

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

GORDON HOGARE

I picture her there in the quaint old room. Where the fading starlight starts and falls. Alone in the twilight's tender gloom. With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

IN LOVE WITH AN IDIOT.

I do not mean by the singular heading of my article that falling in love with an idiot is at all an unusual occurrence; and I do not mean to hint some degree of idiocy is not always an attendant upon one of those parties in the "affaires du coeur," nor will I contradict the cynic who said that all people in love are idiots.

In the autumn of the year 1815, the staid inhabitants of the county town of Fayette county, Penn., were set to gossiping by the arrival of a young lawyer named S—, who announced the intention of settling in that town.

In one of his visits to Washington, he, one fine morning in April, left the polished circles who formed little eddies about the elegant wife of President Madison, and turned the head of the horses upon which he rode toward the Potomac.

The head disappeared from the window, and in a minute the plump figure of the girl appeared at a side door with a cup, and placing it in the hand of the barrister he put his lips to the edge of the vessel, and peering over its rim at the beautiful girl he drank a long draught.

The girl walked rapidly into the house, leaving Mr. S— at the well, who mounted his horse and attempted flight. He rode a few steps and returned. The same face at the window; the same blue eyes, seeming to watch him with curious interest.

"Young lady, will you have the kindness to inform me of the name of the gentleman who lives in this house?" A long, curious look from the girl, and no answer.

"I am a respectable gentleman. My name is S—, and I ask the name innocently and honestly." Again no answer, and again the lawyer turned his horse's head away from the cottage, muttering: "Confound it! I feel very unhappy!"

name. Indeed at one time I held the occupancy of Holy Trinity church, Philadelphia; but my failing health rendering me incapable of performing the arduous duties of a large parish, I resigned my post and came here to assume control over a small flock, and attend to the health of my daughter.

There was something indeliberately solemn in the face of the clergyman as he uttered these last words. After a pause he continued: "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit?"

With more vehemence than he had ever manifested in his life, the young lawyer rapidly related the events of the day before, winding up by the statement: "I propose immediate marriage to your daughter, provided the young lady will have me."

Now there was a shade of pain, like the fit of a disturbing cloud over the face of a calm sunset, came and went over the old man's face. Twice he placed his hand on the red spot on his sad face, he sighed deeply, and after an effort, he looked long and solemnly in the eyes of his visitor, and in solemn tones remarked: "Your language, your letters and your earnestness satisfy me that I am addressing a gentleman. I dare not treat your honest love rudely."

The old gentleman paused and again the solemn flashes of sadness came over his face, while he looked as if he were surveying the long, shadowy past. "I have not always, young man, been buried, as you see me, in this remote place. I loved once, and the woman I loved now wears the crown of martyrdom. At the bidding of her Lord she sacrificed the luxuries of her elegant home to follow the footsteps of a poor priest, who followed his Master. And in the labors and the loneliness of this place she laid her life on the altar of sacrifice, leaving me with a desolate heart and the girl whom you love. I have never doubted," added the old man, with fervor, "that He would care for her."

"I will give her position, wealth and everything that money can buy," exclaimed Mr. S—. "Do you know that my daughter is an idiot? Come this way, young man."

"Look at your bride," said he, pointing to a figure upon the floor. Half reclining upon the floor and playing with a doll, was the object of his attraction. The lawyer approached the girl and, with the familiarity which sincere love only can give, reverently lifted the mass of beautiful but senseless beauty from the floor, and placing it reverently upon a chair, and placing his hand upon her forehead, looked long and intently down into her deep blue eyes. Alas! She returned one look, as men look at things they do not understand. It was all too true. The barrister was looking at vacuity.

For a moment the lawyer sighed, as strong men sigh but once in their lives. "I wish to speak a moment with you alone," said S—. "We can speak here. She will understand no more than the dead."

