THERE IS NO DEATH!

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May-Day.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks over the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead!

—[*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferron would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"But they do not suit," said Barbara, coolly tying back her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want to marry a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want it taken care of."

"Silly child! what is the matter with Big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never heard that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Earnest, the gunsmith?"

"He is as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign that he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely!"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little good he can do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come, now Barbara, give these young fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

"I will, mother," she said at last."

That evening Earnest, the gunsmith, knocked at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara?" he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquetishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Earnest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells mouldy. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed tonight?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleeps in that wing of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay till morning," said the imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

Ernest turned straight away, and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before to a low chamber. The lad looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait til he took a survey by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, which had been barred across. He remembered that the old grandsire Ferron had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution—had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin, beside it stood a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself out in the coffin.

"Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara it is a very good fit," he said.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the sitting-room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hand away from his grasp, I've a test to put you to before I give you an answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the unchanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it all night and let nothing drive you away from your post you will not ask me again in vain."

"You will give me a light and bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you are frightened you need never look me in the face again."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary start at Ernest's placid face as he lay in the coffin was attributed by Barney to the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?"

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing?"

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a propasal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage"

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house there is a man watching a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step lightly away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well.

The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he could hear a low suppressed breathing not far away. He persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed white still. The rats squeaked as if there was a famine upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a noise behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall and sat down again. He had been at work all day, and at last grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the center of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this," he exclaimed, in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held out its arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The specter came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The mischief take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntary he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arm would have touched him he fell on the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met with, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big, and Fritz was little, and while he was pounding the little fellow terribly and Fritz was trying to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both kicking and plunging like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, Big Barney."

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," turning over in his coffin.

So she married him; though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

The destinies of a large family may be inclosed within the limits of a peck measure of apples.—[Woonsocket Reporter. Not unless the apples are inclosed within the limits of the family.—[Boston Globe.

A Canadian contemporary asks: "Does Goldwin Smith"—now stop right there, please. Gold wins a great many persons, but when you tackle the Smiths you have a large family to purchase.

The cost of stopping a train of cars is said to be from sixty to forty cents. When the train is stopped by another train, these prices become somewhat inflated.

OLD TIMES.

The Polk-Clay Campaigns—Interesting Recollecting of Henry A. M. Wise and Wilks Booth.

Robert Williams, known to a large circle of acquaintances as "Uncle Bob," is boss of the bootblacking department of the Riggs house. He belongs to the remnant of a type of colored people now almost extinct. He has turned 90 years of age, having been born 1792, eight years before the death of Washington. It must be said, however, to the credit of Uncle Bob, that he does not affect to belong to that numerous class of partriarchal servants who lay claim to the honor of having waited upon the first man of the republic. In fact, the venerable shoeblack can not recall to his mind any recollection of Washington, though in his time he has served many distinguished men, and his memory is rich with the stirring events of seventy-five and fifty years ago.

BORN A SLAVE.

He was born the slave of Thomas Sedden, in Fauquier county, Virginia, but upon his death became the inherited property of James A. Sedden, afterward Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury. During a great part of his slave career he was hired out to other people, one of his temporary owners being Henry A. Wise, to whom he bore the relation of body servant while Mr. Wise was Governor of Virginia. He was thus brought into close communication with many of the noted people of the Old Dominion. Two years before the war he was hired to Mr. Matthew Murray, of Washington city, and he has been a resident of the national capital ever since.

BUT NEVER BELONGING TO A POOR MAN.

Recalling his early experiences as a slave Uncle Bob said to a reporter yesterday afternoon: "I never was a poor man's slave, and that was a great thing for a colored man in slave times. If you wanted to insult a darkey you just say, 'O, youse a po' man's nigger,' and then you'd see two niggers go to kicking one an other's shins until one hollers. No, sir, I tell you Mr. Sedden was a gentleman, a born gentleman, every inch of him. He inhaled it from his grandfather who was a Virginny gentleman before I was born. When I was a young man James Sedden made me his footman. He married Miss Sallie Bruce, the peartest young lady in Richmond. One day when the family had been out riding the carriage drove up to the front steps and I got down and opened the carriage door, but I didn't help the ladies out. Mr. Sedden came down the long stone steps and says to me: 'Why, Robert, you ought to have more gallantee. Why didn't you help the ladies out?' and I always did it after that. In these days if a footman was to offer to help a lady out she'd be insulted."

WISE'S ECCENTRICITIES.

