

SONNET.

Love makes the solid goodness miscalc; All mellow in the marrow of its breaths...

A NOBLE VICTORY.

The waves break on the shore of the North sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps over its surface...

On the shore lies stretched out the village of Husom. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet...

At last their boats too rest on the shore firmly secured. Lars, said one of the men, straightening up and buttoning his short jacket...

Merrily they have started homeward, and stride along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet.

They are passing a small house, and, almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside.

The lotterers at the window have turned and gone on their way. At last Lars said: "Good night, Christoph, and crossed the street to his home."

"What brings thee so late?" asked Katie, holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking.

"I was passing and saw thee sitting, so I stopped to bid thee 'good night.'"

"That dear!" she said, putting out her hand. The wind seized the door thus set free, and flung it wide open against the wall.

They had grown up together—Lars, Christoph and Katie. The three had played together continually as children, and Katie would be carried by no others or drawn on the sled by none but Lars or Christoph.

When they grew larger they went to school together and were confirmed together in the little church of the neighboring village.

"Christoph! thank heaven that you are here!" She led him to her house. He was silent all the way, only holding her fast.

"I could not save him," he said, almost inaudibly. After a few days the sea washed the body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it had demanded that day.

The only custom which seems to be universal, according to a gentleman who has just commenced a trip around the world, is the use of tobacco.

Everybody found smoking on the streets of Sanquatick, Mich., during the dry spell was liable to be arrested under the orders of the village council.

HOW FOLKS SHAKE HANDS

A FEW TYPES WITH WHICH OF US ARE FAMILIAR.

A Lack of Fever in the Greeting—A Cold, Clammy Grip—A Pump Handle—Gushing—Dignity—Grip of Friendship.

The bony state is not confined to sex; it may be found alike in tall and stout and thin, and consists of an offensive odor of the right hand; not until band closes round the shaker's palm...

The Gushing Snake.—Has never felt it. How lightly the fingers slide through, set on four and never the hand, drop into your palm; you do it, because the gushing snake will pass in your grasp, and the hand would tell you, if it could, how much the ineffable sweetness of its own disc in even allowing you so great a privilege...

The Mechanical Snake.—Who is not familiar with the action of a pump handle is pushed up and down, and in some land shakes the same principle is at work. There is an soul in it, the lifting up and down of the arm, which, when it is released, the mechanical utterance of a few commonplace words spoken like an automaton...

The Friendly Snake.—The heavy grasp, which, without being too violent, either to crush the bones or to hurt the fingers, is yet warm enough, fervid enough, to tell you that the shaker's heart is right. You have only to look into the eyes...

The Dignified Snake.—Much affected by the professions. You are, may be, immersed in some pursuit for the good of mankind at large, or for your own special town (for we trust you are respectable and I belong to somewhere); big with importance, you stroll along, and, so strolling, you meet the dignified snake...

The Sensitive Monkey.—Dogs and other pets are often keenly alive to praise and blame, and seem to know almost infallibly whether they are being well or ill spoken of. The extreme case of which we ever read was that of a canary which died of grief at being harshly addressed by its mistress.

A Professional Beggar's Grievance.—A friend of mine tells me that late the other night he was addressed on the street by one of the kind who represent themselves as sorely in need of a night's lodging and the best gift of a few cents to make up the price required. Thinking to turn the tables upon the mendicant, my friend pulled a luxurious face, heaved a sigh and said: "I wish to help you, but I'm out of work."

A Use for Banana Skins.—The other day I saw a boy give a banana skin to a horse which helps street cars up the incline from Cornhill to State street in Washington. It was eaten with evident relish, and it struck me that I had rarely seen a happier use of a very dangerous article.

The Universal Custom.—The only custom which seems to be universal, according to a gentleman who has just commenced a trip around the world, is the use of tobacco. In many places he saw the weed used by women as much as by men.

CHAS. M. BLACK. A Brick Store. RES. HOEING and GEN. All work with FIRST-CLASS. Special attention given. RUN. HEISLER has removed. NWARE. And numerous other articles of which are sold cheaper than. Fine display of goods. CAREY'S BUILDING. ENNER.

