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McMA. V. R. SNYDER, - PROPRIETOR.

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MAIDENHOOD.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Seest he falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore.
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered:—
Age, the bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm the tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

A HUMBLE HERO.

BY VIM.

He gave his name as Pat, when he so humbly asked for work of one of our hotel proprietors; he was ragged, dirty, half drunk, and altogether a poor specimen of humanity.

The hotel proprietor—a sleek, substantial looking gentleman of forty or thereabouts—gazed at him for a moment in disgust.

"You've been drinking, sir," he exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone. "Do you suppose I want a drunken beast about my premises?"

"Only a dhrop, yer honor; an' if ye'll take me on thrial I'll lave off drinking intirely," replied the man, earnestly. "Ye see, when I lost Norah it made me dumb like, an' I tuk to whisky to make me forget my throubles. I am naither a drunkard nor a rogue, sir, naturally; give me a job to keep me from the likes of begging—bad cess to it—an' I'll see that ye are no loser by it."

"That'll do!" exclaimed the proprietor, sternly. "When a drunken sot like you tries to play the sentimental dodge, I'll have no more of him. Get along with you!"

Without a word the vagrant slouched out of the yard, and after wandering listlessly about the village for some time, threw himself upon one of the benches fronting the bathing-houses, where he could watch the gay crowd of bathers enjoy themselves. As he did so one could but compare the two elements in society; he and his rags belonging to the lowest, and they and their silks and broadcloths to the highest; fit representatives not only of education and ignorance, but of vice and vanity.

Pat, after watching the bathers for a few moments, began to nod his head, then to sway from side to side, and finally fell at full length on the bench, where he commenced a series of such prolonged and deafening snores as soon drew an admiring crowd around his not very comfortable couch.

Suddenly the grinning spectators were startled, and Pat aroused from his slumber, by an agonized shriek from one of the bathers. It took but a moment for them to ascertain the cause; one of the ladies had taken her child with her—a little girl of three or four summers—and had placed her on one of the many planks that were floating about for the use of amateur swimmers. She had turned to say something to one of her companions, when a receding wave snatched the plank from her grasp and bore it far out beyond her reach.

Without a moment's hesitation the mother plunged in after her child, and being a fair swimmer seemed likely to succeed; but her strength was not equal to her courage, and at last, when the wind was bearing the plank with its precious burden farther and farther from her grasp, she gave up the struggle with a piercing shriek.

With the loss of her child she seemed to give up all hope, for she made no effort to save herself, but struggled feebly onward, not appearing to be aware of anything save herself, but struggled feebly onward, not appearing to be aware of anything save the little arms outstretched toward her from the distant plank.

It was at this moment that Pat appeared on the scene; for an instant he gazed curiously at the gentlemen who were looking stupidly about, as though he wondered why they did not lend a helping hand to the imperilled lady and her child.

Then kicking off his tattered boots, he swam fearlessly toward the point where the body was just disappearing beneath the waves; but, thanks to the hardy training he had received among the bogs of Ireland, he managed to reach the drowning body as she was about to disappear for the last time. Then began the return trip, rendered doubly difficult by the burden he had to sustain; nevertheless, he at length reached the shore, where he was immediately surrounded by the crowd who had witnessed his brave exploit.

"Shake hands, my brave fellow!" exclaimed a tall, foreign-looking gentleman with faultless side-whiskers and cane.

"Got a chew o' tobaccer about ye?" inquired Pat, ignoring the hand extended to him.

"No, I have not!" returned the gentleman, retiring in disgust.

"Faith! I am not surprised, anyhow," was the contemptuous reply. "I know it's but few that are able to afford the luxury. But I must be going after the girrul or I won't be able to reach her at all, at all."

So saying, Pat plunged into the waves once more and struck out for the plank which had now drifted nearly a quarter of a mile from shore. Fortunately, the plank was a wide one, so the little girl easily managed to keep her seat upon it; but by this time it had a brisk breeze against it and was rapidly being carried out to sea.

On swam the Irishman, straining every nerve; but his already enfeebled frame was rapidly losing its strength. It soon became evident that he would be unable to reach the plank unless some fortunate accident happened to help him.

Strangely enough, it happened. The wind had been shifting for some time, until now, when Pat's strength was almost gone, it began to blow from the opposite quarter, sending the plank slowly toward the point where Pat was struggling desperately onward. At length he seized it and paused a moment to regain his breath, then, pushing it before him, he swam slowly for the shore.

