WINSTON, FORSYTH COUNTY, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1881.

Tit Bits of Humor.

The Stranger's Apology

He was an entire stranger to the

girls present, and the boys were mean

nally plucked up courage, and, step-

her company for the next dance. She

pleasure of his acquaintance. "Wall"

As They Sailed

Anonymous.

It was their first night aboard the

"we are all alone out upon the deep

steamer. "At last," he said tenderly,

The Lover's Quandary

more chances than I do,"

my stomach feels awful,"

"A little pair of gloves that yet

Retain the smell of clover.

And Just a tinge of mignonette.

And marvel how the girl (kissed-

That night she promised to be true-

Red as a Rose is She.

Several gentlemen were standing on

the corner of Galveston avenue when

one of the most fashionable ladies of

Galveston passed on the sidewalk

The Hammock.

In the purple-tinted twilight

Oh, the hammock held her closely

And I wished I might Jocosely

Take the hammock's place

So I swung her to the twilight,

All is past now. In the attic

By a hole, large and erratic,

Made by her French heel

Held toward the spray its cup,

And the girl, the lovely vision.

Early came to the decision

To wed some one else,

In its stupid, senseless cord embrace,

One small foot-the meshes show it-

Slender, graceful, arched, I saw it well:

Rippled near at hand its life away,

In the dusk, no light but my light-

Flowers were blooming and perfuming

While we watched the coming of the stars-

Hangs the hammock, damaged a good dea

Whom to think of yet my poor heart melts

Men of Genius.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay

nor brilliant. Dante was either taci-

turn or satirical. Butler was either

sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked

or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were

absent-minded in company. Milton

was very unsociable, and irritable

when pressed into conversation.* Kir-

wan, though copious and eloquent in

public at iresses, was meagre and dull

in colloquial discourses. Virgil was

heavy in conversation. La Fontaine

he had just seen; but then he was the

model of poetry. Chaucer's silence

was more agreeable than his conversa-

Lighted up the scene,

I turn them vaguely over,

Could jam a number seven fist

Into a paltry number two."

NUMBER 19.

Poison Rings.

Poison rings still exist in many antiquarian collections. They are generally of two kinds-one intended as an engine of destruction to its wearer. and the other simply as a convenient receptible or hiding place for poison. Some years ago a ring of the former description was purchased at a sale of curiosities. Its device was two sharppointed claws holding a stone. The purchaser, slipping it on his fluger, received a slight scratch from the claws. swelled and painful; a doctor was sent and that a poisonous matter had been contained in them; doubtless, when first made, the ring would have caused death, instead of merely inconvenience, to its wearer. Rings intending to contain poison are frequently men-

the points of which bent inward. His hand and arm very shortly became for, who pronounced the slight scratch poisoned. Examination of the ring showed that the claws were hollow. tioned in ancient history; it was comnon to carry one as a convenient means of suicide. By such a ring Demosthenes probably destrayed himself, and some historians say Hannibal likewise. M. Crassus, the overseer of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter. being arrested on a charge of purioin-

ing some of the gold deposited there,

broke a hollow recepticle of his ring

with his teeth, and fell dead on the

spot. The Emperor Heliogabalus is

said to have had a collection of these

Troubadours. should be known to all students of lit- harmless." Is it, however, correct to erature, that Provencal poets, so far say hat a "complete means of protes

It may, indeed, be said that he was the representative of art, or, if the reader prefers it, artificiality, in its strictest and most highly developed

Rondeaus and rondels, villanells,

Spenser and Shakespeare, the two representative names of the time, also

The Prince of Wales' sons are no

Mesmerism in Society.

illustrates the popular passion for the mysterious and extraordinary-that the hypnoetic lectures and seances of Dr. George M. Beard, Dr. Carpenter. and Prof. Hammond before the Academy of Sciences, at the Masonic Temple and the University Medical School. have caused a revival of mesmeric circles and of the vague theories of animal magnetism that figured in popular literature some 40 years ago. Poe, with his morbid craving for psychological mysteries, founded a number of his imaginative tales upon facts acquired from rummaging among pamhlets on mesmerism. His most notaperformance was his wonderful 'Eacts in the Case of M. Valdemar."