Give His Version of the Story of Charlotte Corlay. A constant reader of The Globe has written to know something of Charlotte Corlay, and as the letter has been referred to me, I take great pleasure in stating briefly, and in glowing terms, what I am able to recall of this eccentric young woman's life.

How Charlotte was born in the year 1770. Like the record of Mr. Spartacus, who, in speaking of his own experience, said that in early life ran quiet as the clear brook in the forest, she spent the childhood of Charlotte Corlay almost devoid of interest, being monotonous and unamusing, as a made man said to me not long since, referring to the climate of the south.

She early turned her attention, however, to the matter of patriotism, hoping to obtain a Revolutionary war. Charlotte Corlay was tall, and of a patriotic line of countenance. She investigated the grievances of France, and gave her attention almost exclusively to the invention of some way by which to redress those grievances. Some of them had not been redressed for centuries, and they ought to have been ashamed of themselves.

According to all accounts, the grievances of France were, at that time, in full view and were, in fact, ready for the ball to open. It fell to the lot of Charlotte Corlay to open the ball.

She was a beautiful girl, with clear blue eyes, placed at equal distances from a tall, rosy nose, which was pale when it was in tears. Her ripe and ruddy French nose opened and closed readily when she was engaged in conversation, and her white and beautiful shoulders, ever and anon, while she talked, jumped themselves like a red man on his way to dinner.

Her costume was simple and did not cost a great deal. It consisted of a Normandy cap made of chamois cloth in shape like a tail of a setting hen, and trimmed in front with red French lace from the sea coast counter. Her dress in it and trimmed with blue and white stripes in it and trimmed with blue and white stripes in it and trimmed with blue and white stripes in it.

Her parents were poor, so she had very few advantages, as will be noticed at once by the careful student who reads her MSS. to-day and notices where she has frequently scribbled with a pen. She spoke French fluently, but was familiar with no other foreign tongue whatever interest in politics, he did not indorse the administration. He felt more especially bitter toward a gentleman named Marat, who was rather literary in his habits and who also acted as a kind of chairman of the National Central committee. To his other work he had also added the tedious and exhausting task of picking out people and indorsing them as suitable persons to be elected. Being a journalist he had to write hard all the evening to get the book full of red ink, political edicts to be read, and then he should have gone to bed and to rest, he had to take the directory and pick out enough people for a mess the following day.

In this way Marat was kept very busy, with the foreman on his heels all day and the guillotine on his heels all night, and every man was afraid to see the deputy sheriff coming, for fear he had a subpoena for him. It was no unusual thing in those days for a Frenchman to turn off the guillotine, and he quietly, yet with much feeling, expressed the hope that he might ever be wise and firm and never forget the inalienable rights of all.

Only great souls can comprehend true greatness, and these two understood each other. Nothing in the illustrious career of Gen. Grant gave me a fuller sense of his largeness of heart and mind than his unpretending simplicity and appreciative respect in this interview, while the fine and simple dignity of Sojourner Truth also gave me a fuller sense of her large womanhood. She said to him: "I have a little book here that I call my book of life. A good man on the same page with Lincoln's for you to put it there."

He replied: "I am glad to put it there," and wrote his autograph in her little book. She then said: "It will do me good for you to have my photograph," and with evident pleasure he thanked her and selected one from the several laid on the table.

The conversation had lasted beyond the usual time, others stood by, waiting their turn, yet listening with great interest, and then I could tell you why my eyes are black; but it is a fact that before I have handed a horse long he will follow me like a dog and answer my command. I once had the four horses that pull the engine at Broadway and Almond under such control that at the distance of a block they would answer my whistle and race like the wind to use which could reach me first. An old fire horse was once sold to an ashman. He was hitched to a post a block away, and I thought I recognized him, and I whistled. I had not seen him for two years, but he recognized my whistle, and, breaking the hitching strap, he came tearing to me, with the cart rattling behind him. A few minutes later the excited owner came up and thanked me warmly for catching his runaway horse.—Assistant Fire Chief in Globe-Democrat.

Pointed. Isaac—I want to write my name upon your heart, Rebecca, but it was so hard as Isaac. Rebecca—Yy don't you try, Isaac, I write your name my heart on it and I have hundredollar diamond ring, oh—Tom Siftings.