OUR GOLD STRING

JANE W. BRUNER.

Our minstrel's harp was daintily strung Empearled like a shell of the sea-Sweet the cords we swept as we sung In pride of our minstrelsy.

And 'mid the strings of our harp somewhere But that where could notwell be told— For all were gilded there and fair, There nestled one string of gold.

And whatever tones our minstrels brought From the cords they waked from sleeping Into the music all unsought A thrilling sound came creeping.

For softly above the pulsing beat, The surge of the song and shiver, With clearer sound and note more sweet, The golden string would quiver.

And heavy hearts, oppressed with grief, broke At the harp-throbs into sobbing; In every heart an echo awoke From the golden string's wild throbbing.

And mortals thought that one soft note

Had slipped from the great pearl portal, Down the dim depths of space afloat, From the sweet choir immortal

The fountain drops with a liquid chime On the brook that flows to the sea. We are drops in the stream of time, Sweeping to eternity.

There came a dawn in the early spring, When heyer song remains unsung, When birds were lightest on the wing, And the world again feels young.

The meadows sparkled with morning dew, Birds sang in their wildwood bowers, Fluttered their little wings, and grew Mad with joy, in sanny showers.

The nightingale piped his sweetest lay-Spring's the time for song or never-The sweet time came and died away, The harp was stilled forever.

The wonted breezes touched the strings, But they echoed back no token, Mourners sobbed as the sun went down, Our golden string lay broken,

THE LOVER ? QUARREL.

BY SAFIZ.

"Never, while I live," said Miss Rash-igh, "never while I live, will I see leigh. your face again!"

She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke, she threw her betrothal ring towards her lover, who had offendod

It missed him, and rolled down upon the floor, and over the sill of an open china closet—one of these old-fashioned closets that used to stand on either side of the mantlepiece.

She did not notice where it rolled; he did though; and after she had left the room, he turned to pick it up. The ring she had worn would always be precious to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room, as miserable a girl as ever lived; and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawingroom, pushed the green closet door to, picked up the fallen magazine, set the annuals and books of poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades, arranged the chairs mathematically against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years," she said to herself; "and there's Cornelia with her beau with no more respect for them than if they were so much lum-

Then she closed the door behind her and went away to her own room up stairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt was in the frame, a surprise for said Cornelia.

Grandma Rashleigh gave every young person of the family something of her own manufacture on his or her wedding-

day. "Now," the old lady had said, a dozen times, to Tripheny King, who was help-ing her, "I rather think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; there's a bit in it in every handsome silk there's ever been in the family, and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vests

"Yes'm; it's a real memorial quilt," said Trepheny. "It takes you, mum, to plan such things,"

temptuous courtesy. "I'll remember my manners, if other folk forget theirs. Only there's other folks as likely to be old maids as me, and I fancy it's Mrs. Spear's affairs now if anything has hap-used to her how!"

pened to her boy!" Away flounced Miss Pratt.

"You've put Piety into a rage, Corne-lia," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a pity; she has a long tongue!" But Cornelia was crying. "Ob worthout door"

But at this moment Sally, the little gether, servant girl from Grandma Rashleigh's, She came flying into the room, without any more warning than if she had been shot from a gun.

"The old missus says you are to come over at once, both you ladies!" she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashteigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot. There's something of importance, and you're needed at worst.

"Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said her mother. "I'll just put on this sun hat What is it, Sally, do you know?"

"I know it's something dreadful. Missus is almost wild, and there's lots of folks there. Something about Mr. Spear. The two ladies said no more. They

hurried away together, and, entering grandma's partor, found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides. Orville had indeed disappeared. He

had never been home since his visit to Cornelia; and now the alarmed relatives were anxious to get all the information they could regarding the interview be-tween Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs. pear," said Cornelia, proudly; "good ason; and I took off my ring, and gave Spear. 'good it back, and went out of the room. That is all I know. I don't know when he went or where. I—I thought he wouldn't mind so much. I believed he had stopped caring about me." "He ought to now, at all events," said

grandma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure! I shall have the pond dragged!" said Mrs. Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all his money at home. He wouldn't have gone traveling without a change of

clothes. Oh, you wicked girl!" "I hope," cried the eldest Miss Spear, "that he'll haunt you!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!" cried the youngest Miss Spear.

