THE LONE WIDGWS SOLACE.

BY LOUISA S. UPHAM. Yes, she sat there alone, with the daintiest cap Perched stop of her soft brown hair;

The deep weeds of mourning, though so night, But rendered the widow more fair.

She thought of her wedded one's grave far away, 'Neath the cypress-tree's evergreen shade, And wondered if she would not happier be When she by his side should be laid,

Then she sighed, as she looked at his vacant chair By the hearthstone, waiting him still; And she wondered if ever another guest That long-honored place would fill,

And she sighed, when crackted the cozy wood-fire, That she now must enjoy all alone; For "the blessings that ye have received, freely

Was a favorite theme of her own. Then she thought of her neighbor across the way, Who mourned his departed wife; And she sighed again, but not for herself-

He was chastened, though why she never could tell: Who in prayer was so gifted as he? And in singing a soul-stirring psalm or hymn,

For the deacon's desolate life!

Who seemed nearer heaven to be? The while she mused thus, the deacon, too, thought Of a lesson he had learned in his youth, To " love all his neighbors as well as himself." And he asked, "Have I done this in truth?"

Another old sdage arose in his mind: "What ought to be done to-day, Defer not till to-morrow," He started at once To comfort poor lone Widow May !

In comforting others, our griefs may grow less; The deacon forgot all his own! In all that was said, only one text he heard: "It's not good that man dwell alone!"

If only he dared- and his heart beat fast, For the widow his suit might decline: "Would you-or might I-that is, now, I mean-Your home is so lonely-and mine!

And the widow blushed as his eager eyes His meaning at last made plain; And one lonely house, where once there were two, Gives token he wooed not in vain!

FIDO'S CHARGE.

In an upper room of a miserable lodging-house, a man lay dying. Beside him, her hand clasped in his, her ear strained to catch the low words of the rapidly-sinking man, was a little girl of eight years. On the opposite side of the bed, his head pressed close to the sufferer, was an immense Newfoundland dog. Through the long night he had remained thus—a faithful watcher-while little Nell slept. At early dawn a token of Fido's uneasiness awakened her, and she sprang up to catch the feeble tones.

"Little Nell, papa wants to speak to you," he whispered-"and you, too, my faithful Fido."

In an instant the dog moved around the bed, and stood beside Nell, the eyes of both eagerly gazing into those of the speaker.

"Here!" drawing from his bosom a little leather bag, he placed it around the child's neck, saying: "Look to it, Fido, old fellow !"

The dog understood him. The little bag was smelt and licked, and Fido turned to his master with eyes full of intelligence.

"Take care of Nell, Fido," the man whispered, his voice growing fainter. Then, hiding the little bag beneath her dress, he said :

"Don't let her see it; keep it. It is mamma's ring and some papers. Give her anything else she wants, to pay what we owe her, Fido." He placed the child's arm around the dog's neck. "Take care-mind her, dear old fellow! Kiss-papa-good-by-darling. God, bless-care-" Then a deep sigh escaped his lips, as Nell's warm kisses were pressed there. Terrified, she called:

"Papa, open your eyes! Speak to Nell again!"

When no answer came to her, a wild, terrified cry, followed by a piteous moan from the dog, brought the landlady to the room. "What's it now?" she asked, in

sharp, shrill voice. "Another spell, I suppose-"

She stopped as she saw the closed eyes and pallid face. Then quickly stepping to the bed, she placed her fingers on the brow and wrist, with an awed expression on her hard face. She said:

"Dead for certain. It come awful suddent. If I'd thought it was so nigh Just my luck! And how am I to be

She glanced around the room as if in search of something to pounce upon. him.

woman said. Turning again to little he murmured: Nell, she asked:

going to say "to pay me," but hesi- so cruelly? Everything dear taken from tated : the presence of death somewhat me-father, mother, brother, and, worse subdued her, and she continued: "No than all, love." Opening the case, he wishes-I mean, didn't he say nothing gazed tenderly on a fair, lovely face, about what he wanted done?"

eare of me, and said you could have "too. anything we had to pay you. Oh! maybe he is not dead. Please see, Mrs. Brown. It might only be a faint. Oh! Two brothers only represented an old papa, open your eyes-call Nell again. Oh! if I had only kept awake last Charles.

bed, bent over it a moment, and then abroad, and sang, danced, and rode treasured. Mrs. Brown was sought said :

tain."

