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LOVE WINS.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Paul and Virginia, in their palm groves and glades of tropic Arcadia, were not happier, simpler, more truthful and tender lovers than Josephine Ascort and Walter Hexton, up to a certain hour when Josephine met with a piece of unexpected good fortune. Josephine was an extremely pretty girl, tall, slender and fair. Walter was a robust, rather angular and awkward young man, with a big broad brow, and heavy jaws and gray eyes. They were near neighbors, and they lived in a small town in the north of England. Walter Hexton was the son of a decent tradesman, and was studying chemistry, without any higher view, as yet, than that of opening a chemist's shop, and making a respectable living. Ascot was the daughter of a clerk in an attorney's office. But Josephine's mother had some rich relations, who, although they had never thought her worth doing anything for while she was yet unmarried, thought her quite worth denouncing and repudiating when she made her *mesalliance*. Mrs. Ascot, a weak woman, with a love of gentility, venerated her relatives all the more because they had cast her off, and could never bear to hear a word against them. In her mind, to be rich was to be endowed with celestial grace, and almost to be armed with celestial authority. She was not sorry—that she had married an attorney's clerk, but she had quite recognized the fact that, in doing so, she had committed a crime of *lese-majeste* against her general relations, and she did not ask, did not hope, to be forgiven.

She had only one daughter, the pretty Josephine, and she was rather glad than otherwise when Josephine fell in love with so steady, promising a young man as Walter Hexton.—For Walter was a steadfast, high-minded young fellow, with strong aspirations of his own, and no taste however, for dissipation, idleness or frivolity. Josephine and he walked together every fine evening—took long walks over quiet roads and breezy downs, returning often by the tender light of the moon, dear and sacred to all lovers, though Virgil may call its light malgin, and Danish Ochlenschlaeger allow his Aladdin to denounce it as a "pale angel of destruction." Happy, exquisite, ecstatic walks were those to poor Walter, as he held the hand of Josephine in his, and poured into her ear the unvarying, ever wearing story of his love, his hopes, and his aspirations and projects for the future.—Poor lovers have one advantage over rich—they are under far less of conventional restraint, and can have more frequent walks together of evenings. The lover of Sally in our alley had some special class privileges which the favored admirers of Lady Sarah in the square might perhaps occasionally have envied.

But good fortune, unsought, hunted out Josephine. Mrs. Selby Clare, one of her rich relations, and a childless widow, happened to stay in the town for a day or two, in returning from Scotland to London, where she lived; and meek Mrs. Ascot felt bound to call humbly at her hotel and ask to see her. Mrs. Selby Clare was not a bad sort of person and she consented to look upon and speak to her poor and degraded relative.—The poor and degraded relative was polite enough to bring her daughter with her, and old Mrs. Selby Clare's somewhat withered heart warmed to the graceful, pretty, lady-like girl.—The visit ended in a ten-pound note to Mrs. Ascot, and peremptory command that Josephine should, the very next week, go up to London, and there spend a fortnight in the house of her newly found relative.

"You don't think, Josephine, that you will stay longer than a fortnight away from me?"

Those were Walter's words, spoken somewhat plaintively, the night before Josephine's departure for London, as they walked together in the moonlight. Walter was very proud of Josephine's being admired by the great relative and carried off to London; but his mind had some ominous misgivings confusedly struggling with the pride.

"No, Walter, dear, I don't think so; I don't mean to, unless, of course, Mrs. Selby Clare should insist on it. She may, you know."

"She may, indeed; I should think so. Of course she'll want you to stay;" and he glanced at the girl with a look of one who held it to be an obvious and self-evident fact that any relative or other person who once had Josephine near her must wish to keep her there.

"Well, if she does, Walter, then, you know, that I cannot venture to refuse Mrs. Selby Clare."

"No, dear, I suppose not. Do you know, Josephine, I almost wish sometimes, Mrs. Selby Clare had never found you out?"

"Oh, Walter, for shame! My mother's near relative. And so good a woman! And so rich! I quite wonder at you to speak in such a way. You ought to be very glad—only men are so selfish."

"I suppose we are," said poor Walter with a sigh; and he urged the matter no further.

