

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot mignonette sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

BYWAYS AND BYGONES.

One hurried view, caught as I drove
Along the highway of an old, haunted-
looking house, half hidden amongst
trees and hanging above a deep ravine,

The day was breezy, and, for mid-August,
decidedly cool, and the air moist,
but clear, thus making more palpable
every latent atom of perfume in Nature's
laboratory.

Presently, weary with climbing, for I
found that my walk had thus far been
for the most part, up hill, I seated
myself upon a low stone wall, both to rest
and to take a leisurely look at the old
farm house beyond it.

And just this point I found, after a
slight survey, to be my best view of the
old house and its surroundings. Accord-
ingly I speed my way upon the shaded
side of the little grassy knoll surrounding
the well, and, seating myself thereon,

the prey of the rapacious strong, had
wriggled himself into sight—but what
over the delectable tid-bit, the lord of
the roost ungallantly gobbled it up him-
self, and strutted off with a chuckle
which my ear translated: "Uncommonly
fine fat worm, my dears! Sorry there
wasn't enough for a bite all around. Ate
it all myself to save trouble in the
family, don't you know?"

But while thus taking an outward sur-
vey of this wayside home, I discovered
that I was being quite as curiously
scanned myself, from an upper window
of the house; whereupon I again faced
about toward the road, still retaining
my position upon the wall, where a most
comfortable seat had been made by the
displacement of a few of the stones, and
found myself confronting, through a
gap in the heavy shade of the trees
across the way, a view which alone
would have repaid me for all my wearisome
climbing.

But the morning hours were fast slip-
ping away, and, reluctantly, I dropped
down from my niche in the wall, after
making a few hurried outlines, and
trudged onward, first creeping through
a gap between the wall and adjoining
fence into a field of blossomed buck-
wheat; whose honeylike perfume I had
all this time been drawing in with each
breath.

A little farther on occurred a sudden
dip in the ground, and, over a foot
plank, I crossed a scurrying little brook,
with a sigh for the days when, with
shoes and stockings in hand, I should
have made a far less conventional and
decorous crossing. Was there no tempta-
tion to repeat past experiences?
Frankly, yes; but just before me, a boy,
trundling a wheelbarrow load of newly
cut hay, had come to a sudden and
unaccountable halt, faced about and
seated himself on his barrows, and, with
elbows planted on his knees and chin on
his hands, was fixedly watching me.

Upon arriving at the fork of the hollow,
my eye was instantly caught by an old
well beside the way with a bright tin
dipper hanging from a projecting corner
of its curb. Though not conscious of
this before, I immediately felt an im-
perative call to drink of the waters of
that wayside spring; so dropping my
traps upon the grass, I proceeded to
lower the old iron-bound bucket, the
moss covered bucket which hung in that
well, at the same time hoping that it
might also be a leaky bucket, which was
soon proven to be the case by the splashing
sounds that greeted my ears as it
swung against the stony walls within,
and, at last, came to the surface drip-
ping and overflowing with clear, cold
water.

Upon leaving the well, and, seating myself
thereon, I leaned back against the old curb
for a quiet rest and outlook, quite sheltered
from the street and the sun. The face
of the spot was somewhat changed since
my first glimpses of it two months pre-
vious. The great trees had multiplied
their foliage and deepened their tints,
casting broader and heavier shadows
around and over the old gray house, en-
circling it closer with their great waving
arms; now tossed upward by a swift
breeze, letting a flood of sunshine in
upon its time and weather-worn frame;
again, drooping low, and softly sweep-

ing its old gables and front, hiding it al-
most from view in the all-embracing
shadow and leafy luxuriance of their
vigorous life. The southern bank of
the hollow, over which hung the eastern
gable of the house, was a mass of golden
and purple bloom and trailing vines; and
the little rill that stole noiselessly along
its base was completely hidden by over-
lapping grasses, save here and there a
gleam like a bit of entangled silver rib-
bon.

Scarcely was I settled at my work
when I became conscious that two pairs
of very bright eyes were regarding me
from between the rails of the fence by
the road; soon two barefooted little
children, a girl and a boy, crept through
the bars and shyly and cautiously stole
along under cover of the fence to a point
where their curiosity as to my proceed-
ings might be gratified; and there they
crouched down, silent as two hares,
turning curious looks upon me, followed
by looks at each other equally full of
wonderment. I dared not speak lest
they take flight, which, indeed, they did,
after taking a drink from the rapidly-
diminishing contents of the bucket in the
well, the water from which still kept up
a musical drip, drip, as it escaped from
every possible crevice back to its home
below.