We must pass over the pauper's burial, and little Nell's uncontrollable

Between the orphan asylum and Mrs. Brown's Nell had her choice. In the first she would be separated from her loved Fido. Mrs. Brown had offered to keep both. But "you will have to earn your bread," she had said to the orphan child.

Gladly the little one accepted the offered home.

"We will not be separated, Fido, And we won't care much if we do have to work hard. Will we, dear old fellow?" Nell said to her constant com-

His great honest eyes looked into hers, and answered just as she wished. But neither knew how hard the bread would be won, nor how meagerly dealt out.

For a few days Mrs. Brown was not very hard on Nell or Fido. She intended to do as well as she could by them. But the world had not dealt very kindly with her, and the constant battle with it had hardened her nat-

There were little Browns of all ages and sizes, and Nell was a handy little

From early dawn until almost midnight there was work for Nell to do. Constantly she heard her mistress call-

"Rock the baby, Nell. Walk Billy about a bit. Sing Polly to sleep! Run to the pump! Step over to the shop! Did you wash out the hall? Don't forget your kindling for morning. Get the water in the lodgers' rooms.

Never a moment's rest for Nell. The little bag had escaped Mrs. Brown's notice for several weeks. But one day, when fastening a dress on Nell, she caught sight of it. She attempted to open it when a low, threatening growl arrested her. Fido was on the watch. "Let me see what is in it?" the

woman asked. "No; please don't make me. Papa

said I must not," Nell answered. Of course Mrs. Brown's curiosity was excited. She determined to possess herself of Nell's secret. But Fido was ever near. Sleeping or waking, he never left his little mistress. Finding herself foiled in every attempt, Mrs. Brown determined to make both suffer for it.

rations lighter, the first accompanied ing and terrified by Fido's long ab-Brown knew well enough, though, that brought her, and said : she must not attempt the same treatmeet with a different reception.

thinner. After a day of unusual toil Fido?" and harshness, the poor child threw her arms round Fido's neck, and moaned:

are always hungry, and I all the time so tired! And it grows worse, don't it? Dear old fellow! Let us run away, Fido," she whispered close to his ear. "Look at me, right in my eyes, and tell me if we must go. It can't be worse, Fido, and maybe we may find a better home. Oh, if we could only die, and go to papa! Come shall we go?"

Fido did her bidding. Nell looked earnestly into his great, truthful eyes, and said :

"That's right; I knew you would tell me. Come, then; let us go now. It is snowing, and they cannot find us. But, oh, Fido, where shall we run to? You will take care of me, dear, darling old fellow, and I'll ask God to take care of both of us." She dropped on her knees for a few moments, and remained with her head bowed, her faithful companion close beside her.

"Now come," she whispered, as she arose and wrapped her shawl about her, and tied a little hood over the golden head, which would remain beautiful and bright, notwithstanding all neg-

They stole down the stairs, watchful I'd have hustled him off to the hospital. and noiseless, and went forth into the cold, dark night.

In a luxurious apartment, surrounded by euerything to render life happy, it would seem, was a man, apparently Fido's eye was upon her. As she ap. notover thirty-five years of age. Up and proached Nell, and laid her hand down the floor he paced, his steps sinkupon the child's shoulder, he drew ing without sound into the velvet carpet. | this." near, a slight sound of distrust escaping At length he stopped, sank into an armchair before an escritoire, unlocked a "What's the matter with you? I'm tiny drawer, and drew forth a miniature not going to hurt your mistress," the case. Holding it a moment unopened,

"How memories crowd around me "Did he leave nothing?"-she was to-night! Why has fate dealt with me with eyes as deep and blue as little "No, no! Only told Fido to take Nell's, and hair as bright and sunny, See how he licks your hand and looks

> Ten years before, that beautiful girl was Edgar Austin's promised bride.