Next morning early, Josephine set out for London. Her father, mother and Walter accompanied her to the railway station. Walter had the privilege of a parting kiss. As the train swept out of the station he caught a final fading glimpse of Josephine's face, and there was a quiet, self-satisfied, complacent smile. His heart was bursting.

But he was not a jealous creature. It was no wonder, he told himself, that Josephine should feel a little elated at the high prospects now evidently opening for her, and if for her, of course for him. Of course she was glad! Men must be selfish creatures indeed, as she had said;—otherwise he would have at once understood why she showed on her face a hopeful smile at the first parting.

Life for the next few months was all pleasure and brightness to Josephine, all hard work and dullness to poor Walter. Josephine was plunged at once into a new, brilliant, many tinted kind of existance, which entirely novel as it was, seemed quiet congenial and natural to her. She breathed in it with delicious freedom.—Mrs. Selby Clare had money enough and some good taste, and moved in a brilliant circle. She lived in the Park Lane region, and gave pleasant dinner-parties; and Josephine proved quite an attraction and a success, and went through all the enjoyments of a London season—the ball, the opera, the croquet-party, the Richmond *fete champtre*, the strawberry breakfast, and the rest, with a fresh and open acknowledgment of delight, which made her doubly attractive. Then, it was well known that Mrs. Selby Clare had no children, or nephews and nieces, or very near relations of any kind;—and the natural presumption was that this pretty, graceful, charming girl, whom she introduced everywhere as "almost my adopted daughter," would assuredly be her heiress, which assumption added not a little to Josephine's charms, and formed, indeed, the glorious atmosphere of roseate and gold which surrounded them and set them off.

Toward the close of the season, for the visit of a fortnight had, of course, swelled itself into weeks and months, Josephine was startled, delighted, displeased—all emotions blending or conflicting in a moment—by receiving a card with the name of "Mr. Walter Hexton" engraved upon it, and being told that the owner of the card was below, and wished to see her. Whereupon she blushed very deeply, and the following thoughts and wishes passed successively through her mind, in the instant during which she held the card in her hand, and hesitated as to what she should say:

"Poor, dear Walter! How delighted I am to see him!"

"How did he contrive to get to town just now!"

"How glad I am he had a card!"

"I wonder what he will think of me?" and she glanced at the looking-glass.

"I wonder what he looks like!

"I wonder what Mrs. Selby Clare will think?

"How unlucky that he should have come just now, when were we are going out at once!

"I don't know, perhaps it is rather lucky, on the whole.

"I wonder how long he is going to stay in town!

"I hope not long—oh, no, I don't hope any thing of the kind!"

And then, to stifle all further doubts and hopes, she ran down stairs, and presently received Walter. Well, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that Walter was not looking like a West End youth. His dress seemed rural, provincial;—so did his hands; and there was an uneasy, anxious, alomat melancholy expression on his face, which young Belgravia does not allow itself to wear in presence of a lady. Her heart quite warmed to him, however, and she ran up and caught him by both hands, and wondered why he did not kiss her, and told him so.—Then he did kiss her, and he blushed so much in the act that she blushed too.

They sat and talked, and he grew less constrained. He had come to town because of a chemical discovery, apparently of some importance, which he believed he had made, and about which he had written—not knowing anything better to do—to a famous London *savant*, whom even Mayfair and Tyburnia admired.—The famous *savant* had actually replied in a friendly, kindly style, and declared that he thought there was something in Walter's idea, that he would look into it, and that meantime he should like to see Walter and talk with him. So Walter came up to town, and was going to the house of the great science man in the afternoon; but first, of course, he must come to see Josephine. Then he said, very awkwardly, that he hoped she was happy, that she looked splendid and quite like a great lady, and that he supposed she was never coming back to the old town any more. She assured him she was returning home very soon—as soon as the season closed; and she began to give him a little outline of the kind of life she had been leading for the past few months; but she thought of the flight of time, and looked at her watch, and was just beginning to tell him that she was going out, when Mr. Selby Clare relieved her from the necessity by coming into the room and asking her whether she was not ready. Then Josephine presented Walter to Mrs. Selby Clare, and that lady was gracious and distant; and Walter knew he must go. He was awkward about beginning to go, and longed beyond measure for one other moment of Josephine alone. That joy, however, he was not destined to have; and he left the room without a chance of exchanging a syllable with Josephine, and without any hint from Mrs. Selby that he would be welcome if he were to call again.