When the snows of the next winter were whitening the Potomac with foam, S— and his bride stood before the altar of Dr. O'Bryan's church, in Washington. He looked ten years older. The sense of an unearthly trust and responsibility was consuming him. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom took his wife in his strong arms, as a father would take a child, and wrapping his cloak about her tenderly, placed her in the carriage. He stooped over her and imprinted one kiss upon her forehead. "It is the first," said he, "and it will be the last!" He had loved but once, and it was the last.

The traveler who loiters for an hour in the quaint old town of Fayette, may see the remains of an old garden at the rear of one of the most comfortable houses, and he may see the slight bars which surround a pretty window at the rear. Here, surrounded by all that money and love could buy, lived, for forty years, the child-wife of a brilliant lawyer—the wife of a man who was appointed District Attorney by President Monroe, and who, from 1821 to 1827, from 1831 to 1835, and from 1843 to 1847—eight terms in all—served as Representative in the Congress of the United States. Strange that in his strong honest heart, at a time of life when passion and desire hold the ascendancy, that this man should devote his fine mind, his money, his all, to the care of a beautiful idiot. He secured the attention of two Christian ladies (one of them an old flame of his), and nothing that could add to the comfort of the singular wife was withheld. During his labors as a statesman, the husband always hastened back from Washington, his hands full of toys and trinkets, and would sit upon the grass and amuse her.

Some years ago, the child-wife—now grown old and gray, but still pleasant to look upon—was carried from her home to the place where the grass grows in the church-yard, and often, at eventide, the villagers see an old man, with stooping figure and furrowed face, bending his steps toward the little church in the calm summer evening, and arranging with his hands the flowers which bloom over the grave of the Idiot Wife.

Thurlow Weed and His Sweetheart. "When I was working in Cooperstown," Mr. Weed said, "I and two other young fellows were arrested for insulting some girls while going home from meeting. I was never more innocent of anything in my life, but I had no friends and was threatened with jail. Suddenly a man whom I did not know stepped forward and gave bail for me, and a lawyer whom I had barely seen offered to serve me as counsel. My trial came on and the girls completely exonerated me from having anything to do with it. A year or two after I fell in love with Catherine Ostrander, of Cooperstown, and married her, and a better wife no man ever had. It was ten years before I found out how I had been defended. Meeting the lawyer in Albany I asked him, 'Why,' said he, 'it was Catherine Ostrander's work.' She had felt rather shy and had not told me in all that time. But the next year that lawyer was surprised by being nominated and elected Attorney-General of the State. Not altogether because he had interceded for me; he was just the man for the place. I very rarely had a man elected or appointed to office for reasons personal to myself."—Rochester Democrat.

Hands, but not Claws. The hand of the finest lady should be able to clasp with the full fervor of friendship, and pull a child out of danger; and a hand upon which no dependence could be placed in an emergency is by no means a credit to man or woman. The notion that any lady's hand should be of this kind, is in the real sense of the word, vulgar. Delicacy is delightful, but weakness must either excite pity or contempt, according as it is self-imposed or not. The Chinese mandarin allows his nails to grow till they resemble claws, priding himself upon this evidence that he never did, and is incapable of doing any manly work; and many ladies cultivate their hands to suggest the same notion. It must be remembered that the longer and more pointed the nails, the more they are suggestive of claws. This is increased by the polishing of them. Surely it cannot be in good taste to recall our animal origin at the expense of human capabilities. The Greeks, who accentuated all peculiarly and distinctly human characteristics, carefully avoided pointing the nails, though no Darwin had shown them whence the nail came; they also rejected smallness of hand, such as the ideal of modern taste demand. Proportion and fitness were to them ruling principles, outside of which they found no beauty. Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes are for being big; but many a modern girl would ask her fairy godmother, if she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first cannot be too large nor the last too small. Tiny feet and hands are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It cannot be possible that they are intended by the writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement; but a notion is encouraged that results in the destruction of one of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot. This unfortunate notion, that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it till it becomes, in many cases, a bunch of crippled deformity. It is a most reprehensible practice, alike revolting to good taste and good sense, to put the foot of the growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inward, producing deformity of general shape and, in the course of time, inevitable bunions, the only wonder being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left.—The Nineteenth Century.

