

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY BRYANT.

FROM THE CENTURY.
The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call the to my side no more
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of spring,
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring
The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined, haply, to some kind, commending word,
By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the golden gladness in thine eye
That once I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not, before my eyes
The image of a hillside morn appears
Were all of these that passed not to the skies
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
All that the world can give of fame and praise
For one sweet look of thine.

Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds,
Rich words that do not cease to delight to hear,
My heart is wrung, and I myself as bleed,
To think that thou art near.

And how that I can talk no more with thee
Of ancient friends and days too fair to last,
A bitterness blends with the memory
Of all that happy past.

LA TARTAUDE.

I really do not know, said Jaïrus, why I should tell you these things, for you will probably not believe me, and nevertheless it would be easy for you to find out that I have not changed one word of the story, which everybody has heard, and which I first related to the judges. I am from Bordeaux—a founding, brought up anywhere and anyhow. My first recollections are about a mother who used to kiss me, and a father who beat me as if I were without feeling. Then I don't remember anything more. Mother was dead, my father had gone away somewhere. Some charitable folks put me in a Brothers' school, where they taught me to read and write. That was all. I was thick-headed, but I grew up solidly. When I left the school I was strong and muscular. I became a boatman, then I hired myself out as a laborer on those great flatboats which unload the merchant vessels around the Gironde.

Rolling hogsheads and casks, carrying heavy packages—that was my trade, and a hard one; but it pays well. I spent my life as it. A hard life, if you like, but an honest one. I never injured anybody. I earned my bread, and spent the money as fast as I made it. Perhaps I was a little too ready to strike, for I am a quick-tempered, but I had an open heart and an open hand. And even if I did fight someone, it was in all sorts of respectable places. But I liked to have a little spree with friends, and I liked the company of the young girls who served the mild wine, and whose eyes were mild and gentle. I was just twenty-three; and was no more afraid of work than I was of fun.

Well, there came a hard winter that year. Even at Bordeaux the snow fell thick and fast; and the wind lashed one's face like a whip. As I was going along close beside a wall, my foot struck a heap of ragged regular tatters, and a cry came out of the rags. So I stopped down and picked the bundle up. It was one of the good God's own creatures, freezing to death there in the snow. I carried the thing under a gas lamp and looked at it. It was a little girl about twelve or fourteen years old, and as pretty—as pretty as love. She had lost consciousness. I carried her into a drinking place, and started to rub her, shake her, and make her swallow a few mouthfuls of hot wine.

Well, next day, when she had had a good sleep, I saw her again, and talked to her. Where did she come from? She had come from every where; she had been traveling with a band of gypsies—Scottish folks, who went through the country giving gymnastic exhibitions. One day she ran away, because the man who called himself her father had threatened her terribly. She had been wandering all through Bordeaux, hiding here, begging there, perishing with hunger and cold. In short, she was nobody's child. She was simply a creature that kind Providence had sent me to take care of. At least I thought so then; now I think that it was the devil himself who placed her in my path.

Well, I felt queer about her all the time; but I soon made up my mind what to do. I rang the bell of a Convent of the Gray Sisters which was beside the Saint Adre Hospital, right back of the Place d'Armes. I saw the Mother Superior and told her all about my adventure. "Can't possibly keep the child," I said; "you'll have to take care of it, Sister. As for the money, I'll settle all that with you."

So we struck a bargain, and I told the little one, I don't think it quite pleased her. But, anyhow, she was locked up there; and I felt relieved. Then I tell you I became steady enough—no more sprees, no more fights. I thought of nothing but the little one. I worked like four men; and every Sunday I went to see her. They were not at all pleased with her. She was always making the Sisters mad, and turning the convent upside down. Then when we would be alone, she would fling her arms around my neck and look into my eyes, so that it seemed to me I saw millions of stars. And she would say to me between two kisses: "Take me away from here; I want to live with you, I don't like it here." It was hard to refuse her; for I belonged to her body and soul, and she was so young and so sweet. Still I remained firm. "When you can read, write and count well," I said, "you can leave here—not before."

everybody, passionate as a cat, and in- curable as an itch.

And when I told the Superiores that I was going to marry the girl she lifted her eyes to heaven and cried: "May God help you!—may God watch over you!"

The little one did not know much; she would never study. But she had grown tall and beautiful. At that hour she was lovely as an angel. And I—great clumsy brute that I was—was crazy about her.

I married her, and I was happy—madly happy. Even now, in spite of all she has done, when I think of that bliss, it makes me tremble in every limb. I had worked so hard, so constantly, that even while paying her board, I had been able to lay something aside. Ah! dame! I had no high living in those days; and I ate no more bread than I did anything else; but when she left the church she found waiting for her a complete housekeeping set—a neat, clean, cheerful home. I had done the best I could.

