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IN THE TWILIGHT.

A tall, blue-eyed girl, with loose, brown curls flowing from her face, like an aureole of amber brightness, and a slender throat, white and smooth as mother-of-pearl, was Valentin Bruce, as she sat by the open French window, dreamily watching the sunset flame melt into open billows of light.

And Colonel Mordaunt smoked his cigar in the fragrant shadows of the shrubbery, and wondered what fortunate mortal might be fated to buy Valentin's wedding ring, and pay her millinery bills, and to be her humble slave and servitor (?) through life.

Colonel Mordaunt tossed his cigar in among the rose acacias that skirted the lawn, and began to select a cluster of exquisite moss roses, heedless of the thorns that pierced his unaccustomed fingers.

"She likes flowers," he soliloquized, "and moss roses are centainly the prettiest flowers that grow. I will win a smile from those velvet lips of hers."

He twisted a blade of pliant grass around the mossy stems, in place of a ribbon, and sauntered carelessly up the gravel walk.

All of a sudden he stopped.

"Frank Aldrich's voice," he exclaimed, biting his lips with vexation, as a merry peal of laughter floated through the purpling twilight from the open meadows beyond. "What brings that puppy here, now, of all times and seasons in the world."

"Halloo, Jack!" said Aldrich. "Been sentimentalizing out in the dew? The ladies were just fretting over the chance of your taking cold."

Mordaunt's face brightened up—then Valentin did think of him sometimes.

"That is," pursued the relentless Aldrich, "poor, thoughtful sister Katy said she was afraid you would have a cold, and Miss Bruce said nothing."

Colonel Mordaunt stepped forward and laid the knot of moss roses on the folds of Valentin's white dress, with a few murmured words that nobody could understand.

"Flowers, eh?" said Frank, supercilliously.

Valentin looked carelessly down at the cluster of pink buds, and then deliberately took them up and tossed them out upon the lawn.

"Explain, if you please," said Frank, composedly, while Mordaunt grew scarlet and bit his lips.

"There was a worm—a horrid, green worm, on one of the buds," haughtily said Valentin, shaking off one or two crimson petals that still adhered to her dress. "I have a perfect horror of all such noxious insects."

"Do you hear that, Jack?" appealed Mr. Aldrich lazily turning around in his chair. "It is a pity you were so unfortunate in the selection of your floral offering."

But Colonel Mordaunt had left the room. Kate followed him the next minute.

"Dearest Jack, are you vexed with Valentin and Frank? They don't mean to annoy you, I'm sure—"

"Not vexed, dear," said Mordaunt, "only grieved. I am sorry Miss Bruce finds me so disagreeable."

He went up-stairs, while Kate hesitated a moment below.

"He is better by himself," she said, mentally. "Poor fellow, he's dreadfully in love, and I wish Valentin and Frank wouldn't tease him so."

And she went down in the terraced garden to gather honeysuckles for the parlor vases, and muse on her brother's manifold grievances.

"It's too bad, so it is!" she murmured. "I shall talk seriously to Valentin about it this very evening."

Meanwhile, Colonel Mordaunt stalked sulkily up-stairs, into his sister's pretty little sitting-room, where the muslin curtains were fluttering to and fro in the night wind, and the sofa was drawn into a little recess beside a table all littered with books and magazines, and the indescribable *debris* which two girls invariably collect around themselves in the course of a June afternoon.

He threw himself recklessly down on the sofa, and drew the soft folds of Kate's cashmere shawl over him.

"Katy!"

Like the tremulous coo of the wood pigeon, Valentin's voice murmured the two soft syllables with the coaxing accent of a child. And in the same instant she knelt down beside the sofa, her white dress sweeping over the crimson carpet, and one arm thrown carelessly over the folds of the deceitful cashmere shawl.

Colonel Mordaunt's first impulse was to spring up and declare his individuality—his second was to lie still and let fate manage the matter to suit her capricious self. So he lay still accordingly, experiencing a very singular and not at all disagreeable sensation, from the contact of the caressing arm.

