

A Farewell of the Period.

Farewell, my dearest—nevermore, Hand clasped in hand, shall we together Roam o'er the breezy, broad sea-downs,

Farewell! for fate will have it so, Oh, fondest heart! Oh, tenderest, nearest! The hues of spring have lost their glow—

Farewell, beloved—thou art free— A fearful dearth of funds had done it; I'll keep the ever in my heart—

And now we go divided ways; Dead broke am I—that's all too certain; I take no more stock in bouquets,

That Clerk.

"Only think of it! A clerk! A saleswoman!" "It seems to me I'd have worked my fingers to the bone in some other way before I would have come to that," said Lizzie Doyle,

"So would I. But then, what could she do?" "At least she might have made herself a little less public. If there's anything I despise, it's these saleswomen!"

"So do I. How much better it would have been to have gone into dress-making, or millinery, or something of that sort. But to stand behind the counter like a man!"

"Papa always did like those Stanleys," said Lizzie Doyle, petulantly. "Yes, we all liked them well enough until Mr. Stanley failed, didn't we?"

"No, not I, for one. Laura was always too independent in her notions. Don't you remember how hard she studied at school? It does seem as if she foresaw her father's failure."

"I wonder she didn't try for some better position, then. She is surely capable of being something better than a shop-girl."

"Oh, I believe papa intends to promote her when Mr. Jobley goes West. She will then take Mr. Jobley's place as junior bookkeeper. Think of that for a woman!"

"That would be better than selling goods. I don't see how she can do that with her refined tastes. Why don't she give lessons, I wonder? It might not bring her in quite so much money, but it would be a deal nicer."

"Yes, and then we could recognize her," said Lizzie Doyle. "That's what I was coming to," was the quick reply of her companion,

"That's what I was coming to," was the quick reply of her companion, a small, sallow-faced girl, elaborately trimmed and flounced. "How are we to treat her now? We have been great friends, you know—that is, when she was in our set," she added, seeing Lizzie's brow darken.

"I'll tell you how I shall treat her," responded Lizzie, slowly drawing on a pair of perfumed, three-button kid gloves; "precisely as I treat all of papa's clerks. And I should like to see any one of them presume!"

"Oh, but Laura won't presume! You needn't be afraid of that; she's too proud." "She must be," said Lizzie, sneeringly, "to take that position! I shall not notice her."

"But how can you help it when you go to the store or to church? She sits so near to you you know." "Of course she'll give up that pew. She can't afford that."

"That's precisely what she does not mean to do. I heard her say that the family must economize somewhere else and keep the pew. Her mother is hard of hearing, and could not enjoy the services further back. The children, too, must go to church. That is the last thing, she said, one ought to give up. I heard her say this to your father last Sunday."

"How provoking!" said Lizzie, impatiently. "She will always be in our faces. But I shall have nothing to do with her. I know what it's for, the artful minx!—it's to keep near us. She knows she's got into papa's good graces; and Al, too, admires her. I don't see what there is, though, to admire. She's very plain."

"Laura is no beauty," was the reply; "but I don't think she's so very plain. She certainly has lowered herself, though, by going into a store." And thereupon the two girls went out for their walk.

which her mother noticed. "I wish you had chosen something else, my dear. I was sure your feelings would be hurt."

"I don't wish so," said Laura, briskly. "There is nothing else would have brought a salary at once, and as for my feelings, it don't hurt me a bit to find out the hollowness of society. I used to wonder what a certain person would be to me if I were not the rich Harvey Stanley's daughter, and now I know. It's a knowledge worth gaining."

"Do you meet many persons you are acquainted with?" asked her mother, busying herself in getting the tea. "Oh yes; and it's amusing when they come upon me suddenly. 'O!—it's—really!—is this Miss Stanley?' And sometimes up go the eye-glasses. Then I feel—well, as if I should like to freeze somebody, if I could, for a minute. Others see me and make believe they are examining goods; so absorbed are they that they go clear by me without looking up, and pass out in the same way. But such slights don't trouble me. I find out how much true friendship is worth, and who, out of all the seeming ladies I have been in the habit of meeting, are true, and who are false."