Cornelia had kept up bravely until now; but when her two friends turned upon her thus, she gave a little scream, and fell over on the sofa. She was in a dead swoon and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her to. Grandma grew frightened.

"I hope it isn't an attack of heart dis-se," she said. "Poor child ! she looks is if she were dead,'

"Oh, do not say that !" cried the mother.

They gathered around Cornelia and did all they could for her; and soon she recovered and sat up; but all her pride was gone.

"Oh, dear!-oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish I had died! I wish I had never ome to! Oh, Orville! Orville! what has become of you ?'

"Oh! oh!" moaned the mother. "Oh! oh!" moaned the sisters. And Cornelia's head fell back again.

'Emma, get the lavender out of the china-closet," said grandma to her daughter. "Ouick! It's on the corner

Mrs. Kashleigh rushed to the closet.

"It won't open!" she cried wildly. "It's a patent lock," said grandma; 'locks as it shuts. Here's the key." And Mrs. Rashleigh flew back to the loor, opened it, and uttered a shriek. There on the floor, huddled

There on the floor, huddled up under the shelf, lay poor Orville Spear. He was white and limp. Cornelia sat and ssared at him in the most awful way. She thought him dead, but the more experienced matron saw

that he was yet living. Sally was sent post-haste for the doc-tor; and there in Mrs. Rashleigh's draw-ing-room he found Cornelia and Orville lying quite unconscious, like Romeo and Juliet in the scene at the tomb, and the rest of the party in a state of bewilder ment and terror past description. At last, however, both were cons and seated in arm-chairs, regarded each other, while the observers kept silence, and Mr. Orville Spear uttered the first words

"It was her fault. I was a con-founded foull through!" cried Orville.

Cornelia. Dh, how pale you are!" "And ho pale you are, Cornelia!" sighed Orde. "Did you really care when you tright I was dead?"

"Ladies, said Grandma Rashleigh, "now that rville has had his wine and "Oh, mother, dear," she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it? Orville did feel dread-fully. Won't you see, mother?" to little

way; the others followed. She led to When the ca-bell rang soon after, Or-ville and Onelia came out of the drawing-roon, an in arm, and the wedding-day wasfind.

he Swan's Party.

A swar one wished to give a party, and everything as arranged for it; but his servant, the frog, made a mistake in the invitations, and when the swan was smimmig bout near the shore of the pond waching for his guests, to his sur-prise three ame the cuckoo, the swalow, then thingale, the sparrow, and the duct He had expected the duck; but why could he do with the other guests, the were not used to the water? The duc waddled on, plumped into the water an vhispered to the swan: "What

kind of mosts have you invited, godfather ? Vlat can they do in the water?" "That is just what I should like to know," asvered the swan. "My ser vant, thiring has played me a stupid trick. I cannot be helped now, so we must be nerry on the land. The gentle-men and ladies would all we drowned

So the both went ashore and bade the guests wecome, and the frog was immediately setoff to find worms and beetles so that the strange company might at least haveneat.

It was very unpleasant for the swan andduck, and it was very warm, so they went to a cod place. At first the other guests, the unckoo, the swallow, the nightingale he robin and the sparrow walked quich with them, but they soon fell into ther accustomed ways; they hopped and flattered first, then flew in all directions.

"Where ac they all, cuckoo, sparrow, nightingale ind swallow?" said the swan, impatiently

The cucloo, who heard his name called, flew lown, and said, proudly: "Here I an, what do you want?"

"Oh!" aswered the swan, "I only wanted to know what had become of my dear guests.

"That I on have the honor of telling you," said the cuckoo. 'I have seen them all. Mr. Sparrow is sitting on a bough yondr with his bill wide open, while Miss Nightingale sings beautifully or the high tree. Mr. Smaller is on the birth tree. Mrs. Swallow is flying over the brook and playing with the little flies, one of which she swallows now and then by mistake. Madam Robin is hopping about under all the bushes, so I do not know where she is just now; but I will soon see.'

Thereupon the cuckoo flew away, and the swan and duck looked at each other sorrowfully.

