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LIFE'S DAY.

Into the field of life we pass
At early morn. The jeweled grass
With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet;
And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet
And bright is filled with rosy dreams;
While in the purple heaven gleams
The star of fortune and of fame,
And in its light we read a name—
O dream, most sweet, it is our own:
More glorious still, it shines alone!

The sun speeds on; the star no more
Is seen. Illusive dreams are o'er.
Fortune and fame so coy and fleet
But mock our weary, way-worn feet;
Ambition's fairest prize has flown—
A name appears, but not our own.

What have we then for all our pains?—
For all our prayers? Are there no grains
Of good to show? Has all been lost
In that our cherished plans are crossed,
And dissipated each fond dream
As snow flakes melt within the stream?

Ah, no! See how our souls are filled
With wealth of harvests we have tilled;
With meekness, patience, love and truth:
Blest springs of everlasting youth;
Bright jewels of the crown within;
Ripe fruit of life's sharp discipline;
On which there dawns the twilight gray
Of day that dies not with the day.

—*Geo. W. Croft, in the Current.*

AMY'S LOVER.

Richmond Villas was the name of two pretty semi-detached houses standing slightly back from the road a little way out of London.

Miss Vulture, a thorough specimen of a spiteful old maid, lived in one, and next door resided Mrs. Atwood and her family, consisting of two noisy boys of about fifteen and two charming girls, both under twenty years of age.

These two girls, Amy and Kate, were Miss Vulture's particular abominations, and they knew it, and in return did not bear her any good will. She was always stationed at her parlor window when they went out, and, knowing her eagle eye to be upon them, they would thrust their hands into their pretty little tailor-made jacket pockets and trip along in a particularly saucy and aggravating manner.

Then they would play cricket, and romp with their brothers in the back garden, singing, and even whistling, at the tops of their voices. On all occasions they did their best to shock Miss Vulture—and they succeeded.

This caused Miss Vulture to watch and pry all the more.

One morning in the early part of November, as Miss Vulture was sitting at her window knitting and quizzing her neighbors, Amy came swiftly out of the house next door. She knew Miss Vulture was watching her, for she perched her hat coquettishly on one side, and drew her handkerchief out of her ulster pocket with an elaborate flourish; but as she did so, a little pink note was pulled out with it, and fluttered down on the pavement.

She passed on, unconscious of her loss.

With a little smothered cry of glee Miss Vulture sprang to her feet, breathlessly watched her enemy out of sight, then flew down stairs and sent Bridget, her maid, out to pick up the note.

The girl brought it in, and grinning broadly, handed it to her mistress, who, with fingers trembling from excitement, read these words, written in a bold, masculine hand, with many flourishes:

"MY DARLING AMY: I must see you to-night somehow. I will be at the bottom of your garden at half-past 8 this evening. Contrive to slip out there, but be careful, my dearest. Your doting lover, G. F."

Miss Vulture had much ado to keep from executing a wild dance of joy then and there.

"Caught at last, Miss Amy!" she cried, exultantly. Then, enjoining Bridget to strict silence, she retired to her bed-room, probably to give vent to her feelings in a breakdown.

Half-past eight! Miss Vulture, who had passed a restless, unsettled evening, wrapped her waterproof cloak around her spare shoulders, cautiously opened the lower door and crept into her back garden. All was still, and the night was calm and bright, lighted by stars. She sped silently down the sanded paths, and arriving at the end, paused breathless.

Carefully concealing herself behind a tall laurel bush, she peered over the wall. There, sitting on the low garden seat, was the figure of a man, and at his side, with her head resting on his shoulder, she saw Amy. She was talking in low, subdued tones, almost whispers, but though the old maid craned her neck far over the wall, she could not catch a word that was said.

"Horrid artful little wretch! I knew that girl was no good!" thought the spinster. "Now is the time to act!"

Then drawing back silently, she hastened into the house.

Her spectacles fell from her nose in her hurry, and were trodden under her feet, but hardly waiting to bewail their loss, she sped through her own house, flew up the next door steps, and knocked sharply.

A servant opened the door, and not even waiting to be answered she passed the astonished girl and made her way into Mrs. Atwood's sitting room.

That lady was alone. She rose and held out her hand.

"Good evening, Miss Vulture," she said pleasantly.

"Madame," cried the spinster in a tragic tone, "your daughter has deceived you!"

"I don't understand you!" said Mrs. Atwood, coldly. "What has my daughter been doing now, that you need interfere?"