It was time! La Tartaupe had snatched me again and bit me a second time.

When she saw her lover fall she uttered another cry, and fled! Ah! I never even thought of running after her. I had killed a man, loyally, however, in staking my own life against his. And when we had got to the river, he had succeeded in making me fall, they both would have murdered me.

I did not think of running away. I remained right there—my teeth chattering—repeating to myself all the while, "I have killed a man! I have killed a man!"

My friends passing by saw Dalto lying stiff and dead, and shouted, "Murder! Murder!" the police easily captured me, for I made no effort to resist them.

The Police Commissary questioned me. When I told him my story he looked at me in my face. He declared that I had had a private quarrel with Dalto, and had lured him to the Quinconces in order to murder him. He did not believe in the duel story for a very good reason. When I was arrested I still had my knife in my hands. But the dead man's knife could not be found.

And then I remember having seen La Tartaupe stoop down just before she ran away. I had thought it was to see whether her lover still breathed. It was not. It was in order to get the knife. It was in order to make a murderer out of me. La Tartaupe had revenged herself well.

What use my explanations to the Judges. They only shrugged their shoulders, and looked at each other, smiling with incredulity. They believed me a common assassin—not me, but the La Tartaupe had shrewdly guessed the whole force of the blow she was able to deal me.

Worse than that! Because they were never able to find her, I was accused of having murdered her also, and hidden the body away.

And then I was condemned to the galley—or to hard labor for life, as they call it in these days.

The Ghost of the Tulleries.

The Tulleries had its ghost, and it was a local, not a family, spirit. The Red Man of the Tulleries has appeared all through the history of the building, though in the most mysterious manner.

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A Related Bridgroom's Battle

A young gentleman of Lowndes county—"met his fate" in the person of one of Lowndes county's fair daughters, and every arrangement had been made, for a consummation of the interesting event. The time came for him to come over and claim his bride. He got in his buggy and drove over to the new bridge at Rock Ford; but alas! the swollen current had been too much for the bridge, and it was impassable. He hastily retraced his steps a mile or two and then drove rapidly down to Starling's Ferry, thinking that the high water would not prevent his crossing on a flat, and perchance, by hard driving, he could make the time. He put whip to the horses and made as fast time as possible over the wet and bad road. Arriving at the ferry, he was greatly annoyed at finding he could not cross. He next thought of the Belville Ferry, eight or ten miles lower on the river. At once he made for that place, but before he reached the flat he got into a lagoon of water, and after driving some distance into it, he saw that he could not cross. He turned his horse to retrace his steps, and as soon as the animal got out of the road he began to bog and plough in the mud. The young man hastily displaced his clothing, preparatory to getting out and cutting the horse loose, and in doing so he lost a valuable pistol and some gold coin which was lying loose in his pockets. For some considerable distance he got bogged out of the bog and rolled the buggy out by hand. His only alternative now was to travel up the river 25 or 30 miles to Quitman, take the cars for Valdosta and hire a conveyance, which he did. When he arrived at the place where he was to claim his bride he was nearly two days behind time, and, of course, found the family and friends in a disturbed state of mind, for they did not know the river was impassable and could not account for his failure to come to time. A few words explained the trouble and the next day they were made happy in each other's love.

Orange Oustard—A simple but delicious dish for dessert is made by cutting up oranges in small pieces and then pouring over them some rich boiled custard. Serve with cake.

Raised Waffles—Mix over night, taking care to set in a warm place where it will rise, one pint of milk, one-third of a cup of yeast, and one pint of flour.

The morning add half a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Have the waffle irons well-greased and hot.

Baked omelet—Boil one pint of milk. Beat six eggs thoroughly, the yolks and whites separately. Put in a teaspoonful of salt, and beat well. Add an egg into the boiling milk; stir this into the beaten eggs and turn all into a deep dish to bake. Bake 10 minutes in a quick oven. It should be of a delicate brown. Serve well hot.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.—Bartol.

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For many months the advertisement of John A. Child, of Portland, has appeared in this paper and he has received a large number of orders from this county, all of which have been filled promptly and with promptness. That gentleman has lately taken a partner in the person of one of Portland's most promising young men, Mr. Walter A. Gradon, who has for himself hosts of friends during the past few years as prescription clerk in the same house in which he is now a partner. The new firm will match prices "bald-headed" and judge for himself as to the value of the firm. He is a thoroughly reliable one and any orders sent to them will be promptly attended to.

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