No doubt, he was a treacherous hypocritical wretch—but, fair lady, or chivalrous gentleman, don't judge the poor fellow too harshly. It is just possible—only possible, you know—that you might do the same thing.

"Now you are angry with me, Kate!" pleaded the soft voice, "because I threw those flowers away! And you won't speak to me; and I know I deserve it, darling."

There was a moment's silence, as if Miss Valentin had expected some sort of a response to her pretty penitence. But she didn't get any, so after a brief pause, she went on:

"Indeed, Kate, I didn't mean to grieve you—and I won't do it again. I am sorry for my ridiculous freak. Do you suppose he was very angry, Katie? Do you think I ought to ask his pardon? But then you know he didn't see me steal around the lawn, when that odious Aldrich was gone, and pick up the roses again."

There was strong symptoms of coming tears—a sort of quivering sob in the voice.

"You won't forgive me, Kate? Not if I tell you that I really do love your brother? Only, Katy, I was silly enough to want to tease him a little, and test my power over his heart. I love him, I may tell you of it, dear, without being bold, or unwomanly, because you know we have often talked about his liking me a little—and—oh, Kate, answer me! don't be so cold and cruel! Surely you can't be asleep! Where are your lips, *cher amie!*" she coaxed, playfully. "I shall soon break the magic spell of silence that binds them. You know you never could keep vexed with me more than five minutes at a time. Why! where's your hair? Where—"

She sprang suddenly to her feet with a piercing scream—her wandering hand had touched the dark, heavy moustache on which Colonel Mordaunt prided himself so specially.

He strove to catch the hand—to detain the frightened beauty long enough to plead his cause in earnest, impassioned words, but in vain. Fear seemed literally to lend her wings. Away, like a frightened dove she flew, uttering wild, hysteric screams, and fairly falling into the arms of the astonished Katy Mordaunt, who was just coming in from the starlighted garden with both hands full of dewy branches of honeysuckles.

"Valentin," she exclaimed, dropping the spicy blossoms, "why, what is the matter? What can have startled you so dreadfully?"

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" sobbed Valentin, clinging to her friend's shoulder with a nervous vehemence, "there is a man in your room—a robber hiding under your cashmere shawl on the sofa. Oh, I am nearly frightened to death!"

Katy's serene, brown eyes dilated a little—then brightened into a smiling archness.

"A robber!" she repeated, with provoking calmness. "Nonsense, Valentin, you are mistaken. It was only Jack. I saw him go in there not half an hour ago. The idea of taking our Jack for a robber." Katy's laughter rippled merrily at the mere fancy.

Only Jack! In the midst of her terror, the possibility had never once occurred to Valentin Bruce's mind. Only Jack! The "Forty Thieves" themselves would have faded into nothingness before the mere idea of Colonel Mordaunt having heard all these pleadings and unconscious admissions. One moment Valentin felt as if every vein throughout her whole frame were filled with fire—then she grew white and cold as marble. Life and strength seemed ebbing away from her, and for the first time in her life she fainted.

Katy Mordaunt quietly sprinkled scented water on her forehead, and began to unlace the white muslin dress. As she did so, a bunch of flowers fell from Valentin's bosom, and Katy smiled to herself as she recognized the moss buds that had been so haughtily thrown out on the lawn that very evening.

"I'll keep them for Jack," she said. "Ah, Valentin, you'll be my sister-in-law yet."

How shyly the blue-eyed damsel stole into the breakfast room the next morning. She would cheerfully have fasted all day long sooner than enter into the presence of the tall Colonel; but the dreaded first interview must be got over sooner or later, so here she was, with downcast lashes, and cheeks dyed as deep pink as the rose-colored wrapper she had on. No more haughty airs and graces—no more cool composure. She was at Colonel Mordaunt's mercy, and she knew it.

