ANON. "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sung;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like brown leaves down
On the current of the tune:
"Rock of ages, cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee—"
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Rock of ages, cleft for me-" 'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully:
Every word her heart did know;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird Bears with weary wing the air; Every note with sorrow stirred. Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me—"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let no midd myself an thee,"
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain neacefully,
Like a river in its flow,
Sung as only they can sing
Who behald the promised rest—
' Rock of ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee,"

Bock of ages, cleft for me." sung above a coffin-lid; Underneath all restfully, All Lie's joys and sorrow hid Nevermore, O storm tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide,
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Close beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips Move egaln in pleading prayer, Stil , aye stil, the words would be, 'Let me hide myself in thee"

#### DEATH IN THE PIT.

Amy Glover as the prettiest less in away, while they raised my head and the village, and I loved her, but, as for poured a little brandy into my mouth.

at, all the young chaps were of the same mind, but she never looked at one more than another.

The day there was no work in the pit for my cng, and so fraude up mind that I would go and have it out with Amy. I set out with a brave around heart but just as I reached the pit or two "You are right; it will come in a minsnough heart, but just as I reached the ute or two," he answered. cottage, who should come out but Amy herself, looking prettier than ever; but appearing so suddenly she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" women. She never glauced at me. I she exclaimed, in a frightened sort of a wished then that I had stayed in the pit,

Well, it is just this," I said. And I came up, and so escaped seeing her again. But I had made up my mind there came to a full stop. "Is anything wrong with Jack?" she | that I had looked on her for the last time.

"Jack!" "Yes; he is down in the pit, and they toward the moor intending to pick up say it is foul, which makes me and mother my pack and drag on to the next village.

very uneasy. You have not heard anycould comfort her. "He is all right. up. I was so beat that though the sec-You mustn't mind what old women say, or yon'll be lookin' for a blow up every day in the year, when there is nothing All I thought of was lying quiet. By more than common. I haven't come degrees I recovered a little strength, and about Jack; it is about myself." She looked at me; then her cheeks where I decided to rest before I set out

flushed, and she turned away. "I want to tell you how I love you; I can't say all I want to, but here I am, and I wouldn't change myself for a king, folks of the house attending me like a i you will take me just as I am.'

An, you don't know how you pain she answered. "Don't say that, Amy; but if you have | would be opposition, so I got up very pity in your heart show it to me, and I quiet, and was putting on my things will cherish you faithfully to the day of when the door opened and in came Jack

'It is no use. I can never marry a pitman. I gave the promise to mother and Jack over the graves of my father and three brothers, all killed at one

She then looked at me through a mist of tears, and I turned and left her with-

out a word. I felt as if the sun would never shine for me any more; I thought I might as well be in my grave as to try to live there. Why shouldn't I go to Yorkshire or Derbyshire, or even to the dig gings in Australia, for that matter? The notion of it gave me a little spirit. It turned my thoughts, and I stepped out more briskly, going straight home. I hadn't much to settle there, only to bid been Jack.

began my tramp. "I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash which shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the Black Country, and, throwing down my

and I soon came out, pack in hand, and

pack, darted off to the pit. It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust heaps round the pit's mouth, but some were there before me, and the people were rushing from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit almost threw me down as I came up, and I had to get my breath a little when three or four of us crept on to the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, but it hadn't injured the signa rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as I saw this I proceeded torig a cross-bar, and pres-

ently had it ready. "Just lower me gently; I may pick uy one or two, if there's any near," I said to two banksmen.

"You can't go down there yet," said the viewer. How many are there in the The view had never struck me, and rather took me aback.

"Half an hour ago there were fifty; but I'm thankful to say that they all came up but then," replied the time-

"And they are lost, for there will be another explosion presently," said the "I'll go down anyhow," I said doggedly;

"and if no one will lower me, I'll jump A good many were on the heaps now, and two or three called out, "God bless

you, God bless you, dear lad." The bankmen lowered me down, and I sank stairs into the road into Mrs. Glover's through the mouth of the pit. A Davy-lamp was tied \_round my wrist, and I I opened the door, and the first thing I held a rope in my hand, so that I might saw was Amy sitting by her mother, looksignal to be hoisted up, if the air became | ing like a ghost-only ghosts never look foul. But I had no intention of going pretty. She gave me one look, then back until I had searched the pit and ascertained if there were any alive. One heart was so full I couldn't speak at first, thing. I didn't care about my own life; but I thought I must do something, so I and another, I would have been ashamed slipped my arm around her waist, as to face the folks above without Jack recommended. Now I felt sure of doing something, so I felt impatient that her, and of all the happiness the world they lowered me at sucha snail's pace. could give, and as my breast swelled I kept looking up and down to measure with pride and joy, I also began to bear the distance yet to be traversed. But my a little malice. progress was notified by the increasing density of the air which began to affect I said. my Freathing; and as I went down I was ! She gently tightened her arms around obliged to shift my face from side to my neck. side to make a little current. At last "How happy we might have been," I my feet touched the ground.
I looked around as I jumped off the continued.

straddle, and saw the furnace was out, ponded. which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, and no air entered except by know."