Nearer and nearer it came; the spectators on the beach were holding their breath in suspense, for they saw that the Irishman's strength was nearly gone.

The lady whom he had rescued had by this time recovered herself, and was in the water, waist-deep, waiting with outstretched arms to assure herself that her darling was safe. They could hear Pat's short quick gasps, as he neared them, growing louder every moment.

At last, when he was within a couple of rods of the anxious mother, they were astonished to see him stop a moment and try to catch his breath; then, drawing himself forward, he seemed to use all his strength in one grand push, which sent the plank and child within reach of the now joyful mother.

But in that push poor Pat gave his last remaining spark of life, and without a groan or sigh he sank beneath the waves that he had all but conquered.

Next day a swollen, discolored body was washed ashore; and Pat, who had so long wandered in rags, at last rested beneath a monument as grand as the rich boarders whom he had envied could ever hope to obtain.

STRAY ITEMS.

"Pray, my good man," said a Judge to an Irishman who was a witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och, then, plase your lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim stop of the wall, 'Paddy!' says he. 'What?' says I. 'Here,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Whisht,' says he. 'Hush!' says I. And that's all, plase your lordship."—[Chambers' Journal.

The Mississippi river, eight miles above Natchez, is caving rapidly in a direct line on the Mississippi side through the old Nevite chute, which was once the bed of the Mississippi river. The distance across the point is less than a mile. More than a quarter of a mile has caved into the river during the last 20 months, and it is only a matter of time when the river will resume its old bed, abandoned more than 40 years ago.

Landlord Roberts woke up one night by hearing some one travel about his house, and, lighting a candle, found one of his guests in full shirt dress, wandering through the rooms. "What do you want?" said Roberts. "I want to find the hen-pen," said the man. "What in thunder do you want of the hen-pen at this time of a night?" asked Roberts. "Well," said the man, "you see I lost my pillow somewhere, and I wanted to get into the hen-pen and get a feather and make another!"

The road agents who recently robbed a coach in Montana ranged the men in line with hands up and relieved them of all their valuables. They then passed a bottle of whisky and a box of cigars, compelling each one to take a drink and a smoke. One of the unfortunates had never smoked a cigar in his life, but under the persuasive and urgent invitation of the gentlemany robbers he lit his first cigar, and possibly the pleasures he will derive in the future from smoking will compensate him for the loss he sustained.

Bound to impale him—"Mr. Hack," said the managing editor, "Mr. Wirework, the opposition candidate, is going to be at the conference to-morrow; write a sharp editorial and give him fits for trying to curry favor with the churches." "But Wirework has written a letter saying he can't be there," replied Mr. Hack. "So?" said he managing editor; "well then, write a slashing article on his daring to ignore the best people in the Village. Give it to him good and strong."

AT THE FRENCH WORD PLAY.

Feminine compliments:

"Just think, Pamelia has married a chiropodist?"

"I am not astonished. She is sentimental and wants to have a man who will always be at her feet."

Adele is a splendid cook, but it is evident that she cannot content everybody and his father.

The other evening Madame went into the kitchen and found the gas stove lighted.

"Why, Adele, do you light your stove at this hour?"

"But I have not put it out since morning!"

"Why, girl, are you crazy?"

"No; but Madame is always complaining that I use too many matches?"

"That familiar sign:

"Ah, who is it that speaks English in your store, for I see the sign 'English spoken'?"

"Why, it's the English people who come in to buy, of course."

Good references:

The duc de X's man-servant is an excellent fellow, but he gets terribly drunk twice a week.

"Unhappy man!" cried his master, "if you were to be found in the street in that condition?"

"Oh, that wouldn't make any difference; I've always one of Monsieur's cartes de viste in my pocket!"

The Countess Jane to the dowager de Brionne:

"You do not compliment me upon the marriage of my sister."

The dowager shrugging her shoulders:

"My dear child, I never make any compliments upon a marriage until ten years afterwards!"

Reflections of a Normand peasant to a Parisian:

"We have still a little property, but my brother-in-law has inherited a large amount, and since he has become rich he does not help us any more. After all," the peasant added with a resigned air, "the more people have the less they give; I know how it is myself!"

More feminine compliments:

The Comtesse de B., who is on the shady side of 40, visited the Baronne de Z., where she is invited to dine.

"I beg you will excuse me, dear Baronne," she says with a simpering air, "for coming in such an unadorned costume. I waited to write a letter, and I had not the time afterwards to dress myself properly."