He was standing at the window, looking out upon the morning sunshine that bathed the short, velvety grass before the piazza. But he turned quickly, as she entered, with a bright, welcoming smile.

"Valentin," he said, gently, "was I dreaming last night, or did I hear you say that you loved me! Oh, my darling, tell me that it was no dream!"

She came shyly to his arms, and he knew that she was his—his forever.

The courtship is drawing to a termination now—the white satin dress is finished and the wedding cake iced to perfection, and the white roses are in bud that shall soon be woven into bridal bouquets; but Valentin is still extremely sensitive on the subject of cashmere shawls and twilight confidences. And Katy Mordaunt—saucy little elf that she is—declares that Miss Valentin Bruce took advantage of its being leap year to confide her sentiments to the dark-haired lover whom she delighted to torment.

ITS PURPOSE.

The purpose of the "Litigant law" is to prevent the courts from being used for the swindling of non-resident parties. This object is accomplished by the law, by having all legal process, affecting the personal or proprietary interests of non-residents, published in one particular paper in each county where a paper is published at all, or in a specified one in the nearest county, in which all can look with a certainty of discovering anything likely to affect their legal rights. As is well known, summonses in divorce cases, as well as in cases involving great interest, had been frequently published in obscure corners of papers hardly known, where there was no likelihood of parties really interested ever seeing them; and in this way swindling had been practiced.

To stop those practices was the object of the passage of the Litigant law. So much for the origin of the measure.

As a matter of fact the aggregate amount paid by the litigants for the work done by the "litigant organs," under the law, is full one-third less than was paid for the same amount of service before the law was enacted. So in can be easily seen that while we advocated the measure, we did so not actuated by mercenary motives alone, but because we believed it to be an eminently just one. —*S. F. Examiner.*

THE GEROLT ROMANCE.

Why the Minister's Daughter Went to a Nunnery.

One of the romances of Washington City was recently enacted in the Diplomatic Corps. For nearly thirty years Baron Gerolt served the interests of Prussia at Washington City, and he lived long enough to rear native-born American children under the shade of our Capitol, one of whom married Rangabe, the Greek Minister. Gerolt owed his appointment to this country to Baron Humboldt, who had been entertained by him while Charge in Mexico, and who recommended him to the King of Prussia. Gerolt was an affable, republican sort of a man in society, fond of the American people, and his social associates were men like Charles Sumner and others, who inclined him toward the Federal side in the war of the rebellion. He probably got considerable credit for original principle during the war, when he was really subordinate to acquaintances of a stronger will, who impressed the claims of the North upon him. It is charged that at home he was somewhat tyrannical with his family, as is the German custom; and that he and his wife wished to assert too much authority over their children, who had inhaled the breath of the Western Hemisphere. Whatever the interior side of his life might have been, Gerolt is remembered enthusiastically by some of the people of Washington, Republicans and Democrats alike. He resides at Linz, near Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia, and is permanently out of the diplomatic service of North Germany.

The Gerolts, though Prussians, are Catholics, and the girls were strictly brought up under the tuition of the priests at Georgetown. Bertha, the youngest daughter of the Baron, now about twenty-three years of age, and a very rich and handsome type of the young German girl, fell in love, three or four years ago, with her father's Secretary of Legation, a tall, handsome, dashing, and somewhat reckless Prussian, and a connection or relative of Bismark.—This young Secretary belonged to a fine old Brandenburg Protestant family, which had decided notions against forming Catholic alliances.—The young gentleman would have fallen heir, in time, to large estates in Prussia; but these were in some manner, as it is stated, made conditional upon his keeping up the ancestral Lutheran faith.

