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THE NINETY AND NINE.
There was ninety and nine that lived and died,
In hunger and want and cold,
That one might revel in luxury.
And be wrapped in its silken fold;
The ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
The one in his palace with riches rare,
They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine,
For the fruits of our mother earth,
They dig and delve in the dusky mine,
And bring its hidden treasures forth,
But the wealth released by their sturdy blows
To the hands of the one forever flows.
By the sweat of their brows, the desert

And the forest before them falls,
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls;
But the one owns cities and homes and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty hands.
But the night so dreary and dark and long,
At last shall the morning bring,
And over the land the Victor's song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar from zone to zone,
Rejoice! for labor shall have its own.

MY BUMGLAR,
When I was a young man (?), or at least several years the junior of my present age, I was clerking for a dry-goods-Grocery-Seed and Etc Firm in a small town near the Potomac, in the Northern part of Virginia. Being junior clerk, and a lone-infant at the time, I roomed over the store.

To get to my room after closing the store, I had to go through a long passage, opening directly upon the street and up a pair of crooked stairs, into a second passage or ante-room, from which I could enter my room by unlocking a door which was very often a work of patience as the lock was rusty and stiff-in-the-joints from old age.

Christmas that year came on Monday, and Saturday night I did not get free from the store until Sunday morning, or long after midnight. When I did get through straightening up for Xmas day I prepared to retire. Taking a lamp in my hand I started up to my room entered the passage and locked the outside door, my lamp was burning rather dimly and I feared the draft would blow it out, so I hurried up the stairs, I got to my room door safely and started to unlock it, as I did so, I heard something move in the hall below or in the store I could not tell which, I stopped to listen, but hearing nothing I thought "rats" unlocked my door and went in. As I went I heard some one down stairs walking sure. Instantly the thoughts of former robberies in the place, masked burglars, klu-klux, griffins, ghosts, and other bright memories rushed upon me, but above them all I felt convinced that the time had come to show my heroism and fortitude; and so it had in a rather unpleasant manner. There was a trap-door under the steps leading to my room through which thieves had once made their way, and the steps were grated so that in going down they could have plenty of opportunity to escape or bring me to a halt, but I concluded it would be as bad to wait for the thief to come after me to get the keys which I carried, as for me to go after him so I started out of the room lamp in hand, as I stepped into the passage my lamp went out and my heart came in my throat in a way that threatened strangulation.

I stopped a moment and heard the burglar creeping up the stairs, I dared not call, for no one could hear me and I was as likely to be scared by my own yells as the burglar. Up he came, but I did not wait to see him, hurrying back in my room I got some matches, and I believe a stick for a club, there was a pistol in a bureau in the room but in which drawer, and whether it was loaded or not I did not know and I wisely concluded in my fright that the burglar was the least dangerous of the two articles, the pistol being about a foot or so long, and a slight modification of the kind used by Oliver Cromwell, and I was not really certain whether it should be held by the stock or barrel, although from the way these things kick, I fancy that it is safe to keep in front of