The Baronne, with her most venomous smile:

"My dear Comtesse, don't worry about that—you no longer have any need to dress up!"

What some people see in the country:

The husband: "Well, my dear, did you see some beautiful things on your mountain excursion?"

The wife: "The guide told me to look where I walked; all I was able to see was my boots!"—[Translated by Boston Courier.

PEOPLE.

Ex-President Tyler's son Alexander died last Saturday at Santa Fe, Mexico.

The banker poet Stedman's poetry and prose brought him in about $1,000 yearly.

Roscoe Conkling received a new dignity on Tuesday. He accepted the office of grandfather.

Dr. R. D. Joyce, author of the Irish epics, "Deirdre" and "Blanid," sailed from Boston for Dublin Saturday.

The Prince of Wales has accepted Ernest Longfellow's painting of the poet Longfellow's residence at Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. Schliemann, who is at Wildungen, Germany, busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to his new work on the excavations on the site of the larger City of Troy, will soon visit England with his family.

The wife of the nortorious Tichborne claimant and her two children are inmates of a workhouse at Southampton, England. She still persists in calling herself "Lady Tichborne," and her name stands as such on the workhouse register.

During the next year the *Century* expects to print at least three stories of varying length, by Henry James. The first one, "Impressions of a Cousin," is entirely American in subject, the scene being laid in New York or the country near it.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the English story writer, is a pleasant-faced lady of 60 years, with gray hair and spectacles. She spends her winters in Rome, and is a general favorite in society, because of her brilliant conversational powers.

M. Alexandre Dumas has written a letter complaining of the brilliancy of stage decorations, and, above all, of stage dresses. The actresses think, he says, more of their costumes than of the piece, and "the genius of the author is lost in the art of the milliner."

The publishers state that to date over 500,000 copies of Miss Alcott's publications have found a market. These estimates do not include English reprints, pirated editions or translations. It is not strange that Miss Alcott feels justified in moving her pen leisurely in these later days.

Some time ago a dispatch was sent from St. Louis to Memphis, addressed to "James Giles, pie clerk steamer Magenta." There was no man named Giles on the boat, and the message was not delivered, whereby a lawsuit ensued. The person meent was James Gillespie, clerk of the Magenta.

DRYING KILNS.

Artificially Dried Lumber—The Difficulty that Pianomakers and Cabinetmakers have to Overcome.

"Thoroughly dried lumber is hard to buy nowadays," said the manager of a piano manufactory in this city, "and if you don't have dry lumber in making pianos you might as well not make them."

"How do you manage, then, for you make many pianos?" the reporter asked.

"We have dry rooms, or kilns, in which we put the lumber and season it ourselves. If it were not for our dry rooms we would have to shut up shop. We buy the best seasoned lumber that we can get, and leave it in our dry kilns from one to three weeks. Then we take out a board and try it, and if it is not thoroughly seasoned we shut up the kiln again."

"How do you tell when it is seasoned?"

"In several ways. We examine the sawdust, crumple up the shavings, observe the odor of the wood, and the way the saw or plane goes through it. Even then we are often deceived, and when the wood is made up and varnished it cracks, warps or splits, plainly showing that it was not fully dried.

"Dried lumber is necessary not only in the making of pianos, but also in the manufacture of furniture, mouldings, and all kinds of wood-work. I'll guarantee that you've seen the back of a fine-looking hardwood bedstead split from side to side, or the lid of a desk cracked, to say nothing of windows and doors shrinking so that you have to use the widest kind of weather strips to keep out the wind. Well, all this comes from using unseasoned lumber. It makes up neatly enough, but when it is exposed to the action of the atmosphere and the moisture in the pores of the wood evaporates, there's bound to be a shrinkage and something's got to give.

"What is the cause of the scarcity of seasoned lumber?"

"The great demand for lumber in the East for building and manufacturing purposes compels the Western lumbermen to ship their lumber before it is thoroughly seasoned. Half a dozen years ago it was customary to take the lumber from the saw and pile it in the open air, where it would be left from eighteen months to two years before it was considered in sufficiently good condition for shipping. Now six months is held to be a good long time. The consequence is that there is comparatively very little dry lumber in the market."

"How is lumber dried artificially?"