This young Prussian chap, you may recollect as being the adversary of one of our Ministers—Lawrence, of Central America—some two or three years ago, when the two met on what is called the field of honor, exchanged shots, and then patched up the fight without bloodshed. He paid court to Bertha Gerolt, and she was intensely enamored of him. In order to make the nuptials easy on both sides, Gerolt applied to the Catholic Church authorities for an indulgence, or something, warranting the marriage of this hereditary Protestant with his Catholic daughter; but as it was specified that the children issuing from such marriage were to be brought up Protestants, the Roman dignitaries refused. Gerolt, who appears sincerely to have wished to please his child, had also intentions upon the Pope; but, while these ecclesiastical efforts were being made, the domestic correspondence between the secretary and his mother in Germany, and some ensuing letters from Madame Gerolt to the other family, growing warmer and more indignant from time to time, had the effect of racking the poor girl's feelings; and, in the end, the handsome Prussian went off home. This is an end to the matter up to the present. Bertha Gerolt refused to accompany either her father or mother to Germany, and has retired to the Georgetown convent, where some say she will take the last vail; and others, that she will repent after a while and reappear in the world..

Opinion is divided in this city as to why Gerolt was remanded to his own country. Some say that he suffered certain indignities at the hands of our State Department. Others allege that he was inefficient, particularly about the time that American arms were shipped to France to be used against the Prussians. It is said that, on that occasion, Bismarck asked Bancroft why our Government permitted such things; and Bancroft, to make it easy for himself, reported that there was Baron Gerolt in Washington, and if he had been attending to his business the arms would have been detained. Others say that Catacazy drew Gerolt into an intrigue, and got him to work against the late treaty which we made against the Alabama claims. Whatever the facts, the Baron has gone for good, and his admirers here are preparing to forward him an elaborate service of silver, to show that what he did for the country in its crisis is remembered at least by its private citizens.

A bully boy at Iowa City courted a girl for a week. Knowing that procrastination was the thief of time, he got a can of oysters and a license, invited the justice to his fair one's house at 8 o'clock, and then went, popped the question, was accepted, pulled out his document, and informed the maiden that the squire would be there at eight. She pleaded delay; he couldn't see it. Her silk dress wasn't made. Calico would do. There was no stove up in the west parlor. Off coat, and in ten minutes there was a fire roaring. The squire came, the job was fixed, and the new made wife cooked the oysters.

There is a book with the dangerous title of 'Pocket Lawyer.' We shouldn't much like a book with this title, for we are afraid if we ever get the lawyer into our pocket, we should never be able to get him out.

BRADDOCK'S FATE.

An Old Settler Asserts that He Shot the General.

A correspondent, after giving an account of the planting on the 29th, ult., by Mr. Murdock and Mr. King, of sundry selected trees at the grave of General Braddock, in Fayette county, Penn., adds the following interesting historical sketch of events and incidents connected with Braddock's expedition and death, and the customs of that period:

In connection with Braddock's grave, we cannot resist the temptato give some historical incidents derived from Andrew Stewart. About the year 1802, Stewart's father lived about two miles east of Braddock's grave, on what is called "Braddock's Old Road"—the old military road.—Being Supervisor of Roads, he went with some hands to repair the road, taking with him Stewart, then a boy of ten or twelve years of age. While the men were at work on the east bank of Braddock's Run, Thomas Faucette (born in 1712, and died in 1816, aged 104 years, and who was with Braddock's army at the time of his defeat and death), an old mountain hunter, then living on the road less than a mile east of Braddock's grave in a cabin, some of the ruins which are still visible, came along with his rifle on his shoulder, a hunting-knife in his belt, dressed in a blue hunting shirt, bearskin cap and buckskin pants, standing straight as an arrow, about six feet four in his mocasins.—Faucette said: "Take care, men, or you will dig up Braddock's bones.—We buried him here where he died, right on the bank of this run. We dug away the bank and drove the baggage-wagons over the grave, so that the enemy could not find the grave. I will show you the spot.—The water has washed down nearly to the bones. Dig down here a foot or two and you will find them." The men did so and found the bones.

