PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the misletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of a thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there in beautiful Summers,
The Summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Mrs. Whitfield's Silver Coffee-Pot.

On the occasion of Whitfield's coming to America after his marriage his wife accompanied him. In his preaching tour through a portion of Pennsylvania one of his stopping places was at the house of a prominent Pennsylvania clergyman, Rev. Dr. Samuel Blair of Boggs manor, Chester county (see page 172 of Phillip's life of Whitfield). On arriving, Mrs. Whitfield gave her hostess to understand that she could not drink her coffee unless it was boiled in a silver coffee-pot. Now it was hardly to be supposed that such an article of luxury was to be found among the culinary utensils of a country clergyman's menage, and Mrs. Blair naturally supposed that she carried her coffee-pot with her; but she did not and Mrs. Blair was in a dilemma. What should she do in the case? There chanced to belong to her the heir-loom of "lang pedigree," in the form of a covered silver tankard, which had descended from English ancestors of the name of Townly, who, during the persecutions of the Nonconformists, in the 16th century, had passed over to Holland, had intermarried with a Van Hook family there, and were of the Hollanders who had at an early day emigrated to the New Netherlands. Mrs. Blair had inherited this tankard from her father, Lawrence Van Hook, and of course it was highly prized. But Mrs. W. was her guest and must have her coffee; so the tankard was taken to make it. Those were not the days of cooking stoves, and it had to be set on the hearth over a wood fire and long bore the marks of its office in the smoke burned on the coat-of-arms engraved on it; and afterward in the family was jokingly called Mrs. Whitfield's coffee-pot.

The grandfather of the writer, a clergyman, marrying one of the daughters of Dr. Blair, the tankard came into his possession, and thus my familiarity with this history. Wishing to be thoroughly accurate in telling it, I once applied to my aunt to know whether I was correct in my recital of it. She confirmed it, and said: "Mrs. W. was considered a very silly and pretentious woman, and gave Mr. W. a great deal of trouble with her caprice," and related an instance, which took place in Philadelphia, confirmatory of her weakness. Some ladies who greatly admired Mr. W. were desirous of making some demonstration of their regard by making him a present, and selected for that purpose a set of very handsome linen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, at that day a very costly article. Two of the ladies waited on her to present them, and remarked they were selected in the view of their use in the pulpit. But, with a very nonchalant manner, she answered: "She thought she would take them for herself. They would answer for her to tie up her head when she went to bed, instead of a nightcap." Now this sort of acts did not show the self-renunciation or deadness to the world that he had looked for in a wife, and he must have awakened to the consciousness that he had made a great mistake in his precipitancy. Whitfield was a man of ardent temperament, but we hear of no outbursts of gratitude that, as a reward for his faith, he had stumbled upon a diamond—a prize beyond rubies—in a wife who, forsaking the vanities of the world and throwing herself on the altar of duty, was one with him in all his works of charity and love. Not one such word. He only meekly says that "she is neither rich in fortune nor beautiful in person, but believes she is a true child of God and would not hinder him in his work." Poor man! how the thorn must have been rankling then. Did it not strike Mr. Phillip as a little singular that in all Whitfield's voluminous correspondence with his ardent nature and protracted absence from home, there were never any letters addressed to his "dear yoke-fellow," calling on her to rejoice with him in the success of his labors, the prospects of his dearly beloved Bethesda, or appealing to her sympathy in his hours of prostration of sickness and yearnings for home. There seems to have been entire silence between them and we must conclude that there was no sympathy, and the lesson to be learned from it is: Let no enthusiast take example from his imprudence; or imagine, because he may be engaged in God's work, he is not bound to exercise the intellect God has given him in choosing a wife. And, while he prays for God's guidance, let him study the fitness of the woman for the office.—Mrs. M. J. Nevin, in N. Y. Observer.

Small-pox is epidemic in Muir, Mexico; fifteen deaths in one day. In Como, Texas, ten children have died. Ranches in the vicinity are badly affected.

Georgia's Fortunes.