War on the Corset. I had supposed until lately that women became squat and dumpy in middle life of increasing corpulence. But it seems now that there is another cause, which is in itself a warning that young ladies would do well to take to heart. The last number of the Nineteenth Century says that stiff lacing and the constant use of tight corsets so weaken the muscles and cartilages of the back that in course of time the body sinks and the woman becomes squatly. It recommends as a substitute for the corset a tightly fitting Jersey, made stiff about the waist. We all know that young ladies simply squeeze themselves into corsets for the sake of appearance. They imagine it looks better than if they went without them. Perhaps it does just now to our perverted taste; yet I have seen many New York girls in bathing suits without corsets, and they never looked better in their lives. The corset should be entirely discarded, and very soon no one would wonder why they ever endured them. Few men wear boots nowadays, and yet fifteen years ago no pantaloons were thought to set properly without a booting beneath. Corsets are injurious to health, and a fruitful source of disease.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Old Direction. "I'm going to send my boy to your gallery to have his picture taken," said a druggist to a photographer. "Think you can get along without me?" "Well, I should say so," was the confident rejoinder. "I'm not so sure of that. You'll find him a tough customer to manage; however," he added reflectively, "I can put directions on the bottle," and he bade the puzzled photographer good day. In due time the druggist's boy, a mischievous youngster, visited the photographer gallery, and the artist found him indeed hard to manage. He exhausted all the knowledge of the known devices, for keeping the boy quiet, and invented a host of new ones, but in vain; finally he remembered the apothecary's odd remark about the directions, and upon inspection he found pasted upon the back of his neck the legend: "To be well shaken before taken."

He had Been Decorated. The first thing that is done with a prisoner on his arrival at the workhouse is to give him a bath. The other day a prisoner in the police court was asked by Judge Higley if he had ever been sent to the workhouse. "Well," replied the prisoner, "I was decorated once." "What do you mean by 'decorated'?" inquired the judge. "Received the Order of the Bath; don't you understand?" The order was duplicated.—Cincinnati Saturday Night. Slippers with straps, or strapped shoes, are for elegant house wear.

The Story of a Mare that saw Service in the War.

Maggie Lucas, a mare that went through three years of the hardest service of the war of the rebellion, is 34 years old. The mane and tail of the hardy little animal are deeply streaked with gray. She has lost the sight of the left eye and is somewhat deaf, but she is as frisky and lively in the barnyard as most animals twenty-five years her junior. Maggie Lucas is a historical mare. She was ridden by John H. Whallen through all of the daring raids of John H. Morgan, and for three years was ridden in the courier service, the most toilsome and dangerous branch of war service. Her owner, Mr. Whallen, paid the old mare a state visit the recollection of the past and in resuming the almost human intimacy that once existed between the intelligent animal and himself. She was found at Mr. Miller's farm, five miles from the city, on the Eighth-street road, where she has been kept in ease and comfort for years, and where she will remain until death claims her gallant spirit. At first she did not recognize her old master (who was wrapped up in a heavy overcoat) and frisked away from him with the spirit of a colt, but with the heavy movement of age in her limbs. But when she was cornered and he called her name in her ear, she looked up quickly, and then, recognizing the well-remembered voice, laid her head along his arm and stood gentle and quiet while he patted her head and talked of the adventures they had seen together.

