive off others; but now you Indian's friend, and we be yours."
 Before dark the trader was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. He found that honesty had a commercial value with these Indians.

Too Many Lovers.
 Young ladies sometimes get themselves into trouble by having two lovers, both of whom are paying assiduous at once. An instance of the truth of this occurred to a certain young lady in this city a few days ago. One of the lovers invited her to attend the theatre with him, which invitation she accepted with evident pleasure. The other lover, however, had invited her to go with him the same evening, and having also accepted this invitation she was in a quandary what to do. In the afternoon preceding the evening she was to see the play, lover No. 1 received a perfumed note from her, stating that she was unable to go with him on account of illness. The explanation was satisfactory to him, but having purchased reserved-seat tickets he concluded he would go alone. What was his surprise shortly after his arrival there to behold the young lady enter leaning on the arm of lover No. 2 and both take their seats near him. He was thunder-struck, and of course had no relish during the evening for the beauties of the play. The next evening he proceeded to the lady's house for an explanation of the matter, having understood himself to be her accepted lover. Lover No. 2 happened to be there also, and the young lady, fearing a scene, had hid him in another room, while she prepared herself for the coming storm. What followed may readily be imagined. Suffice it to say that lover No. 1 left no better satisfied than when he came, but ignorant of the fact that his rival was in the house.—Louisville Journal.

An Affecting Scene.

An exciting scene was witnessed in a New Orleans court room the other day, the leading actors of which were a mother and her child, and a charitable lady. Some five months ago, Mr. Charles Astelle picked out of the street a half-naked and half-starved little girl of about seven years of age. This little wail of humanity was seemingly drifting about the city, without friends or a home.
 She was kindly cared for by Mrs. Astelle, and became warmly attached to her and her family. About three months ago the mother of the wail came to the surface and visited the child. At first she was satisfied to allow her to remain in the home she had found, but as time passed on she desired the possession of the child.
 Mrs. Astelle raised no objections further than to advise that the child be allowed to remain where she was. The mother was inexorable and determined to have her. In this she was foiled, as the child refused to go with the mother, and the mother was not strong enough to take her by force.
 As a last resort, the mother, Pauline Graves, applied for a writ of habeas corpus for her child, Cecile. During the hearing of the case in court, last week, the child broke out into violent sobbing, and, with tears streaming from her eyes, begged the Judge, in piteous tones, not to give her to her mother.
 The little one, through her tears, said that her mother drank whisky and beat her, and that she was afraid of her. The Judge's sympathies were with the child, but he felt that he must obey the law, and so decided that the mother should have her child.
 The child sprang from her chair and fled, screaming with terror to the Judge. She grasped his arm and clung to him, sobbing, begging, pleading that he would protect her.
 The Judge could stand it no longer. His humanity overbalanced his respect for the law, and he reversed his decision, and commanded the child to be placed in the charge of the young lady who had brought her into court.
Where They Are.
 The disappearance of Wm. M. Tweed directs attention to his companions who disappeared when the New York ring suits were first commenced. A writer says: Peter B. Sweeney's life has been of the quiet sort. When in Paris he spends most of his time at home, and rarely—almost never—visits that part of the city frequented by Americans, the region around the Grand Hotel. Very few persons call upon him, and his acquaintances are in very small number, as he seeks no new ones, and the old are limited to the stray New Yorkers who knew him in his days of power and are willing to know him

now. No doubt Sweeney is willing to entertain anybody who will endure his society and pass over the scandal attached to his name. Evidently he does not wish to absent himself altogether from the world, if one may judge by a visiting card that was visible quite recently in the window of an engraver in the Palais Royal. It bore the name Peter B. Sweeney in neatly-engraved letters. Whether the plan of spelling the first syllable with an "S" was the design of the ex-magnate or the blunder of the engraver I am unable to say. I can hardly think it was an engraver's blunder, as I saw the card displayed there among other specimens of work for more than a month. It is not more than a week or ten days since it disappeared from the show-case.

Circular.

The Women's Centennial Executive Committee feel the importance of issuing a circular, giving all the information that can possibly be desired in relation to it.
 In June last the Director General, finding the applications for space from foreign countries so numerous, and seeing that under the rules for classification much work done by women would be thrown out or lost among the crowd of male exhibitors, suggested a separate building for women.
 The chairman of the Building Committee of the Board of Finance stated that "if the money in the treasury of the Board of Finance warranted this expenditure, such a building would be undertaken."
 The money in said treasury not warranting the erection of a separate building, the Executive Committee, sitting in Philadelphia, proposed it to their organization throughout the country, and received, in a majority of cases, a response so prompt and cordial, that though it is scarcely four months since the proposal was made, the whole \$30,000 (the estimate of cost) has been promised, with a surplus towards the amount needed for the interior decorations.
 The plans proposed having met with the entire approbation of all those interested, near enough to be consulted, the work was commenced by the breaking of ground in October. At the date of writing, Nov. 15, 1875, the walls are rapidly rising.
 As the object of the Woman's Department is the exhibition of the highest type of women's work, and also to point out avenues of usefulness and profit not generally known, it is proposed to confine the exhibits in a great measure to representations of sculpture, painting, literature, engraving, lithography, education, inventions of all kinds, &c.; a classification which, omitting women's clothing in all its branches, gives place to the finer kind of needlework, lace work, &c., thus leaving the larger portion of the building for the exhibition of the useful arts.
 Letters have been addressed to all the Foreign Commissioners, extending, through them, to the women in every country, an invitation to forward their exhibits, and through this circular an invitation equally cordial is given to the women of the United States.
 It is of very great importance that we should know as soon as possible how much and what kind of space is required, we would therefore ask that applications may be made at an early day, printed blanks being furnished at this office.
 Short biographical sketches of eminent women of the United States are to be collected in one volume; also, a volume of American cookery will be compiled, the women of each State contributing not more than twenty or less than six receipts.
 In order to obtain a definite idea of the charitable institutions carried on by women, photographs of these institutions, with a short account of the same, are respectfully solicited.
 An addition to the building will be prepared for educational purposes: the Kindergarten, object teaching, and any other branches of education for which women are specially adapted will be here exhibited.
 Any suggestion from any quarter, which will promote the perfect working of the women's department, will be gratefully received by the Women's Executive Committee, through Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, President, 903 Walnut street, Philadelphia.