"Then you meet some who are true?" "Yes, indeed; Judge Agate's wife, who always seemed to me so proud and distant, came up to me with a glowing face and fairly congratulated me. She did it like a lady, too, and like a friend. There was nothing patronizing about her. And there were several others to whom I know my position makes no difference. They prize me for what I am. Yet what a price to pay for learning the value of true friendship!" added Laura, with a deep sigh.

"I met Aggie Doyle to-day, and she wouldn't speak to me," said Alice, Laura's sister, who had come into the room and overheard the last remark. "Why shouldn't she speak to me, I wonder?" "Because your sister is a clerk in her father's store," said Laura, somewhat bitterly.

"That's no reason why she should treat me so," the child replied. "Of course it is not; nor is it any reason why Lizzie, her eldest sister, should utterly ignore me. I always liked her so much, too. But to-day she came into the store and passed me with such a sweeping glance, after I had prepared a smile and a welcome for her. Mr. Doyle has been so kind since papa's death that I looked for better treatment from Lizzie. That, I confess, has wounded me; and I shall have to meet her so often! But never mind, I must remember my place," she added, rather bitterly. "I have to work for my living now—but I will be proud of it! Good-bye, old life of lazy ease! Good-bye, old worthless friends! Your coldness cannot hurt the real me; it is only the worthless young lady of fashion who feels it, and she is slowly departing this life."

So saying, she sat down gayly to the tea-table, and soon forgot all about the toil and the slights of the day. "Have you filled out all your invitations?" asked Lizzie's eldest brother, one of the firm of Doyle & Co., some days after the preceding conversation took place.

Lizzie was arranging a hundred or more tiny, cream-colored envelopes, which she tied together with some pretty, bright-hued ribbon. "I believe so," she replied, with a smile. "I have asked every young lady of my acquaintance, and I think our party will be the finest of the season, if papa will only have the carpets taken up in the west rooms and the floors chalked. Rutger will do them for fifty dollars, and you have no idea how beautifully he works."

"I think father will not refuse you that," her brother replied. "I'll speak to him about it." "Oh, thank you, Al. Then I'm sure he will have it done. I have asked him for so many things that I am almost afraid to ask for more."

"By-the-by, have you invited Miss Laura Stanley?" her brother asked as he was going out. "Of course not!" said Lizzie, with assured emphasis. "Of course not! And pray, why not?" he asked, standing still.

"Why, Al, what an idea! She wouldn't expect it. Our shop-girl—father's clerk! I wouldn't have her for the world!" "Then, if you are sure she wouldn't come, you might have sent her an invitation out of compliment," her brother replied.

"I don't consider her an acquaintance," said Lizzie, loftily; and Al walked out of the room with an abrupt shrug of the shoulders. Presently her father came in. "Lizzie," he said, "I particularly wish you to send a note of invitation to Miss Laura Stanley."

"Papa, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Lizzie, chagrined. "Indeed, I do mean it. What! slight the daughter of my most cherished friends, because she has come down in the world in a money point of view? I should despise myself for it."

"But, papa, she won't come," said Lizzie. "Never mind whether she will come or not. Write an invitation. I will take it to her."

Lizzie sat down, pale and angry, to write the note. After all her boasting of having "cut the Stanleys," it was very hard to be obliged to invite Laura. Her cheeks grew hot, as she indited the polite little missive, while she remembered the many times she had openly ignored her to whom it was addressed. She would have disobeyed had she dared—would even have withheld the note after it was written, had her father not stood by to take it himself. It was indeed humiliat-

ing. Later, her brother Al came to her. "I should like an invitation, Lizzie, for a young lady of my acquaintance," he said, in a quiet voice. "Who is she?"