In this last report as registrar of terror is sufficient to bring it on.

cago and other places." The history of the celebrated Robert Houdin furnishes a remarkable exam-

"The landscape and the cave are names from this room."

"But we cannot see the Saint," the

visitors would reply. "Excuse me, gentleman," the possessor would answer, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the and would not introduce him. He fi- entrance, and afterwards further back; and I am therefore quite sure that he is in it!" Of Gainsborough we are told that

ping up to a lady, asked the pleasure of looked at him in some surprise, and both himself and his neighbors were informed him that she had not the ignorant of his genius, until one day -he was then residing at Sudburyremarked he, "you don't take any seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over the garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board and painted him so inimitably well, that the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry farmers immediately recognized the figure of the thief who had paid them waters of the dark blue sea, and your many unwelcome visits to their garheart will always beat for me as it has dens, and being, by means of this im beat in the past!" "My heart's all promptu portrait, charged by one of among the elm trees, where a swing right" she answered languidly, "but them with robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist in the army.

The Dispensary.

Providence, R. I., Dr. Snow writes: The agency of shock in producing "There is a popular error, which we this extraordinary condition of the

appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he he could not speak and describe what

A Wonderful Feat of Memory. ple of the power of memory acquired tion. Dryden's conversation was slow by practice. He and his brother, while served. Corneille in conversation was yet boys, inv n'ed a game which they so insipid that he never failed in wea- played in this wise: They would pass rying; he did not even speak correctly a shop window and glance into it as that language of which he was such a they went by without stopping, and matter. Ben Johnson used to sit silent then at the next corner compare notes in company and suck his wine and and see which could remember the their humors. Southey was stiff, se- greatest number of things in the windate and wrapped up in asceticisms. dow, including their relative positions. Addison was good company with his Having tested the accuracy of their obintimate friends, but in mixed com- servations, they would go and repeat pany he preserved his dignity by a the experiment elsewhere. By this stiff and reserved silence. Fox in con, means, they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory; so and vivacity were inexhaustible. Dr. that, after running by a shop window Bentley was loquacious, as was also once, and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article-in it. When Robert became a professional conjurer, his habits enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him, that visiting a friend's house where he had been before, he Carlyle doub's, objects and constantly caught a glimpse of the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company exmen of his power, he said to his host-

well made, but the Saint is not in the They did so and Houdin began-

"Here you have a picture by Vernet, his hands in his pockets and looking that it was school-time. Then they all tor, the elder prince, made two pretty

while the spectators laughed until the tears came. Blind man's bluff, hunt It is a curious fact, and one that well the thimble, and other childish games are played in trance by millionaires and bankers. Men to whom tears would be an indignity in their proper

terrible and exciting story, which was quoted and commented upon as an authentic narrative by London newspapers. At that date many writers dabbled in the phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance, while others pretended to be able to read an unopened letter by placing it in contact with his

forehead.

The present craze has not attained the DRY CUPPING IN TYPHOID FEVER. magnitude or intensity of the former Dry cupping was reccommended in one although mesmeric experiments 1857, in cases of typhoid fever where have been introduced on numerous the thoracic complications were pre- occasions within the last few weeks at dominant. in a recent article in the receptions and parlor entertainments. Journal de Med. et Chir Prat., M It is a singular fact that-though the Huchard has shown, by numerous ob- researches of science in this field have servations, that dry cups may be em- resulted in showing that no such energy ployed with benefit in very many cases as animal magnetism is concerned in of dothienenteritis. He uses them in these extraordinary phonomena-many all, except very benign cases; typhoid intellectual people still fondly nourish ing to beat it in Galveston. I am fever is essentially a congestive disease; the old illusion, and implicitly belungs, kidneys, intestines and even lieved that some mysterious influence you her husband?" asked a stranger, the brain are loabed with blood, and is generated in the person of the opera-"No, sir." "Her father, then?" "No, this state must be energetically com- tor, and discharged upon the nervous sir, I am no relation to her, but I am bated. Dry cups act by derivation, system of the entranced subject. The proud of her complexion. I am the rendering the capilliary circulation delusion is encouraged by a few regu druggist that sold it to her. I made it more active; substituting cutaneous lar physicians, but by only a few, the congestion for active visceral hyper- most of its advocates being quack sciensemia; under their influence, the gen- tists and self-styled Professors, having eral condition improves, there is less in view profitable itineraries from vilstupor; in certain cases, even, there is lage to village in the country and a fall of temperature. M Huchard has evening discourses to wonder-stricken followed this course of treatment for audiences. In reality, according to two years, and cases at present in his the ablest modern experimental neuroservice demonstrate the good result of logists, there is nothing mysterious the treatment. The cups must be about these phenomena, nor any such freely applied twice a day, morning thing as animal magnetism. Czermak and evening; twenty or thirty must of the University of Leipsle, in 1873 be applied at the lower perterior of the disabused mesmeric practices of all chest and on the abdomen; they must-romantic significance, by showing be left in place a quarter of an hour. that the magnetic passes, so called, are The application is often painful in unnecessary to the induction, and only regions where there is little cellular tricks of quackery: that the state could ti sue under the dermis, but the advan- be self-induced by persons possessing tages drawn from the treatment more the predisposition to trance, and that than counterbalauce this drawdack. in the inferior animals the nervous Is COLD FAVORABLE TO HEALTH? shock of sadden and overwhelming