"Come with me and I will show you," replied the old maid.

Mrs. Atwood looked her disbelief, but allowed the maiden lady to carry her off that she might prove her words or clear up the mystery.

"Pray be quiet, and keep in the shade of the bushes," said Miss Vulture, in a warning whisper, "then we shall catch them unawares."

She led the way, and they reached the bottom of the garden undetected and burst suddenly upon the guilty pair, Miss Vulture still to the fore.

"Amy!" cried her mother, in genuine amazement.

"Yes, mamma," replied Amy, sweetly; and rising, she stood in front of her lover with her back toward him, as if to screen him.

Miss Vulture burst out indignantly, "Miss Amy, are you not thoroughly ashamed of yourself for this scandalous behaviour? Can you dare to look your mother in the face?"

"Yes," replied the girl, brazenly, "Certainly, mamma knew nothing about it; but we intended to tell her to-morrow, and ask her permission to burn him."

"To what?" shrieked Miss Vulture.

"To burn him; the guy, you know, Miss Vulture," replied Amy, sweetly; and she stood aside to give the spinster a full view of the figure on the seat.

Three screams of laughter echoed through the garden, and Kate and her brothers emerged from the bushes, Tom carrying a bull's-eye lantern, which he turned full upon the noble features of Amy's lover.

They all roared with laughter—that is to say, all excepting the old maid.

"Oh, Miss Vulture," said Mrs. Atwood, when she had recovered herself a little, "you must forgive my naughty children for laughing at you; they are so full of life and fun I can do nothing with them."

"You had forgotten to-morrow was the fifth of November, hadn't you, ma?" laughed Harry.

"I must apologize, Mrs. Atwood," began Miss Vulture, stiffly, "for agitating you unnecessarily. I—"

"Don't mention it. You did not agitate me in the least, ma'am. I know my girls too well to think evil of them," said Mrs. Atwood, reassuringly.

"I had a severe headache," Miss Vulture explained, "and I happened to be walking in my garden, thinking the air would do me good, when I heard voices, and, glancing over the wall, saw Miss Amy, and what I took to be the figure of a man. It was a very natural mistake to make, I am sure."

"Oh, quite!" replied Mrs. Atwood, nearly choking herself in her efforts to preserve her gravity.

"Of course I have never believed Miss Amy could be capable of such behaviour, so you can imagine my astonishment. I naturally wished the matter cleared up." And she shuffled off as quickly as she could, followed by Mrs. Atwood.

"There's mamma calling us in!" cried Kate. "Come along!"

"Good-night, 'G. F.' otherwise Guy Fawkes," laughed Harry, as they turned away. "Doesn't he look saucy in pa's hat, Kate? He has played his part well."

During the grand firework display and burning of the guy next night Miss Vulture's blinds were drawn down and she did not even peep.

The joke got all over the neighborhood, and next quarter-day Miss Vulture gave notice to the landlord.

Minister Cox Caned.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Minister Cox was caned here this evening by the letter carriers of Washington as a token of their appreciation of his efforts in securing them an annual leave of 15 days. Postmaster Conger headed the committee which made the presentation in the Red parlor at the Riggs House. The cane used on this occasion was of handsomely polished ebony with a gold handle, the crook of which terminated in an eagle's beak, the workmanship being perfect. A very pleasant hour was spent by the donors with the new Minister to Turkey, who said he was not in a hurry to get out of the country, as he was being too highly flattered by so many marks of esteem from his countrymen.

For several years the letter-carriers of this country have been trying to obtain the leave of absence granted them by the last Congress, but not until Mr. Cox threw himself into the breach were they successful. He not only spoke in favor of the measure, but labored energetically among his associates on the floor of the House, and finally saw the measure pass without a dissenting voice. This evening's affair was a complete surprise to the recipient of the cane, as the matter had been kept very quiet. It is likely that Mr. Cox will leave here for New York to-morrow afternoon, his personal effects having already preceded him.

A Durham Sensation.