We can never marry, you have held its singular lodgment since early childhood. The man was forty-five vears of age, a bookbinder, and always the shaft. The stench was overpowering | The little fingers unlocked, and I felt passed for a thoroughly intelligent perplosion had killed the horses, for no sound came from the stables, which "There's your promise to your mother record to parallel this.

were close to the shaft; and what hope and Jack; how are we get over that?" I could there be for human beings in a continued. distant part of the pit? I did not stand "I forgot that," faltered Amy, as white to make these reflections; I was working as a sheet.

thing; I bent over wint appeared to be

him in my arms, and with the strength of

of a giant and the speed of a deer-

hardly conscious, hardly breathing-I

on nothing; but from that moment it be-

made a dash for the shaft.

on the bank.

on my wanderings.

shouldn't have cared for myself.'

"I have something on my mind."

"I don't care if I never smoke again.

thought of her, dreamed of her, and,

"Don't you think you have been a lit-

tle fast, old boy?" he then said.

"How do you mean?"

"How's that?"

I said, savagely.

"I haven't."

in my arms.

her?" I asked.

did he put in a word.

clapping on my hat.

"Where are you going?"

"You wait here a minute."

smoke.'

forward as they passed through my mind. I knew the old pit blindfolded, but what "And what do you say to it, mother?" I cried to the old lady. with the gloom and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling and put it in mine. to the incline. When I reached the first "That's what I say to it," she said, gallery I pushed open the trap and went

on a few steps, but my lamp was "afire" and I knew the atmosphere was so much giving the girl a kiss. gunpowder. As I stumbled along it came into my head what Amy had said were married the next week. And now I house that Nathaniel Hawthorne was about Jack being in the pit. I rushed am the viewer of the colliery; and as for born in still stands. It will be remem-Amy, she will tell you that, though she bered that Hawthorne's grandfather, forward like mad; my foot struck some-

has married a pitman, and has her ups Daniel, was a privateersman in the revoa corpse, and the gleam of my lamb fell and downs like other people, there is no lutionary war. upon its face. It was Jack. I caught happier woman in the kingdom. Salem created

#### GRIMSHAW'S LOVE AFFAIR.

A savant at work and a savant at play! It was easier work going back, when you were in the main or horse road, and with deference and respect at various gatherings of the learned, how few would have recognized him now! I found that Jack was breathing when I

reached the shaft. The discovery kept all my senses at work without my seeming to notice it. I only felt that there would be another explosion. I placed Jack on the straddle and tied him hand have recognized him now!

Mr. Theodore Grimshaw could never which all the sea captains thoug, is a have been very young, I think. He was reminder of Salem's past grimshaw iness. The and foot; then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the tackle, I hung on by my arms.

It wasn't till we had reached twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing imagined.

came terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap, and my head spun round in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit till my eyes swam, and I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster; I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the Water Supply of his neighborhood was purer air; I beard voices; and presently strong arms caught me, and I was landed

They had Jack off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried Mr. Grimshaw went to dine one evening -representing, in one, heaven, and in at the house of a married friend, an M. the other the day of judgment. These P., of expansive waistcoat and with an are seen through a magnifying glass. unconquerable conviction that the importance which attached to him in the rural district he had the honor of representing in parliament was equally felt in London. As this gentleman kept an in- Institute. valuable cook, and gave many dinners, no one interfered with his harmless de-

But the M. P. had a sister, and she was or let myself drop from the bar as I

convinced him that he was so. I told my beiders that I could walk now; But I could no more walk five miles than ond explosion at the pit shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, the good child. My limbs, which had been racked by pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there

and fell to business. "Hilloa, Charley, here we are!" he She widow drooped her eyes and come. blushed. She had long decided that his cried, seizing my hand and giving it a hearty squeeze, "Who would have thought of us two chaps being alive tofortune and the carriage it would enable her to drive in were worth a real blush. She vielded her plump hand and return-"Well, Jack, I am glad for you, but I

ed the faintest pressure.
"My life shall be devoted-" "What remains of it," mentally corrected the widow, with a critical glance "You!" he said, laughing and giving at the bald patch on her suitor's head. me a little push. "Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will all go off like the