"There are half a dozen ways. Heat is the great principle in them all. There are drying kilns of all sizes and almost all shspes. Some are heated by steam pipes, some by furnaces, and some by hot air. In some a vacuum is created, and in some compressed air is used. The great thing, to my mind, in drying lumber is to get a good circulation of air about it. The moisture comes to the surface and is dried off. A lately invented drying apparatus consists of an arrangement by which a very large volume of air is thrown into the kiln at one end and exhausted at the other. Every two minutes all the air in the kiln is changed. A fan blower entraps the air and forces it through a heating apparatus before it gets to the kiln. It is so arranged that the air may be heated to any degree desired, and different kinds of lumber are differently treated. This process dries green lumber in seven or eight days."

"How long would it take the same lumber to dry in the open air?"

"Anywhere from one to two years. Some people say they would not use kiln-dried lumber, but they are in the minority. Pianomakers and cabinetmakers could not get along without drying kilns."

AN INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

It is a pity that wealth and education cannot be simultaneously acquired. A miner, who, by a lucky find, became suddenly the possessor of a fortune, took it into his head to go to Europe, and after many adventures found himself in Florence. During his travels he caught the malady for collecting works of art, and visited the studios of renowned artists in search of marvels to be sent home. Among others he visited the studio of Powers, the sculptor, and, glancing over various statues, his eye alighted upon the Greek Slave.

"What may you call that air boy?" he asked.

"The Greek Slave," replied the sculptor.

"And what may be the price of it?" was the next question.

"Three thousand dollars," said Powers, gazing at the odd specimen of humanity before him.

"Three thousand dollars!" he exclaimed; "you don't say so, now? Why, I thought to buy something of you, but that's a notch above me. Why, statiary is riz ain't it?"

Bowers, in telling the story, used to give an amusing imitation of the miner's drawl.

A Cincinnati journalist has discovered that Fanny Mills, aged twenty-two, of that State, "wears the largest shoes on earth." If the journalist is not laboring under the impression that Miss Mills' father wears the heaviest boots on earth, it is because the latter was not at home when the Cincinnati journalist was prosecuting his investigations.—[Norristown Herald.

ANECDOTE OF MENDELSSOHN.

Frederick II. of Prussia was very fond of having artists, literary men and singers of talent at his small suppers, and he enjoyed free humor and encouraged gayety with all his power. Personally fond of music and literature, he had a special liking for the philosopher Mendelssohn, who was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are, and he often, relates a writer in "Temple Bar," gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador—Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to chaff Mendelssohn, who, with his quick repartee, turned the tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his dwarfish excellence ran to the king and complained of the plebeian being admitted into circles above his reach, etc. The king said to him:

"Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were, and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences."

"Ah," said the ambassador, "he is a man who would consider nobody, and would offend your majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt; and, my way, he would not offend me."

"Is it a wager?" asked the ambassador.

"Certainly," replied the king.

"Well, if your majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Will your majesty, at the next supper party, write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' and put that paper, signed by your own hand, on his plate?"

"I will not; that would be a gratuitous rudeness."

"It is only to see what he would do, whether his presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your majesty."

"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty to afterward tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish."

"Agreed; only the paper must be signed under the words, 'Mendelssohn is an ass;' so that there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your majesty."

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would end, the king wrote and signed the paper as required. The evening came; the table was laid for twelve; the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate and the guests, several of whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled. At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat around it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather short-sighted, and observing some paper, he took it near his eye, and, having read it, gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the king. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn?"

"Oh, no," said Mendelssohn; "it is nothing!"

"Nothing? Nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while—"

"But I tell you what it is. I command you to tell me."

"Oh, some one has taken the liberty to joke in very bad taste with your majesty!"

"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the Second.'"

Seven years have elapsed since James Lick, the California millionaire, at his death left a vast amount of property for public uses, and not a dollar has reached the designated objects. The trustees, who receive $1,000 a year each, have just been censured by the California pioneers.

An indiscreet son-in-law: "Your mother-in-law appears to have a pain in the side?" Not at all. She has the tooth-ache." "But every now and then I see her put her hand on her side, as though she felt a pain there." "That is because she has put her teeth in her pocket."

When the office seeks the man it goes for one who has clean hands.

The man who stutters has no use for a telephone.

"Mother Hubbard hops" are the latest in Mississippi.

Any ticket is good enough for those who never get pie.

A good fellow, "don't you know," is bound to succeed.

Theodore Thomas has been playing wedding marches in Utah.

It is with considerable Payne that Ohio announces her strongest Presidential candidate.

Hub Punch ought to be the leading drink in John L. Sullivan's saloon.

Girls might do very much worse than chew gum. They might chew tobacco.