William Maynor, a well known citizen and once an esteemed one, of Durham, is in very serious trouble. A few nights since one of his daughters ran out ot the house, screaming, and said that her father had beaten her. A police officer arrested Maynor and he was taken to the gaurd house. The horrible part of the affair was then developed. One of Maynor's daughters, aged nineteen, swore out a warrant against her father, charging that he had outraged her. Maynor was arraigned before Mayor Freeland and C. B. Green, Esq., who heard the evidence of the young woman, Dillie Maynor. This was of such a character that Maynor was held, without privilege of bail, to appear at the next term of Durham Superior court. He is about 55 years of age, and has for some years been street commissioner of Durham. He came from Wake county, near Morrisville, and has been a resident of Durham for perhaps twenty years. The feeling against him at first ran so high that mob law was threatened, but wise counsel prevailed and the excitement has in great part subsided.—News and Observer.

If any of the readers of this paper are growing deaf, let them get at once a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Rub well behind the ears and put a little into the ear with a feather.

Gen. Grant has gone to Saratoga.

THE LOCUSTS IN MISSISSIPPI.

And What Some Darkies Think of Them.

Correspondence of the Rocket.

"You chilluns cum right outen frum un'er dem trees, singin' yer Pharaoh at dem locuses! Don't yer know dey can't stan' to be mocked at! Fust yer know dey'll swarm down on yer, an' dem wases what goes wid 'em to purtect 'em will sting you and *kill* you!" ejaculated Aunt Milly, with much excitement in manner and emphasis in tone, just as I was riding past her neat little cottage, in the door of which she sat stringing her beans for dinner and calmly singing, "My soul gits happy when it *warshups* my Jesus," until interrupted by the noisy chorus of little darkies that rang the welkin with the appealing refrain, "Pharaoh! Pharaoh, where's my people gone?" Now, up to this very moment my ear had been fretting itself for some note in sound or din in noise that bore an imitation to this annoying, incessant, monotonous music with which the locusts fill our forests; but it had entirely failed to harmonize it with any song, croak or stridulous tone of its experience; and the difficulty had no doubt worked up an interest concerning these singular insects that I should not otherwise have felt. It was a positive relief, indeed, to hear Aunt Milly warn the children not to *mock* them with Pharaoh, for I instantly recognized Pharaoh as the burden of their song. And then somehow or other, my train of reflections curiously connecting the negro with Pharaoh and the locusts, I concluded to interview Aunt Milly with reference to the occasion for their present visitation, their habits, the probable damage they will do to vegetation, and the length of time they will be with us.

Aunt Milly is one of those good old-time negro women whose long walk with the Lord justifies in an assertion of a "full understanding" of his "indisputable ways." "No, sah, dey mean no harm to de trees nor de bushes, 'cause dey eats not, neither do dey drink, an' dey come jes' to let de world know de Lord is about to strike old Satan anodder powerful lick somewhar. Dey do no hurt demselves, but a *wass* goes wid 'em to take care of 'em dat if it stings yer yer'll be dead in two hours. No doctor's truck can save yer. Dey sings Pharaoh day and night and kills anybody dat sings it back at 'em. Dey comes up outen de groun' eb'ry sebenteen years, crawls up de trees and sheds out anew and den goes to layin' der eggs. Dey stays till July and den goes back to de Red Sea, an' by *dat time* deir work for de Lord is done; an' thanks be to him forever if he don't hit about here," says Aunt Milly.

Further investigation proves Aunt Milly's notions about the locusts a "little mixed," though they are chiefly based on facts. They are perfectly harmless themselves, and do no injury to vegetation except in depositing eggs, as they do not depend for food upon any living trees above ground but live on the nutritious principles they collect from the surface of vegetable substances and extracts from the earth. But they are accompanied by what is termed the digger wasp, that does not *protect*, but, it is supposed, feeds upon them, and the sting of this wasp is said to kill a human being in two hours.—They split the tender twigs of trees to deposit their eggs in them and by this process frequently cause the death of the branches, and sometimes of the tree itself. In the grub state they fall to the ground, and, entering it to the depth of three or four feet, seem lost to animated creation for exactly seventeen years, when suddenly the forests become resonant with the harsh music of their myriad-numbered orchestras, as is the case now.

These are said to be emphatically an American republican insect and found only in the United States; but their resemblance to the migratory locusts whose devastating raids brought such vexation and distress to Pharaoh's dominions, and, in later epochs, to some districts in Arabia, Italy and South Africa, is very striking both in conformation and in the fact of their excellence as food, according to the taste of the denizens of the woods; and, mentally calculating on the innumerable hosts necessarily required to produce all this "racket," I don't wonder that with them and *honey* John the Baptist feasted in such abundance as to render it a circumstance worthy to be mentioned in all the coming ages.—Nor shall I ever cease to feel and say, "Oh, these things have *some* connection with Pharaoh."