> often hear spoken of in the winter sea- nervous system is, according to Dr. son, that clear, cold weather is favor- Beard, as frequent in man as it is in able to the public health. The truth the inferior animals, and he attributes is, that in this climate severe cold the blunders often committed by exweather, if continued more than two perienced officials under circumstances or three days, increases the number of of sudden peril to the supervention of deaths as certainly as continued hot trance. This is his explanation of the weather, though in a different manner. Mohawk disaster several years ago, Severe cold depresses the vital forces, and he would similarly explain the and exposure to it produces fatal results | Stonington and other terrible colliamong those persons, or class of per sions. He asserts that the statements sons, whose vital force is weakened by of passengers and officers in such cases any cause. Such persons are the aged must always be received with great and the very young, and also all who caution, owing to the fact that the liaare sick or debilitated from any other bility to the terror-trance under circause, Besides this, severe cold is no cumstances of fatal accident raises a preventative of, but on the contrary presumption against the accuracy of is favorable to the spread of some of the senses. It is not that the witnesses our most fatal diseases, as smallpox, mean to falsify the facts or to perjure dyphtheria, and scarlatina. This is themselves, but that they were not at shown at the present time in Brook- the moment in a condition to observe lyn, New York, Philadelphia, Chi- with accuracy. Many eminent physicians aver that the nervous energy is rapidly impaired by hypnotism, and the habit of trance established as a source of permanent inconvenience. The victims usually complain of pains in the head when the seance is over, particularly if at all piotracted. The eves in time acquire a settled expression akin to that of epileptic patients, and there are dark rings beneath them: the skin is abnormal in its palor: the movement languid and the cast of countenance dazed and listless. Some years ago, ether was employed to produce these states of the nervous system, and ether frolics were fashion able in good society, particularly among young gentlemen and ladies with a dash of the morbid in their composition. Many broken constitutions and clouded intellects were the consequence of this brief madness, and one young lady distinguished in New York society became so sensitive to the drug that a single whiff was sufficient to induce profound and protracted trance. Her physician was, unfortu-