Merry-hearted and fun-loving was Mrs. Brown again approached the this younger brother, who came from heart all memories but those loving and

"'Tain't no use. He's gone, cer- they thought. But the time came when all necessary information concerning the heart of each was awakened to the worshiped her-he to the brother who trusted him with such perfect faith. Yes, Charles Austin won his brother's promised bride.

"Go! Let me never see you more! Take with you the half-nay, more, all you wish. Pave your way with gold if you choose. Only go, and quickly!" Edgar said, when the hope-crushing truth came to him.

Thus they parted, never to meet Closing the case with a deep sigh,

Edgar Austin again paced the floor. "To-night they seem hovering around me. I believe I could forgive them

now. Where are they? Oh! I am so weary, so desolate! I must get out, or I shall go mad !" he cried. Touching a bell, he said to the man who came immediately:

"My coat and cap, Thomas." "It snows, sir," the man said.

"I care not. I shall not be long. I must have a walk, or I shall not sleep

The snow was falling thick and fast. The streets almost deserted. It was impossible to see more than a few steps ahead. Yet Edgar Austin pushed for-

Presently, a sound near arrested his steps; an instant more, and an immense dog was beside him. He ..rew back on the defensive, but the animal's manner was not threatening at all; on the contrary, friendly. Walking on up under a gas-light, Edgar Austin looked into the dog's eyes, and, seeing the eager, pleading expression, asked, putting forth his hand and patting his head:

"What is it, old fellow? What do you want?" The noble animal was delighted that he had found a friend, and profuse in

his thanks. "All right," said Edgar. "I know. Now go ahead and let me know what

you want." The dog ran forward a few yards, then back, to insure his friend's following. On again and back. He continued in the same way until he had proceeded about two squares, when another sound was heard, which Edgar's companion answered immediately.

"Fido-oh, come, Fido!" called a child's voice.

In an instant more Edgar was pulled gently up to a door, within the shelter Nell's work grew heavier, and Fido's of which crouched little Nell, shiverwith angry words and threats, the lat- sence. She threw her arms around the ter often blows; but Fido never re- dog's neck a moment, then raised her sented any ill-usage of himself. Mrs. eyes pleadingly to the friend Fido had

"Oh, please, sir, take me and Fido. ment with his mistress, or it would We will be very good, and work very hard, and not eat so much. Only just Little Nell was growing paler and once; we are so hungry now, ain't we, Spiritualism, made a will which she the sunny side of the house and lets in stuck on his unfortunate organ one of

Edgar caught the child's hand, drew her quickly up to the store window, "How can we stand it, Fido? You from which the gas shone brightly, and trix was of unsound mind and was unasked:

"Where are you from, child? whom

do you belong to?" "From Mrs. Brown's. We don't belong to anybody but ourselves. We've run away. Please take us. Ain't it awful cold?" she said, hovering close to him, and looking up again into his

The next instant the little form was caught up, pressed close, and wrapped with the fur-lined cape. Calling to Fido, "Come on!" Edgar hastened to retrace his steps. In fifteen minutes more he had reached his home.

When he had unwrapped his little burden and placed her on the rug before the brightly-burning grate, she threw off the hood, which completely covered her head and partially hid the broad white brow, and turned to speak,

cried, "Ella Harland's miniature self!" "Yes," nodding her pretty head; 'yes, that was mamma's name," said Nell.

"Where is she?" Edgar asked. drawing her child closer to his heart.

"In Heaven," she answered, her lips are personally interested. quivering, and, adding, "Papa, too," she dropped her head on Edgar's breast and sobbed. "Mamma left us when we were across the ocean and papa not is endeavoring to become famous by long ago, at Mrs. Brown's. May I stay eccentricities in the pulpit, Sunday with you, please? See, I'll give you

She drew from her bosom the little bag and placed it in his hand, Fido expressing approval.

