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"KISS ME, MOTHER."

"Kiss me, mother, ere I leave you,
Kiss your darling child once more,
Ere I leave this world so dreary,
For that bright and happy shore;

"For the doctor says I'm going,
Says my life is ebbing fast,
Says I cannot live the night out,
And my days on earth are past.

"If it were not for you, mother,
And the tears I know you'll shed,
When your darling child has left you,
And is numbered with the dead.

"Then I'd hail with joy the verdict
Which the unwilling doctor gave,
And, with outstretched arms, would welcome
God's own home beyond the grave.

"What is life that we should prize it?
Life at most is but a day,
One short day of preparation,
Ere we're hurried hence away.

"Therefore weep not, when departing
From its tenement of clay,
This poor soul is wafted upwards,
Angels bearing it away.

"But, dear mother, kiss your darling,
Kiss your darling child once more,
E'er I leave this world so dreary
For the bright and happy shore."

IN AND OUT OF LOVE.

How did I know she was a widow. Don't you give me credit for any common sense of discrimination?

How do you know that rose is red? How do you know lobster salad from sardines?

I knew she was a widow from the very moment I took the corner seat in the car, opposite to her little black bonnet with its fluttering wreath of crape veil, and the Astrakan muff that held her tiny, black-gloved hands.

How I envied that muff!

Don't tell me of your Venuses, your Madonnas, and your Marys Queen of Scots—they couldn't have held a candle to the delicious little widow.

I never did believe in grand beauties!

A woman has no business overawing and impressing you against your will.

And she was one of your dimpled, daisy-faced creatures, with sort of brown eyes, long-lashed and limpid, and a red mouth, which looked as if it was just made to be kissed.

And then there was a tangle of golden spirals of hair hanging over her forehead, and braids upon braids pinned up under her bonnet, until a hair-dresser would have gone frantic at the sight.

Just as I was taking an inventory of these things, in that sort of unobservant way that I flatter myself belongs to a man of the world, she dropped her muff, and of course it rolled under the seat.

Wasn't I down on my knes sat once after it? I rather think so.

"Thank you, sir," said the delicious little widow.

"Not at all," I replied. "Can I do anything more for you?"

"No, thank you—unless you can tell me what time we get to Glendale."

"Glendale?" I cried. "Why I am going to Glendale!"

Of course we were friends at once, and the daisy-faced enchantress made room for me beside her, "lest," as she said, "some horrid, disgraceful creature should crowd in and bore her to death," and I stepped right out of the musty, ill-ventilated world of railroad carriage into an atmosphere of Eden.

When a bachelor of forty falls in love at first sight—oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen!—No half-measures, I tell you.

Before we had been speeding through the wintry landscape an hour, I had already built up several blocks of *chateau de Espagne*, in my mind.

I saw my bachelor rooms brightened by her presence.

I fancied myself walking to church with her hand on my arm.

I heard her dulcet voice saying, "My dear Thomas, what would you like for supper to-night?" I beheld myself a respectable member of society—the head of a family.

What would Bob Carter say *now*—I meant *then?*

Bob, who was always rallying me on my state of hopeless old-bachelorhood, who supposed, forsooth, because he happened to be a trifle younger and better-looking than myself, that I had no chances whatever.

I'd show Bob!

What did we talk about?

The weather, of course, the scenery, the prospects—all the available topics, one after another; and the more we talked, the deeper grew my admiration.

She was sensible, and so original, and so everything else that she ought to be!

I discovered that she preferred a town life to the seclusion of a country residence—so did I. Who would stagnate when he could feel the world's pulses as they throbbed?

She loved the opera—so did I. She thought this woman's suffrage movement all ridiculous—with a bewitching little lisp on the last syllable—I agreed with her.

She thought a woman's true sphere was home; my feelings surged up too strongly for utterance, and merely bowed my assent.

Here was a delicious unanimity of soul—a mute concord of sympathy.