Mr. Whallen obtained the mare in 1862. He was at that time a boy of 14 years, and had been in the service a year. He was a courier and had many a long and rapid ride to make, but the gallant mare never was sick and seemed never to tire, going all day long in a "lope." She was in all the fights and skirmishes in Indiana and Ohio and Kentucky, and was ridden away by her owner from Granville, Tenn., on the day that Morgan was betrayed and killed. At the close of the war Mr. Whallen surrendered at Mount Sterling and, wishing to keep his mare, he left her in the country, and after surrendering his arms returned to her. He was arrested, however, at Lexington because he had not surrendered the animal and she was confiscated. He made every effort to keep trace of her, determined to buy her as soon as he made money enough. In this he was disappointed, as she was sold and he could not find her. Years passed, and one day while he was standing on the river bank at Portland, he saw a colored man ride his mare on the ferry boat. He recognized her at once, and hurrying down to the boat, walked up to the colored man, who was astride of her, and said: "Uncle, you've got my horse there, sure."

"Bless your soul, honey," said the old man, "I've had this mar' nine years, and bought her in the bluegrass." "Well, she used to be mine," persisted Whallen; "that is, I think it is the same mare. If it is, she won't carry double."

With this he put his hands on the mare's rump, and she kicked vigorously. "And," continued Mr. Whallen, "this is her name, and he called out behind her: 'Maggie!' In an instant the mare whirled around, almost unseating her rider.

Mr. Whallen gave \$26 and a side-saddle for the mare, and used her for several years in his buggy. Then, as she got old, he sent her to the country, where he pays \$89 a year board for her. For a long time he had difficulty in paying his own board, but the mare was never allowed to suffer, and he intends to keep her in comfort and ease until death ends her life.

If Maggie Lucas is alive in June she will be taken to Lexington to the remount of Morgan's command. Nearly every soldier knew her and her boy rider well. When she dies, Mr. Whallen intends to have the frame and hide preserved, and will keep them in remembrance of her faithfulness and intelligence. The funeral will be a memorial occasion, and all of Morgan's men will be invited to attend to hear the oration of some one capable of doing justice to so suggestive a theme.—Louisville Commercial.

Deception in Feet. "That lady has very small feet," remarked a reporter yesterday to a prominent shoe merchant, who had just performed the fitting process on a pretty foot with a French shoe. "Small!" exclaimed the merchant. "Well, I should remark! She wears a No. 12, misses' size, though a No. 3, ladies size, would come nearer the mark." "Rather a tight squeeze," suggested the reporter.

"Not unusual. I will tell you something, though you need not use it in the paper. No city in the United States is so renowned for ladies with small feet as San Francisco; and why? Because in no other city do the ladies, as a general rule, so punish themselves as to crush a No. 5 foot into a No. 3 shoe. Why, ladies come here and call for No. 2 shoes, and after a gallant struggle they give it up and go out complacently in fours and even fives. You see this climate affects feet more than any other in the world, and larger shoes are required here than in New York or Paris, where shoes can be fitted that cannot be worn here, owing to the climatic action, due to a lack of change in the atmosphere. Of course we could never make our customers believe this, so we resort to the artifice of producing number three shoes from a number four last, and they are thus saved the shock of knowing the increase in size of their feet gear."

"Do ladies require special lasts in the manufacture of shoes to order?" inquired the reporter. "Not always. While there is no difference in the anatomical construction of the foot, I find that the daughters of wealthy families do not give sufficient exercise in youth to their feet, which grow slender and fail to develop a high instep and a strong, elastic ankle."

"Do you sell many French shoes?" the reporter asked. "French shoes" was the reply; "why, it's nearly all French, and, young man, you can say that more French shoes are sold in this city in a day than a day than are sold in the United States in a month. Just think of it. There are half a dozen establishments in San Francisco that import shoes direct from Paris, and there is not a store in New York city that makes regular importations of French shoes."

"They are very popular here," was suggested. "Popular? Oh, yes, though they are the most absurd thing imaginable, and for cramping ladies' feet into all conceivable shapes of deformity they surpass those worn by the Mongolians."

