A REPAID DEBT.

It was the dusk of evening, and aight's shadows were quietly gathering in the little German village through whose outskirts two lovers strolled.

They had left behind them the cottages, and had wandered off among the green fields and under the shade of the

trees, behind which the sun had almost It was an old story, the story of their loving. They had been betrothed since the girl was fourteen, It was well-nigh five years now, and on her ninteeenth hday they were to be married.

She was an orphan, and her snug dowry, lying so safely nestled away in the village bank, she had accumulated by the labor of her own hands. But a shade was on her lover's face to-night, and even in the shadow her quick eye discerned it.
"Sing to me, Hans," she whispered, knowing that in song Hans Werter for-

After a moment's silence, he obeyed her, and the sleepy birds woke in their nests, and almost indignantly drew their heads from beneath the soft shelter of their wing, to listen to this strange, wonderful rival to the sweetness of their notes. The air was filled with the exquisite melody. It rang full, and clear, and sweet. It sank down to the violets, as they stirred to the listen-

ing wind, and soared to the stars. Poor little Marguerite! Hans' music always brought the moisture to her blue eyes, but to-night it seemed filled with something she had never heard before. and her little hands were tightly interlaced, and her red lips parted in a sort of painful ecstacy.

oared to see him end the last note in dry sob, then fling himself down on sward and bury his face in his "Hans, what is it?" she cried sinking down beside him, and trying to raise his head upon her breast.

Almost rudely, in his unconsciousness

to all but his own suffering, he repulsed her, only the next moment to be filled

"Forgive me, dear," he said softly, of life flickered and went out!

"but never ask me to sing again, Mar"but never ask me to sing again, Mar"but never ask me to sing again, Marmerite. It only teaches me what I lived for him died for him. They found night have been, and what I am. Think the paper he had sent her amongst her what it would be if I had the money to letters. reach Italy! I could have the world at I am chained here, tending my herds of a broken heart. and feeding my cattle, powerless to break the chains. I need so much moncy-so much-and I have so little Though I sold all I had in the world, i would not bring me to my journey's end. No. no! I must give it up; but never-never ask me to sing again."

The girl answered him nothing, as she stroked the hot brow with the little,

In her eyes he was a king, this shep-herd-lad. Instinctively she knew that silence is ofttimes more healing than night, mamma!" speech; and, besides, a wonderful daz-zling thought had crept into her own busy brain, and driven all lighter

thoughts away.
Still, silently, they rose and walked silently home. At the door of her little cottage, he stooped and kissed her on the brow, as they stood beneath the stars. In two more months he was to share her fate—the home left her by her dead parents—so they both had thought searce an hour agone. To-night Marguerite knew differently.

How much would it bring, the sale of this humble little shelter? It was this problem which banished slumber through the long night hours. It was solved three days later, when the sum for its possession by strangers, lay in her hands, and, added to it, the nestegg from the bank, made in the child's

What mattered it that she was beg-gared? It was for Hans' sake! It was now her turn to be silent, as, hand-inhand, they walked beneath the golden-

"Hans," she said, at last, very softly, "I have been thinking, dear, since the other night, and-and, Hans, we won't be married yet awhile. A wife would only pull you down, instead of helping you soar to the birds where you belong. I don't want you to think of ine-I want you to go away, and study

And as she spoke, she strove to thrust the bag within his grasp.
"Marguerite!"—she shrank from the sterness of his tone-"how did you get

"Honestly," she answered proudly.
"The gold was to have been my dowry;
the notes—I—I sold the cottage for "You did this for me, and you think

so meanly of me as that I would accept such a sacrifice?"

His voice quivered as he spoke.

"Hans, I was to have been your wife,"
she whispered. "Who had the right, if
not I? Oh, I shall be so proud—so proud, some day, when you come back for your little Marguerite, and I shall be the wife of the great singer! They will point at me and say. 'Yes, he married this little nobody, this little Mar- Are these closets opening into a room guerite, but they say he loves her; and they will think it strange that you should love me from your great height. But you won't forget to do that, Hans-

ever, ever—will you, my love?"

"Never, until my voice forgets its music! I must pray God to still it forever, could my heart prove so false. Something within me, Marguerite, conquers myself. It is hope springing within my breast. I will take your money, little one a sacred debt. Wait for me two years, fraulien; then I will

swear it, and I seal it with this kiss!" dust them carefully. Open the win-Hans had gone, and Marguerite was left alone. She lived now in one little seem settle it. room, high up many stairs—up which soon settle it.