Uncle Bob had a vivid recollection of some of the eccentricities of Governor Wise: "He was kinder excitable," said he, "but a perfect gentleman. Sometimes he would get in a rage and throw a book or a chair at a servant, but as soon as the mad fit was over he'd give the servant a pair of shoes, a dollar, or something like that. I tell you he was a man of the greatest honor. He would never stoop. One day he picked up his vest to put it on. The change rolled out of the pocket, and he said to me: 'By G—d, Robert, I never stoop—pick up that money.' So I picks up the money off'n the floor and puts it in my pocket. He was de boss in etiquetty. I had to wear white socks and low-quarter shoes, and have the pants made so just as to show the white socks. Mr. Schaeffer, the tailor, made all my clothes. One day, after I had put on a new suit, the Governor called me before him. He looked at me all over very criticumly, and said he to me, says he: 'Robert, is one of your legs shorter than t'other?' And I said: 'They boaf de same length; and then he said: 'You take that suit back to that d——d Dutch tailor and tell him to make you some clothes that will fit.' We colored people had about as much fun as the white folks—and more too. They paid for everything, and we didn't. When we wanted to get up a little dance I went to the Governor and said: 'Guv'ner, we servants would like to have a hoe-down such and such a night.' He'd say: 'Well, I'll see Mrs. Wise about it.' That'd mean yes, and we'd have a band of music, a scumtious supper, wid wine, and the white people would come and look at us. Governor Wise treated everybody well. When a gentleman came into his office he would get up and say, 'Take a seat, sir; what can I do for you?' Now times is changed. Why, if a gentleman was to call to see even one of these guv'nment clerks, who haven't got enough to pay their board bill, he almost gets kicked out for his impudence."

THE CLAY-POLK CAMPAIGN.

Uncle Bob took an active part in the Clay-Polk campaign, his capacity being that of a singer of campaign songs, with other darkey vocalists, at Clay gatherings. He described with considerable minuteness the torchlight processions, the polk stalks, the coon skins and barbecues of that exciting political period. He has forgotten most of the songs he used to sing, but was able to recall the following fragment:

Walk along, John, you can't stay,
The people's choice is Henry Clay;
You'd better take your Polk away,
Else we'll cover him up with Clay.
And we'll never stop or halt
Until we eat up berries, Polk, and stalk.

'Old Dan Tucker" was another song that created great enthusiasm at the time, and according to Uncle Bob's version was sung as follows:

Old Dan Tucker is a nice old man,
He used to ride a steam engine;
Late one night across the track
The locomotive broke his back.
So get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker,
You came too late to get your supper.

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk.
He fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk;
A red-hot coal got in his shoe,
Lord bless your soul how the ashes flew.
So get out of the way, etc., etc.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

Several years before the war Uncle Bob was at service in the Powhatan Hotel at Richmond. There he waited on J. Wilkes Booth the greater part of three years. According to his recollection. Booth was a handsome fellow, dressed like a dandy, and who in this day would be called a brilliant "masher." "He wan't much with the southern ladies," said the speaker. "but all the actresses and the common women were in love with him. The southern ladies kinder looked down on actors as they does it yet. Booth was a great pistol shot then and used to go out in the back yard of the hotel, wheel and fire at a chicken, cutting off its head (the chicken's) every time. Uncle Bob once saw Mr. Conklin, the proprietor of the hotel, hold an apple on his open palm and Booth split it in two with a pistol ball.

A GANDER PULLING MATCH.

On the programme of an afternoon's frolic at Presidio del Norte, Tex., was a grand "gander pulling" match, in which everybody participated. The gander, a very venerable bird, purchased from a peon, was hung from a tall pole by his legs, so that when fully extended his head could be easily reached by a horseman riding under the pole. The feathers were first carefully removed from his neck and when rendered perfectly bare the vertebral elongation was liberally smeared with grease. The "pullers" were ranged in line and at a given signal the leader spurred forward his horse and dashed under the pole from which dangled the patriarchal bird at a mad gallop. As he passed he clutched at the slippery neck of the bird and—missed it. The next man did no better, neither did the third, nor the fourth, nor the fifth. One after another the riders, essayed to grasp the slippery prize, but all signally failed. Finally Mustang Joe, the last man in line, galloped forward. As he neared the pole he raised himself in the stirrups and, although his horse passed under like a flash, he seized the gander's neck with a firm hand and tore it from the body.—[Philadelphia Times.

GOOD MEMORY.

J. J. Allen has a widespread reputation, being no other than the famous "hat-keeper" of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis. For the wonderful faculty of recognizing the proper owners of hats as they entered and left the dining room a medal was presented him as being the "premium hat man in America."

"I was for years the wondering gaze of the ignorant," said he in a private conversation. "I never made a mistake, if I had once seen the hat on the man's head. I connected the two instantly, and the picture would not pass out of my mind, however many such there might be there."

"Did it require no practice?"

"Not any; I could always do it. In fact, I could not help it. It made me famous, and I have been spoken of in Europe, Asia, and in parts of Africa."