"What will come of this?" asked the duck

"I will tell you," said the swan, and jumped into the water. "Our company has left us in the lurch; now we will do the same by them.

And then he raised his slender neck in the air and swam proudly around in the water. The good duck followed his friend, who led the way into a mass of

Last Monday General Grant started out from his cottage at Long Branch to indulge in his usual afternoon drive. He is exceedingly fond of a good trotter, and seeks the back roads at the Branch to speed his animal, as well as to get away from the crowds that throng the beach drive. However, to reach the country he was forced to pass along the nain avenue, and he was there stop with many other carriages, by a balky team. During the delay a saddle horse, team. which had been jammed in alongside the General, became fractions, and kick-ing up his heels, knocked away the dasher of the General's new carriage and broke a wheel. The occupant quietly broke a wheel. The occupant quietly bundled up his lines, chewed his cigar, and waited for the beast to come at him again. Folks who saw that splintered carriage lying on the roadside did not know how closely a horse's hoofs had hung around a hero's head .- | Philadelphia Record. TEXAS HAILSTONES .- The great West cannot be surpassed in the number and destructiveness of its tremendous storms, but Texas boasts of an elemental phenomenon yet to be paralled elsewhere. The Henrietta Shield reports that a short Henricita Shield reports that a short time ago a small cloud passed over Wichita Valley. It lingered but a mo-ment, yet in that moment unheard-of things transpired. It did not hail, but there dropped electric ice. Pieces of ice five inches in diameter, fifteen inches around, were hurled from the upper realms, dashing upon the ground like cannon balls from heavy artillery. Dozens of pieces were gathered up and weighed, and found to run from fifteen to twenty ounces. Some of the pieces went crashing through the roofs houses. A number of sheep were killed, and cattle had their legs broken. Fortu nately there were but a few pieces to the acre fell, or the result would have been terrible.

Carlyle's Description of an Irish Work-

The concluding part of Carlyle's "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey" appears in the July Century, and is equal to the first part in lively picturesque de-scription. A visit to an Irish workhouse is described as follows:

One little captain Something, an intelligent commomplace little Englishman (just about to quit this horrid place, and here for the second time) does attend us, take us to Westport workhouse, the wonder of the universe at present.

Human swinery has here reached its acme, happily; 30,000 papers in this union, population supposed to be about 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above three or four thousand of them, subsidiary workhouses, and outdoor relief the others. Abomination

of desolation; what can you make of it! Outdoor quasi-work; three or four hundred big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks and bar-row, "levelling" the end of their workhouse hill; at first glance you would think them all working; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce br two of mould, and it is all make-believe; 5 or 600 boys and lads, pretending to break stones. Can it be a charity to keep men alive on these terms? In face of all the twaddle of the earth, shoot a man rather than train him (with heavy expense to his neighbors) to be a deceptive human swine. Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room: vogue la galere. "Dean Bourke" (Catholic Priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here; middle-aged middle-sized figure, rustyish black coat, hessian boots. white stockings, good humored, loud speaking face, frequent Lun ly-foot snuff; -a mad pauper woman shrieks to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking: Dean poor fellow, has to take it "asy," I find—how otherwise? ' Issuing from the workhouse, ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging. "Get alang wid ye !" cries he impatiently, yet without ferocity. "Doun't ye see I'm alang wid ye !" cries ne support without feroeity. "Doun't ye see I'm speaking wi' the gintlemen! Arrah, thin ! I don't care if ye were dead !" Nothing remained but patience and Lundy-Foot snuff for a poor man in these circumstances. Wherever he shows face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him; he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge in. Poor Dean Bourke! Lord Sligo's park in this instance. But beggars still, one or two, have climbed the railings, got in by the drains? Heavy square mansion, ("1770 architecture): Lord Sligo going to the Killeries, a small lodge he has to the south-no rents at all: I hear since "he has nothing to live upon but an opera-box;" literally so (says Milnes),-which he bought in happier days, and now lets.--"Croagh Patrick, won't ye go now lets.— Croagh Patrick, won't ye go to it?" Bay.—Clew bay, has a dim and s allow look, hereabouts; "beautiful prespect."—yes Mr. Dean; but alas, alas! Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some funcheon at our inn, and quit this citadel of mendicancy intolerable to Gods and man, back to Castlebar this evening.