"Braddock," said Faucette to the workmen," was a brave man, but to save his men I shot him." "Why so," we asked. "I will tell you. My brother Joe and I were fighting behind trees, when Braddock came riding along and struck Joe, saying, 'You coward, stand out and fight like a man.' Considering him our worst enemy, I turned round and shot him instead of a Indian. When Washington took command he told us to *tree.* We did so, and the remnant of us were saved."

In confirmation of Faucette's story, history says that it was thought at the time that Braddock was shot by one of his own men, and it was upon this occasion that Braddock, when Washington advised him to let the men tree, said: "High times, when a Virginia buckskin undertakes to teach a British General how to fight."

Stewart further says that the bones were reinterred at the foot of a large white oak tree, except a few which his father took home and afterward sent by some Western merchants going East, with directions to put them in the museum at Philadelphia. The merchants, Stewart says, then traveled in companies, armed with pistols, to protect their money, consisting of Spanish dollars. Each pack-horse carried two or three thousand dollars in small leather bags. The merchants carried back on the same horses, iron salt and other merchandise for the supply of the Western people, the whole in a year amounting perhaps to not much more than one "iron horse" now takes over the mountains in a single train. Slaves from Virginia were driven through Uniontown in those days, corrlaled together like horses, for the Western market. This may seem strange to young ears, but there are many old persons still living who witnessed it.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The Japanese Embassy which left Jeddo, Japan, Dec. 23, arrived at San Francisco about the middle of January, and are now *en route* for Washington City. It is unquestionably the most important delegation that has left the Empire of Japan. The Chief Embassador, Iwakura, holds a high official position in the Empire. He is reported to be third in rank in his country—the Mikado, or Emperor, and one other personage only outranking him. He is represented to be one of the ablest and keenest statesmen of Japan, and at the same time a convert to the principle of foreign intercourse and toleration.—Iwakura is accompanied by five assistant embassadors of considerable rank, and all are said to be men of talent and ability. Two are members of the Council of State, one the Minister of Finance, one Minister of Public Works, and one Foreign Minister. With these are numerous secretaries, some of whom act as interpreters.—There are also a score or more of Commissioners of various departments in the Japanese Empire, one of them from the Board of Religious Rights; and others are in the capacity of servants to investigate and collect information of all kinds in the countries they may visit. The American Minister to Japan accompanies the Embassy. The special object of this Mission, as publicly avowed, is to study and scrutinize the political, commercial, religious, educational and social institutions of America and Europe, for the friendship and enlightenment of Oriental nations."

Conjugal affection sometimes exhibits itself in curious shapes. Mrs. Smithson, of Springfield, Nastychusetts, one day last week, showed her tender regard for Mr. Smithton's comfort and happiness, by transferring him from the toils and storms and cares of this dark vale of tears, to the rest and peace and joy of the "evergreen shores." The implement was a colt's navy.

What sort of ascent is a descent? A trip up for it brings you down.

[From the New York Mercury.]

A REVEREND RASCAL.

Judge Jones, of the Superior Court, has issued an order for the arrest of the Rev. Thos. Davies, Mary McGill, of No. 99 Amity street, having commenced a suit against him for breach of promise and seduction. The Reverend Thomas, besides being a shining light among the faithful, and a sonorous leader of the Fulton-street prayer meeting, keeps a store and sells hardware to the sons of Belial in Paterson, New Jersey. His piety is fragrant throughout the churches, and his discourses are of that unctuous, weeping character so dear to the souls of the godly, middle-aged unmarried women. An atmosphere of scripture surrounds him, and his lips drop holy texts as he moves along. To his godliness he adds temperance, and is gifted as an expounder of total abstinence doctrines.