"How many hats did you ever have in your mind at once?"

"The highest I ever went was 703, and I made no mistake."

"How do you account for this power?"

"I have a sort of second sight. I do not like to be called a fortune-teller. I am not. Still I can tell fortunes."—[Chicago News.

THOUGHT OUT BY FRENCH THINKERS.—Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

Love is always seeking after the unknown. The great art is to be impenetrable. When the mask falls the carnival ceases.

The women who raise only exclamation points in our heart are like Racine's tragedies; too perfect. We like best those who raise points of interrogation.

Happiness is the best anodyne for the violent passions.

For women, the enjoyments of the heart are the all-important things of life; for most men they are only a compensation.

Much intercourse of mind or society is not to be expected between two classes of a different education and fortune, but there is nothing in our code of morals or in our religion to justify either one in treating the other with unkindness or incivility. True dignity has no need to stand on the defensive. A person who has little of this quality will always be most afraid to compromise it by vulgar associations; it is right to be economical of what we have little.—[Translated by Boston Courier.

New York Commercial *Advertiser:* "The base ball editor of the New Orleans *Picayune* has learned that it is not profitable for a man to spend two years learning to pitch a curved ball, and then get a sunstroke on his head the first time he pitches, with a whack at the gate money."

OSCAR DID IT.

The Esthetic Flattered—Donohue's Talent—a Sculptor Coming to Success Through Contorted Features.

When Oscar Wilde last lectured in Chicago a young man named Donohue was living there. He had a strong bent for sculpture, and his artistic talent was backed up by shrewdness and common sense. He had previously managed to study for a brief period in Paris, and a specimen of his workmanship had been admitted to the Salon. Then his funds gave out and he had to return precipitately to Chicago. He opened a studio there, but met with little recognition or encouragement. The debit and credit ends of his accounts could not be made to meet by a very wide margin. His fortunes were at low ebb, and he was seriously thinking of adopting some more remunerative occupation, when Oscar Wilde arrived in the city and began a course of lectures. Donohue attended one of his lectures and then called upon him. He invited Oscar to visit his studio and pass judgment upon his work. The esthete felt flattered at the compliment to his critical acumen. He pronounced the specimens he saw excellent. Donohue then told him his story. Oscar Wilde at his next lecture upbraided the people of Chicago for their lack of appreciation of home talent.

This naturally led to inquiries as to who this budding genius could be who had heretofore remained comparatively unknown. It gradually leaked out that Donohue was the man. Donohue was sharp enough to see his opportunity. He was naturally of a jovial and sociable temperament and had no sympathy with the affectation of estheticism, but he perceived that in order to win his point he must "dissemble." He hied him to a tailor and had made a suit of clothes of fantastic cut, including a pair of trousers of the tightest possible fit. He banged his hair. He contorted his features into an expression of wobegone melancholy. His brow was corrugated as with the intensity of his aspirations for the ideal. He attitudinized in public places and got himself talked about. He succeeded all the better because he had a fine figure and was good looking. "Who is that idiot?" was frequently asked by curious observers; and the number daily increased of those who were able to answer: "That is the genius who was discovered by Oscar Wilde." And so it befell that he attracted the attention of a rich merchant in Chicago, who made Donohue's acquaintance, became convinced that the opportunity was a good one for the investment of a small portion of his superfluous wealth, and offered to pay Donohue $1,500 a year for five years, during which period he was to study sculpture in Europe, only stipulating that in return he should receive the best piece of work that the young artist might produce in the interim. Donohue eagerly accepted the proposition and is now in Paris, where it is needless to say his features have assumed their wonted expression of careless good humor, and the garb which he once wore as the insignia of blighted genius has been relegated to the most obscure corner of his wardrobe. But Oscar Wilde and Donohue are good friends.—[New York Tribune.

IN A BUSINESS WAY.

"Mr. Smith, will you indorse my note of $20?"

"Why, I should expect to have to pay it if I did."

"Certainly—certainly."

"And so I might as well lend you $20."

"Exactly, you are quite correct."

"And I shouldn't expect you to ever pay it."

"Of course not; of course not."

"Then why didn't you ask me direct to give you $20."

"Because, sir, I do business in a business way. I never borrow money of a man who will indorse for me, and I make all calculations on the indorser paying the note. It's the same thing in the end, but we arrive at it in a business way. I believe in making the horse draw the cart. You can't give me $20, sir, but if you will have the kindness to indorse a note for that amount, I will see that you are $20 out of pocket."

People who go to Maine to pass the summer will be glad to know that in the opinion of the Biddeford *Journal* they are "worth more to Maine than any of her crops, with the exception of hay." Worth more than the ice crop, and probably as much as the lobster, clam, potato and spruce gum crops combined. The *Journal* evidently understands the art of tickling one's vanity.—[Boston Post.