A Brooklyn Herolne.

Miss Tillie Trimble, who lives with her parents at 92 Fourth place, became known as a heroine in that part of Brooklyn yesterday. On Monday afternoon she caught a burglar in the house. Af-ter giving an alarm she grabbed him around the neck and held him, with the assistance of her mother, till a police-man arrived. Miss Trimble is a very prepossessing young lady, nineteen years old. She has regular features, fine complexion and teeth, dark eyes and a trim figure, but not a girl whom an acquaintance would think could be deended on to capture the burglar. Now, tell me all about it, Tillie," remarked her mother, when the reporter called last evening. Her father puffed a pipe, but all the time looked proudly at his daughter. "It was about 1:30 in the afternoon," began Miss Tillie, "when

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

The supreme sin is the suppression of light.

Men have sight, women insight. Victor Huge.

Men make laws-women make manners. -[De Sequr.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.

Triumphant shout in London: "Halexandria's in ashes.

An obstitute man does not hold opinions; they hold him.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old-[Swift.

God created the coquette as soon as he had made the fool.--[Victor Hugo.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it .-- [Frank lin

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.- | Ben Jonson.

An evil speaker differs from an evil doer only in the want of opportunity .-Quintilian.

Gratitude is a word that you will find in dictionaries, but you will not find much of it anywhere else.

We should be more satisfied with our prayers if we worked a little harder to help the Lord to answer them.

Statesmanship consists rather in re moving the causes than in punishing or evading results.

Crimes lead into one another. They who are capable of being forgers are capable of being incendiaries.-[Burke.

Reputation is an idle and, most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving .-- | Shakspeare.

I've never any pity for conceited people, becauce I think they carry their comfort about with them.-[George Eliot.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judges us by what we have already done.-[Longfellow. If a man must be very economical, it will be found to be a good rule to go without one's dinner and take tea with a

James Russell Lowell once said that

"the Americans are the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people

Let no man indulge the deceptive

thought that because the general spirit of his life is right his minor shortcom-

Nothing elevates a man so much as

disinterested good will. We, for example, most heartily wish that every

man in the world had half a million and

It is an old motto, "Be natural." That depends. It is just what most people ought not to be, and if the saving doc-trine of total depravity be true it is very

The Methodist Conference Committe

at Toronto has decided that the Rev. Mr.

Willoughby did not kiss sweet Georgie

Willoughby will now have time to reflect

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Strong brine kills the pear and cherry

Reno, Cal., ranchmen say that the

grasshoppers will not eat parsnips, peas,

It is said that about \$60,000 was real-

ized in and about Santa Barbara, Cal., last year by sales of Pampas grass

A farmer, for his business to prosper, must be an out-door, active man. It is futile to expect, in addition to this, he will every day go through the duties of a

The Nadeau vineyard, Los Angeles, Cal., when completely laid out, will em-brace two thousand acres of land, in-

Mr

There are

Graham five times against her will.

ings shall bear no bitter fruit.

we ourselves a million.

bad advice indeed.

on what he missed.

slug.

nor onions.

plumes.

city book-keeper.

friend.

in the world.'

The quilt was finished and bound that afternoon; and Tripheny's job of quilting being over, she went home, but she carried about the village the news that she "was sure all was over between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear. She'd heard Cornelia say something to her grandma, and the old lady was furious."

"He would never have done that if he had cared for me, you know, grandma," Cornelia was saying at that moment.

"Staff and nonsense! He loves the ground you walk on," said the old lady. "You'll never get such another, Cornelia!

"I shall never marry at all. I hate men Cornelia answered.

And then her grandmother made the house too hot to hold her and she went over to her mother's, her usual course when she fell out with grandma.

Three days passed. At the end of the third, Piety Pratt stepped in at Mrs. Rashleigh's—young Mrs. Rashleigh, as they called her, though she was nearly fifty, for grandma was old Mrs. Rashleigh,

"I expect you'll feel upset when I tell you the news, Cornelia," she said. "You've been too cruel this time—he, he, he? Orville Spear ha'nt been heard of since he was at your house. His mother says he went over to explain and make up, and he never came back-be, he! She thought maybe he'd stepped over to his brother's, but he hadn't -he I reckon he's drownded himself!" he!

