

THE SAUCY ROGUE.

There is a saucy rogue, well known To youth and gray-beard, mild and crone— A boy, with eyes that mirth and merriment...

THE TRAMP.

"No tramps here," said I, and shut the door in his face, I did. The wind blew so, that I could hardly do it, and the pear trees were moaning and groaning...

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again, and knocked on the door...

"How near is the next house, ma'am?" said he. "Three miles or more," said I. "And that is not a tavern?"

"No," said I: "no drinks to be got there; it is Miss Mitten's, and she's as set against tramps as I am."

"I don't want to drink," said the man—"I don't do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in ma'am: I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin and its bitter cold..."

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go way with you."

Drusilla—that's my niece—was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, "Do let him stay, Auntie;" and if I had not better sense I might, but I knew better than a chick of sixteen.

"Go way with you," says I, louder than before; "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and then went champ, champ, through the frozen snow again, and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all, a faint touch like a child's.

"Well, of all the impudence!" said I. He looked at me and then said: "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her; I shall not if I try to go any farther to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came into my mind that I hoped my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you can see," said he. "Don't go showing me your hurts," said I: "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so's our clergyman, again' giving anything unless it's through some well-organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door and said: "Let him stay, auntie," with her lips again, but I took no notice. So he went, and this time he did not come back, and I sat down by the fire and smelt the baking cakes and the apples steaming, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well-organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for, as I sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Halloo, mother!" And out I went to the door, and had him in my arms—my great, tall, handsome, brown son. And there he was in his uniform with his pretty shoulder straps, and as hearty as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been crying—why, I wonder?—came down in a flutter...

"I said nothing; but it was this, kind o' like the ghost of a step, going champ, champ, over the frozen snow; kind o' like the ghost of a voice saying, "Let me lie on the floor, and give me any kind of a crust," kind o' like some one that had a mother, down on the wintry road and freezing and starving to death. This is what it was. But I put it away and thought only of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when the tea was done, and he told things about the war I'd never heard before—how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me how he had been set upon by the foe and badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow soldier had saved him, and carried him, fighting his path back to the camp.

"I'd never seen you but for him," says my Charlie. And if there's a man on earth I love, it's Rob Hadaway—the dearest best fellow? We've shared each other's rations and drank from the same canteen many and many times, and if I had a brother I couldn't think more of him."

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie?" said I. "Why, I'd love him too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie."

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands. "Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner; and military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good, but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother, too, and she is so fond of him! She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life!"

And I saw Charlie was nearly crying. Not to let us see the tears, he got up and went to the mantelpiece. I didn't look around until I heard a cry—"Great heavens! What is it?"

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped, in his hand. "Where did this come from?" said he. "I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hadaway the day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?"

And I fell back in my chair, white and cold, and said I: "A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear; never your Rob. He must have been an impostor. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh, no, no; it's another pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow, with blue eyes, and yellow-brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Rob."

And Charlie stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he: "It was my Rob! It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving! My dear old Rob who saved my life, and you have driven him out such a night as this, mother! My mother, to use Rob's old!"

"Condemn me, Charlie," said I—"condemn me if you like—I'm afraid God will. Three times he came back; three times he asked only for a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I—and he's lying in the road now. Oh! if I had known!"

And Charlie caught up his hat. "I'll find him if he is alive," said he. "Oh! Rob, my dear friend!"

And then—I never saw the girl in such a taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees as if she was saying her prayers, and says she: "Thank God I dared to do it!"

And she says again to me: "Oh! aunt, I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been frightened all the while."

"Lord bless you, Drusilla!" said Charlie. "Amen," said I. And she, getting bolder, went on: "And I took him up some hot short-cake and apple-sass and tea," said she. "And I took him a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket, and told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body."

silla," when he asked me, telling me that he loved her since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of. And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm often imposed upon, but this is what I say: "Better be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who needs help." And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says, "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.—An exchange recently published a letter from a lady subscriber, in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her paper. The exchange failed to advise her on the subject, and as the matter is a serious one, we ourselves have looked into the subject for some method of relief, and now think we can offer the suffering lady and all others similarly situated, an adequate means of succor. Here is our plan: Let the lady immediately upon receiving her paper, carefully cut from it some item—it makes no particular difference what it is—most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. Then the following proceeding will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come after the paper, he will take it home, and within three minutes he will emerge from the house—he will scot down street, and very shortly return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled round among all the female borrowers, the street will be lively with hurrying boys, and the revenue of the newspaper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them all would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut-out item was. The next day the lady will pursue the same course and similar results will follow. In an extremely obstinate neighborhood three or four days but not longer. By this time the lady will be able to read her newspaper in peace, and the newspaper finances will be the gainer in several new subscribers. The rule is infallible, where the borrowers are females, but it can't be vouched for in the case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, you know, and—perhaps we are getting a little deep.—[Boston Courier.

ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.—The loose habits of the English aristocracy are beginning to excite the animadversions of the Press. The London correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury says the air is full of rumors of coming scandals. Last season was a remarkable one. There was no money every body said, yet there were circles in which extravagance and luxury rushed to extremes never before known. Some balls cost sums of money which would have made the aristocracy of Paris in the reign of Louis XVI, stare. The correspondent adds: "Along with this remarkable development went much freedom of manners, and the result is that one hears of the highest personages implicated in one story; of a professional beauty, a countess who married for position, uncertain whether her title is her own; of separations that seemed a short time ago the most unlikely; and of such unsettlement of trust and confidence as makes one fear for what is called society. These stories, one may hope, will never be told at Westminster, and in one case I believe it has been suppressed; in another the separation of the husband and wife will keep them clear of the law courts. But the facts are none the less distressing, and it is time that we had a reformation of manners in what are called the highest circles."

GOSPELING POLICEMEN.—Is not a policeman a municipal sentry on guard to watch property and protect citizens from thieves and highwaymen? Is it not a gross breach of discipline for military sentries to talk while on duty? Are not their eyes and ears for watchfulness and vigilance and nothing else? In walking the streets it is the exception to find the policeman patrolling his beat day or night. It is the rule to find him gossiping with his cronies or flirting with servant girls over area railings. During the past summer a score of houses untenanted by their occupants have been broken into, robbed, and in them thieves have resided and caroused for days together. Is not quite as much vigilance required of our municipal sentries as of military? And are they not constantly before hundreds of crafty, sly guerrillas and bushwhackers? Should they gossip by the hour in the street?

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S ESCAPADES.—The Duke must have been the hero of a good many escapades of the "Prince Hal" kind. At a restaurant in Paris he was so unfortunate as to be compelled to knock a policeman down, whereupon brother guardians of the peace were under a painful necessity of taking His Grace and a friend to the lock-up. I believe they were unaware of his rank and position, and looked more ashamed than the Duke when they learned their mistake. The thing got out into the papers, and the late Felix Whitehurst was instructed to state that there was no truth whatever in the report, etc. For all that, there was a good deal. The late Duke, by the way, was far more unfortunate than his son in these little affairs, managing to terminate his princely existence by tumbling headlong down the steps of the Mason Doree.—[London Truth, Sept. 22th.

At the east end of the City Hall market recently a boy suddenly seized a barrel stave and began pounding a dog which was tied to a wagon wheel. The animal's yelps and yells at once attracted the attention of a man, who called out: "Hold on, there! What's that dog doing?" "Snatched a big piece of bologna out my hand and swallowed it!" replied the boy, as he gave the dog another whack. "See here," continued the man, as he came nearer, "don't you know that that dog feels those blows?" "Don't I! Of course I know it! Do you think I'm doin' all this hard work and raisin' all this row just for the sake of workin' the rheumatiz out my elbows?"—[Detroit Free Press.

The Fate of Wedding Presents.

Duplicates and superfluous wedding presents are a great source of annoyance to many a newly married pair in England as well as America. In the latter country, however, with characteristic cleverness, they have known how to turn even this fact to account; and there is reported to be at present at least half a dozen persons in New York alone who have engaged in the business of purchasing or exchanging wedding presents. Of course the transaction must be carried on in the most private manner, and with no little ingenuity, so as to avoid giving pain to the kindly donors. Half a dozen opera glasses, bisuit boxes, butter dishes or sugar bowls is no uncommon number; any as for several articles of electro-plate, they pervade every collection of wedding presents to such a dreadful extent that the poor bride positively groans over the sight.

The method of conducting the new business is of itself ingenious. The buyer or exchanger watches the marriages as their respective announcements are published in the daily papers, and collects the names and residences; and when the wedding is that of well-known people a list of presents is invariably given; this list is carefully read and thought over, and about three months after the wedded pair have settled down in their new home a gentlemanly stranger makes his appearance and inquires for Mrs. So-and-so, at the same time sending in his card. The lady repairs to her drawing room and gives audience to her visitor, who opens his business in the most circumspet manner; for, of course, until he knows with whom he has to deal, the bare suggestion may be considered offensive. Generally, however, women are very weak where bargains are concerned, and the visitor obtains a hearing for his proposals. The presents are produced, and while the bride considers her requirements, the dealer offers either exchange or purchase, as may be most acceptable. At first the objection is made, "Oh, dear! I cannot sell Aunt Mary's opera glass, or Aunt Lucy's butter dish; what will they say?" But a different opinion is soon arrived at, when one she thinks of the remaining five or six articles of the same description.