He was received with great kindness and consideration by the scientific man, who talked a long time with him, and urged him to study in London, Paris and Germany, offering him letters to many great professors in these places. Then he told Walter that he might come and see him as often as he pleased, and showed quite an interest in him. A year ago, six months ago, all this would have made Walter wild with hope and joy; but now, somehow, it did not seem to affect him so much. It did not appear to him that a proficiency in chemistry would be quite enough to make up for the lack of money and social position in the circles where Josephine had so suddenly found admission, and wherein even already she seemed to be so much at home.

The two who had been lovers met no more that time. Josephine returned home to her parents during the winter, but Walter did not even then see much of her. He was indeed a good deal in London and he avoided her. Nothing was said of their old engagement. It had apparently passed so entirely out of the world of realities that poor Walter thought it would be a piece of presumption on his part if he were even to offer to release Josephine Ascot from it. "This long time," he thought to hmiself, bitterly, "it has been practically at an end. She would think it an offence if I were to remind her in any way that it ever had an existence. She only wishes me to forget it."

Mrs. Selby Clare had evidently taken quite a fancy to Josephine.—She sent for her in the winter, and made her come to Nice. Josephine's father and mother had not the spirit to refuse. They said it would only stand in the way of the child's advancement. They were very good people in the negative, harmless, sense; but they utterly failed to understand that their child might have higher interests to advance than any which the capricious favor of a rich old woman could make or mar.

Josephine had many admirers, but as yet not many suitors. There was, indeed, something too uncertain about the basis of her future to satisfy the prudent young men of the West End when they came to consider the matter seriously and closely. But she met at Nice with a wealthy and influential man—a leading partner in a banking-house, and member of parliment, who could probably be in high office if he liked, and who had lately been made a baronet.—This gentleman fell in love with her; kept up his love for her when he and she returned to London, and early in the season proposed to her, telling her frankly that her personal fortune was not a matter of any importance or consideration whatever to him. Now Josephine was not by any means in love with Sir John Riddle—not the least in the world in love with him. He was more than forty years old, and she was only just twenty; he was a steady man, who seemed older than he really was. She did not love him, and she did not feel as if she ever could. But then there was no one else—in society—whom she loved or cared at all about. Of the many brilliant, handsome young men whom she often met around her, not one had touched her heart. For she had a heart; and the more she mingled in society, now that the startling novelty and dazzling gloss of the thing were wearing off, the more she began to yearn after some sensation deeper and more real than that of variety and gratified vanity and socal display. She did think of Walter sometimes—oftener than she cared to—and she sometimes doubted whether in losing him she had not lost all. But she had lost him; she did not know even where he was; and there was no use in thinking of the past any more.—She might as well marry Sir John Riddell; the marriage would make her rich; she might do anything she pleased for her family; she would be Lady Riddell; and what a delightful sensation it would be to drive in her carriage through the streets of her native town, and be known as Lady Riddell! So she thought she had better accept Sir John Riddell.

Mrs. Selby Clare thought so, too, and reminded Josephine that she had not a penny of her own, and only depended for a fortune on her, Mrs. Selby Clare. "I am very fond of you," said the old lady, "but then we may quarrel some day. I am capricious, and am a woman; so are you, and we may fight at any moment; and I really think you had better secure yourself at once against all chances."

So Josephine Ascot accepted the proposal of Sir John Riddell, and was to become Lady Riddell in a few months. And she received many congratulations, and she congratulated herself a great deal, telling herself over and over that it was like a dream, and picturing to herself the magnificent future a kind fate had prepared for her; and she was very brave and exultant all day in society. But at night, in her room alone, and in her often sleepless bed, her spirits gave way, her hopes turned into sad ghosts, crowding around her, and she shed a great many bitter tears, and longed for the day, light, society and the animal spirits again.