Grimshaw. The conversation then turned to a in London; but-perhaps she would like "Now, I'll tell you what it is; you've been having a tiff with our Amy," said

the country better? She would not have him change his "Well, you know best about that, but you were seen talking with her, and she

had a crying fit directly after. And when | ful as in London? Thus far all went well. Visions of she heard from me that it was you who brought me up from the pit, she fainted der everything as harmonious and beau-"Didn't she know that till you told should be, flitted deliriously through overcame her resolution to obey her "No." the brain of the happy Mr. Grimshaw, parents. himself on his knees and implored the I was a long time telling it, but Jack

widow to name the day. Silence, save their own voice, had sat up as if he was listening to a play or reigned supreme. Flowers bloomed in chine store, 167 Third street. The White is a sermon at chapel. I told him of the feelings Amy had raised in my heart; the balcony, sweets scents were wafted told him how I had watched for her, in by the gentle breeze of early summer, and, for the first time in his life, Mr. to sell wanted in every town in Oregon. finally, recounted our latest colloquy. Grimshaw felt young. If he had only During the whole time Jack did not move | looked less withered and sere, his ardent attitude might have moved a stone.

a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath With gentle hesitation the widow an early day while praying for delay; but, in place of her dulcet accents, there rang out clear properties of the city control of the kind in the market. In large, handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., whole-rang out clear properties of the city control of the kind in the market. In large, handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale agents, Portland, Oregon. "Why, in giving up so. Suppose when rang out clear upon the silence a child's Amy said she couldn't have you, you had put your arm around her waist and said she must?"

Amy said she couldn't have you, you had shrill voice from the adjoining room—only divided from this by heavy curtains, through which a pair of blue even

peeped eagerly. "Come, Nelly! Come and see the finny old gentleman saying his prayers to 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of te-"But there was her promise to you and her mother never to get married to a mamma!" "So there was. But did you never

An electric battery could not have caused Mr. Grimshaw a greater shock! First his mortification that his most hear that promises were made to be broksacred privacy had been pried into: next, that terrible word "mamma!" "I can't say but I have," I muttered. "You have children, then?" he inquired, in an aggrieved tone.

five!" the fair widow announced, with With that I took two strides down the some petulance in her tone. "I did not know it, madam. It is altogether unfortunate. I-ah-really-Inever could bear children."

"Of course; every one knows I have

All Mr. Grimshaw's friends can now recognize him again, and from his calm and uninterrupted interest in the colonies to be established in Africa, and the water supply in London, the world

reaps a rich harvest-or will, some day.

## A Nail in His Head.

The physicians in one of the hospitals of Vienna have made the remarkable discovery, in dissecting the body of one of their patients, that he had carried orders from the trade solided and promptly atof their patients, that he had carried "Then we can be, Charley," she responded.

"Then we can be, Charley," she responded to the special party of the party of the perty o and from this and the silence I guessed the worst. It was evident that the explosion had killed the horses, for no plosion had killed the horses, for no plosion had killed the horses, for no plosion the stables which the stables will be stables which the stables will be stables with the stables will

Several cities lying on the Massachusetts coast seem to be in a state of mellow decay, as it were. Newburyport is probably the most old-fashioned and old-Mrs. Glover rose and took Amy's hand fogy place on the continent. It is rich in recollections, however, and is a fine spot for residence during the hot weathheartily; "and Jack is of the same mind." er. Next to Newburyport is Salem. Old "And this is what I say to it," I cried, tutor Flynt took a trip in 1754, driving in a chair to Portsmouth, New Hamp-You won't be surprised to hear that we shire, when he was eighty years old. The

Salem created the India trade. A story is told that when its vessels went trading to the East Indies, the heathen there heard so much about Salem, and name being spelled out, when possible, in such big letters on the stern of the ships that Whas a different creature! Of the many they had an idea Salem was an immense

have been very young, I think. He was sixty-five at the date of the little narrative, and had friends as old as himself who maintained that in his schooldays he was not in the least like a boy, and that in early manhood he was as little like other young men as could well be imagined. There are nany old relies of New England here. Among other things is the quaint little old shirt used when Governor bradford was baptized, Throughout his parchment-like ex- are small clothespins made by prisoners and his christening blanket. Then there istence Mr. Grimshaw had been absolute-ly impervious to the tender passion. His box used at Topsfield; a little packet of warmest feelings were those which he bestowed upon the future of Africa as a shoe after he had been at the Boston tea colony, while the interest he took in the party; a pewter spoon mould, and a water Supply of his neighborhood was stronger than any ever won from him by blue eyes or brown.