them than aim them from behind. There was also a hatchet, somewhere, I had forgotten where and a boot jack and the stove, I thought of all these weapons, also the water-pitcher, a bed-slat, and the clock, but as quickly forgot them as I heard the burglar outside.
In telling this adventure since I have been reminded that I was burglar proof, an account of My cheek, but although I would hardly deny that fact now, still at that early period of my blinding and eventful career, in the very spring time of my ambition, I had not assumed der and delicate, and had not assumed its present adamantino and elephantine properties, by which I am enabled to slide easily and carelessly over the rocks of adversity and briars of gratuitous advice which diversify the normal pathway of my existence. By the way, the burglar, Oh where was he, yes he was in the passage, Gathering up my courage, my matches, and by shilsh I stepped in the passage, struck a match and started for the stairs, almost determined if I ever-ever-ever got safe out of that scrape I would make my wife and never be unprepared to leave this Sphere, as far as my worldly goods and chattels (then value \$7. & 5 cts.) was concerned, which I would still consider the best plan for all people if I did not have some faint ideas of setting up for a lawyer.
Digressing again:—Well, I started after Mr. Burglar and my match went out, I heard him shuffle back into a corner at the foot of the stairs and striking another match began to descend, again my light went out, I did not have any of the patent wax-plate water-proof, wind-proof, night-latch, matches (2 boxes for 5 cts) carried by a club men now—a day's so I kept on striking a match and taking a step in the dark until I almost thought a blow from behind or anywhere to help settle my nerves would be a blessing. Still the burglar kept shuffling around in the corner, I supposed he was trying to see which was the most susceptible part of my anatomy for a quietus, and finding one match would not burn I struck several off together and they gave enough light for me to see the next step, but no burglar, I hurried down the stairs for I knew he was still there and—Great Caesar,!! I saw him, up he went with a noise like a demon, straight up the wall in the corner of the passage, over the transom on the ceiling, scratching at it spitting, down the other wall and back he came toward me, a yeowing scratching and humming, and flew by and up the steps. I did not faint.
The burglar had escaped but I had proved my bravery, I had stood the ordeal. He did not have time, thanks to my promptness in going after him, or to his own inclinations, to abstract any of the goods and chattels over which I was temporarily guardian.
After a long and diligent search by the most eminent detectives, and after following many false clues we came upon the name of the Burglar, F. Eline, alias Thomas Cat.
That was all that could be found although to this day very unoffensive seranader who bears that name is subjected to a shower of household articles, in re-venge for the attempted robbery, or worse, of my burglar.
Every woman in New York is now making a heroic struggle to wear three colors in her hat when she goes abroad by night or day. This, I am told, is another result of the "Mikado" craze, the three little maids from school having an influence which is far-reaching and apparently endless. Women and girls walking in threes are now so numerous as to no longer attract comment. It is an odd and rather idiotic fancy to carry the idea into decoration for hats, and the effect is often entirely amusing. A faded and washed out looking face of no particular beauty, surmounted with a bonnet decorated with green red and yellow, sinks the colorless face into such insignificance that the spectacle inspires sorrow rather than admiration.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.
WON'T SOME ONE KISS ME FOR MY MOTHER?
Two or three instances in connection with the battles around Kinston and Goldsboro, are not unworthy of a place in this paper:
The first of these concerns a noble young officer named Capt. Geo. W. Bernard, from North Carolina. Brave, courteous, intelligent, chivalrous and refined, he united in a rare degree the attributes of the perfect gentleman and the good soldier.

While at Goldsboro, where he was attached to the ordinance service, he heard of the advance of the enemy on Kinston, and at once determined to link his fortunes with the brave defenders of the State, and as a volunteer, render whatever aid lay in his power. Before leaving for the field he called on a number of his lady friends to bid them farewell. At the parting hour, he sadly took their hands, and as he spoke, a shadow rested on his face, as if the angel of death had already left it there. "Good-bye ladies—God bless you," and then he paused. "Won't some one kiss me for my wife?" and a tear rolled down his cheek. Strange as was the request, a lady stepped forward from the hesitating circle and replying, "Yes, Captain, I'll kiss you for your wife," and left the fair impress of her lips upon his forehead.

He promptly joined one of the batteries and took part in the engagement at Goldsboro. During the fight it became necessary for some one to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and Bernard cheerfully risked his life for the purpose, advanced to a spot where he was in full view and range of the Yankee muskets and artillery, and there watching the movements. But it was a fatal moment. The fragment of a shell or grape-shot struck him in the leg and he fell mangled and bleeding to the ground. His comrades carried him to the hospital, and there the surgeons declared it impossible to save the limb. His thoughts were still of his love—his wife. "Oh! God!" was his reply, "is it possible that I must carry home to her but a remnant of my former self?" Poor fellow! even then the sands of life were ebbing in the glass, and the scroll of his destiny being sealed. The operation was performed, but the shock was too great for the enfeebled system to bear, and the next morning he was a corpse.