There is another side to this new business, however, and that is that the people are beginning to seek out the wedding present dealers with a view to obtaining cheaper presents for their marrying friends. Of course, they are as good as new, and as they are purchased cheaply enough from the bride, they can be sold at moderate prices. The latter idea is not entirely new among ourselves, for last season it was known that many firms in London marked "suitable articles for wedding presents" second-hand, that intending purchasers might think them cheap. Every one seemed so anxious to find effective-looking articles for next to nothing. In fact, the "wedding present" business is becoming too heavy a tax for people with slender resources.—[English Fashion Journal.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—Cardinal Manning addressed an audience of about 4000 people recently in Liverpool, on the influence of women. Of all the powers upon earth, he said, there was in the hands of mothers and daughters and sisters a power which could control the greatest strength of man, and this was the power of good example, and of good life, of true Christian love, the persuasion of their patience in waiting until the faults of those whom they tried to win to better ways should be wiped out. Men might reason and wrangle, and might convince one another, but they had not the power of persuasion that the mother or sister or daughter possessed over a father or brother. They could sometimes do what priests could not. The Bishop of Ferns, who had gone to his rest, had told them that he had often seen women kneeling beside men and taking the pledge along with them for the purpose of giving them courage and strength to do that which many of them were so cowardly that they dare not promise to do. Hany a man had been brought to heaven and the sacrament and a holy death by the influence of wife or mother or sister. It was most certain that the character of man was formed for life by the mother, and he had rarely known a good mother who had a bad daughter or a bad son. Toward the conclusion of his remarks he condemned the employment of married women outside their own households, saying that when a woman married she entered into a solemn contract for life that she would give her time to her husband, her home and her children, and if she did not do so she destroyed the whole domestic life!

LL-BREEDING IN CHURCH.—Rev. Robert Collyer, who has recently come from Chicago to the Church of the Messiah in New York, is expressing with commendable frankness his opinion of certain liberties taken in the New York churches. After his sermon, the other evening, and while the choir was singing the Lord's prayer in subdued tones, a number of persons left the church, to the great annoyance of the large congregation assembled. At the close of the singing Mr. Collyer said: "May I ask those who have been so kind as to remain through the services to say to any they may know, who have just left the church, that if they come again I wish they would remain to the end, unless their business is imperative. I was told before leaving the West that I should find finer manners in New York than in Chicago, but I have found it otherwise. I have been here but two Sundays, yet I have been more annoyed in this way than during two years in Chicago. I don't like it, and I won't stand it. You will tell them, won't you?" It is a pity that this well-merited rebuke could not reach all who are guilty of so gross a breach of good manners.

PLUCK AND PLOD.—I don't believe the annals of the world will show a true business man asking for employment who did not get it. But there can be no true business man without pluck, and that other thing expressed by the old Saxon word, "plod." There was never a brilliant genius in the world who didn't owe his true success to being a plodder also. It is all very well for genius to coruscate, but it is pluck and plodding that carry a man up the great heights of life. These two words, pluck and plod, are the key to success.—[Oakley Hall.

When you hear a man bragging about his many virtues, don't let him see where you hang the key to your hen-roost.

The Great Western Empire.