Mary McGill sets forth in her affidavits that after the Rev. Mr. Davies had buried his second wife he began to pay his attention to her. He assured her that his soul clave unto her; that she was to him "the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." After his protestations of love he proposed prayer, and knelt down and asked a long blessing on their proposed union. Several months of courtship followed. He took her to church and the prayer meetings, and made her presents of good books. But the pious man suffered a "change of heart." After compromising her he deserted her and soon afterward married another woman. About six months after the Rev. Thomas had deserted Mary, he again sought her out, and by lying excuses and vehement protestations of love for her, succeeded in renewing his former intimacy with her.—This continued for some time, until at length, while Mary was attending a church strawberry festival, she learned for the first time from another reverend gentleman that the Reverend Thomas, after deserting her, had married and was living with his wife. When Davies next called on her she charged him with his perfidy and crime. The worm crawled at her feet and whined out something about David having sinned and been forgiven, and wound up by declaring that he knew that his sins were all pardoned, and that he was a child of God!

A few days ago a Sheriff's officer went to the Fulton-street prayer meeting to arrest the Rev. Thomas. The brethren got wind of it and warned Thomas, who hid himself in a secluded part of the sacred building. The officer, however, is still on the reverend deceiver's track, and he will no doubt be caught soon. The damages are laid at $10,000. The reverend rogue is said to be worth over $20,000.

A FRONTIER HORROR.

A few years ago a man was living with his young wife in Mankata, Minnesota. He was intelligent and successful in business, until the passion for drink enslaved him, and his business and reputation were both wrecked by its satanic influence. He was forced to seek a new home for his little family, and his wife, bred to luxury, accompanied him to the frontier in the hope that the removal from temptation would free him from the grip of the habit which cursed him. Here they lived for several years, his abstinence from drink being broken only by an unfrequent and occasional debauch when he visited some of the nearest towns. Early in December he told his wife that business compelled him to go to——, and that he would be absent several days. She, about to be confined, with several helpless children and a scanty supply of wood, fearing that the insatiate clamor of appetite was the motive which drew him away, entreated him to stay, but in vain. He left. Soon after, one of those severe storms of December—doubly severe on the unsheltered prairie—came on. Before its close she was entirely destitute of wood, and the terrible alternative was presented to her of passively freezing to death with her little ones, or seeking assistance from the nearest neighbor—three miles distant. She courageously chose the latter, and leaving her three shivering little ones, with nothing but a mother's yearning love and a prayerful blessing, she started out to seek relief. The next day she was found half buried in the snow, dead, a new born infant at her side. The three children were found dead in the house. This, while the once fond husband and protecting father was reveling in the delirium or dozing in the stupor of drink. No words can add to the horror of this tale, but beside the unspeakable agony of that dying wife and mother, how trivial our common losses, griefs and sorrows seem.

A CLERGYMAN in New Jersey was the happy husband of a wife very ladylike and very lovely, but very deaf.—There was a dinner party at the house. The ladies had risen and gone to the drawing room. A Mr. Hare, one of the gentlemen, had followed them before his companions, and chancing to enter the room very quietly—as a hare may be supposed to step—a lady, behind whom he stood, and whom he had entertained at dinner, observed to the rector's deaf wife, (not knowing, of course who was behind her) "What a very agreeable man Mr. Hare is." The hostess thought it was her room and not her company that she heard praised, and so she answered: "Yes, and so warm and comfortable of a winter night."

Mr. Field, in his lecture on "Cheerfulness," describes a man so shut in with dignity and exclusiveness that when you shake hands with him you always feel as if you were doing it through a knot-hole.

LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN MISSOURI.

The Liberal Republicans of Missouri held a convention at Jefferson City on January 25th. It was numerously attended, and resolutions of a high and honorable character were adopted. One of the resolutions call on Liberal Republicans to hold a national convention, to meet at Cincinnati on the first Wednesday of May next, to consider upon what course the party shall take in the coming Presidential campaign.