Hernando, Miss., June 13, 1885. } FAL.

BOY AND MAN.

Boy Not Always Father to Man.

Many years ago, when baseball excitement was at a height never since attending the national game, when everybody, from millionaires to street boys, bowed down and worshipped, there occurred an incident which is recalled by our late Wall street sensation—the disappearance of Teller Richard S. Scott from the Bank of the Manhattan Company with $160,00 of stolen funds. One bright June morning Banker Cross's carriage rattled down to the planks of a Brooklyn ferry boat. The turnout was chiefly noticeable for the three or four lovely girls which it contained—Banker Cross's daughters, famous beauties. A flush of pink color touching maiden cheeks and animated gestures made by pretty hands indicated that the Misses Cross were unusually agitated. They had been smitten, like all other New York belles, with the baseball fever. Not far from the banker's coach a tiny newsboy stood pleading with a youth of the gilded order. The dandy was out of temper, and the gamin consequently had to suffer. "Give me my money or give me my paper," demanded the boy. "You know I can't stand foolin' here, so hurry up." "Get out, you cheeky young beggar!" was the savage reply, "or I'll have you arrested." The altercation went on, when suddenly the paper went over into the East river, and, without warning, the polished gaiters of the man in fine clothes collided with the newsboy. Then a quiet young fellow of rather athletic build, who had looked up at the noise from the bat handle he had been stringing, strode over to the dandy, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Pay that boy his money! I saw you toss his paper overboard."

"What right have you to interfere?" the gilded youth responded.

"Give the boy his money sir!" The dandy's only reply was to shove the stranger aside, and in another instant, while the newsboy stood among his dailies on the deck, the quiet mannered chap had the fellow by the throat. Slap, slap, slap! Even the girls in the coach could hear the noise made by the palm of that hand as it struck the gilded youth's cheek. Leaning forward they watched the denouement. "Give that boy his change!" was once more the stranger's command. This time it was obeyed with alacrity, and the victim slunk off to become one of the first to hurry from the boat as she plumped into her dock. There was a soft little clapping of feminine hands, and dimes were showered down upon the newsboy. Then, as the chain were lowered and the crowd began to scurry onward, the Cross's coachman cracked his whip, and his fair burden was lost to sight. So was the young athlete, vanished in the rush. An hour later, over on the popular old Brooklyn ball grounds, bevy on bevy of bright-eyed New York girls were watching play on the diamond field between a Brooklyn team and a popular metropolitan nine. When the game was finished the refreshment tents—quite the fashion then—were visited, and lemonade and sparkling ginger ale were quaffed in unlimited quantities. Even the banker's daughters were not averse to such plebian thirst destroyers. In the midst of a gossip and clatter a belle beckoned to a young man, and he was introduced to one of the Misses Cross in this wise: "I say, Lizzie, dear, here is Mr. Blank, of whom you heard me speak." Mr. Blank stood in mute astonishment. Lizzie, dear, had deliberately turned her back upon him. Wasn't he the dandy she had seen abusing a little newsboy? Wasn't he the person she had seen a pleasant-looking young athlete humbling? That wasn't the sort of an acquaintance that she desired. The scene changed a moment later, when one of the heroes of the day's game, attired once more in his sober tweed suit, was the object of glances from the soft eyes of this same pretty girl. She had welcomed an introduction to him almost with enthusiasm. "Why Mr. Scott, it was you who punished that fellow on the boat as we were coming over; you ought to be ashamed of yourself,—but—couldn't you have slapped just a little harder!" This was how and this was when bank embezzler Dick Scott met the girl who subsequently consented to be his wife.—New York Times Hit and Miss Chat.

HUNTING A DRESS POCKET.

And a Wife Learns a Useful Lesson.

Col. Jim Pettingill, who is a stout man and perspires a great deal, went home to his wife the other evening and asked her where she kept the key of his valise, as he wished to pack up a few things and take the night train for Mobile to look after some important business matters.

Mrs. Pettingill told him him to go up stairs to her room and he would find the key in the pocket of her black dress, which was hanging on a nail behind the door. She further explained that it was her serge dress with a Watteau plait down the back, and looped along the front with small satin bows, and continued to give a geographical description of the garment until Pettingill got tired and suddenly turned on his heel and left her.