What would Bob Carter say when he saw this beautiful little robin lured into my cage? How I would lord it over him! How I would invite him to "happen round at any time." How I would—figuratively of course—hold up Mrs. Thomas Smith over his envying head! I uttered an audible chuckle as I thought of these things, which I had some difficulty in changing into a cough.

You've got a cold, said the widow sympathetically. Do, please, have one of my troches; they are so soothing to the throat.

I took the troche, but I didn't swallow it. I would as soon have eaten a priceless pearl. I put it in my left hand breast pocket, as near to my heart as practicable.

Her first gift.

A bachelor like me is accustomed to such things, I replied in an off-hand manner.

A bachelor! exclaimed my traveling companion. Dear me, then you are not married?

Unfortunately, no.

It is never too late to mend, said the widow roguishly.

That is my sole consolation, I replied gallantly.

There is nothing like married life, sighed the widow, with a momentary eclipse of the limpid, brown orbs, beneath the whitest of drooping lids, But what is the use of my talking about it to you? You can't understand.

I can imagine, was my modest reply.

You must find a wife as soon as possible, said the widow, looking intently at the hem of her pocket handkercheif.

You're only living half a life, now, Ah! you cannot think how much happier you would be with some gentle, clinging being at your side—some congenial soul to mirror your own.

Instinctively I laid my hand upon my heart.

Do not fancy that I shall lose an instant in the search, I said. I have already pictured to myself the pleasure of a newer existence.

Have you? and the brown eyes shot an arch, challenging sparkle toward me. Tell me about her.

Do you really wish to know?

Of course I do.

I congratulated myself mentally on the fine progress I was making, considering the small practice in love-making that I had had. Bob Carter himself, with all his ready tongue and good-looking face, could not have carried on a flirtation more neatly.

Is she fair or dark? questioned the widow, with the prettiest of interest.

Neither—about your complexion. Oh! laughed my interlocuter, a charming pink suffusing over her dimples. Is she young?

Yes, about your age.

Pretty?

More than pretty—beautiful.

The widow arched her perfectly penciled eyebrows.

What a devoted husband you will make! And when are you going to be married?

As soon as I can induce her to name the day.

That's right! said the widow, clasping her hands over the Astrakan muff. Because you know you have no time to lose.

I sighed ostentatiously.

I am well aware of that. You will let me call on you in Glendale?

Oh, certainly if *she* don't object.

She will be willing, I am sure. Where are you staying? I asked eagerly.

I shall be Mrs. Alvern's guest. Do you know many people in Glendale?

Only a few. I am going down on some legal business for one or two of my clients.

Are you?

Yes.

And then there was a brief silence.

Are you acquainted with Mr. Carter, Mrs. Alvern's brother? asked the widow presently.

Yes, I answered with a little grimace. A self-conceited and disagreeable puppy.

Do you think so? asked the widow.

Of course, as does everybody else. So will you when you meet him.

Shall I?

A man who thinks because he's got a smooth tongue, that nobody else has any business in creation.

Dear, dear! twittered my companion, that's very bad, indeed.

Of course he will pay a good deal of attention to you, if you are to be his sister's guest, I pursued, but it won't do to encourage him.

No!

By no means. He is a professional flirt.

Is it possible? lisped the widow.

And I mentally shook hands with myself for having thus deftly put a spoke in Bob's wheel.

First impressions are everything, and I certainly had been beforehand with the pretty widow. Neither had I any compunctions of conscience, for hadn't Bob been playing practical jokes of all styles and complexions on me ever since we entered the bar side by side?

"Stupid Tom," that had been his pet name for me always; but this wasn't such a "stupid game," after all.

While I was thus metaphorically hugging myself, the conductor bawled out "Glendale," and I sprang up to assist my lovely companion out of the car, cheerfully burdening myself with bags, baskets, parasols and bulky wraps.

As we stepped upon the platform, I nearly tumbled into the arms of—Bob Carter.

"Hullo Tom?" was his inelegant greeting. "You don't grow any lighter as you grow older."