There have been some six or seven stand at the head of the revival of form mesmeric entertainments in New inaugurated by the foreign movement pressed their anxiety to witness a speci- York within the last week or two, the above mentioned. It is true that neithmost of them in the parlors of physi- er of them adopted the strange impor-"Weil, sir, I shall tell you, without cians or literary men. The experi- tation with slavish accuracy. They famous French painter of the same stirring from this place, what books ments, of course, are not exactly like recast the beauty of Italian rhyme in of the Halifix Fisheries Commiss name relates that he was once employ- you have in your library." those exhibited by Hammond at the accordance with the genius of the lan-University Medical School, and by guage and their own. Beard, before the Academy of Sciences, In this manner we see the Spense- minion Government by any other When he delivered the picture, the "We shall see," replied Houdin. but merely adapted to entertain and rian stanza grow out of the office rie means, the Government of the Provcustomer, who understood nothing of "Let some of the company go into the amuse an unscientific audience Grave ma of Ariosto, and the Shakespearean ince take steps to obtain a judicial delibrary and look, and I shall call the and gray-haired gentlemen and ladies sornet out of that of Dante and of Peplay leapfrog, or pelt each other with trarch. For that origin it does not imaginary snow-balls in a parlor snow- belie, although it must be owned that "Top shelf, left hand, twe volumes storm. The other evening, at the res. Shakespeare, in his remodeling proin red morocco, Gibbon's Decline and idence of a physician of eminence, a cess, has used the utmost liberty, one Fall; next to these, four volumes in handsome mesmeric Professor had a might say license. He therefore took the painting, and half calf. Boswell's Johnson; Rasae class of dignifie i gentlemen and ladies made the shade darker, so that the las, in cloth; Hume's History of Eng- playing marbles. They were seated new names above the gilded fronts of School brings sixteen—fourteen boys Saint seemed to sit further in.—The land, in calf, two volumes, but the upon the carpet like school-children, longer little boys; they are beginning purchaser took the painting but it still second one wanting," and so on, shelf and appeared to take a vivid intesest to receive addresses and make speech- his hands, he sobbed like a child, and on their way to the new brown stone senting five affiliated tribes of South- speared to him that the figure was after shelf, to the wonder of the whole in the evolution of imaginary spheres, es. They landed at Cape Town the quarreling, accusing each other of de- other day in their midshipmen's uni-More than once a gentleman stole ception, scrambling about on all fours forms and were formally received by the purchaser, whonow at length seems into the drawing-room, certain he -in fact, living over again in trance the authorities and a deputation from satisfied. Whenever he showed the would catch Houdin reading a cata- the memories of youth, until the oper-

nately, indiscreet, and published a

pamphlet report of the case, to the bit-

ter mortification of her relatives she

senses, are made to weep like toddling four-year old boys over an imaginary sore finger, and grave and aged women to skip the rope like girls. But there is no firing of pistols in the ear to test the sense of hearing, or passing of surgical needles through the flesh of the forearm to prove reality, personal liberties being discountenanced by gener-

began to study with all their might,

al consent. It is not easy, however, even with these guarantees, to induce gentlemen and ladies to submit themselves to experiment, and the officiating Professor has sometimes to arm himself beforehand with two or three well-trained subjects, who receive a trifling compensation for their services. pesides the satisfaction of appearing in full evening diess in the circles of society ordinarily closed to them. These advance to the seats assigned after a little deceptive hesitation, and their example induces others to particpate in the entertainment. Someimes a dozen objects are ranged about operator, all locked in hypnotic dumber, and with this number scenes

lively and dramatic interest are

enacted, one reciting Macbeth's ad-

dress to the air drawn dagger, another

Hamlet's soliloquoy, and a third the

nursery rhyme of Mary and her lamb.

The good old-fashioned idea of the roubs lour-as the minstrel of love gong from land to land singing his song and twanging his guitar with no obect in view but the praise of beauty, and no rule to entrammel his passionate effusion-has by this time been pretty generally abandoned. It is or love-thoughts, took, on the contrary, a keen and active interest in the affairs of their day; that, indeed, their literary, as well as their social importance depends quite as much on their slashing and bitter satire as on their always swset but frequently monotonous and conventional love-songs. But still more mistaken is the notion that the troubadour as the singer of pure passion was unfettered by any rules and can-

The meters invented and used with izeval Provence, remain a wonder of symmetry and technical perfection in ficient, and we must remember that at the history of literature, unequaled by the centre, which is still further from the poets of other nations who succes- the surface than the bulb of the ther sively tried to imitate them. For it may truly be said that in matters met- would not be so high. "Triching rical the troubadours became the would escape almost entirely the action schoolmasters of Europe. In that ca- of boiling water" in cooking. M pacity they were acknowledged and Vacher's note was communicated to revered by the great poets of Italy, by the Chamber of Deputies, and no doubt Dante and Petrarch, the trouveres, al- has influenced the decision of the though submitting more or less con- French Government to prohibit eu-

a discreet silence on the point. Through the medium of French, and, in a more limited degree, of Italian literature, the metrical lore of Provence was transmitted to those singers of our own time and country whom in the heading of this essay I have ventured to designate as modern trouba-

Among the latest school of English poetry the adoption of complicated foreign meters has become a passion and

and triolets have been naturalized, and in a certain sense acclimatized by our younger bards, and conservative critics have lamented over the degeneracy of modern days, ruefully pointing to the good old times when English poets would have scorned to borrow their meters from the foreigner.