Whoever carefully examines the statistics showing how the population of the United States has grown of late years, must be impressed with the rapidity with which the Western States are outstripping the Southern and Eastern. The rate of increase in some of the Southern and Northern States is almost identical; for instance, the Southern State of Mississippi and the Northern State of New Hampshire are on a par in this respect, while Alabama, one of the most backward of the former States is not much behind Vermont, one of the most enterprising of the latter. If Texas be classed among the Southern States, it may be regarded as an exception, because it seems to exhibit as rapid progress as any one in the West, yet when its size is taken into account, there is nothing very wonderful in its development. Such States as Kansas and Illinois, Colorado and Minnesota, are really conspicuous in this rivalry, and they bid fair to continue to be distinguished above the others. It is with reference to these Western States that the words of Mr. Whittier, in his well known verses on the Western pioneers, are fraught with perfect truth for in them the pioneers are really advancing like the first low wash of waves where a human sea will soon break. The progress westward is the more significant because it is emphatically a progress of trained and seasoned men, who have learned what life is in less congenial regions, and who are well adapted for bearing with equanimity and hardihood the privations inseparable from a new sphere of existence. The fertile prairies of the great West are as inviting to the farmer who tills the stubborn soil of New England as the virgin land of the seaboard was to the first settlers in America. What proves most attractive to the European immigrant is not the western prairies, but the Rocky Mountain mines; he presses on to a mining camp, hoping to draw a prize in the mining lottery, in preference to settling on a farm, and earning a comfortable subsistence by agriculture. In consequence of this, the absorptive power of these regions is greatly heightened. There is always room for new-comers, because the older hands die off so quickly. A miners chance for a long life are far less than those of a farmer, and it is very unlikely that we shall see the capacity of the West to sustain a large population tested till mining holds a second rank among the inducements to seek new homes. In any case the citizens of the United States will doubtless have ample reason to congratulate each other as the figures of every succeeding census are made public. They are certain to become as numerous as the most exacting among them might desire. As they widen the circle of their nationality, they at the same time enlarge the bounds of our common race and our mother tongue. M. de Candolle, the French statistician, estimates that a century hence English will be the speech of 800,000,000 persons, German of 124,000,000 and French of 60,000,000. The figures are fanciful, for it is hardly to be expected that the increase of the English-speaking population will be maintained at the same ratio in the future as in the past. But the notion involved in the forecast is as gratifying to a citizen of the British Empire as it is to a citizen of the North American Republic. It is asserted that trade follows the flag. It is certain that ideas follow the language, and the increase of the English-speaking people implies the wider diffusion of the ideas of well-ordered freedom and continual improvement, which are the glory of our race, and the source of its prosperity and greatness.—[London Times.

A NEW BREED OF HORSES.—The Nubians who have recently arrived at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimation have brought with them several animals which are likely to excite much interest with zoologists, among them being a mare of the Abyssinian mountain breed, and three stallions from Dongola. Bruce, in his travels, saw these Dongola horses, which according to some authorities, are not of African origin, but of Arab descent, having been introduced into the country at the time of the Mussulman conquest. The Dongola horses are, for the most part, on the big side, averaging 16 hands. Their powerful characteristics are a long and well-set neck, and good shoulders and fore-legs; but they are inclined to be a trifle flat-sided. They are endowed with great stamina, and make excellent war horses. The breed is to be found in the desert of Alfaia, Yerra and Dongola, in which latter district the largest are bred. They are generally bay, black or white; but one never sees a grey. Mr. Hoskins says that the best horses of this breed are block, with white feet and legs. They cost from \$250 to \$750; and some years back one of them was sold at Cairo for \$2000.—[London Live Stock Market.

THE SOCIETY YOUNG MAN.—Scene: The billiard-room of a fashionable club-house. At 9 o'clock enter Augustus, who removes his summer ulster and discloses a dress suit. One of the Players—Hullo! Gns is rigged out under full sail and all the candles lighted. What is it, old fellow? Augustus—Oh, I have been to make my party call on Miss Banker. She wasn't at home, so I left my pasteboard and came around here. Thirteen young men drop their cues, seize their hats, remark "that's the racket for me," and slide off to Beacon street. At 11 o'clock Miss Banker gets home, finds fourteen cards and says: "How funny that all the boys should have called this evening." At the same hour Augustus receives three "smiles" and ten cigars, the grateful offerings of thirteen young men who have made their party call without the trouble of dressing or the expense of a hack.

TRADING ON SEX.—She has a poor poem, a poor story, a very poor picture, a poor play and a poor excuse for forcing its notices on men, whom she bores and annoys by her persistency, and that is because she is a woman. Because she is a woman, and because of the attention and gallantry due her sex from the other, she expects her story, her picture, her statue, her play, to have the preference over that of the man, who has an equal voice howling at his door, and whose work may be more meritorious. This is simply trading on sex, and it's animus won't bear close inspection, because it is akin to something from which the woman might shrink in horror did she see in its true color.—[Graphic.

The Great Captain.