I am disposed to doubt whether we shall have a millionaire in Georgia for years. We do not make money rapidly, as in the large centres of speculation and capital. It is a notable fact that out of the whole list of rich men I have discovered there is not a single merchant. Cotton or speculation or manufacture have made these magnates. The mercantile business is being reorganized in the South and the new order of things is hardly established yet. It is prosperous, to be sure, but it has not yet produced gigantic results. There are in Atlanta half a dozen firms worth from $250,000 to $300,000. Fully as many in Savannah, nearly as many in Augusta and Macon, one or two in Columbus, outside of the factories, and one or two in Athens. These firms are getting stronger every year, but they will be dissolved by death or otherwise, before they get much heavier. It is doubtful if there are six mercantile firms in Georgia that do over a million dollars a year of business, and the most of those who do have several partners. It is a question if there is any single merchant in Georgia that has an income of $50,000 from his business and yet at even $40,000 a year profit. If a man could hold on for ten or twelve years and carefully invest his annual surplus he would reach the summit. Georgia is a State of decorous ways and [marginal opportunity. An income of $10,000 is first class for a lawyer, and $5,000 is not to be sneezed at. In fact there are many lawyers who would eagerly seize at $3,000. The biggest fees ever made in Georgia, that I can hear of, were made by Ben Hill. He got $60,000 cash in the Metcalf case, and was entitled to more than double that much. He got a cost fee of $65,000 in 1862 when it was worth in gold about $50,000. He made $25,000 in the Kimoah house litigation. But these were phenomenal fees. Wright & Alexander, in Rome, got a cash fee of $40,000 in one enclosure, and I suppose several fees of this size have been paid.

The fortunes of the future of Georgia will be made by manufacturing enterprises—in the handling of cotton and in railroad stocks. There was a time, and only eight years ago, when everybody was crazy over iron furnaces. There were furnaces near Rome that paid 70 and 80 per cent. in one year. But the bottom fell out of iron in no time. I am not sure but that some men will make fortunes in gold mining in the next ten years. Georgia was knocked stone blind by the war. She was ripped up, set on fire, gored and hamstrung. Her recuperation is simply a miracle. She lost millions upon millions of slave property alone. And yet the Union cannot show a State more thoroughly prosperous. There are thousands of private fortunes to-day being builded up into the quarter-million and half-million, and they would pass the six-figure mark if it were not for one thing. They are scattered at the death of their originators.—H. W. Grady in Atlanta Constitution.

Growling Husbands.

They are the very worst kind of growlers. A growling canine growls at everybody who annoys him, and would show his teeth to the Crown Prince as quickly as to the kitchen domestic; but the growling husband saves all his growls and sour looks for his wife, and lavishes them on her as profusely as though she thanked him with her sweetest smile for the trouble he takes to find fault with everything. He is the most discontented human being in the world. One would think, to see him at home, that God's glad sunshine never entered his soul. His face is an impenetrable storm-cloud through which no ray of satisfaction ever gleams. He broods over his imaginary ills, and nurses his petty grievances until he becomes, in his own estimation, a very martyr. He comes to breakfast with a frown; nothing suits him; his coffee is not strong enough, else it is too strong; everything is either overdone or underdone; and when his wife gives him a shirt minus a collar button she puts on the straw that breaks the camel's back. What a little tempest follows! It is vain she protests that she forgot it, or that she did not know it was missing; there is no palliation for her careless neglect. He invariably comes back in the evening with a double-springed, back-action scowl on his face, and expects his wife, no matter how tired or nervous, or all out of sorts she may be to have everything promptly in its place, and meet him with a smile as sweet as a Summer moonbeam. If, on the contrary, he finds his wife with a headache, the house in disorder, baby crying and dinner ten minutes late, the irritated saint feels perfectly justified in growling about that eternally shrieking infant, slamming things around generally, kicking the dog out of his way, and getting out of hearing of the everlasting racket as quick as he can. Of course he does not mean to be unkind, and would angrily resent such an implication made against him, but if his bright expectations of wedded bliss terminate in bitter disappointment who can he blame more than himself? That's just precisely, though, what he never does—not he! He is always one of the good, kind men, who never did anything wrong in his life. Yet he manages to make home one of the least desirable of all earthly places to the woman he honors by making her his housekeeper. What wonder, then, if his absence brings her but a sense of relief; what wonder it she should sometimes remember with regret her girlhood's halcyon days, when her will was his law, and he wooed her with love's sweetest wooing. But that was long ago, before this wonderful propensity for growling was developed. And besides, she did not belong to him then. Whatever other evil Providence afflicts woman with as a punishment for that first one's transgression she may submit to with a tolerable grace, but deliver her from a growling husband.—San Jose Mercury.