Mount McGregor, Saratoga's mountain, is becoming as popular with bridal parties as Niagara Falls. There were twenty two couples on the mountain one day, a few weeks ago. As soon as one couple comes down, Mr. McGregor, who owns the mountain, shouts "next," and another couple goes up.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Beauty: "Still a bachelor, Count? Why do you not marry?" Count: "Vell, it is not zat I am disinclinationed; but your English mees, she is so beautiful, and ven I see a pretty face I tie one knot in my neckpockethandkerchief and ven I see ze next I tie anozer, and at ze last, ven I shall want to marry, it is all knot and no vife!"

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

"When I am played out as a p ist," said Balzac one day to D the elder, "I intend to write f stage." "Begin at once, then," plied Dumas.

A young man says he is goin attempt the feat or going forty without working. He says if his ployers don't watch him he think can accomplish the task.

Policeman (to group of small b —Come, now, move on. T nothing the matter here. Sa boy—Of course there isn't. If was you wouldn't be here.

"Take care of the useful and beautiful will take care of it This is what the fond and unm father remarked when he marri his ugliest daughter first.

A guileless girl wrote to her a thus: "Don't come to see me more just yet, John, for father been having his boots half-s with two rows of nails round toes.

Upon seeing a fire-engine at w an exquisite remarked: "Who evah have dweamed that such a diminutive looking appawatus hold so much wattah!"

"Dear Louise, don't let the come too near you when courti "Oh, no, dear ma. When Charl here we have a chair between Mother thinks the answer rather bignous.

Theodore Hook, after having awfully crammed at an Alderm feed, being asked to be helped replied: "No, thank you, I don't any more; but I will take the money, if you please."

Aunt Esther was trying to p suade little Eddy to retire at using as an argument that the chickens went to roost at that "Yes," said Eddy; "but then, the old hen always goes with the

A stonecutter received the fol ing epitaph from a German to upon the tombstone of his "Mine vife Susan is dead. If she lived till next Friday she'd been shust two weeks. As a tree fall, must stand."

A man bet a neighbor that couldn't walk half a mile with looking to the right or left, and as the man started on his walk set dogs to fighting about half-way the track, and won his money as ls as could be.

A stock-broker, returning to office after a substantial lunch with a client, said, complacently, his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the looks different to a man when he a bottle of champagne in him." "Y sir," replied the clerk, significant "and he looks different to the worl

A lady and gentleman were gaged to be married, and they day beguiled the blissful tedium courtship by talking over the nam of their future children. They along very well till they came to name of their fourth child, and that they quarreled so violently the engagement was broken off.

"Henceforth we meet as strangers exclaimed Brown, in a fit of ang "Thank you, Brown, my dear fello gushed Fogg effusively; "you alw did treat strangers better than friends and acquaintances, and make me excellently happy that I henceforth to share in your dist guished consideration.

Lord Kensington, the junior Lib al whip and colleague of Lord Ri ard Grosvenor, has been made subject of a mild joke. A member has decribed him as the greatest anomaly in the House, for this reason—the noble Lord is Irish Peer with an English title, has married a Scotch wife, and for a Welsh constituency.

A Pittsburg tailor sadly refers his recently broken engagement his "kilt suit."

She sang "I want to be and angel and he swore that she was one alread To this she blushingly demurred Then he married her. Demurre sustained.

Ice cream is now made from kaolin a white clay used in porcelain manu facture. Notwithstanding this sta ling fact the appetites of young wo en at the summer resorts remain u changed.

A man named Gassbill recently ap plied to the Arkansas Legislature change his name because his girl ways objected to his figure whenev he'd metre. She said he was too high, and turned him off.

"Do you think she's pretty?" cried. "I do, indeed. I'm really wild over that girl. Then why don you go in and do the grand? Well, tell the truth, it's just here: None the other fellows go wild over her all, and there'd be no credit in winning her out."

The groom of Iroquois, the first American Derby winner, says he "thinks as much of one horse as of his wife." If all the owners of fast horses thought as much of their wives as they do of their horses, these women would be much happier and be the envy of their sex.

A new excuse: Wife—"Why George, I do believe you've been taking too much wine!" George (who lives in Brooklyn and has just returned home after a lively evening) "Wine? Nonsense, dear, I just (hic) come over the bridge and it's made me dizzy, that's all—s'help me Bob!"

Miss Clara (to Mr. Fearing, who has a loathing for dogs)—"Oh, Mr. Fearing, do please take little Gyp and give her a bath. The doctor says she has incipient hydrophobia whatever that is; but I believe the salt water will do her good." N. B.—Mr. Fearing hopes to be engaged to Clara before the season is over.