A gentleman who formerly resided in Galena, and who was subsequently an officer in the Union army, furnishes the following facts in regard to General Grant's joining the army in the late war: When the war broke out General Grant was an employee in his father's leather store, which was located on Main street, in Galena. Grant had only been in Galena about one year, and had made but a limited number of acquaintances when the first call for troops was made by President Lincoln in 1861. Among these were E. D. Washburne, John A. Hawlins, John Russell Jones and a few others. A company was raised in Galena at once. A mass meeting was called at the Court House, and a muster roll called. The result was that a company was formed, and Augustus L. Chedlain, elected Captain; Wallace Campbell, First Lieutenant and Nicholas Roth, Second Lieutenant. The company left for Springfield soon afterwards, and was assigned to the Twelfth Illinois Infantry. Meanwhile Washburne went to Springfield, mentioned the name of U. S. Grant, and upon Washburne's recommendation, Governor Yates sent to Galena for Grant, who came at once and assisted Allen C. Fuller, then Adjutant General of the State, in the organization of the Illinois regiments. After a time Grant was commissioned as Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and one day asked Governor Yates for marching orders. "But I haven't the transportation," said the Governor. "Never mind that," said Colonel Grant. "Give me the orders, and I'll find transportation." The orders were given, and within forty-eight hours the Twenty-first Illinois went out of Springfield in column by fours, and took the road to Quincy, where in due time they arrived, and then went into Missouri and reported to General Fremont for duty.

General Fremont knew General Grant so well that he put him in command of the post at Cairo, where he remained until he ascertained from his scouts that the Confederates, who were massed at Columbus, Kentucky, twenty miles below, were establishing a camp at Belmont landing, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi river, opposite Columbus, with the object of raiding that State and the flanking of Fremont and Sigel. Colonel Grant immediately made preparations to attack them, and did so during the week, capturing their guns and supplies; and "breaking up the whole concern," as Grant expressed it. This was really the first victory of the war, and showed the people of the United States that one officer meant business. From here Grant's career is a part of the history of the country and the people unite to do honor to the man whose genius and patriotism and wise statesmanship have placed our country where it is—the foremost amongst the nations of the earth.

GOT ANY NAILS?—He was just full enough not to know a grindstone from a ribbon block, and he came sailing along Fourth street, tacking from side to side, like a ship going against the wind. He struck a dry goods store at last and stumbled in, and a pretty girl clerk came to wait on him. "Hic," he said, "you got any nails?" The girl was a little bit scared, but she told him no; that was a dry goods store and they didn't keep nails in stock. Then he went out and started ahead again, but took a cred to himself and turned and got into the same store again. "Hic," he said, "you got any nails?" This time the girl was a little provoked. "No," she said; a hardware store is the place to get nails; we don't keep them. Out he went again and started off as before, but got turned again and came back to the same place and got the third time. "Hic," he said, "you got any nails?" Now the girl was mad and snapped out, "No, we ain't got any nails; you're drunk and you want to stay away from here." "Hic," he answered, "you ain't got any nails?" "No, we haven't." "Well (hic), if you ain't got no nails, how the deuce do you scratch your head?" The policeman took him off before her answer was sent to his confounded drum.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

How Mr. DREW DIED.—The death of Daniel Drew, the famous financier, occurred with surprising suddenness. He died, he scarcely spoke after assistance was summoned. Early in the evening he was as well as usual, and dined with Mr. I. Lawrence, of the firm of Lawrence Brothers, brokers of Broad street, at the Grand Union Hotel. The old gentleman ate quite heartily, and was in his usual quaint humor. Having returned to the residence of his son, No. 3 East Forty-second street, he talked pleasantly with Mr. Lawrence and others until about nine o'clock, when he complained that he did not feel well, and retired to his room, declining to have any one sit up with him, on the ground that the indisposition would pass off after he got to bed. A little after 10 o'clock he rose and summoned assistance, saying he felt a strange pain in the region of the heart, just such as his mother experienced a few minutes before her death. He had scarcely uttered the preceding sentence when his head sank forward upon his breast, and he was caught in the arms of Mr. Lawrence. There was no further struggle; scarcely a movement. He expired instantly, it is thought, of failure of action of the heart, indeed, possibly, by an epileptic attack.

The awe of soul-consciousness breaking into occasional lurid heats through the chasms of our conventionalities has struck me, in my own self-observation, as a mystery of nature, very grand in itself, and is quite a distinct mystery from conscience. Conscience has to do with action (every thought being spiritual action), and not with abstract existence. There are moments when we are startled at the footsteps of our own being more than at the thunders of God.—[Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Fanny Kennedy, or "Old Aunt Fanny," as she was called, has just died at Louisville, Ky., where she was known at one time as "Queen of the Negroes." Aunt Fanny bought her freedom years ago, and succeeded in saving considerable property afterward in Louisville. She acted as banker for hundreds of her race, was sent for when any of her friends got into trouble and gave them not only advice but more substantial aid.