I was about to retort bitterly when a sudden change came over his face as he beheld the pretty widow.

Gertie! he cried, clasping both her hands in his.

Yes, Robert, she replied, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheek. That gentleman has got my parcels; he has been very kind to me.

Oh, has he though? Well, we won't trouble him any further, I am much obliged to you, Tom, and we'll send you cards to the wedding.

What wedding? I gasped.

Didn't you tell him, Gertie? Why to *our* wedding, the tenth of next month, to be sure. *Aurevoir;* Tom, be careful of yourself, for my sake, and that was the last I ever saw of the daisy-faced widow. for if you think I was mean-spirited enough to go to that wedding, you are mistaken in my character."

Repentance in Massachusetts.

The petition which has been presented to the Massachusetts Legislature asking that the disgraceful action of that body in presuming to censure Senator Sumner about his battle-flag resolution be expunged from the record, is giving the Boston newspapers an opportunity to denounce the miserable business. The *Advertiser* says it was "hasty and ill-judged." The *Post* says that when the Senator's accusers, "Colfax and Pomeroy, and Patterson and Harlan fell, and even Wilson was tainted, there did not arise even a hint of a suspicion of Mr. Sumner. In a Senate filled with corruption he stands undefiled." It thinks something is due as an "acknowledgment of integrity so rare as to be even above suspicion," and with much force calls upon Massachusetts "to appreciate the worth of one pure man; and, by annulling a hasty, foolish and unconsidered act, relieve itself of an imputation upon its good sense." The Worcester *Spy*, a staid cool-headed Republican journal, has this to say:

"In regard to perpetuating the memory of battles betwsen fellow-citizens, Mr. Sumner is known to have held and publicly advocated years ago the same views which the Legislature of 1872 thought deserving of censure, and the notion of reproving him for them would then have been scouted in Massachusetts. The harsh rebuke administered, we are constrained to believe, was prompted rather by general political hostility than by disapproval of the act at which it was professedly aimed."

MY MOTHER.—Let the boys and girls all read the following.

Possibly some who are so heedless of a mother's advice and instruction, may be induced to retrace their steps and save a mother from a grave of sorrow and themselves from that self reproach, which is sure to follow a disobedient life:

"Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yes, winter, with a woman, but with the mother it is always spring.

Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness, while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness? But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find real sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

FLIRTATIONS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The innocent flirtation of married women is one of the abominations of modern society. Even a desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a wife. The love of one, and his approval should be all that she ought to desire. Let her be ever so beautiful, it is a disgusting and appalling sight to see her decorating that beauty for public gaze; to see her seeking the attention of senseless fops around, and rejoicing in the admiration of other eyes than those of her husband. Her beauty should be for him alone, and not for the gaze of those that flutter around her. There is always among the sedate and wise a sensation of disgust when a married lady attempts to ensnare or entrap young men by a profuse display of her charms, or an unlicensed outlay of her smiles. Such charms and such smiles are loathsome to the indifferent beholder; and the trial of the serpent is over them.

LENGTH OF DAYS.—The days of summer grow longer as we go northward, and the days of winter grow shorter. At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and a half hours the shortest five and a half hours. At St. Petersburgh the longest has fifteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland the longest has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two and a half. At Wandersbus, in Norway the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2nd of July—the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole of the time, but skirmishing along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

"WANTED—a young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." A school committee man, writes: "We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high." A newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets which never spoke afterward." Another paper, describing a celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

MARK TWAIN.—Has this advice for young men with literary aspirations: Write without pay until somebody offers pay; if nobody offers pay within three years, the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as a sign that sawing wood is what he is intended for.

Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following sketch of this distinguished Georgian, lately chosen to Congress from his District, as he appeared before an audience of his own State:

Alexander H. Stephens emerged from the Kimball House, wrapped up in three overcoats and a horse blanket. The bundle, with a white head sticking out, was put in a carriage right end up, and propped in position by two crutches. The bundle then coughed, and said it was all right, and away the carriage rolled to the Capitol. The bundle was then taken out, unrolled, till Stephens was found. Leaning on two stout men, with two more carrying each a crutch, the procession entered the House of Representatives. The hall was packed as I never saw it packed before. Ladies, politicians, members of the Legislature, citizens, niggers and children had all turned out. When Stephens had appeared there went up a shout. It was long and loud, and was followed by another louder and longer. Then, when that died out, another started and ran its course. Mr. Stephens bowed acknowledgments as well as he could, considering the two stout men made a sort of moving straight-jacket. When he arose in the speaker's stand, the bright light falling upon his pale, thin face and white head, there was more cheering and applause. It was plain that Stephens had the hearts of the people. He spoke in an erect position, supported by a crutch under his left arm. His voice is clear and shrill, and not a word was lost in any part of the hall, unless the sound was drowned by applause. I was in the extreme corner of the hall, wedged in among a mass of humanity, and I know that each word came with marvelous distinctness, although the voice did not seem to be unduly elevated. And this week and wasted skeleton of a man spoke thus for more than two hours.

CLOUDS.—One of the saddest thoughts that come to us in life is the thought that in this bright, beautiful, joy-giving world of ours, there are so many shadowed lives.

If suffering came only with crime, even then we might drop a tear over him whose errors wrought their own recompense. But it is not so, alas! Then we should not have it to record that the noblest and most gifted are often among those who may count their fate among shadowed lives. With one it is the shadow of a grave long, deep, and narrow, which falls over a life, shutting out the gladness of the sunshine, blighting the tender blossoms of hope.

With another, it is the wreck of a great ambition. He has builded his ship, and launched it on the sea of life, freighted with the richest jewels of his strength, his manhood. Behold, it comes back to him beaten, battered, torn in some horrible tempest.

With some others, disease throws its terrible shadows over the portals, and shuts out the brightness and joy of the outside world from the sufferer within. But this is the lightest shadow of all; for it teaches the heart lessons of endurance and faith, and through its darkness the sufferer sees even the star of promise shining with rays that tell of the glories beyond. Of all shadowed lives, we find it in our hearts to feel most for those which are darkened by an unhappy marriage.

Unhappy marriage is the quintessence of unhappy bondage. It wounds daily our fondness and sweetest impulses, it trifles with and buries our holiest and dearest affections, and writes over the tomb thereof: "No hope." It embitters the victim with the thought that lost forever to his or her life is a glory of a great love; closed forever to him or her, the portals of a happy home—that fountain of freshness and delight, at which the soul must needs drink to gather strength for the heat and burden of the outside battle.

Raising Salaries.

The Radicals are attempting to throw the responsibility of passing the salary act upon the Democrats, by saying that they could have defeated it if none had voted for it. Are not the Radicals in the same plight, and a much worse one? Have they not had a large majority in Congress for years, and could they not have defeated any measure they felt disposed to? It is evident the majority party had no disposition to defeat this infamous act, and the stupid, sordid and selfish President will aid it in becoming a law. That is, a President will give his sanction to a law that puts $100,000 in his pocket. This is the kind of a President we have now. Does any one suppose that there ever before sat in the presidential chair a man who would countenance an act that was to put directly in his pocket this amount of money? It would be a scandal upon the office to suppose it.

No honest Democrat would vote for a law so infamous as this has been made, by the clause making it take effect on the 4th of March, 1871, so far as the members of Congress are concerned. Any man who would thus vote, is only fit to become a ring thing, and the aider and abettor of the Credit Mobilier swindle. The people could expect no better things of this Congress than the white washing of the terrible corruptions of the last ten years. The people will have to make examples of these men as fast as they get at them.—*Burlington Gazette.*

To some purpose is that man wise who gains his wisdom at another's expense.—*Plutus.*

Republican Party Responsible.