"Dropping the flesh robe with a smile, so gently did he pass—
Gently as spirits of the flowers from out the new mown grass,
His labors done, his rest begun, he only looketh back
To see the blessings flow for those who follow in his track."
The second incident is of a different character, but it is as aptly illustrated the spirit of men "whose souls flash out naked as sword unsheathed for fiery fate?"
At the battle of Kinston, while the Holcombe Legion were hotly engaged, one Thomas Adams, of Newberry, S. C., a private in the company of Captain B. B. McCreary, was wounded in the arm. Refusing to leave the field he continued to fight on, and was again struck in the leg. Still disdainful to go to the rear, he was a third time shot, now in the side; but he clung to his musket as he fell, and when urged to remove he lay on his back and received the attention of the surgeon, his heroic reply was, "No! I will never leave my command behind me! Load my gun for me, and I'll fight as long as I have to live." And in spite of persuasions and inducements to the contrary, there the brave fellow remained, and, wounded as he was, performed his gallant part to the last in that tragedy of war. His captain said afterwards that he himself loaded his musket for him, and stood by while he raised himself up, and taking aim as deliberately and coolly as if sighting at a turkey, he brought an Abolitionist to the ground at every fire.

When the Legion fell back the boys did not forget to bring their wounded comrade with them, and he is now home recovered from his wounds.

WASHINGTON'S COURTESY.
Two persons did not succumb to this marvellous authority of Washington. One was the woman he married and the other was the father of another woman whom he once wanted to marry. This was Col. Cary, a colonial magnate, and descended, as all the Virginia Carys are, from that gallant gentleman, Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. Washington dearly loved Mary Cary, the magnate's lovely daughter, and Mary hankered after George. But when Washington

asked for Mary's hand, her proud old dodo of a father replied that his daughter was accustomed to ride in her coach, and as Mr. Washington wasn't able to supply that essential luxury he would be compelled to show him the door. It was but a little while after this, when Washington's magnificent conduct during and after the Braddock expedition had made him a very distinguished man, and when the Earl of Dunmore, the Colonial Governor, expressed a desire to conciliate him as being the most considerable man in the colony, that old Colonel Cary would have been glad enough to have yielded the point about the coach and taken him for a son-in-law. But Washington had then met and loved Martha Custis—a woman whose amazing grace and beauty ought to relieve him from the suspicion of marrying her for her fortune.

Washington was a victim to love at first-sight. He stopped for a few hours one day at the "White House," on the Pamunkey River in Virginia, and for the first time he met the assassinating widow. He was traveling on horseback, and his only companion was General Braddock's servant, Bishop, an old soldier, whom Washington regarded as a legacy from his head commander. Bishop was ordered to have the horses ready at four o'clock in the afternoon. Promptly at four Bishop was at the door. But Washington did not appear. The afternoon waned, but Colonel Washington, as he was then although the soul of punctuality, had apparently forgotten that time was flying. An order come, however, for Bishop to be at hand at nine o'clock next morning precisely. Nine o'clock came and so did Bishop, but not so Colonel Washington. All the livelong day stood Bishop with the fretting horses; but no sign of Washington. At nightfall came another order. Washington would not need his horses until next morning. One can imagine the feelings of Bishop when this news was conveyed to him. Next morning—not indeed, at the appointed hour, but well on toward noon—Washington appeared and rode away. He was the affianced husband of the woman he had never seen only a week beforehand. No doubt, though, he knew all about the pretty widow and her family—one of the best in the State—and the pretty widow was equally well acquainted with the handsome, the dashing, the immaculately correct Colonel Washington. Perhaps it was a put-up job on him. Who knows? The President's house in Washington was called the White House as a compliment to Mrs. Martha, who had been the chatelaine of the other White House.—Chicago News.