There, however, the critics were

wrong-historically wrong at least. There had been a previous invasion of the same foreign element infinitely more important than the one which we are witnessing at present, and in an age, too, which patriotic lovers of literature regard as the acme of English poetry-I mean, of course, the reign of Elizabeth. That great time not only gave us the romantic epic and the drama, but it also introduced us to the sonnet and many other Italian verse-forms, and through the same

logue, but there sat, the conjurer, with ator observed, with a snap of the finger, of the Mahometan faith. Albert Vicscrambled hurriedly to their seats and little speeches.

poison rings among his jewels-The Destuction of Trichinæ.

It is commonly believed that ordings ry cooking will destroy triching and render infested meat innoxious. Without doubt, as has been stated in the daily press, "the encapsuled parasites cannot survive a certain elevation of temperature, and death renders them tion is furnished by the heat incider tal to cookery?" Considerable doubt is thrown on the statement by M. Vacher; of Paris, whose authority is of considerable weight. He affirms that the protection given by cooking is quite illusory, and that in the thorough cooking of an ordinary joint of meat he temperature in the centre is not sufficient to insure the destruction of the parasite. He took a leg of pork of moderate size and boiled it thoroughly A thermometer placed within it at a depth of two inches and a half registered after half an hour's boiling 80 degrees Fahrenheit, afrer bolling for an hour 118 degrees, after an hour and a half 149 degrees, and after two hours and a half when the joint was thorsummate skill by the poets of med- oughly cooked, 165 degrees. This temperature M. Vacher maintains is insufmometer was placed, the temperature sciously to the same influence, observed tirely the importation of American pork.

Varieties.

Secretary Lincoln and family will The Rev. W. H. H. Murray's estate at Guilford, Conn., will soon be sold to

Ex-President Hayes is said to be em oloying his leisure in writing a history

of his administration. The Rev. Phillips Brooks, it is

thought in Boston, will accept the post of Harvard's chaplain after Easter. Sir Frederick Leighton intends to exhibit in the Grosvenor Gallery this

spring his portrait of Mrs. Ellen Grant Judge Mamby, of Lagrange, Ken-

tucky, has just sold to a Louisville undertaker a coffin which he bought during the war in order to be prepared for a sudden taking off by the guerillas. The Judge has outgrown his coffin and has no fear of a violent death.

The German Emperor was greatly pleased by the popular attachment shown to him on his birthday. He declared, in a note of thanks, that in giving expression to the joy these den onstrations gave him, he only satisfied the craving of his heart. "At a time," he added, "when I felt deeply aggrieved at the sudden death of my most faithful triend and relative, my sorrow has been alleviated by seeing my birthday marked in this affectionate man-

The House of Assembly of the Prince Edward Island Legislature, on the last day of the session, adopted a resolution affirming the right of the Province to receive a proportionate share cision of the question. When the Emperor William was

of the Czar's death, he said resigned "Our lives are in the hands of the Al mighty." At the funeral service next day in the chapel of the Russian Embassy, the Emperor was overcome with emotion, breaking down completely. Bending and covering his face with was utterly unable to repress his tears.

In America, where books are review ed while yet damp from the press, It seems strange to read the English periodicals that think nothing of reviewing a volume six months after it has been on the market.

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structure of faded brick. alf you want Job Printing of any description done in a most satisfactory manner, you can satisfy your wants by calling at or addressing the LEADER office, Winston, N. C. No doubt all these alterations were ache with a sense of loss unspeakable.

The Graces.

When the faiths of the world were without doubt, And the loves of the world were true;

When the fires of the gods were not yet stamp And the troubles of men were few Three godesses walked by a shady stream, 'Neath the glowing skies of Greece, Who were sprung from the father of gods st

And were Majesty Joy and Peace. And the men of those days, who their pre-Had named them the Graces three; And worshipped tueir smiles, at their alter

knelt. And sought for them steadfastly. Ah, those were the days when a clear blue sky Smiled down on a joyful earth. Whose daughters and sons raised to heave

And the thoughts of to-day not calm

The hymns of to-day can no longer charm,

When the winde of Time have called

Where now can we look for the form of peace

Must the hopes which they held forever cease?