Later on, when I had made consider-
able progress with my sketch, and be-
came quite absorbed therewith, the
sound of a human voice close to my ear
from an unknown, untraced source, sent
my pencil in a ruinous, zig-zag course
across the entire face of it, as, with a
nervous start, I turned around and saw a
woman's face peering, not only around
the corner of the well, but over my
shoulder, and even under the wide brim
of my hat, which I had drawn low over
my eyes to shade both them and the
page over which I was bending.

"Oh, sketching, are you? Well, now,
ma and I didn't think of that. We al-
lowed you must hev turned your ankle
on that ther hill, it's so rough, and that
you couldn't go no further. You kept so
quiet and sat so long that ma said she
reckoned I'd better fetch the pail along
to the well and find out about you. Of
late years, so many transients come up
here to the lake and go straggling about
the country all summer, that we don't,
as a rule, pay much attention to their
doings. I s'pose you're one of 'em—one
of the resorters, ain't you?"

"The face was so irresistibly fresh and
pretty, the lips so full and red, the
smile so frank and sweet which showed
the beautiful and white teeth, that I in-
stantly forgot my first angry sense of
annoyance, and, smiling in return,
handed up my sketch book for inspec-
tion.

"Lal how nat'ral them old trees do
look! I wouldn't hev thought they'd
make such a pretty picter. Reckon you
must love trees—I do myself." Then,
handing back the book with an apology
for the defacement she had caused by
her unconventional introduction of her-
self, she proceeded to draw her pail of
water, I meantime, remarking: "Folks
around here seem to have a fashion of
springing into view like rabbits, from
all manner of unexpected places; the
fence corners, the bushes and even the
well curbs, all seem peopled—and, see,
there comes someone, now, from around
the corner of the old house, yonder—
the spirit of the place, I should judge
from his gray looks, his withered little
figure and the scythe he carries."

as does the house its picturesqueness.
"Well, maybe you are right; but as
I've told you, 'twan't beauty nor in-
terestingness that I had in view in
neglecting 'em. I s'pose some folks they'd
call it spite, but I don't believe you
would. No, I thought you wouldn't.
But I don't go in for beauty nor fashion,
nobow—healthiness is my prime hold.
Healthy hereabouts did you ask? Lord
sakes, yes; tain't the doctors who's
getting rich, round here. 'Twan't long
so, though. Years ago, when the
country was new, 'twas fever-and-ague
the year round. There was such a slow
of water and grass everywhere, you
couldn't skip the shakes, nobow. And
when folks first begun to settle pretty
numerous round here, the typhoid fever
came and made mighty high a clean
sweep of 'em all. Some said 'twas long
of turning up so much new soil as
pizened the air—but ag'in I've heard
them as said the smell of fresh air
was healthy."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "there is a
difference in that respect between
freshly turned soil that has been long
tilled, and virgin soil, which is always
more or less full of noxious vegetable
effluvia."

"Well, if you must go, I reckon you'll
find the left hand road quite as shady as
'other one and maybe a little leveler
walking—they both lead to town."

"I shall come once more to get a
front view of the old house—that fence
is irresistible. But, now, if you tell me
whether this road to the left leads back
to the village, and if it be as shady and
quiet as the other by which I came, I
shall be obliged to you."

But space fails me wherein to detail
the many pleasures which awaited me
on that homeward walk; the bosky
places into which I penetrated to ex-
amine and gather the flora, and amidst
the secluded shaded depths of which I
found a moss-bedecked, rocky tablet
whereon I set forth the luncheon which
Nora had deftly packed and insisted
upon my bringing with me; and which I
then and there ate with a relish and
hunger such as I had not known for
many a day; the enchanted slumber
which afterwards stole over me, as, with
the help of my soft shawl, I turned my
stony table into a most comfortable pil-
low and lay listening to the wild bird
music of happy song and busy twitter
and call, and to the myriad of
lesser sounds with which nature seemed
to be unusually rife on that day. Nor
can I, now, more than hint at the half-
mile stretch of old maples, through the
dense foliage of which not a sunbeam
reached me, as I walked beneath over-
turf as soft to the footfall as Royal Wil-
ton itself, or leaned against the old rail
fence and listened to the sea-like mur-
murings of the wind-swept field of corn
beyond. Also to the serio-comic narra-
tive of an antiquated darkey at work
therein, whom I accosted, and drew from
him a willing recital of his escape from
bondage, together with his wife, during
the early days of the war, and of the
many shifts by which they at last
reached this place, where, by kind and
sympathetic hearts, they were cared for
and helped to become self-supporting,
until at last they had come to own a few
acres of land—not of the best, else could
they not have become possessed of it—
but such as sufficed to grow a fair but
small crop of tobacco, and likewise of
corn, on the proceeds of which they
lived comfortably, self respecting and
respected by others—self helpful, happy
and contented.

"Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that at
the close of the day, though I drew the
home latch-string wearily, it was also
with a sigh that, despite the day's many
golden hours, there remained not yet
another wherein I might conquer yet
one more hill, explore yet one more frag-
rant hedge row.

handed it to her. "Does that contain
your lunch?" he asked, pointing to a
small basket which she carried in her
hand. "Yes." "Let me see it." She
opened the basket displaying the biscuit.
"Will you try one, genora? They are
pretty hard." The general refused to
taste the proffered dainty, and ordered a
good dinner to be served for her, and
then put her on the cars himself.

The English Free-Lunchers.

"Deadheads and free luncheon," says
a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette,
"are the names by which the British
guests of the Northern Pacific Railroad
are beginning to be designated in the
American press, in allusion, we may sup-
pose, to the inoperative nature of their
annual tour. It is not this sign that the
proverbial patience of the American
shareholder is giving way? President
Shillard, whom you picturesquely style
'the sumptuous Mæonias of the Ameri-
can rail,' is sumptuous, be it remem-
bered, not with his own money, but
with that of others. The objects of his
bounty, moreover, are not entirely jour-
nalists, though, to judge by the pages of
our contemporaries, a good many of
them are turning an honest penny by
describing their experiences and puffing
their host. It was well known in
town at the end of last season that
anybody who was either a peer, a
member of parliament, a government
official, or connected with the press,
could have an invitation for the asking.
About fifty seem to have gone, a good
many of whom were neither journalists,
officials, nor members of either house
or parliament. The tour, according to
the twelfth and final letter of the
"Free Luncher" of the Times, covered
6000 miles and occupied a month.
Their "personal conductor" was a certain
Mr. Rufus Hatch, "Uncle Rufus," as his
'cousins from across the sea' affectionately
called him, who is described in the
Times as a northwestern 'boomer' of
great earnestness, equally at home
in Wall street or among the Yellow-
stone geysers. The "Free Luncher"
of the Times candidly admits that
some of Uncle Rufus' boom 'may have
gone to some extent into this correspond-
ence.' Of this there is no doubt? Still,
if a president of a railroad spends £240
of his shareholders' money in giving one
a free autumn tour, one is morally
bound to 'boom' a little in his honor.
The more interesting moral question is
how far those who have not 'boomed'
are justified in accepting that sum of
money from shareholders who are evidently
not unanimous in the desire to give it
to them."

Why Chivers Didn't.

As the three of us rode out of Water-
proof, La., on horseback, we overtook a
citizen joggling along as if at peace with
all the world. No introductions were
needed, and presently we were chatting
away on the most familiar terms. After
a while, and when about six miles from
the town, we met a man on horseback
who had a shotgun lying across his lap
and a revolver in his hip.

Words of Wisdom.

Iron chain or silken cord, both are
bonds.
To know how to wait is the great secret
of success.
Those who can command themselves
can command others.
Honesty provides the most certain con-
dition for safety.
Sadness is a disease; the best remedy
for it is occupation.
The poor are kept poor to supply the
demands of paradise.
It is better that we are not informed
than to be misinformed.
Patience is the panacea; but where
does it grow, or who can swallow it?
Time once passed over never returns;
the moment which is lost is lost forever.
A man may talk continually and not be
eloquent; sound and substance are not
twins.
Neglected calumny soon expires; show
that you are hurt, and you give it the
appearance of truth.
Every day is a little life, and our
whole life is but a day repeated; there-
fore live every day as if it would be the
last.

Burnside's Early Love.

In my last letter I had something to
say about the author of "A Modern
Hagar." She is Mrs. Clark, not Miss,
as the printer got it. She married a
southern lawyer before the war. He has
since died, and she has come into a small
patrimony recently by the death of an
eccentric relative in New Orleans. She
was once engaged to be married to Gen-
eral Burnside, and actually appeared be-
fore the altar with him. The thought
struck her, as she says, before she
uttered the irrevocable words, that she
was making a mistake. So in a few
words she made known her conclusions
to the expectant groom and the waiting
minister, and retired from the scene as
gracefully as possible.
They only met once after that. It was
during the war. Mrs. Clark was com-
missioned to carry important dispatches
to Jefferson Davis. To do this she had
to pass the Union lines. She baked a
panful of raised biscuits, and hid the
dispatches in them.
While traveling south she was arrested
on suspicion. Learning that General
Burnside had command of the nearest
division of the northern forces, she de-
manded to be brought before him. He
recognized her. "She said she was going
to Mobile, and asked for a pass and a
discharge. He only hesitated a moment
and then wrote out one in silence and

FOREIGN NEWS.