The first resolution declares faith in the vital principle of true republicanism, and recognizes as established facts the sovereigty of the union, emancipation, and equality of civil rights. The second demands equal suffrage for all and complete amnesty for all. The third favors a genuine reform of the tariff. The fourth demands that the shameless abuse of public patronage in the interest of any party or faction shall be reformed, favors civil service reform, and compliments those Senators whose courage and course have compelled the disclosure of grave misrule. Fifth—Resolved, That local self-government, with impartial suffrage, guard the rights of citizens more securely than any centralization of authority, and it is time to stop the encroachment of executive power; the use of coercion, or bribery to ratify a treaty, the packing of the Supreme Court to relieve rich corporations, the seating of members of Congress not elected by the people, the repeal of unconstitutional laws to cure Ku-klux disorders, religion or intemperance, and the surrender of individual freedom by those who ask that practice or creed of some shall be the laws of all. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, for the State self-government, and for the nation a return to the methods of peace and constitutional limited power. Resolved, That republicanism makes it none the less our duty to oppose corruption, denounce usurpation of power, and work for reforms necessary for the public welfare; that the times demand an uprising of honest citizens to sweep from power the men who prostitute the name of an honored party to selfish interest. We invite Republicans who desire the reforms herein set forth, to meet in a National Mass Convention at the City of Cincinnati on the first Wednesday of May next, at 12 M., there to take such action as our convictions of duty and public exigency may require.

THE PASSIVE POLICY.

In the St. Louis *Times* Hon. John S. Phelps, who frequently represented the southwestern portion of Missouri in Congress, gives his views to the public. He believes we can carry the next Presidential election by making a bold and manly fight. To succeed we must select some standard-bearers who are distinguished for honesty, capacity and attachment to principles. Here is the letter:

"I have opposed the 'Passive Policy' from the outset. It is an abandonment of principle and will be destructive to the organization of the Democratic party.

"What can be gained by those who believe in a strict construction of the Constitution, who have opposed a centralization of power in the Government of the United States, who have resisted the attempted overthrow of the rights of the States, who have opposed the trial of citizens by military commission, who have resisted the deprivation of the citizen of the right of trial by jury, by the adoption of this new heresy, and the support of men who have fought us relentlessly on all those questions? There is no liberal party in this State.

"Whatever there was of value in the liberal movement in Missouri in 1870, was derived from the principles of the Democratic party. The duty of the Democracy is to prepare for the coming contest. General Grant is not the leader of his party. He adopts whatever policy the party leaders dictate, and finding him ready to be governed, they desire his renomination. Let the Democratic party then re-assert its standard principles, declare their acquiescence in the Constitutional Amendments, resolve in favor of Revenue tariff and taxes. Upon such a platform with gentlemen, as standard bearers, distinguished for honesty, capacity and attachment to principle, who will never connive at scenes of fraud, I believe we shall succeed beyond a doubt in the coming Presidential election. The true men of the country are not wedded to any corrupt partisanism, and will unite with us to introduce economy in public expenditures and put an end to tyranny and malversation."

A Rochester girl, in a note making indignant complaint because a man spit tobacco juice on her silk dress in the street, says: "Never while men chew tobacco will I go to the polls to vote. This country may go to ruin before I will have my clothes spoiled or even jeopardized." The writer forgets that when women get the ballot they are expected to spit the best, and do all other things pertaining to ordinary manhood.

A little boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he become much attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here gran'ma, you blow while I pray!"

An inveterate bachelor, who was asked by a romantic young lady "why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life," replied, "I would, if I were sure such an ocean would be pacific."

How the worst man can make home happy—keeping away from it.