"I don't know why the whole town should talk over my affairs, and every meddling old maid giggle about them! cried Cornelia.

Piety jumped to her feet, seized her parasol, and turned towards the door. "Good afternoon, Miss. Cornelia and Mrs. Rashleigh!" she said, with a con'Of all confounded fools-"

"Who, dear?" asked his mother. "Me," said Orville, regardless of gram-ar. "Who shut me in?"

mar. "Who shut me in ? "What were you in the closet for?" asked grandma, with a guilty consci-

"To pick something up that rolled said Orville. there

"The ring?" asked Cornelia, frantically.

"Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear "More fool I ! Some one banged the door to. I shouted, and howled, and kicked, and no one heard me." "On! oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Cornelia.

'I believe you hid there just to kill me, or no other purpose than out of re

You banged the door on me," said Spear. "A jealous woman will do Mr. Spear. anything.

"I banged the door, Orville!" said old Ars. Rashleigh; "I! You'd left every-thing flying. I just pushed it as I passed; and you ought to bless your stars that you are alive; for people don't go into the drawing-room, sometimes for a fortnight, in this small family. We use the parlor much more; and I'm desf, and so is old Hepsiba, and you might have died there. Yes, and you'd have killed him, Cornelia," added the old lady, "throw-

ing his pretty diamond ring on the floor!

"Oh!" moaned Cornelia, "Oh!"

The highest mark of esteeem a woman

can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

afternoon," began Miss Link, mother and I heard a noise up stairs. It sounded like something dropping on out. I first thought that one of my the floor.

brothers had come home. I went ub to find out, and entered the bedroom back of the parlor. There is a hall room which is entered from the bedroom. The door to it was open, and as I peeped in I saw a man fumbling at the bureau draw-He must have heard me, for he ers. turned suddenly around and made a leap for me. I gave a jump towards the door and he ran after me. His big foot came and he ran after me. His big foot came down on my right foot and hurt it badly. He stumbled against the foot of the bed and I succeeded in reaching the hallway. I fell down the stairs and he rushed

after me. I reached the street velled, 'thief, robber !' and ran back into the house. I met him coming out and I put my arms around his neck.

"Is that the first man you ever hugged?" asked the father. Her two big brothers giggled, but she paid no attention.

"In moment." she continued mother had him by the collar, and he tried to break away, but we held on, and he dragged us into the front courtyard. He asked me what I would take to settle it and let him go, and I said that nothing but a policeman would settle him with Several men came to our rescue, me. and finally Officer Cassidy arrived and took charge of him. There were \$60 in money and several gold watches in one of the bureau drawers that he tried to rob."-[Eastern paper.

soil under the ends of the runners and hold them there with a stone or weight of any kind.

several hundred acres yet to be planted

stead of fifteen hundred.

The a de of millet seed as food for chicks is hardly appreciated. The vari-ety in duet that should be sought for the chickens is much aided by feeding millet seed. It is nutritious and easily digested.

It costs but little if any more to reclean the wheat as it comes from the separator, and is run over the cleaner all with one operation, than it does the old way of sacking as it comes from the ma chine.

The California State Fair of 1882 will commence September 11th, and close September 16th. The directors have increased the premiums some \$5,000, so that they aggregate about \$30,000 in cash, against \$25,000 last year.

The best crop thus far reported that is thrashed in Butte, is that of John M. Ball, near Dayton, who has over three hundred acres in wheat, all harvested and weighed, and the return is fifty-one bushels to the acre.

Charles F. Reed of Knight's Landing was a heavy loser by the flood of 1880-81. This year (1882) his crop has been a success. He says that he will receive for the surplus \$140,000. Of this at leas \$100,000 is net profit. It is altogether the largest and most profitable crop ever raised on such a tract of land-about 6,000 acres.

At a dinner party a clumsy footman At a dinner party a clumsy footman spills the contents of a sauceboat over the dress of one of the guests. "How clumsy! What a pity!" says the lady of the house; "how could you do such a thing? As likely as not there wont be sence enough to go round!"-| From the French.

To grow strawberry plants in pots, sink small flower pots filled with rich