A Judge's position is a trying one.

How They Have the "Ager" in Kansas.

The two things which will be apt to strike a fresh sojourner most vividly in Kansas will be the ague and the general recklessness. Both seem to be integral parts of the population, and both are invariably ignored. In no town of Southern or Western Kansas will the most careful inquiries develop traces of any ague. People will declare upon their souls that, though "they do have ager" in W. or A. or B., within a few miles of their particular locality, there was never a case known in the limits of their own town, and if they do not happen to have a "chill" before they finish speaking they will very likely believe their own words to a certain extent, so thoroughly does each Kansas inhabitant trust in the superiority of his own portion of the State. Yet there are some portions of Kansas where the ague is so constant that the people seem to look upon it as they do upon breathing—as a natural consequence of existence. They have "chills" the year around, and have them finally so habitually that one can tell an old ague sufferer instantly by the methodical manner in which he shakes, as if he knew from experience exactly what particle of flesh would shiver next and was prepared for it. The people take "chills" at any time with the most perfect coolness. They go to parties and waltz through them, get married in the midst of them, and it is no uncommon thing to see men on the streets suddenly pull up their coat collars with the thermometer at 90 degrees, without thinking it necessary to announce that they have a chill. During the months of August and September, which are especially the ague-breeding months, one sees whole populations the color of brown paper, looking as if the wholesome part of their natures had dried away, and almost forcing one to the belief that the human race had its origin in dried apples.

Much of the suffering from this respect arises from neglect. The country population in Kansas is made up largely of a very poor class of people. The farmer's life here is so hard and toilsome that it cannot help grinding his nature down to a very narrow issue. Many of them live miles from a railroad, on land which, if it yields any crops, brings them no profit because they cannot find markets for their prodnce. They come out, led by the great promises of "Kansas land," and have found, too late, that the land is of very little value without markets and good roads. They have no money for medicine or doctor's bills, and so they go on, year after year, letting the ague eat so deeply into their systems that they cannot get it out. Their lives are as hard and as debased as it is possible for human lives to be. Living in little huts or "dug-outs," in the midst of the prairie, they manage to pick up a miserable existence, and bring into the world a large family of children. In this respect Kansas has been a godsend to the rest of the world, because it has provided a sinking hole for a large number of shiftless men and women, who, if they are miserable here, can at least be so without injury to the rest of their kind, and as a retiring place for "effete populations," no section of country could have been more valuable. In time there is no doubt but that Kansas life will be very different from what it is now. There are a great number of men and women moving in who are of another calibre than the worn-out farming community of whom mention has been made, and who from the privation and toil of their own lives will mold a different future for their children. As the population increases and means of transit are improved, the capabilities of the country, which are really rich, will be brought out, and Kansas will become our great agricultural district, and one of the richest portions of our country.

Saving a Newsboy.

"The Princess Saves a Newsboy," is the heading over an item in a Canadian exchange, the editor of which was too loyal, too dignified or too dull to make very obvious allusion to the royal matron and the boy. Her Royal Highness did not, we find on reading the item, seize two fiery horses, or rather steeds, by their bits, after the manner of "Ouida's" heroes, and stand them up on their hind legs while she tenderly drew the newsboy from beneath their spurning heels, nor yet did she, accoutred as she was, plunge into the troubled Kennebeccais—the rescue took place at St. John, N. B.—and, stemming it with a heart of controversy, from its waves bear the tried newsboy, dripping but delighted, back to his mother's arms. The urchin was, as we might say, constructively rescued. As she stood near the gangway of the steamer, "a ragged little newsboy at the extreme corner of the wharf threw up his hat and cheered lustily, and her Royal Highness gave him a smile and a bow. A little later, when the crowd had pressed down closely to the end of the wharf, her Royal Highness became alarmed for the safety of the boy and some others who had reinforced him, and with a look of great of solicitude, motioned to the crowd to fall back. She was obeyed instantly, and there was no further danger of the boy being pushed off the wharf by the crowd." Pretty as this incident is, we have our doubts as to whether the inference of the Princess was as discreet as it undoubtedly was womanly and human. Long before the days of Mr. Quilp the city urchin has in every age, in every clime, adored the string-pieces of wharves as places of resort and recreation, and as coigns of vantage on public occasions. This being the case, and no coroner having ever been known to hold an inquest on a newsboy drowned by falling from a wharf, it may be argued that the sympathy of the Princess was wasted.—N. Y. World.