Now begin

her pillow by night, and they sank brush or dust pan. Go over the room once more; this time with a dampened

once more; this time with a diappeted broom; that removes the last bit of dask, and it gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest, and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out the detail. Some will sweep the dust into the ground. She stooped to pick it up. What did it mean? It was a little allp, with some figures in one corner, and then wonder why their house is so dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, a thus leave a seed of futher allp, with some figures in one corner, and then wender why their house is so dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, a thus leave a seed of futher allp, with some figures in one corner, and then wender why their house is so dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, a thus leave a seed of futher allp, with some figures in one corner, and then wender why their house is so dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, a thus leave a seed of futher allp, with some figures in one corner, and then wender why their house is so dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, a thus leave a seed of futher all properties of the steel but forty bushels of weat out of this last trip, while on all but a seem broom, which is as the fifty one bushels."

At 1100. The elevator men in Buffalo didn't steel but forty bushels of weat out of this last trip, while on all but a seem broom, which is as the fifty one bushels."

ove, what it cost us, yet I carned it, Marguerite, on the very night of my debut. I have sung, and the people have listened. I looked about among all the faces — on all the young and beautiful women with their eyes fixed upon me—but nothing inspired me.
Then I thought of you, and looking straight into space I forgot them all, darling. The flowers rained at my feet. Great ladies tore the roses from their breast, but I me their eyes fixed their breast; but I would have given them all dearest, for one little, wild blossom your hand had plucked. They say I will be rich and famous. I can not tell—the world is fickle. The village banker will cash your order. But you need not buy back the little home. I am coming for you soon, to bring you to a cage, better worthy of my moun-

Again and again Marguerite read and re-read the precious words. What cared she for the money? It had made "Going back to your native villageyou, who have the whole world at your feet," sighed one of Florence's

most famous beauties, as she looked into the young singer's eyes. Six months had passed since he had paid his debt to Marguerite, and still he lingered. He had spent thrice that amount, since then, on a trinket to clasp some fair lady's arm. Did he, in holding it so lightly, forget that once it had been a girl's all? Why, then, did the sigh the lady uttered find a response in

us own breast? "It is duty which calls me." "Duty!" she murmured. "Are you sure it is not mistaken duty? All your life has changed, Herr Werter. If, in its early time, you pledged it to some rustic maiden, think—could she fill its measure now?"

The beauty's voice trembled. The cool softness of her flesh pressed lightly against his burning palm.
"And if I give her up," he said—
"what then? You will be mine?" But the "Yes" she uttered was hush-

ed by the madness of his kisses. And Marguerite watched and waited. He was coming; therefore he did not

It was the second anniversary of the day that was to have celebrated their wedding, when the gossips burst into

"Ha, ha!" they said, "did we not tell you so?"pointing as they spoke to the paper, which announced the betrothal of Herr Werter and the greatest beauty "Leave me," she said at last, when

they looked to see what she would do. "I wish to be alone. But one of kinder heart, after some hours had passed, stole back into the darkened room.

The child lay tossing in delirious fev-The strain had been too great, he

said. She must die. On the third day after, as the watchers sat about the bed, a step sounded on the stairs. A man stained with the dust of travel, burst impetuously into "Marguerite!" he exclaimed-"Mar-

guerite!" Then he stopped, and gathered the import of the scene before Was he weeping? She had never in ing on his knees by her bedside. "I Was he weeping? She had never in all those years seen him thus moved ling on his knees by her bedside. "I "Naw show, says the doctor; 'you'll came back, my wild Garman daisy, to strike bed rock afore night." His powerful frame seemed shaken to its innermost centre by the torrent of I pay my debt 2".

opened, a wonderful, eestatic light in "Hans," she whispered-"Hans! for-Conquering himself by a mighty ef-fort, he drew her to him with gentle And with the word-a dagger thrust in his own remorseful heart-the spark Marguerite was dead! She who had

reach Italy! I could have the world at my feet, Marguerite—I could be great and famous! I know it—I feel it. But I am the property slip of paper, worthless to all, to return to him, but bearing the interest

Improving the Occasion. He was the only son of his mother, the pride, the hope, the apple of her eye. sure, Peter, and recollect this," said his cool hand, which, all browned and fond and only parent, as she shut up hardened as it was, fell very softly, the good book—"never put off till to-very lovingly. the good book—"never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

night, mamma!"