The weeks and months went by, and it was once more drawing toward the close of the season. One night there was a brilliant reception, or *conversazione*, in the rooms of one of the great scientific societies, and Sir John Riddell, who took some interest in science, was there, and so were Mrs. Selby Clare and Josephine Ascot. The rooms were crowded, and all the celebrities of science, letters, art, politics, and travel were gathered together. Even Josephine with all her present weariness of mind, felt some interest in looking around her, and exchanging a word with this or that famous personage; and there was something more than mere admiration of science in the emotion she felt, and the color which came to her cheeks when Sir John Riddell brought up and introduced to her the distinguished man who had been Walter Hexton's early patron. She longed to ask for Walter, but she could hardly bring herself to make the venture. She feared that the blood would rush to her cheeks, that her voice would tremble, and that some curious eyes and ears might possibly attach an unpleasant significance to such symptoms of feeling.

A moment after she heard the *savant* say to her affianced husband:

"Sir John, I want to introduce you to a young scientific man in whom I see a great deal of promise. He has just come back from a mission into the Ural mountains, in which he represented one of our best scientific societies. Here he is. Glad to see you, Hexton; and come here, I wish to introduce you to my friend Sir John Riddell."

And Josephine, looking up, saw Walter Hexton, her old lover, introduced to her betrothed husband. He was old Walter still. More manly, more calm and self-sustained, more grave, perhaps, and with a darker tint on his face; but with the broad forehead, the gray eyes, simple, honest look and bearing. As she gazed at him the old, early love came swelling up in her heart; all the interval since first she left her father's house seemed to have dropped completely out of her life, and out of her memory; the vanity, the frivolity, the mean hopes, the ignoble ambitions, the unwomanly disloyalty and cowardice—all sank away, and she felt as if nothing remained in her heart but the true love, which, from her childhood up to a twelvemonth back had filled it.

The crowd separated her—and she allowed herself to be separated—for a moment or two from Mrs. Selby Clare and from Sir John Riddell.—The crowd, too, brought her quite near to Walter Hexton, whom Sir John had just quitted. Josephine laid her hand gently on Hexton's arm, and he looked around and saw her.

"Walter," she said, in a low and tremulous tone, "you have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Josephine! No, I have not forgotten you. I have tried to forget, but I could not."

He spoke in a voice so low, and with so much difficulty and suppressed emotion, that she could barely catch his words.

"And I, too, Walter, have tried to forget, but I could not and shall try no more."

He turned his eyes, which he had previously kept away, full upon her face, and he found her meaning in the look which her eyes gave him back. She held her hand out and he pressed it. Then they separated, or allowed themselves to be separated again.

Their converse had hardly lasted a single minute, but it was enough.—Walter Huxton went home with a heart swelling with unexpected love and joy, and the sudden recall to supremacy of a love which he had long been trying to crush.

Josephine Ascot went home with a mind more troubled, certainly, than his, for she had a perplexing, painful knot to undo, and a manly, honorable gentleman to disgrease and offend at the very least; and she looked upon much of her recent conduct with sincere contrition and shame.—But she felt so much of relief and happiness that at last she saw her way clear before her, and had returned to her true allegiance. Come what might, she would never marry Sir John.

She kept her purpose to herself as Mrs. Selby Clare and she drove home together in the carriage. But when they reached the house and were alone she broke out at once with her confession, and told her patroness she never would marry Sir John Riddell, and she told her the reason why:

"Because I love Walter Hexton!—I did not know it fully until to-night—at least I thought I had perhaps stifled it and killed it, to my shame—but when I saw him to-night I knew that I loved him still, and I never will be weak and wicked enough to marry another man!"

"This is delightful," said Mrs. Selby Clare, dryly, "and quite affecting, no doubt, at least to a romantic person—a class to which I don't belong. May I ask what you propose to do with Sir John Riddell.

"I will tell him all—the whole plain truth. He will then know that I cannot marry him, and he will forgive me."

"I wish you had thought of this sooner, Josephine. It is very unpleasant; it puts me in quite a false position, and is hardly grateful, I think. Pray be good enough to explain to Sir John that it is no doing of mine—that I have no hand in the business."