Which our fathers worshipped of old?

Are the loves of the world all cold?

They are walking the world again;

And they hate as of yore our pain.

Majestic Ethel, and Gertrude's mirth,

And the peace of Hilda's smile,

The pleasures it lost for awhile.

No; surely these maids of the past are here,

Their eyes as of yore shine kindly and clear

Have recalled to a doubting sorrowing earth

And although our song must unworthy be

Of these graces who haunt us to-day,

Yet the poets of Greece sang less truthfully,

Coming Back.

day, a weary woman leaned back in

her chair and pressed her fingers

against the eyes that refused longer to

see the stitches in the shop-work over

which she had toiled from day-break

had only that moment soared upward,

calling "Strawberr-ees! Strawberr-ees!

Ripe, red strawberr-ees!"

From the street far below her, a voice

And as if by magic, her thoughts

turning backward had carried her to

Deepdene, the home of her youth, and

a certain lovely June in her sixteenth

darker green woods, whose tops seemed | Hester?"

to touch the deep blue sky, stoping

She, the poor orphan girl, had been

offered this comfortable home; and she

"Scarcely two years !" she sighed,

Colorado: and I am here, lonely and

disappointed, old before my time. Oh,

if I could only live that day over again

and be as wise as I am now !" For I

know that I love him-now, when it is

Sickening with a sort of calenture

among those hot city streets, for one

glimpse of her early home, Hester

By the closest economy, she had

managed to lay aside a few dollars, for

From this sacred horde she counted

out asufficient sum to take her to Deep-

"I will stay only one day," she

thought, "and work all the harder

after I return, to make up this sum

again. But see Deepdene, now that it

is fairly in my mind, I must. And I

will take one more look at the dear old

The next day saw her on her way.

A railway wisked her across the hill-

road from Torrington. Once she would

John Colney, crossest and most disa-

The village, too, was smartened and

freshened up-new houses-new faces

her worldly wealth was stored.

for her to die among strangers.

village road.

forever too late!"

try village.

till now, 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

p in a city garrett, on a hot June

LONDON SOCIETY

And we worship as fondly as they,

On the ocean of Life flerce angry waves,

Man bows his head appailed.

And our troubles can find no balm.

novel. Several children, in broad-brimmed Of unfettered unfeigned mirth. hats and brown Holland blouses, were But though the sun has as warm a ray, And the rivers as calmly flow . Phough the sea of to day sings as sweet a lay And the flowers as brightly blow, The faiths of to-day are no longer warm,

making the lives of two nurses a burden to them, further down the lawn had swung from time immemorial. "City" was stamped on every face and figure she saw. In these days of sorrow and hopeless graves,

Had Maurice sold the place to some retired merchant, who would over-ornament and disfigured it inthe modern villa style. "If one could but live their lives ov-

And she turned into the shaded lane

No; there it stood, as she had always

known it-the very picture of home

comfort, the centre of all those modest

luxuries that a well-to-do farmer, of all

unchanged, its inmates were new and

strange to her. A stout, middle-aged

man, in a white summer suit, with a

broad-brimmed hat and a cigar, sat on

the steps of the plazza, reading a news-

paper. A fashionably-dressed lady,

some years his junior, swung in a

hammock upon the lawn, lost in a

But although the dear old house was

other men, may most easily command.

that led only to the Blessing Farm,

dreading to see the old home desecra-

ted by the stranger's hand.

er after they grow old and are taught by experience what is best for them!" thought Hester in her sadness, once

She would have gone up to the hous and asked leave to rest and look around if it had remained in the care of old Farmer William and his wife, the ten-

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen ants of the upper farm. "what a complexion! There is noth-But she could not face these prosperous, happy city people' who would proud of that wonan, I am." "Are look at her with their coldly-curious eyes, and wonder, almost audibly, "what she could want," even if they did not absolutely take her for a

"tramp." "I wish that I could have gone through the strawberry-pasture once myself." more," she thought, as she turned back toward the railroad station, tired, hun gry, and unrefreshed. At the foot of the lane, a gentleman, In the West some streak of high light

in a summer suit of silver gray, stood leaning against the bars with his straw hat drawn down over his eyes so far that he had failed to see the stranger's silent approach.