"The young lady whom I have asked to be my wife," he said, smiling. "Oh, Al, of course you shall have it! I am to have a sister, then? I'm so glad! What is her name? Is she in the city? Will she be sure to come? I'm sure I can't think of anybody." And then she paused, puzzled at his shrewd smile.

"Do I know her?" she asked. "You need to," he answered. "It is Miss Laura Stanley!" "Oh, Al!" She sank down, covering her face with her hands.

"I was afraid she might feel the slight so keenly," he said, softly, "that I hurried matters a little. So you need not be afraid now that she will not come. Will you not prepare an invitation?" "I have. Papa has carried it to her. But oh, Al, a clerk!"

"A noble woman," said her brother, "who dares face the sneers of 'her set,' and take an honest position for the sake of those who are dependent upon her, rather than whine about her former dignity, and live upon charity. I wish there were more like her."

So Lizzie was forced, for once in her life, to eat humble pie.

The Arabs.

The intensity of the sunshine is reproduced in the Arab eye; the simoon is a terrible symbol of those guests of wrath which desolate the human soul. Luxury and indolence are their characteristics as well as fiery tempers, and we are at a loss to reconcile one with the other.

Our sky, bright as it is, is not to be compared with that of the East. After fifty days of desert travel I left it fascinated by the variety of its scenes. In its solitude it resembled the ocean, but it is sweet and refreshing. Providence leaves none of the desert-places of the earth without some atoning quality. God has breathed upon the desert this sweet and cleansing breath. I could point out many traits of resemblance between the sailor and Bedouin. Both are free and roving in their tastes. Among either you will rarely find a coward. I prefer here speaking of the wandering Arab as a type of the race.

The Arab dialect, in which the Koran is written, is still spoken in its pristine purity, in Egirra, around Mecca. The Arab is brave, and his sense of honor irrefragable. He is devoted to the muses. I have no doubt that Christian knights first learned their sense of honor and chivalry among the Saracens at the time of the Crusades. The law of protection is held in as much respect among the Arabs as in the Koran. The pride of the Arab is his birthright, and dignity in his natural manner. The Arab is generous, and his hospitality is universal; the guest confers an honor upon his host, and the name of strangers is sacred.—A Traveler in the East.

LORD BYRON.—Those who have heard anything of the personal characteristics of Lord Byron have heard of his extreme sensitiveness regarding his personal appearance. The slight defect of one of his feet was a source of life-long and painful annoyance. Personal cleanliness, even to the very minutest particulars, he regarded as a prime necessity. A speck of dirt on a man's finger-nail was, in his estimation, abominable; at all events, he would not give his hand to such. It is related of the poet that once upon a time some one informed him that Walter Savage Landor intended to introduce him satirically into a new "Imaginary Conversation."

"If he does," said Byron, "I will certainly call him out; and you can tell him so." When Landor heard this, he replied,—"Well, I had really no intention of showing up his lordship in a 'Conversation,' but now I will. You may tell him that, though he prides himself upon being a good shot, I am a better. I will not kill him, but I will either strike off his nose or an ear. I shall be sure to do it, too, without harming another feature."

This was told to Byron, and it silenced him; for, though no man feared death less, he had a horror of mutilation of his handsome face, which was more than mortal.

THERE IS A NEW KIND OF CASABIANCA.—It is a boy that can stay at his post as long as there is any use of his holding it, that is not afraid of threat nor the presence of violence, and keeps his work resolutely in hand so long as there is work to do. This is what is reported of August Doudel, the brave little telegraph operator who was shut up in the Pittsburgh railroad office on Saturday night. He kept on telegraphing, doing his duty, without the slightest regard to the mob surrounding him. They could not drive him away so long as the connecting wires responded to his hand. When at last they fired the building, he quietly, and with a touch of humor, sent his last message, "Fire's too hot. Good night," and got away in time, showing himself to be as sensible as brave. Obedience to order and discipline were never more needed than now, and it is a noble thing to die at one's post, if thereby a trust is kept that saves other lives or keeps destruction or rapine at bay. But to hit it as accurately as this boy has done, to care nothing for the risk of life so long as his magnets worked and he could send intelligent replies over the wires and then to know when to quit, makes us confess that the modern Casabianca is a great improvement over the old.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FORGIVE any, sooner than thyself.