"I will make that plain to him, Mrs. Selby Clare, for I will go at once to my father's. Don't think I am ungrateful, or that I can ever forget all your kindness to me; but after this—after I have done what I know you wish me not to do—I feel I have no right to remain under your roof any longer."

Mrs. Selby Clare bowed and said nothing. Perhaps she was beginning to wish for some novelty, and the excitement of a grand marriage for Josephine would have been a fresh and pleasing sensation. That hope frustrated, she was not sorry to be free of Josephine, and to be able to talk of the ingratitude of girls.

Next day Josephine told Sir John Riddell all. It was a heavy blow, but he bore it bravely, like a gentleman, and was generous and forgiving. And Josephine returned to her father's not richer by a coin than when she had left it, but proud and happy.

Walter soon found her. He was yet but a struggling man, able to welcome his young wife to nothing better than a modest income and an humble home. But she was glad and happy to be thus welcomed.

It would be an economy on the part of the government to prevent most of the land-grabbing and subsidy-claiming practicioners with a city house and lot, and liberal pensions each, with the one saving clause that they retire from business. Perhaps it might accomplish the same end as well.

ALICE CARY'S SWEETEST POEM.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Not the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful Summers,
The Summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all.

VARIETIES.

Hard to beat—A boiled egg.

It "moves in the best society"—Castor oil.

A Lawsuit over a hog in Illinois cost $15,000.

August Belmont won $34,000 last year on horse races.

Josh Billings alminax netted him nine thousand dollars.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.

Teach nothing but the truth of God, because nothing but that will save souls.

Modesty in a woman is like color in her cheek—decidedly pretty if not put on.

A father in Vermont offers his farm to any man who will marry his daughter.

Schenck fears sea-sickness. He can avoid it by throwing up his commission.

Pride is increased by ignorance;—those who assume the most know the least.

The Crown Prince is at the head of the Woman Suffrage movement in Germany.

The London *Gazette* is the oldest newspaper printed in English in the world.

"The Five Great Powers"—Love, money, ambition, revenge and a good dinner.

Not to inquire after each other's "chills" is the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

Lewis Kimball of Kentucky is put forward as the "homeliest man on the face of the earth."

Miss Nye, of Bellevue, Nebraska, is one of the graduates of the New England Medical Schools.

It is true wisdom to speak but little of the injuries you have received or the good deeds you have done.

Mrs. A. C. Bowles, of Cambridge, is lecturing on "Meddling Women."—This is a comprehensive subject.

A showman has made an offer of marriage to the two-headed girl, but he is in mortal fear of a suit for bigamy.

Sentimental youth—"My dear Maria, will you share my lot for life?" Practical girl—"How many acres in your lots sir?"

A maiden lady here, living alone, hangs an old plug hat in her hall, to frighten burglars by indicating male occupants.

Watertown, Wisconsin, has a rival to Tom Thumb in the person of a boy 15 years old, who is 28 inches high and weighs 19 pounds.

A colony of negroes are coming to Kansas from Mobile, Alabama, to get free farms, and live in opulence the balance of their days.

An eighty acre farm in Iowa is carried on by twin sisters, twenty-three years of age. A boy sixteen years old is all the male help they have.

The California orange crop is very fine. Many thousands of orange and lemon trees are being planted in the central part of the State.

A committee of the Irish citizens of Boston have collected $1,500 for the benefit of the released Fenians. Halpine is to be cared for on his arrival.

In Wyoming a woman beat her husband in the nomination for a local office, and they went home perfectly satisfied that the office was to be in the family.

The editor of a newspaper out towards Lake Champlain has discovered a new way of keeping eggs from spoiling. His method is to eat them while they are fresh.

A girl in Springfield, Ohio, who danced with her corsets pulled up to the last hole, was the next day in a hearse that was pulled up to the last hole that had been dug in the graveyard.

A sealed can of oysters carelessly left on the embers in a stove, in Oswego, exploded with a tremendous force;—bursting the grate to atoms, shaking the house and severely injuring a bystander.

A young man at La Crosse, Wis., looked through the keyhole of a girl's bedroom, and ever since the doctors have been trying to get a knitting needle out of the place where his eye used to be. So says the Chicago *Tribune*.