The people should not forget that the republican party has a large majority in both House of Congress. The President is also the representative of that party; and the republicans are thus responsible for what is done and for what is not done by both the legislature and executive branches of the government.

By the action of the House of Representatives on Thursday, the republican party assumed the full responsibility of the Credit Mobilier bribery, prevarication, and perjury. The offences were proved; the guilty parties were known; all but one of them were Republicans; and the Republican majority in the House decided that they should not be punished. The Republicans thus took upon their shoulders the burden of the whole mass of crime and corruption.

In the same way the Republican party, through its President and its majority in Congress, is responsible for the unparalleled outrages upon law and liberty that have been committed in Louisiana.

Corruption without parallel, usurpation such as was never before imagined in this country—these are the work of the republican party, and and these it protects and perpetuates.

The great question is whether there is virtue enough in the people to put away this corruption and defend and preserve their liberties against the power of the republican party. The case is desperate and the result seems doubtful.—*N. Y. Sun.*

KING SOLOMON AND THE MASONS.—A Western orator, descanting on the life and character of old King Solomon is reported thus:

"But the biggest thing Sol did was establishing the order of Free Masons. When he was in the building business, he got all the roosters who worked for him to go into the Masonic institution heavy. Sol was the first man who made fellows ride goats and travel over rugged paths, and be roasted on hot gridirons. It was the festive Sol who stood by in the days of Old Lang Sine and bossed the tortures of initiation. He was the High Daddy of the Free Masons, and took the degrees all the way up to the nine hundred and ninty-ninth. Sol did business on the square. He ran the kingdom, and had bully luck until he got to be an old codger, and couldn't get about as lively as he did in his younger days. His wives, who used to walk a bee line for him, got the upper hand and were sassy. They made it hot for the old man, and he darsent say boo, for fear they'd pull his hair out. They made faces at him, and he got discouraged. And then to make matters more mixed, a lot of politicians got to kicking up a muss in the kingdom. Sol didn't have sinecures enough to go around among the crowd, and so they went back on him with a vengeance. They worried him so that he got sick and died dead—dead as Marley or a door nail. The fellows who went back on him the worst in his lifetime made the most fuss at the funeral. The obsequies were a big success, and the corpse was laid away with the hugest kind of Masonic and regal honors."

A POPULAR FALLACY.—One of the popular fallacies of the day is that the man who cannot look you in the eyes when you are talking to him is at heart a scoundrel, or in truth, a scoundrel, and the man who meets you with a steady, straight forward glance, and watches every look and gesture while you are talking, is a brave, open-hearted fellow. This is one of the notions of romancists that has passed into every-day philosophy as fact. According to the novelist the thief is a man who avoids your eye; the consciously guilty man is one whose eyes cannot look a man straight in the face; and the man who intends to do you wrong is the one who becomes agitated whenever you look straight at him. In fact all this is nonsense. The purest, bravest, kindest man in the world may not be able to look another man in the eyes. In many cases it is the over sensitive man that avoids your glance, and the brazen thief that looks at you with steady glance. The handling of the eyes in this particular is entirely a physical matter. A man may be good and brave, and be physically able and naturally inclined to look at every man steadily in the face. Another man, just as pure, just as brave, and more sensitive, may be, physically speaking, incapable of looking a man in the eye, and from inherent inclination disinclined to do so.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS.—Late discoveries have apparently establlshed the claim of the old German city of Nuremberg to have been the place of publication, of the first newspaper ever issued. A paper called the *Gazette*, according to trustworthy authorities, was printed in that city as early as 1457, five years after Peter Schoeffer cast the first metal type in matrices. Nuremberg, with the first paper in the fifteenth century, also claimed honor of being the first paper in the sixteenth century. There is an anciently printed sheet in the Libri collection which antedates all other except the sheet of 1457 and the *Chronicle* of Cologne. It is called the *New Zeitung ans Hispanien und Italion*, and bears the date of February, 1534. The British Museum, it is said, has a duplicate of this sheet.