Good Cattle. Rural New Yorker. Good cattle are the best investment & farmer can put his money into. I never knew a man satisfied with himself or his trade, who bought poor stock, at any price, to keep. Good Short-horns, Herefords, Jerseys, Ayrshires or Holsteins are cheap at high figures. They produce the best beef, milk, butter, cheese, leather. It is extremely necessary to profit that the farmer buy healthy, thrifty, high bred animals. those that produce or are capable of producing the most of these products. The next thing after good blood, is good feed and then good care. Breed, feed and care are three-thirds of good cattle husbandry. Good breeds amount to nothing without proper and abundant food. They amount to but little with proper and abundant feed if not properly sheltered and cared for. They must have suitable pastures and soils and the surface of the country must be adapted to their constitutions. The Short-horn and Hereford are out of place on broken pasturage and hilly ranges; the Ayrshire, Devon and Jersey are there at home. The Holstein delights in rich alluvial mends and succulent bottom lands. Good cattle are a necessary adjunct to good farming everywhere and always accompany it. The introduction of good stock into any farming community always has a good effect by stimulating to better effort and better feeding. It places a higher standard before the farming public. It excites a favorable emulation that works good to all beneath its influence. Good cattle are the highest type of agricul-

How to Sweep and Dust. To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and like all fine arts has a right method. Well done, it renovates the whole room, and the occupant takes possession feeling "that all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgment -in other words, brains-must enter. to be swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping day, then let this be the first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets, as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully brushed and dustad them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in the hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it; then take a step s, fraulien; then I will tures. Draw the shades to side blinds, ou richest payment. I the window, or if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the wingry to get her around, "

Ty to get her around, "

At long distances apart, letters came.

Oh, how eagerly Marguerite spelled them out! She slept with them under the dust will be taken up with a small play dirt, on me then was the circumstance. Now begin to sweep, not towards a tions?"

THE SUN FOR 1881.

A Funny Fact. Sol Smith Ru sell, tells the following story of his experience as an entertain-At a small Ohio town, where he had given his performance the previous night, he met at the depot the following night, he met at the depot the following morning an elderly granger, who, while he peacefully munched a huge quid of tobacco, intently eyed the humorist and finally said: "Say, Mister, bent' you the fellow wot gin the show up to Smoot's Hall last Night?" "Yes," replied Russell," I did give an entertainment at Smoot's Hall last night." "Wall, I thought you was the chap. "I "Wall, I thought you was the chap. . I wanted to tell you 'bout a boy of mine; you ought to have him; he's just the fellow for your show; he's the d--dest fool I ever see."

What he Brought Home. Mr. Setemup came down stairs to a 10 o'clock breakfast with a vacant countenance and a backward tendency in his bair that made his two eyes ache. He sat down at the table, and, picking up his knife and fork, glared in uneasy wonder at something in the platter be-fore him. It had evidently been fried in butter, and was intended for food. Mr. Setemup harpooned it with his fork and lifted it up boldly, gazing at it with ever increasing wonder. "What,

under the sun," he exclaimed at last, "is this thing?" "Well, replied his patient wife, with just a shadow of a sigh, "it looks like your new soft felt hat, and that is what I thought it was: but you pulled it out-of your pocket when you came home this morning and said it was a nice porterhouse steak, and you wanted it broiled for breakfast. You needn't give me any of it; I'm not hungry." And Mr. Setemup, who was just wild to know what else he said when he came home, and what time it was, for the life of him didn't dare to

A Saving of Transportation. "Talk about your mean men," said old Pioneer Skinderson at Phil Me-Govern's saloon the other night, "the ightest, closest, far seeing calculating old skinflint I ever seed was old Klamskatter the mine superintendent who died up at Gold Hill the other day."

"Was, ch?" encouragingly remarked a customer, who was feeding Phil's bull log with petrified sandwiches from the "Yes, sir-ree; he was just pizen, he was; ele-er than the bark of a tree.

When he was running the hornet mine up at Virginia he used to skulk around the levels, disguised as a mule tender. ust to pipe off the men who didn't keep hard at it, so as to dock'em the "Why, the dern cuss!"