"Will you let me pass, if you please?" said Hester, at last, after waiting some She, poor darling, didn't know it, He wheeled round, as if she had And a fountain unassuming struck him, and stared doubtfully in

year, when she had stood in the strawberry pasture on the Ble sing farm, She uttered a great cry. with the red berries perfuming all the "Maurice! Maurice! I heard that air, and said the words which severed you had sold the farm, and gone to her fate from that of Maurice Blessing, Colorado "

and made her life what it was on this "Hester! Can this be you?" he anday, almost hopeless, and a ceaseless struggle for bread, won at the needle's His eyes seemed to devour her. Words rose to his lips, and were How it all rose up before her! The forced back again. At last he asked, green pasture sloping upward to the

downward to the gray stone wall, with "Why, yes! I heard that you were the cold spring leaping out through a married soon after you went to the wooden trough among its lower stones. And below the wall the "thirty-acre "You heard wrong, Maurice! I mowing" spread out like an immense have not been married. I have never

"Is your husband here with you

emerald velvet carpet, with the twothought of such a thing." story cream-colored house lifting its "But why did you go, then, Hester? piazzad front at the extreme end, just Why did you leave Deepdene? Why where the shaded lane began that led did you refuse to marry m , if-if there from the Blessing farm out Into the was no one else in the way ?" Poor Hester!

She thought of the hot garret, of the

dream of fame that never had been re-

had refused it-for what? For a dream alized, of the unlucky book that was of fame, which had left her toiling in lying in the black trunk, of the little this hot garret, while in the black burial hoard so hardly earned and trunk vonder the book which was to have made her fortune, refused by one-The tears came quickly to her eyes

publisher after another, was lying, till obscuring the honest handsome face on she could find covrage to thrust it into which she gazed. "Don't cry, Hester," said Maurice Blessing, taking her hand. "And tell rocking herself to and fro. "And Maume why you would not marry me rice has sold the old farm and gone to

> "Because I was a fool!" sobbed ... "Is the folly ended?" asked Mau ice hiding a smile as he bent over her, Cannot you give me a different answ. r now, Hester? If you can, we will be just the happiest pair on this earth,

here on the dear old farm." "But you sold it and went to Colors May rose, and went to the desk where do." said Hester, wonderingly; "at least I heard so." "I was a fool too, Hester; for I went to Colorado, and was quite ready to the gloomy purpose of her own sickness sell. But my brother-in-law, from the and death, when the time should come city, persuaded me to rent it to him

for one year, till I had time to think the matter over. When I came to my senses-although I had not forgotten you, darling-I was very glad that the poor old place was mine still, and I came back some six weeks ago to see it. My sister and her husband and family go back to the city next week, stopping at the mountains on their way. I shall be left alone, with good farm before it is in the hands of stran- Mrs. Williams for my housekeeper, gers, and so altered that I shall not and her husband as head hired manjust as I was before. Hester, won't

you take pity on me, and come and The five years of her absence had share my home? I have never cared been years of change in the little coun- for anyone but you." I do not know in what words Hester answered him. But I see her daily in the cream-colored farm-house, the very have made the journey in a yellow model of an active, bustling, good-tem-"stage," drawn by four horses, with pered farmer's wife.

As for the book, she has utterly for-

longer and she is far too happy to care

gotten it. She needs its recompense no

or wish for fame.

The latest arrival of Indian students park that graced the centre of the town; at General Armstsong's Hampton the shops; a new set of gigling misses, and two girls-from Arizona, repreern Indians-Mohaves, Yumas, Pimas not in the cave. Vernet then obliteraacademy, which stood where she had once thought it an honor to attend the district school in a plain one-story descendants of the Aztecs, and living the purchaser, whonow at length seems at home in conical adobe houses. In the new company are also three Apach-No doubt all these alterations were es of a wilder and more savage order, for the best; but they made her heart two of whom, though young, have been famous scouts.

and dull, his humor saturnine and reversation never flagged; his animation Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel and talked like poor poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was a pleasant stream in conversation

Anecdotes of Painters.

"I so understood you, sir," replied Vernet: "I will alter it." picture to strangers, he said :-

Vernet, the grandfather of the late ed to paint a landscape with a cave and "Come. come." said he incred St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. "that's is too good." perspective said .-

with St. Jerome in the cave."