THE FRENZY OF DESPAIR.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Let the world turn over, and over, and over,
And toss, and tumble, like a beast in pain,
Crack, quake and tremble, and turn full over
And die, and never rise up again;
Let her plash her seas in the face of the sun—
I have no one to love me now, not one.
In a world as full as a world can hold;
So I will get gold as erst I have done;
I will gather a coffin-top full of gold,
To take to the door of Death, to buy
Content, when I double my hands to die.
There is nothing that is, be it beast or human,
Love of maiden or the lust of man,
Curse of man, or the kiss of woman,
For which I care, or for which I can
Give a love for a love, or a hate for a hate,
A curse for a curse, or a kiss for a kiss,
Since life has neither a hope nor a bliss
To one that is choked by jowl with fate;
For I have lifted and reached far over,
To the tree of promise, and have plucked of all,
And ate—ate ashes, myrrh, and gall.
Go down, go down to the fields of clover,
Down with the kine, in the pasture fine,
And give no thought, or care, or labor
For maid or man, good name or neighbor;
For I have given, and what have I?
Given all my youth, my years and labor,
And love as warm as the world is cold,
For a beautiful, bright deceitful lie.

"NEVER MISSED IT."

"You will never miss it, it is so young." These were cold words that were meant for consolation to a young mother. "Never miss it?" Was not a place then vacant by the side of that feeble parent? "Better have it die young, while it is innocent," the speaker continued, but a sob was the only response. Many tender words were spoken, but that "You will never miss it" sank deep into the vacant heart. So the little form was carried out that had gladdened two fond hearts but a few days. "Never missed it!" The young mother folded little garments that her busy fingers had labored on for many weeks, and put them away. Tears fell like rain on the clothes her babe had never worn."

"Never missed it!" Weeks and months moved on, and years: one, two, three passed, and many admired the submissiveness that showed no outward murmurings. Strangers loved the quiet that reigned in that house, and said in their hearts, "They have missed it." But what would not that mother have given for one shout of childish glee in that quiet house.

"Never missed it!" Time flew away, and middle age found them childless. Out in the streets the merry voices of other children made them sad. Loving fathers and mothers were educating their own, and looking forward to days beyond, that they might have a younger and stronger arm to lean upon, and yet the world said, "They have missed it." Onward passed the years, until one score was counted on the little tablet, and they missed it still. Later in life they heard the voices of children's children echoing in other households, and deeper than the little grave sank the loneliness of being childless.

"Never missed it!" Those words spoken years before made a dent in one heart, at least, that no time and comfort could fill. People said, "How happy they seem; they have not had the care and anxiety that others have." Did not their hearts then yearn for the broken bud transplated to the immortal gardens so many years ago?

"Never missed it!" They went to their graves and were buried by the side of the wee darling, and their freed spirits dwell in that land where separation is unknown, and "you will never miss it" is not heard.

SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.—For the man and woman who purely and truly love each other, and guided by the law of justice, marriage is not a state of bondage. Indeed, it is only when they become by this outward acknowledgement publicly avowed lovers, that freedom is realized by them in its full significance. Thereafter they can be openly devoted to each other's interests, and avowedly intimate and chosen friends. Together they can plan life's battle, and enter upon the path of progress that ends not with life's eventide. Together they can seek the charmed avenue of culture, and, strengthened by each other, can brave the world's frown in the rugged but heaven-lit path of reform. Home, with all that is dearest in the sacred name, is their peaceful and cherished retreat, within whose sanctuary bloom the virtues that make it a temple of beneficence.

A BILLION.—What a very great sum is a billion! It is a million of millions! A million seems large enough—but a million of millions!—How long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill that makes one hundred pins a minute, if kept at work night and day, would make only fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand a year—and at that rate the mill must work nineteen thousand years without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins! It is beyond our reach to conceive it, and yet when a billion of years shall have gone eternity will seem to have just begun.

Death spares not even the young and beautiful. Miss Bettie Thomas, of Litchfield, Connecticut, was cut down, a few days since, in all the bloom and loveliness of her ninety-seventh spring. She leaves two little brothers, aged respectively ninety-nine and a hundred and one years, to mourn her untimely end.

A filial ten years old of Miltonsburg, Ohio, gathered and sold chesnuts enough this year to present his widowed mother an elegant sewing machine with the proceeds. He would make a good subject for a Sunday school book were it not that his having had to hook the chesnuts would be rather damaging.

An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the fowl, that the "shakers" gave it to him.