Taking a small shoe and holding it up for inspection, he continued: "You see the uppers are very narrow and taper to made ridiculously high. By this deception a No. 3 shoe measures No. 10 misses' size from heel to toe; so, by crowding the fore part of her foot into the pointed receptacle, and hiding the remainder in the counter, back of the heel, a lady stands on her toes and the instep, which rests over the heel of the shoe. Now, the average size of the ladies' feet of San Francisco require a No. 3 shoe, which, by having the heel in the middle of the foot, makes the deception that conveys the idea of a small foot. You only see, however, about as much of it as you would of your own if you pushed it into a boot-leg and stood on your toes."

"Now, here is a large, broad shoe with low heel was exhibited. "These run as high as eight, and are mostly worn by Eastern ladies, from Chicago or Cincinnati, where they are famous for 'big feet.' I am satisfied that eventually broad shoes and low, flat heels must prevail, for the injurious effect of the present style may not yet be felt; still the deformity and suffering entailed will compel a descent from the airy height of French heels to a common level for the bottom of the foot, and then look out for astonishing revelations in the size of our ladies' feet."—San Francisco Chronicle.

FASHION NOTES. Sleeves have a tendency to bouffant tops. Linen collars are straight clerical bands. Heels of the most fashionable shoes are low. Velvet basques grow more and more in favor. In Paris shoes and stockings must match the dress. We will have another season of embroidery and lace. Nan's veiling is too pretty and serviceable to lose favor. Dark tan is the favorite color for gloves for street wear. The combination costume retains its place in spring styles. The evanescent fashion of silk under-clothing has disappeared. All wool chevrons promise to be very popular for early spring wear. Large square neckerchiefs have almost taken the place of fichus. White and tinted laces trim house wrappers and house jackets admirably. Little girls of seven or eight wear silk Jersey waists with skirts of the new checked velvet. Opera hoods are made of white or black lace over quilted satin of some bright color. A very pretty dress for a small child is made of baby blue. The plaited waist is cut in points for short skirt, worn over embroidered skirts of white. The latest fashion demands that the hair be dressed in the simplest style possible. The small Psyche knot at the back of the head is kept in place by a handsome comb. Polonaises that are very full on the hips and tournure, yet are drawn back plainly on the sides, will be made of the large-figured foulards, to wear over skirts formed entirely of puffs or lengthwise pleats, or covered with ruffles of the plain goods. The Oldest Tree in the World. The oldest tree in the world, says Knowledge, so far as any one knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapura, in Burma. It was planted 288 B. C., and is, therefore, now 2,170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A. D., 223 A. D., and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of the belief that it is a branch of the identical fig-tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and, therefore, they are only gathered when they fall. The king oak in Windsor forest, England, is one thousand years old. Georgia Aphorisms. Black sheep hide mighty easy in the dark. Better keep de rockin' cheer in de lof till Sunday. You can't coax de mornin' glory to climb de wrong way 'round de corn-stock. Smart rabbits go home fo' de snow done fallin'. Cussin' de weather is mighty po' farmin'. It takes heeps o' licks to drive a nail in de dark.—Atlanta Constitution. "I can't hold this baby any longer," called out the young husband and father. "It's getting too heavy." "Pshaw, Edward!" replied a muffled voice from the other room; "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and the baby is not a feather compared to what I was." "I was a fool," said Edward, and she was too sleepy to dispute with him. A farmer in Madison county, Virginia, who has gone into the peanut business, last spring planted one-fourth of an acre, from which he dug eighty-seven bushels, and after fattening twenty hogs had twenty bushels left. These he sent to the mill and had ground and bolted, and says that the meal makes the most delicious batter-cakes he ever ate. They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, the doctor has the bride and the horse under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the ruins for the groom.—Chaff.

America is the best customer for Birmingham gunmakers.