No further proof would have been necessary, but in the bag Edgar found the wedding-ring, marriage certificate, and a little locket containing the likeness of his brother and two locks of hair, one raven, the other sunny-hued.

"You look like papa, I thing," Nell said, "and Fido thinks so, too, I know. up into your eyes. May we stay?" "Forever, my child. I am your

father now.' A cry of great joy escaped the hearts Nell blotted from her uncle's mind and with them. with Edgar's love, as sister and brother, and found. Through her he obtained I won't get hurt.

Charles Austin. His body was placed truth. She was false to the one that in the family vault, beside his parents. A few years more, and beside him lay the wife, for whom he had forsaken home, friends and country. Next to Nell, Fido retains the affection of Edgar Austin, who declares that his (Fido's) nature is more noble than most men's; and, if he could only speak, his intelligence would surprise the world.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY. It is astonishing what a fund of information some young men acquire, despite their misfortune of being born rich and boosted through life on the end of a long rent-roll. Sometimes we see a young blood who has been to school all his life, who can tell you the name of every billiard expert and trot ting horse in the country. But such young men are exceptional. The average young blood can't tell you much of anything. The two bloods we are about to introduce belong to the exceptional

few, whose fund of information is vast. The other day the two learned bloods under discussion were seated in the midst of a throng of kindred spirits in one of the high-toned saloons of our city, and the subject of the Indian war came up for discussiion.

Blood No. 1 said the Indians were race of catawampuses that ought to be exterminated-wiped off the face of the

Blood No. 2 said the Indians had been sadly abused. When they were fairly treated they dealt fairly in return. "Look at William Penn," said he; "didn't old William buy the great State of Pennsylvania from the Indians, and didn't he always use them well, and didn't they always live in peace with

"Oh, well, now," rejoined blood No. 1, "the Indians used old William pretty rough, in the face of all his kindness to them."

Blood No. 2: "Well, what did the Indians do to William Penn, I'd like to

Blood No 1; "Why, you don't know anything about the history of your country! Didn't the Indians make old William stand up one day and shoot an apple off his little boy's head with a bow and arrow?"

Blood No. 2: "That's so! I forgot all about that !"

Blood No. 1 (triumphantly): "Well, what do you think about the Indians Blood No. 2 (crestfallen): "I expect

you are right. They ought to be wiped They all take a little sugar in theirs, The truth of history is vindicated .-Exchange.

A SPIRIT-MADE WILL. supposed her deceased husband to dictate, or to approve. The will was contested, on the grounds that the testaduly influenced in making it. A jury sustained the will, and the Supreme Court sustain the verdict of the jury, because the question whether her belief of hot air is then let in. And so we find by the heat and burden of the day, and in Spiritualism, and her supposition materfamilias sitting with a great deal you, gentlemen, will find yourselves in that she was guided by the spirit of her dead husband, amounted to an insane delusion, and affected the terms of the her condition of mind in the last degree of bygone times, may you be able to will, was rightly left to the jury to de- dejected, simply because she persists in say that the first thing you did on retermine as a matter of fact. The court | disregarding the most elementary prin- turning to the jury-room was to unanialso said that it could not say, as a ciples of natural philosophy. We tell mously agree that you could place no matter of law, that such belief is ipso her that if she will open the windows on reliance whatever upon the testimony facto proof of insanity or insane delu- the shady side of the house only, and of the man Smith." sion, so as to void a will; and that if keep the others closely shut, her dwellthe testatrix retained her own judgment | ing will be at least not hotter than the and free agency, so as to be ultimately shady side of the street, whereas by governed by her own will, it did not her arrangement it acquires the heat make any difference whether she fol- of the sunny side. We tell her, also, lowed any given advice or rejected it, that if her house be large and inmates nor can the source of the advice make few, she may live in a delightful state any difference, if it did not overcome of coolness by only opening the windows her own will. She was at liberty to fol- at night and keeping them closed durlow the advice of a living person, or the day. Her house will be then some "Great Heaven!" Edgar Austin that supposed to come from one de- ten or fifteen degrees lower in temperaceased, provided she regarded it simply ture than the streets, and convey very as an opinion. This opinion, though it | much the refreshing effects of a cool will bind only the courts of Maine, is | bath upon entering it. We tell her all one of the greatest importance, and this and she is very much interested. will, doubtless, aid in settling a ques- At our next visit we find every window tion in which thousands of Spiritualists