HOW TO DEVELOPE TALENTS.
Place a man in a position that will fearfully tax him and try him;—a position that will often bring the blush to his cheek, and the sweat to his brow; a position that will overmaster him at times, and cause him to rack his brain for resources. Place him in a position like this; and every time he trips go to his rescue; go, not with words of blame or censure, but go with manful words of encouragement; look him in the eye, and speak them with soul and emphasis.—This is the way to make a man or boy, and a giant of a man. If a man has pluck and talent, no matter whether he ever filled a given position or not, put him in it, if worthy, and he soon, will not only fill it, but out grow it. Thus try twenty men, such as have been named and nineteen out of the twenty will succeed.

THE GARFIELD FAMILY.
The Garfield home on Prospect street, where Mrs. Garfield has lived since President Garfield's death, is empty and for sale. Mrs. Garfield and her family have gone to live at the Mentor farm, where, she says, she can find more peace and comfort than anywhere else. Before she went there the house on the farm was remodelled and added to. Still, it was much too small for the equipments of the city house, and a few days ago a private sale was held, at

posed of at fabulous prices. During the unsettled period Grandma Garfield went to her old home at Solop, a village twelve miles from town, and near Hiram College, where her boy was taught and taught others. The old lady is pastered almost to sickness by autograph hunters, and will attend to them no more. She is strong and very clear of mind, as of old. Since the removal of Mrs. Garfield to Mentor grandma has rejoined her.

One reason why the house on the farm was enlarged was the need of a room where President Garfield's effects and papers could be placed. These have all been arranged with the utmost care, and placed in systematic order. The articles in the memorial room of the Prospect street, have also been removed to a specially-built room in the Mentor home, and a rare collection of tributes from nearly every civilized nation in the world, it is. Mrs. Garfield's father, Mr. Zeff Rudolph, is with her. He and Grandma are nearly of the same age—about 83. Harry Garfield is at home. He has just returned from St. Paul's School, near Con-

ing. James E. is studying law with Judges Boynton and Hale of this city, and is going to make a good, and perhaps a great lawyer. He is a close student, and has his father's retentive and legal mind.
Molly is with her mother at Mentor, but often comes to town. She is President of the MoAll Mission Society, and organization for missionary work in Paris. Mrs. Garfield looks well, but lives very quietly, and retains her garments of black. She gave \$50,000 for the Prospect street house, and only, as yet, been offered \$45,000.—Cleveland Ledger.

BENEFUL PRAYER.
Prayer, says the Independent, is not always petition. It has sometimes, and ought to be oftener, thanksgiving. It is sometimes confession. It has sometimes adoration. It is often an uttered and unutterable communion. That is a beautiful illustration of one phase of prayer—the communion phase—which is related of the little girl of a hard worked and somewhat nervous clergyman who could only compose to advantage when alone and undisturbed. One day she thoughtlessly left his study door unlocked, and his little three-year-old child softly opened the door and came in. The minister was disturbed, and a little impatiently lifted up his face to the face of his child, and asked: "My child, what do you want?" "Nothing, papa." "Then what did you come in here for?" "Just because I wanted to be with you," was the reply, and the little one sat down quietly on the floor and said not a word.

That is a form of prayer that we need to cultivate in the busy day of ours. To come into His presence and wait before Him, wanting nothing but to be with Him—how such an hour now and again would rest us. We have a friend, not a Christain, who leaves his business place down town, now and again, especially when he is being particularly burdened with care, and rides up to the great Catholic Cathedral on Fifth avenue, where he sits down for an hour, and then goes back again to business. He says: "It is so quiet there, it rests and quiets me." How much more might we find a sweet and quiet resting place for our weary and tired souls and body, by just resting in the Lord, sitting without petition at His feet, or as John, leaning our heads upon His bosom.

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