Poor, foolish mortal, he did not know that it was easier, as the Scriptures say, for the eye of a rich man to crawl through a camel than for him to find the pocket in his wife's dress. Blinded by his own confidence, he took the dress off the nail, and that moment his suffering commenced. He took a short survey of the garment as he held it up in his left hand, in order to locate the position of the pocket. His eyes rested on a small opening and he thrust his hand into it, only to find his fingers gliding through a kind of bottomless concern, and then, sticking his arm into it up to the hilt, he observed that his hand was protruding from an aperture on the other side. This caused him to change the position of the dress, and he saw another opening and sounded its depths and ascertained that it was the same mysterious hole he had been in a moment before.

This slightly annoyed, and after throwing off his coat and vest and mopping the streams of perspiration from his face, he again went in search of the pocket. He saw a little slit on the right side, and a softer light came into his eyes. "This is it," he murmured, and putting his hand into a shallow flounce, commenced to grope around for the key, which however, was sleeping snugly in the pocket at least two feet away. Pettingill got mad and began to swear through his clenched teeth. He determined to find the pocket or die with his face to the foe, and the next minute he commenced stabbing the dress with both hands, and hitting it straight blows from the shoulder, and dancing around it just as if he was engaged in a rough and tumble fight. He glanced at the clock and saw that the train would start in 40 minutes, and once more he jumped for the dress with a low yell that indicated plainly that he was mad enough to match himself against a hornet. He jammed his head into the folds of the dress and commenced digging with both hands and the air got full of satin bows, pieces of Watteau plaits and smothered growls. Then he got down on his hands and knees and chased the dress around the room, and under the bed, and over the chairs, until he had to gasp for breath. While seated in a chair resting himself, he glared at the crumpled dress lying on the floor, and the idea occurred to him that the only way to keep the pocket from dodging him was to put the dress on. He did so, then renewed his search, but his hands would slide into loops, furbelows, folds, flounces, and eveything else except the much-desired pocket. This was more than he could stand, and he determined to take off the dress and tear it to pieces, and thus discover the dwelling place of the pocket. He pulled the dress up over his head as if he was divesting himself of a shirt, but it got caught in his suspender buckles and wrapped itself around his neck in a peculiar way, and he stooped forward and tugged at it with all his strength, but it would not give an inch and appeared to tighten its grip around his head. It was hot and he was smothering in its folds, and in order to release himself he beat the air with both hands and danced up and down in one spot until the windows rattled. The dress, however, knew that it was getting the best of him and would not let him go, and then Pettingill in his rage made a blind dash and butted the bowl and pitcher off the washstand, and upset the rocking-chair, which prodded him severely in the ribs. The next dive he made the bureau suffered and cologne bottles and powder boxes, mingling with a bath tub and a bird-cage, rolled over the floor.

Mrs. Pettingill heard the crash, and hastening up stairs discovered her husband lying on the floor on his back, with his arms and head bound up in her dress, and kicking both his legs in the air, and using profanity of 140 degrees in the shade. She pulled him out of the dress, and he sat up on the floor and gazed at her in a dazed way, and rubbed his ribs with one hand and wiped the blood off his nose with the other. There was a look in his eyes which told Mrs. Pettingill that it was not the time to talk to her husband, so she merely picked up the dress, and without any trouble at all stuck her hand in a certain place and took out the key, which she handed him without saying a word. It was too late to catch the train, so Pettingill quietly bathed his braised head, and then went to a locksmith's shop, and when he came home he brought his valise key with him, and it was chained to a bar of pig-iron. He says now when he wants to go away he is sure to find his key outside of his wife's dress pocket.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Boston is rent in twain by a discussion of what is known as the mind cure. The parties to the controversy are not the ignorant and foolish either, but some of the brightest intellects in the field of literature. Two illustrious cases have been brought forward, that of Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnet by the advocates of the cure and that of Louisa Alcott by the opposition. Each of these ladies describes her own case, showing that her conclusions have been reached through personal experience, and each is well enough known and sufficiently important personally to draw to her peculiar views a large number of supporters. And the contest waxes warm. That the condition of the mind has a very perceptible influence over the health of the body is a fact accepted by medical science, but that an extraordinary development of faith suffices to cure small-pox, cholera [illegible] scarlet fever is a proposition [illegible]ing of the ridiculous, to put it [illegible]ly.—News and Observer.

It would seem that the commonest kind of common sense ought to prevent a man from buying trash simply because he can get [illegible] pack for 25c. Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders are [illegible] and [illegible] with a barrel [illegible]