An Englishman named Parry is the preacher for a Worcester church, who week he preached in Hartford, and in the middle of his sermon suddenly paused and placed his hand over the region of his heart. "There was a pang there," said he, "as though my heart were in the grip of a greatlobster claw." He looked at one of his hands, "Oh, it's a mosquito," he exclaimed; "Hartford is an awful bad place for mosquitos." He went on to say that he shouldn't know that he had a heart or hands without such reminders, and it is not the object of this paragraph to dispute him: but until this eccentric Parry takes his proper place in the economy of the universe, the canal and railroad-makers on the earth, or the miners for coal and iron under it, are deprived of the fellowship of one who and wealthy race-Edgar, the elder, and of both Nell and Fido. All the past was designed by nature to hold a subwas forgiven; and, in time, sweet little ordinate position in companionship

AN INVITED NOSE.

At one of the demi-French reunions not long since, a little scene occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a monsieur entered, very correct in his "getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, but a gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, "A large nose never spoiled a handsome face," and the stranger justified the proverb.

Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit, then, taking a more familiar tone, he said, "It has been very happy to accept your invitation, madam; an honor of which it is quite unworthy."

This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly that it could be understood by those who stood near.

The lady, who, though a very distingue person, is somewhat timid, because still young, was somewhat embarrassed at this address, and, thinking she had misunderstood him, replied:

"Excuse me, sir; were you say-"I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your

soirce." The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and more out of countenance.

"I do not understand you," she said, at length; "of what are you speaking?" The gentleman did not speak again, but pointed, in reply, to the prominent | he will soon have 0 to take care of.

feature in his face. "What! do you know? Oh, how imprudent!" exclaimed the lady; and blushing from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in her hankerchief a face half | winter the coming one will be.

laughing and half embarrassed. The explanation of this little mystery soon came out. The hostess had met should have been lost all at once, but this gentleman the evening before at the then, as a Trenton paper remarks, house of her sister, where he had made himself very agreeable, as was his custom. On her return, recollecting her own soiree of the next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her

sister: "I have taken a liking to the big nose. Give him an invitation for me. Her madcap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was, and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on his side.

HOT AIR AND COOL ROOMS.

Because, when the air of the streets make 30 or 40 degress on the Fahrenheit scale, a room overwarmed by fire can be cooled by opening the windows, the average householder adopts the ready conclusion that whenever a room feels hot the way to cool it is to let in the external air. Accordingly in these piping woman in Maine, a believer in times he, and still more often she, opens and having no court-plaster at hand, to 100 degrees or so. Then, because in usual intimation, "Warranted 350 a very short time the room naturally be- yards long." comes much hotter than it was, it is considered that the windows are not opened face the color of an Orleans plum, and duous labors, then, as we talk together open and the house full of red-hot air. 'It stands to reason," she says triumphantly, "that you cannot possibly cool a house without plenty of ventilation."

> A PREDICTION ABOUT THE BLUEGRASS REGION. -The unprecedented drought a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial a startling story promulgated by some geological and meteorological writer, to the effect that within one hundred years the beantiful bluegrass region of Central Kentucky would bedo not remember now," says the corretheory, but his conclusion was that this direful state of things would be brought about by protracted droughts, which would come every year, and gradually prolong their stay until what is now the most beautiful part of Kentucky would become a parched desert, uninhabited by man or beast."