A gentleman who has lived several years in the Northwest says that the word "Skedaddle" is purely Scandinavian, that it was spelled by the Swedes and Danes of the Northwest "Skydedahl," and that it signified precisely the seme as the English word "scud."

Giving Advice to a Bank.

A seedy individual, rural in his general appearance and make-up, strolled into the Third National Bank yesterday during business hours, and observing Fab. Sawson, Receiving teller, counting a package of money, nodded pleasantly, and said, "still a handin' of it out?"

"Yes," replied Lawson, "still crowding it on the people."

"Ain't you a leetle too handy here?" continued the stranger.

"How so?" said Fab.

"Why, strangers, passin' 'long on the sidewalk and seein' your sign so conspicuous like, must be runnin' in every few minutes to borrow money."

"So they do," returned Lawson.

"Ain't it a good deal of bother waitin' on 'em? Must take up a good deal of your time."

"Yes' it is some bother, that's a fact, but we like to accommodate everybody, you know. Can't turn away a stranger just because we ain't acquainted with him."

"Lose some, I suppose?" interrogated the stranger.

"Oh, yes."

"Folks drop in and get what money they want and then forget all about it. Or perhaps they send it in a letter and misdirect it. Awful careless, some people are, about borowing money," said the man.

"Awful careless."

"Owin' a good deal to keepin' your bank close to the sidewalk. Folks goin' by look up and see you countin' money, and then they suddenly recollect they hain't got quite enough to see 'em through, and so, quite naturally, they steps in and borrows some of you. You can't very well refuse, hate to hurt their feelin's, and so they git away with you Some mean folks in this world. Now, I wouldn't do it."

"No, you wouldn't do it."

"No, sir-ee, I never borrowed a cent of no bank that I didn't pay."

"I'll bet you didn't," said Lawson with e nphasis.

"Now, if I was runnin' a bank like you are," continued the stranger, "I'd keep it back in an ally where there wasn't so many strangers passin'. 'Twould make no difference with me, 'cause I know how banks are pestered. I never bothers 'em. 'Taint my style. I could walk right past a mile on 'em and never even look in the winder. But everybody ain't that way. What, ten cents!"

"Yes," said Fab, "that's all I can let you have to-day. You see there have been so many strangers in ahead of you this morning that our funds are running low. Ta-ta. Don't trouble yourself to send it back in a letter: When the bank wants it the bank will notify you."

The stranger thanked him, and again urging him upon the expediency of moving the bank on to some back street or alley, so as not to attract the attention of passing strangers so readily, the seedy man took his departure.

Burns' Highland Mary.

She was a nurse-maid to Gavin Hamilton's eldest son Alexander, born in July, 1785, and she saw him through several stages of infancy before leaving his house. Her father was a sailor in a revenue cutter, stationed at Campbeltown, near the southern end of Cantire. She had spent some of her early years at Loch Ranza, in the family of the Rev. David Campbell, a relation of her mother. She left Burns on May 14th, no doubt for Campbeltown, where she spent the Summer. It is believed that she had letters from him, and the two songs, "My Highland Lassie, O," and "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" are likely enough to have been sent to her there. Her mother's cousin was a Mrs. Macpherson, in Greenock. Her brother was to be apprenticed to Mr. Macpherson, who was a ship-carpenter, and in the Autumn Mary accompanied him to Greenock. Before leaving home she had agreed to take a place at Glasgow, at Martinmas, so that she had then given up the idea of sailing with Burns, though she may have been still willing to marry him before he left Scotland. After his apprentice supper, her brother became ill, and Mary nursed him and caught a fever, which hurried her in a few days to the grave. Before the boy sickened, Macpherson had "agreed to purchase a lair in the kirkyard," and it is likely enough that the purchase of the lair, which is registered on October 12, 1876, may have been completed between her death and her funeral. It was almost certainly concluded before the funeral, and a mere agreement to purchase is not likely to have been completed by a superstitious Highlander while the boy or Mary was lying ill and the issue uncertain. I think the evidence of the burial-lair points to Mary's death somewhere about October 12th. The story of the immortal verses, "To Mary in Heaven," was given by Mrs. Burns to Mr. McDiarmid. Burns had spent one day in the usual work of harvest, apparently in excellent spirits. "But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad about something, and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Gen. McClellan is recovering from his late severe illness.