In the calm security of his wealth pheres, of the size of an English walnut, In the calm security of his wealth, noted ability and dried-up temperament, the m—one hundred and ten figures in all

Prescott, the historian, was born in Salem, in the Reed house, on the site of which now stands Plummer hall, occupied by the Salem Athenieum and Essex

### Cooking as a Fine Art.

It cannot be denied that good cooking widow. The widow was just under is an important element in home life and forty, and in the full possession of much happiness. Many people think that beauty; which—as the dear departed | while a girl must go to school for years could no longer value it-she now de- to accomplish a knowledge of their own sired should be a comfort to another. and foreign languages, and must have She thought Mr. Grimshaw looked lone- masters for this and that accomplishly, and it was but a short time before she | ment, she may be safely left to pick up a knowledge of cooking after she has a It seemed that in proportion to his form- household of her own. This is a great and when they let go my arms I turned er callousness Mr. Grimshaw was now to toward the moor intending to pick up suffer the tortures of love. His fair one time in trying to prepare a dinner in the first attracted, then repelled him; and it absence of my faithful Bridget, and I thing?"
I could fly. When I came to my pack I party at which they had first met, that French that day to have known when the sat down by it and felt that I must give the elderly gentleman by an effort of his potatoes were done, and to have discovwas just three weeks after the dinner- | would have given up Latin, Greek and mighty intellect pulled himself together, ered how to get the peas and beans out and resolved to ask the momenteons of the water in which they were floating. question. With extraordinary care he To be a good cook, girls, one needs a dressed himself, and was caught by his light, firm band, an accurate eve, and a soft-stepping valet in the act of grace- patient temper. One needs, too, a few my thoughts took me to my old lodging, fully bowing and presenting a hair-brush rules and a trusty cook-book. We have where I decided to rest before I set out to himself in the cheval glass! Could all seen the easy way in which a good the astonished man have seen the choice | cook makes a cake. She tosses three or boquet with which his master afterward four things together, gives a flirt of the ascended the steps of the M. P.'s house, spice-box, and a feathery touch or two he would have understood better why of her foamy eggs, pops the pan into the the hair-brush had been practiced with. oven, and presto! there appears the per-The flowers were accepted gracefully; fect loaf. And if you ask her how she and, although suffering from such did this or that part of her work, she thumps of the heart as Africa had never | will very likely smile and say, "Oh, I given him, Mr. Grimshaw felt pleased at used my judgment. The judgment is the glow of courage which inspired him, the quality which no novice in cooking can expect to possess; but with patience "if I may hope"-he softly whispered. and constant practice it will surely

## How He Won Her:

Miss Catherine Hartness, a society belle and heiress, occupied a front seat in the Cleveland Opera House one evening lately with Charles H. Patten, a rich banker of that city, whose suit to win her hand had been met with objections "To your happiness," pursued Mr. from her parents. The couple watched Salvini in his unequaled counterfeit of love and jealousy in the role of Othello, place of residence. He had always lived but as the final scene of revenge and death was about to be produced they went out and took the train for Pittsburg. Arriving, they summoned a habits for the world-country places minister and were married in the hotel. Then a dispatch was sent to the Hartness were mostly damp. Yes, she adored family announcing the marriage, and flowers, but where were they so beautithat they would return for forgiveness after a two months' bridal tour. It is a quiet residence where art should ren- supposed that the bride did not premeditate flight on that evening, but that tiful as the home of such a woman Salvini's acting and the lover's pleadings

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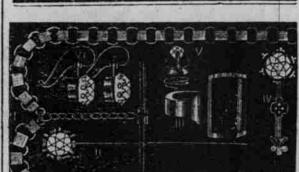
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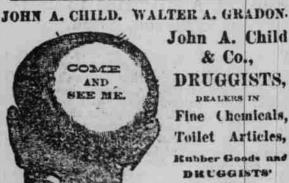
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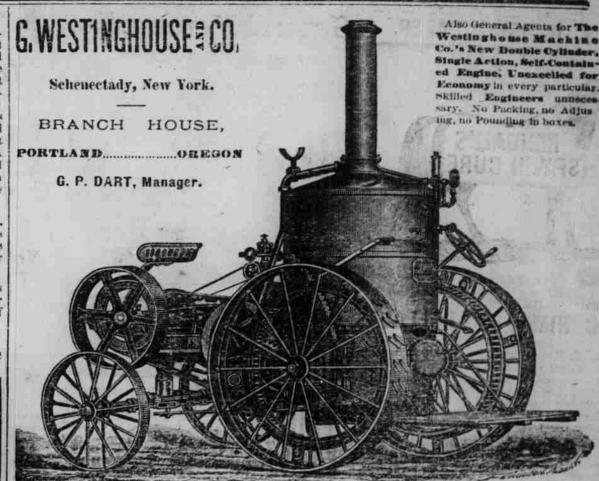
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