"But wait. He actually encouraged a drill ranner to tell a long story one day while they were waiting for some The child lay tossing in delirious fev-er, and the physician, when called, ward docked the man half a day, and all the felious that heard it, four bits apiece for stopping to laugh. He charged one man ten cents for a single

"That's nothin" Jim Briggs, who was up on the Lode when the old miser died, said that about an hour before Klamskatter handed in his checks he sent for the doctor, and says he, 'Doc, give us the siraight business. Is there any show for me?

"Then,' says old Klamskatter, I Then, as though the voice must pene- up to the top of Mount Davidson right trate the mists of fever, the blue eyes off. If I can light out from there, it will save my soul a clear mile of trans

"And did they do it?" asked a man who had waked up over the stove. "Wall, no," replied the narrator, simply. "The boys took him over, put him on the cage, and let him down to the lowest level of the Hornet, instead. They said that they guessed he had made a little mistake about the direction, somehow. To the best of the judgment, his soul was going the other

An Old Specific For Irish Discontent.

The following extract is taken from Curiosities of the Search-Room: - "I give and bequeath the snous sum of ten pounds, to be paid in perpetulty out of my estate, to the following purpose: It is my will and pleasure that this sum be spent in the purchase of a certain quantity of liquor vulglarly called whisky; and it shall be publicly given out that a carrier number of persons, Irish only, not to exceed twenty, who may choose to assemble in the camptery in which I shall be interred on the anniversary of my death, shall have the same distributed to them. Further, it is my desire that each shall receive it by half a pint at a time till the whole is consumed, each being likewise provid-ed with a stout oaken stick and a knife, and that they shall drink it all on the spot. Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is that, with these materials given, they will not fail to destroy each other; and, when, in course of time the race comes to be exterminated, this neighborhood at least may perhaps be colonized by civil-ized and respectable Englishman. Will dated 17th March, 1791.

A Wicked Marine. The funny man of the Detroit Free Press has been interviewing Captains who were turough the great gale, and

this is his report:

A Buffalo lake Captain, when interviewed regarding his experience of the great gale in November answered that he spent more than an hour in prayer. A Chicago Captain said he was made to feel what an awful sinner he was. A Clevelander replied that he made a solemn vow to quit swearing in case he was saved. An interview was held with a Detroit Captain yesterday to see how he felt. It started off as fol-

"You were in the great gale, were

"As the gale increased, the seas grew higher, and your foretopmast was brok-en off, did you realize what a miserable old sinner you were?" "No, sir. My time was occupied in

clearing away the wreck and thinking how the owners would blast my eyes. "By the by, when the seas swept over your deeks and carried off your yawi at the davits, did you make any vows?" "I did not. I sold the mate that we'd to square off and run before it, or we'd all be in -- in less than twenty

"You meant Texas, did you not?" "I did. I knew we were headed di-rectly for Texas, with the seas piling right over us.

Did your mate suggest holding & prayer meeting or singing any gospel that we'd better be mighty lively about paying off or the infernal old tub would at the bottom of Lake Michigan." "When the awful voice of the gale psared in your ears, and the mountainous combers rughed down as if to bury you from sight, did you have the least thought to make a yow to quit swearing

moment, what were your solemn reflect AUSTIN, SAN ANTONIO, GALVESTON,

if you were spared?"

dence for having excepted certain destruction?"

"No, sir: I told them to ask the stew-

Everybody reads The Sun. In the edition of this newspaper throughout the year to come everybody will find:

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V. Equal candor in dealing with each political party, and equal readiness to commend what is praisworthy or to rebuke what is blamable in Democrat or Republican.

VI Absolute independence of partisan orcanizations, but unwavering loyality the true emocratic principles. The Sun befieves that he Goostitution gives as is a good one to keep. Its notion of duty is to resist to its utmost power the efforts of men in the Republican pairty to set up another form of sovernment in place of that which exists. The year issil and the year homediately following will probably decide this supremely important coatest. The Sun believes that the victory will be with the people as against the Rings for imperial power.

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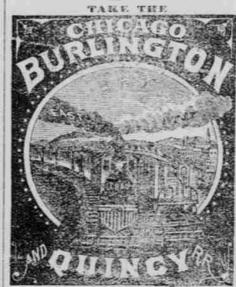
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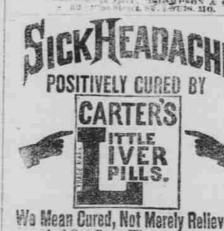


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