Three-fourths of all German beer is brewed from potatoes. Horses flourish in a cold climate. Russia has nearly 17,000,000. The test of a good orange is said to be its thin skin and a heavy weight. Pennsylvania is one of the few States without a State board of health. Fishing is called angling because so many crooked stories are told about it. An Iowa printer is still type sticking at the age of ninety years, and works daily. Dr. Ott has learned that the rattlesnake's tail makes sixty vibrations a second. It is true that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then soap must be next to prayer. Many a poor fellow gets a lift to the other world through the agency of the elevator. There are thirteen grounds for divorce and the next legislature expects to ring in cold feet. The one railroad in all Greece is five miles long, and each mile of it took a year to build. The homestead of the late Senator Hill of Georgia, which cost \$20,000, has been sold for \$5,500. A valuable deposit of mica, mixed with copper, has been discovered in Buckingham county, Va. A lady says that the difference between a silk dress and a calico gown is material; but that's all stuff. The droppings of sheep are much more concentrated and valuable than those from any other domestic animals. A Romanite apple tree on a farm in Georgetown township, near New Albany, Ind., is eight feet in circumference. Some of the enthusiastic declare that by the ensilage system at least 50 per cent. is added to the value of the land. It is reported that about a dozen desperadoes were shot or hung in Weeksville and vicinity last week by vigilants. It was Thomas Corwin who said that the best course of study for a law student would be two years' service on the jury. If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.—Archbishop Whately. "It is suggested by a lady that the reason they say "her" and "she" when they speak of ships is that they are so very docile and obedient. It is related of the famous Spanish banker, Don Jose de Salamanca, who died recently, that in 1858 he gave a single dinner that cost \$90,000. The governor of Kentucky, it is said, pardoned in a year and a half 505 persons for murders, attempts on life and preparations for taking life or liberty. The late M. Gambetta's father has kept every letter that his son ever wrote to him, even in childhood, and he contemplates publishing the collection. "Take up the cross and follow Christ," is an old condition of discipleship, but it is a condition which has not changed with changing time.—Dr. Raleigh. Pies date back to the time of the Romans, and originally from Picardy. Some of the original pies are said to be still on sale at the railroad restaurants. The first Jew who has been honored with the title of Doctor of Divinity from the Union Hebrew College, of Cincinnati, is the Rabbi Eppenger. A southern correspondent of the Hartford, Conn., Times says that there are three seasons in Florida—the orange, vegetable and invalid; the latter pays the best. A regiment of troops and two men-of-war have been sent to Cantania, Sicily, to quell an outbreak which arose from a change in railway rates for carrying sulphur. The prisoners in Dublin charged with the assassination of Cavendish and Burke are furnished meals from a public house and a stranger calls weekly and pays the bills. A friend of ours recently endeavored to excuse himself from serving on the grand jury on the ground that he was color blind, and, therefore, couldn't try a negro. A person having asked how many "dog days" there were in a year, received for an answer that it was impossible to number them, as "every dog has his own day." Great Britain has no less than 1674 generals in her army, but only 250 of them are in active service. There are probably half a million in the civil ranks of this country. A man who crossed the Atlantic for the first time said he did not think he was much of a sailor at starting, but when he was one day out he felt as if he could heave up the anchor. A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement reads: "Hymeneal incompatibilities, as a specially, carefully adjusted. 'Is a slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled." The Northern Pacific road has a gap of 290 miles in Montana, the eastern section having been completed to within ten miles of Bozeman. The tracks will probably be joined in July. In Massachusetts there is one divorce to twenty-one marriages; in Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut about one to fourteen; in Rhode Island one to twelve; in Maine, one to eight. The Municipal Council of Paris have adopted, by a vote of 44 to 21, a proposal to establish a popular opera. A huge building for the purpose is to be erected in the Rue du Chateau d'Eau, and an annual subsidy will be granted of \$60,000. There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual; for it is religion that can teach us to bear them with resignation. A New York physician offers to cure men of snoring for ten dollars.—Ex. Men who are in the habit of snoring for ten dollars should consult him. We never snore for such a small amount. It doesn't cost any more to snore for ten thousand dollars.—Norristown Herald.

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