The potate is an exhaustive crop, much more so than is generally supposed. It is not a good practice to raise more than two crops of potatoes on the same piece of ground in succession, and then not again for several seasons, although new land does not show signs of exhaustion as quickly as land which has been cultivated.

TRUMBULL AND THE KU-KLUX BILL.

Senator Trumbull, (Radical) of Illinois, thus urged his objection to the Ku Klux Bill, when it was before the Senate:

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, expressed his regret that while so important a bill was under consideration, the Senate should be so thin, and so little attention be paid to the principles involved in this bill. When this Government was formed the protection of the life and liberty of individuals was left to the States; the Federal Government was formed for general and national purposes. In respect to the bill he was willing to go as far as the farthest in any measure to enforce the authority of the United States in any part of the States; but he was not willing to enter any State for the purpose of punishing individual offences of one citizen against another. As the bill passed the House, it was understood to go no further than protect to the citizens in all the rights granted by the Constitution. The question was whether the amendments which had been made to the Constitution changed the principles on which the Government was founded.—In his opinion, the Fourteenth Amendment conferred no more rights of citizenship than the original Constitution conferred. Under the Fourteenth Amendment the power exists in the Federal Government to prevent any State from discriminating in any way against any citizen of the United States; but the power under that amendment which was claimed by some would annihilate the States. As originally introduced in the House, it went to the extent of providing punishment for the violation of State laws; but the attention of some of the more thoughtful minds in the House had been directed to this, hence the change. As the bill passed the House, he would be willing to support it, and he regretted the amendments made by the Judiciary Committee, the effect of which was to do just what the House had declined to do—punish offenses against the States. If the General Government took into its hand the entire protection of individual cases, that would be the end of all State Government. As he believed that the liberties of the people were safer in the hands of the people themselves, he believed that the writ of habeas corpus should not be suspended unless on the most urgent necessity. The writ was never suspended in the history of the Government until the rebellion, and Jefferson was even unwilling to vest in Congress the power to suspend the great writ.

BILLINGS' VILLA.

Josh Billings is a prose-poet as well as a philosopher. Following is his description of his country seat on the Hudson, which he offers for sale:

I kan sell for eighteen, hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a neat and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks of the Hudson, kontaining 85 akers. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art into pastur and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stern abruptness and the dalliance of moss tufted meder; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse thro the wilderness of buty tew the low musik of the kriket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening zefer flirts thro its shadowy buzzum. Fruits of the tropics in golden buty melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to the garnering hives. The manshun is of Parian marble; the porch is a single diamond set in rubies and the mother of pearls; the floor is ox-rosewood, and ceillins are more butiful than the starry vaults of heavin. Hot and cold water squirts and bubbles in every direction, and nothin is wantin that a poet could pra for or art could portra. The stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Akilles, and its henery was built expressively for the birds of paradise, while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorghouse. Here poets have cum and warbled their laze; here sculptors have sculpt; here painters have robed the scene uv dreary landscapes, and here the filosofer discovered the study which made him the alkemist of natur. Next, to the northward of this thing of buty, sleeps there the residence and domain of Duke John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice breathing tropiks, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown and Duchess Widder Jones. Walls of primitive rock, lade in Roman setment, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches far away, the slow grandeur of the Hudson. As the young morn hangs like a curtain of silver from the blu breats of the sky, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green.

N. B.—This angel goes with the place.

Diagrams kan be seen at the offices of the broker. Terms flattering. None but principals dealt with. Title as pure as the birth of a white male infant, and possession given with the lark.

Seventy years ago, a Democratic politician named Cameron, in one of the Scotch settlements in Vermont, disappointed that his children were all girls, declared on one occasion that his next baby, whatever might be its sex, should be named Thomas Jefferson. It proved to be a girl, and he was as good as his word. The child was familiarly called Jeffisina "for short." She married the late Colonel J. Blanchard, of Peacham, Vt., by whom she had several children, and on her tombstone in that town are inscribed the initials "T. J.," in place of her full Christian name.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead?—You're after waking up iviry time."—"Bring me a glass of grog, an' say to me, "Here's till yees, Jemmy!' an' if I don't raise up and drink, thin bury me."

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer." The noise ceased.