QUARREL with dead men and you it is that, when a man is not named anything else, his name is as above.

THE PRACTICAL LOVER.

I did not purchase for my bride Rich jeweled rings and costly fans, But what I thought would be her pride-A set complete of pots and pans.

I would not win sweet Jennie's love By golden gifts of magic power : If she a proper wife would prove She would prefer some bags of flour.

I did not play with Jennie's heart, Nor try to fix it were it fickle, But sent, mistrusting modern art, A side of pork for her to pickle. I did not give her rubies red. To lend her raven hair relief.

But what would charm when we were wed-

A good supply of potted beef. I did not wanton with her love, That pined to nestle on my breast, Just like a drooping, tired dove, But sent a couch where it could rest.

I did not, when the moon was bright, Take Jennie out for tranquil walks: But took her-what would more delight-A dozen each of knives and forks.

Whose brightness, ah! so quickly wanes, But sent her, in the darkest night, A set of sheets and counterpance. And so at last our little store

I did not send her flowers bright.

Would furnish well au ivied cot. But then-I should have said before-She jilted me, and kept the lot.

VARIETIES. Brisk talkers are usually slow think-

KEEP your own secrets, if you have

To REMOVE stains from character-

IF a man doesn't take care of No. 1,

WE believe that the time has arrived when every energetic journalist should begin to gather up and publish prognostigations in regard to what sort of a

New Jersey is a little disappointed that thirty million gallons of water "s'posen it had been good whisky!"

Susan B. Anthony says she is only fifty-five, and she brands all stories about her having been in the ark as infernal lies. Anyone who says she is over fifty-five must pass over her dead body after the figures. PEOPLE talk about the Christian spirit

of forgiveness to be met with in America, but let a young man sit down on a plug hat at a Sunday-school excursion and it mars the harmony of the whole assembly. An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was over-

heard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, "Oh, Lord, don't let anyone hurt me, and I will go to church next Sunday and give you some money." A Paisley manufacturer got, by some accident, a severe cut across the nose,

air of a temperature varying from 100 his gum tickets, on which was the "And when in after days," said a learned counsel in the court-room, "we widely enough, and the supposed error | meet together around the social hearth, being remedied, and a larger quantity where I shall no longer be oppressed of perspiration upon her upper lip, her other scenes than this, at rest from ar-

A young lady thus describes her feel-

ngs, and courts sympathy : "My heart is sick, my heart is sad, But, oh! the cause I dare not tell; I am not grieved, I am not glad, I'm not ill, I'm not well; I'm not myself, I'm not the same; I am indeed, I know not what:

I'm changed in all except my name-

MOON AND EARTH METEORS. Prof. Newton has estimated, by a fair estimate of observed facts, that

Oh, when shall I be changed in THAT?"

each day on the average 400 millions of meteors fall of all sizes down to the minutest discernible in a telescope upon the earth's atmosphere, so that on the moon's unprotected globe-with its surface one-thirteenth of the earth'sabout 30 millions fall each day, even at the present time. Of large meteoric masses only a few hundred fall each year on the earth, and, perhaps, about in Kentucky has brought to the mind of a hundred on the moon; but still, even at the present rate of downfall, millions of large masses must have fallen on the moon during the time when her surface was plastic, while presumably a much larger number-including many much larger masses-must have fallen during come an arid desert, a waste place. "I. that period. Thus, not only without straining probabilities, but by taking spondent, "upon what he based his only the most probable assumptions as to the past, we have arrived at a result which compels us to believe that the moon's surface has been very much marked by meteoric downfall, while it renders it by no means unlikely that a large proportion of the markings so left would be discernible under telescopic scrntiny; so that strong evidence exists in favor of that hypothesis which one WHEN Adam met Eve he was smit, or two writers (who presumably have and when Eve met Adam she was smit, not given great attention to the recent Then they were both smit, which is progress of meteoric astronomy) would German for Smith. Now we know why dismiss "without consideration" (the way, doubtless, in which they have dis-