Lip-Reading.

A good many years ago, when the accomplished daughter of a well-known gentleman of this city was a little girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever, and when she recovered was stone deaf.

Fortunately the child, who possessed a remarkably sweet voice, had learned to talk before the attack, and the physician who attended her, finding that her sense of hearing had entirely gone, enjoined upon the mother the necessity of carefully keeping up the habit of speech, in order that it should not be totally lost.

From that time out the mother devoted herself to the preservation of her daughter's voice, almost to the exclusion of everything else, and the successful issue of her undertaking has proved an ample reward for her labors. The young lady is now not only an accomplished member of society, but an excellent artist, well known among the painters of New York.

Her education was so carefully attended to by her mother that she not only talks well, but understands everything that is said to her by simply watching the lips of her interlocutor. On one occasion an eminent clergyman of this city called to see her mother, and was received by the young lady. After some fifteen minutes the mother presented herself, and the young lady retired. Presently the conversation turned upon the daughter, and the mother said something about her "infirmary."

The clergyman, who had seen nothing to indicate any lack of perception in the young lady, and who had not noticed any physical defect, was surprised, and asked what was meant. The mother then explained that her child was stone-deaf. The clergyman was loath to believe it, and almost demanded further proof of the fact. The young lady was then called, and it was proven to his entire satisfaction that she could not understand a single word that was spoken unless she saw the motion of the lips which uttered it. Like the deaf girl described in Wilkie Collin's novel of "Hide and Seek," she is singularly susceptible to any vibration of the timbers of the room or house in which she may be, and her mother has established a system of telegraphy with her by means of the doors and balusters, by which she can communicate with her throughout the whole house. By simply striking the baluster or door with the open hand her parents can apprise her that her presence is desired in a particular room or part of the premises, and by modification of the raps can inform her of many of the minor affairs that are taking place. Although her father has a handsome competence, this young lady earns enough for her own support in the pursuit of her art.—New York World.

How She Served Two Masters. The sweetest oratory that I have listened to on cliff or in forest was when I awoke from a twilight dream which had overtaken me as I sat leaning against the base of a monster tree. They were upon the opposite side and I could not run. Said she: "Since we were children I have felt a deep interest and friendliness in your welfare, and since I came to know the blessedness of hope I have longed to share any joy with you. Will you give your heart to your maker?"

He said: "I can't do that, Molly. I would if I could, because you wish it. I gave it to you last winter during our meetings of the 'Jeu d'esprit,' and if you really don't want to keep it yourself, if you don't in the least care for it, you may give it to whoever you like, for I shall never have any use for it. I would like, you know, to share a blessedness of hope very likely much the same as yourself if you would only arrange things so that I might have you all the time to divide the joy with which I hope you mean; can't you, Molly?"

She said, "O John?" and then there was a fumbling, and if he didn't kiss her, and she didn't kiss him, why, "Katy did," and the woods are full of them. Then she said, "You must tell pa how you feel," and he said:

"Isn't it too soon after getting a new heart to tell a fellow's experience?" and she said, "Not at all. It is proper, and I am very happy."

He said: "Not as happy, Molly, as if I had given my heart to the Lord, are you?" He asked his question in a pathetic tone, and she replied, "It is all the same, John. I'll see that the good Lord gets it at last."