Austria has 30,000 flour and grain
mills.
Brazil has 1,500,000 slaves, about one-
fifth of whom are Indians.
French ladies who lead the fashions
now order their dresses of English tail-
ors.
Tea drinking at afternoon fashionable
"tees" is objected to by several London
physicians.
The wealth of Great Britain has in-
creased from £127 per head in 1812 to
\$249 per head in 1882.
Ivan Tourgenieff's will bequesting
his entire fortune of \$80,000 to Mme.
Pauline Viardot it is to be contested.
The National rose show of 1884 is to
be held at Salisbury—probably in the
charming grounds of the bishop's palace.
The mayor of Marseilles has signed a
document accepting the Pharo residence
as a gift to the city from the Empress
Eugenie.
Prince Louis of Bavaria, and Count
Bardi, Chambard's heir, will soon start
on a tour around the world in Count
Bardi's yacht.
Canon Wilberforce has quite broken
down his health by his prolonged "Bine
Ribbon" stumpings, and has been or-
dered to take a complete rest for several
months.
The monomania has certainly reached
the height of absurdity in London when
ladies adorn their note paper and corre-
sponding cards with portraits of their pet
dogs.
The rumor that Monsignor Capel's
debts are to be paid by a peer of England
gives color to the suspicion that his prin-
cipal object in coming to America was,
after all, only to make money.
A movement is on foot in London to
introduce long trains again among the
ladies, but the mischievous persons en-
gaged in it have not yet succeeded in
convincing the public to their own views,
and the sensible short costume remains
in favor.
According to the London Daily News,
the Princess of Wales has won two mil-
linary victories this year—both on the
side of common sense. She has banished
the crinoline in spite of Paris. She has
retained the smart bonnet in fashion still
in spite of Paris.

PERSONAL.

The late Charles C. Hazewell, of the
Boston Traveler, left a library of 10,000
volumes.
People about to be married in church
are racking their brains to introduce
some "new features."
Mrs. Langtry says again that she does
not care for social recognition here. Per-
haps it is just as well.
Monsignor Capel says there is more
immortality in the columns of the daily
newspapers than anywhere else.
Mr. Wilkie Collins has attack of gout
of the eye about once a year. His last
attack laid him up four weeks ago.
W. H. Vanderbilt has 200 pictures
which New Yorkers have not yet seen,
but they will ere long have an oppor-
tunity "by card."
Wedding cards are growing larger, and
it is hard to distinguish them from in-
vitations to "openings" at the fashion-
able milliners.
Mrs. Augusta Tabor, the divorced
wife of ex-Senator Tabor, has been sued
by her lawyers for their fee of \$5000,
which she has refused to pay, regarding
it as exorbitant.
The Louisville Courier-Journal is
authority for the statement that David
Davis never bagged with the pie woman
while in Washington. He probably
bagged with the pie.
Lord Carrington, who achieved some
notoriety by horsewhipping the late
Grenville Murray for libeling the prince
of Wales, is in New York.
Statisticians have pronounced the
United States to be not only potentially,
but actually, richer than the United
Kingdom. Counting the houses, furni-
ture, manufactures, railways, shipping,
bullion, lands, cattle, crops, investments'
and roads, it is estimated that there is a
grand total in the United States of \$49,
770,000,000. Great Britain is credited
with something less than \$40,000,000,000
or nearly \$10,000,000,000 less than the
United States. The wealth per inhabit-
ant in Great Britain is estimated at \$1,
100, and in the United States at \$995.
With regard to the remuneration of
labor, assuming the produce of labor to
be 100, in Great Britain 56 parts go to
the laborer, 21 to capital and 23 to gov-
ernment. In France 41 parts go to la-
borer, 36 to capital and 23 to government.
In the United States 72 parts go to la-
borer, 23 to capital and 5 to government.
—[London Times.

THE COCONUT AT HOME.—The green
coconut is also in great demand by na-
tives of the West Indian islands. In
tropical countries this fruit is eaten only
in its green condition. From a green
coconut a resident of Havana can ex-
tract a great amount of comfort. On
every bar there are huge piles of them,
and when a Cuban politician wants to
"set 'em up for the crowd" in good style,
he leads the way to the bar and orders
coconut cocktails for all. The bartender
cuts the top from a coconut, pours the
milk into a glass, adds ice and the neces-
sary "stick" of whatever desired, dusts a
little nutmeg over it, and assesses the
politician twenty-five cents apiece for
each drink, although there may be a
dozen trees within ten yards of the door
filled with the fruit.—N. Y. Post.

ANIMAL JEALOUSY.—The children of a
family in town have a little dog of which
they are very fond, and until within a
few days it has absorbed much of their
attention. The other day, however, a
rival put in an appearance in the shape
of a pinnaculate kitten toward which
their fondling was for the time being
directed. What then was the horror
of the children, when one morning
they discovered the dog "juggling"
off the kitten in its mouth. It carried
the feline to a dusty place in the street,
where it buried it and came trotting
back with a satisfied expression on its
countenance showing a belief that its
rival was out of the way, and that its
former position had been recovered.—
San Bernardino Times.