It is stated that mild earthquakes are occasionally shaking up the Big Smoky region of North Carolina, and that the farmers of that region have changed their leisure hours from the sweets of apple elder to the sacred contemplation of Hades opening its gulfs beneath their feet.

Federal Control of State Elections.

The President in his inaugural address, speaking from a complete knowledge of the condition of affairs in Louisiana said:

The States lately at war with the General Government are now, happily rehabilitated, and no Executive control is exercised in any of them that would not be exercised in any other State under like circumstances.

At the time this was uttered by the President, Gen. Emory was in the military occupation of the State of Louisiana, under orders to compel the people to submit to a State Government created by force and fraud, and to prohibit and restrain the lawfully elected government from exercising any authority or power. The President considers the military occupation of a State, the forcible overthrow of the Government, and the forcible erection of another, as an occurence of such an ordinary character that it may as likely occur in Indiana or Ohio as in Louisiana, and should the exigencies of a party faction repeat in any State the extraordinary proceedings he would resort to the same policy he has adopted in Louisiana.

This declaration of the President is perhaps but an evidence of the progress the country has made toward consolidation. The President of the United States has made himself final Judge of who ought to be Governor and who ought to be the Legislature of a State. When the returning officers shall declare a person elected Governor who is distasteful to the relatives and personal friends of the President, the latter in his inaugural, declares that he will interpose the military, take armed possession of the State, restrain the lawful authority, and install the man he thinks ought to have been elected. When the witnesses in the Louisiana case were before the Senate Committee, Mr, Morton asked the chairman of the Board who had declared the Kellogg Government elected what returns they had before them upon which to declare the result, and the following is the statement:

Witness—We took all the evidence we had before us, and our knowledge of the parishes and their political complexion, and we then decided.

Mr. Carpenter—You estimated it then, upon the basis of what you thought the vote ought to have been?

Witness—Yes, sir. That was just the fact.

Judge Durell decided that this man Lynch and two others should alone declare the result of the election; and they without a return of the vote from a single parish in the Stats, estimate what they considered was necessary to elect Kellogg and a legislature, and declared the result. This Government thus erected, which has been pronounced by the Senate committee the grossest fraud ever perpetrated in the history of the country, has been installed by the military force of the United States and the President of the United States avows his purpose to do the same thing in any other State to accomplish the same results.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HIGH LIFE IN WASHINGTON.—Senator Stewart, of Nevada, says an Eastern exchange, gave a grand ball in Washington in honor of his daughter. Eight hundred invitations were issued, and the entertainment was given on the grandest possible scale. The supper alone cost five thousand dollars, and the decorations as much more. The Botanical Garden and the Congressional Conservatories were levied on the former contributing banana trees in fruit, orange and lemon trees, and an infinite variety of tropical plants.

The exposure of the trees and plants in taking them from and to the gardens, where they are under glass, resulted in killing half of them so that a fair estimate of the loss to the government would be fully five thousand dollars. In other words, the people of this country, the tax-payers, contributed five thousand dollars to add to the *eclat* of "Miss Stewart's ball," as the papers term the affair. Not many years ago Stewart was a bull-whacker on the plains; now he is a Senator, and worth two or three millions. One can see how men like Pomeroy can afford to pay $100,000 to secure an election to the Senate.

A BOY'S IDEA OF HEADS.—The *Young American*, a spicy four-and-a half-by eight sheet, published at Rogersville, Tenn., every week, by Frank A. Speck, brings up a "boy's composition" on "heads," as follows:

Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or any body is called hot-headed. If he isn't quite so bright they call him soft-headed; if he can't be coaxed or turned he is pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. Our heads are all covered with hair, except bald heads. There are other kinds of heads besides our heads. There are barrel heads, heads of Sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; pin heads; heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; head-winds; drum-heads; cabbage-heads; at logger-heads; come to a head, like a boil; head of chapters; head him off; head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right.

RELIABLE.—A certain doctor named Industry has got up a never failing remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in. There is no quackery about this.

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