Then they went off to inform pa, and get an earthly blessing from him, for John is in the leather business, and very prosperous.—Chicago Times' Camp-Meeting Letter.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.—A few evenings since some gentlemen were in conversation upon the character of the late General John C. Breckinridge, and how the Democracy of Madison county were bound to and how many of them almost worshipped him. A lawyer then related an anecdote going to prove this fact. He said shortly after the battle of Shiloh a client came into his office, depositing two bushel-baskets which had contained some spring chickens, and asked the news. "Nothing, I believe," replied the lawyer. "Why, haven't we had some late fighting down about Shiloh?" "Yes." "Well, how did we (rebels) come out?" "The rebels got the advantage the first day, but the next day the Yankees were re-enforced and whipped the rebels." "That ain't the way we hear it down our way." "Well, how did you hear it down your way?" "Well, we hear that they fit two days in and two days out, and along late in the evening of the second day came John C. Breckinridge, and he just asked for the privilege of the field for fifteen minutes, and they do say he slew a hundred thousand of 'em!"—Richmond (Ky.) Register.

Prisoners Going to Siberia.

The saddest sight in Russia to a traveler is the manner in which the civil prisoners are treated. It is a common spectacle to see 300 or 400 poor wretches on their way to Siberia under a military escort; for most of them are chained together in couples, while the women and children who have elected to share their bread-winners' lot have also to submit to be treated as criminals. Poor clad, and apparently half-starved, the wonder is that any of the party should ever survive the dreadful journey. A Russian criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony. But when an officer of the army, or other person of note, has been sent to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform and led to the scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the crowd he is made to kneel, while his epaulets and decorations are torn from his coat, and his sword is broken over his head. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated, and his wife can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey to Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother can follow or accompany him if they choose, but on condition that they share his exile. Mr. Arnold, in his book entitled "Through Persia by Caravan," relates how, when passing through Russia, he saw a party of prisoners embarked on board a steamer on the river Volga. They were positively caged amidships, so that every part of the interior could be seen, just as in the lion-houses of the Zoological Gardens, with this difference—that in the case of prisoners there was no overhanging roof to prevent the rain or sunshine from pouring in upon their wretchedness. At the back of the cage there was a lair common to all, without distinction of sex or age. And when all were secured, including the guiltless women and children, fights occurred for the places least exposed to the east wind. This is a system which must surely fade away beneath that public opinion which is fast becoming too strong for even autocratic monarchs to despise; for we are told that the emancipation of the Russian serfs has made a vast legal, social and material improvement in the lower order of the people; and it is to the people that the world will look for that much-needed reform which will enable Russia, perhaps at no distant day, to take an honorable place among civilized nations.

How Women Dress in Persia. A few women were seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women because of their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chudder, it is called, which passes over the head and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chudder is tied around the head a yard-long veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the eyes is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout and ventilator. The veil passes under the chudder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors puts on a pair of trousers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and thus her outdoor seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her in the street. In this costume Mohammedan women group their way about the towns of Persia, their trousers are tightly bound about the ankles above their colored stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture; and slippers with no covering for the heel, complete the unsightly, unwholesome apparel of those uncomfortable victims of the Persian reading of the Koran. The indoor costume of Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to the Europeans. The chudder and trousers are the invariable walking costume. Indoors the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet-girl. In the anterooms of Persian royalty my wife was received by princesses thus attired, or rather unattired.—Arnold's "Through Persia by Caravan."

AN Oakland huckster bought a fine mule at auction on California street last week. He paid one hundred and forty dollars for it and christened it Martin Luther. After trying three days to put its harness on from a second-story window, the owner resold it yesterday for fourteen dollars, on long time, and under the style and title of "Sara." It was purchased by the city government, and will henceforth be used to suppress riots. It is calculated that when backed gently and firmly into a mob, the business end of this faithful animal will be equal to four Gatling guns and a howitzer.—S. F. News Letter.

ABSENT things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.

THE Nation's opinion is that such repudiating States as Minnesota and Georgia are no better than common cheats, and as such ought to be exposed and disgraced throughout the civilized world.

THE credit system is one of the greatest curses to the laboring man. If you wish to keep out of debt and live independent, never run an account at the store or grocery.