But when he pleaded with the maid To be regarded as her lover, She sighed a little, blushed and said, lease wait until the summer's over

d then began love's golden dream; To every picnic, every dance he bok her, bought her lemon-cream and other things that maidens far

beach hotels with her he hopped,
For she was quite an ardent dancer
te length the youth the question poppe
And waited for the maiden's answer.

It drew the sweetness from his life, It burned and scorched him like a bliste

Twas this: "I cannot be your wife,
But I will be to you a sister."

Boston Courier.

DESERTED LOVERS.

"Our ship! our ship! See, Henry, she sailing away without us. What can it mean?"

The speaker, Lucy Morril, was a beautiful girl-a dark-eyed brunette; the person whom she addressed was her lover-Captain Henry Cavendish -a young man of twenty-six.

They had left the vessel in the dingy, only an hour before, to visit one of those isles of the Pacific ocean, near which the ship was then lying "off and

The name of the craft was the Swallow, and she was the joint property of Cavendish and of Lucy's brother. She contained a valuable cargo, which the two owners expected to dispose of at Sydney, Australia, at a profit of many

His share would, the captain had anticipated, afford him the means to commerce married life with, and he had already won a promise from the sweet girl, who had accompanied her brother on the voyage, to become his wife as soon as the cargo was sold.

Now, at Lucy's exclamation, her lover, who was in a small valley, gathering flowers for her, ran to the summit of the hill on which shestood.

"Aye, what can it mean?" he cried. a surprise and dismay. The ship had made all said, and, be

fore a fair wind, was receding from his He gesticulated—waved hat and kerchief in vain. On went the vessel,

and at last her hull was invisible, and

only her upper sails could be seen.
Gradually these dipped lower and lower, until every vestige of the craft was lost to view in the distance. The two looked at each other with

lanched faces.

Manched faces.

Here they were, left by themselves on this far away isle of the Pacific, which they knew was out of the track of passing vessels.

"Something is wrong," said the captain sadly. "I fear I have lost everything. I was in a fair way to be happy and prosperous. Now I am poorer than a beggar."

Tears rose in Lucy's eyes I advised you not to go into partner-ship with my brother," she said, "but I did not believe he was dishonest. I hought he was only wild and reckless.

Now I do not know what to think." "It has spoiled our happiness," said Cavendish. "Probably we will never see the craft again, and as I am thus penniless, I cannot think of obliging

ou to fulfil your promise of being my For several moments Lucy's dark yes were veiled by their long lashes; hen she threw herself weeping on her

over's breast. "Can you believe me to be mercen ry?" she said. "Oh no, Henry; I am

"But," replied Cavendish, "we have no money to live on now, if I should make you mine. "We hardly need money here," said

Lucy, smiling.
"That is true; but we will want "We would want that whether we were married or not," said Lucy

"And so you are willing to be my

"Ind so you are willing to be my bride—to marry me now?"
"I—I did not say so," she answered thyly. "It is for you to say."
"Who is here to marry us?"
"True enough; but—but—I don't know—I have heard that missionaries are sometimes on these far away is-

"We will go and look for one," said Cavendish, offering his arm. They had not proceeded far when they met a native—a dusky, wildly-clad man, with long, black hair. He showdusky, wildly-clad d surprise on seeing them, and asked

em many questions in broken Eng-From him the lovers learned that there was a missionary on the island. Heguided them to that person's house iall building, with a thatched roof.

missionary, an aged man, reived them kindly and heard their "It is seldom that vessels pass this the beach, and Lacy way," he said. "I am afraid you will her husband's arms. have to stay here for months. You "Have you no gree

will have to live principally on fruit a voice near them,

"Can we get plenty of that?" inquir-ed Cavendish.

If you have a boat, you can go out d catch all the fish you want. As braced and kissed her.

Assisted by the good 'man, the cap-in then set out about erecting a hab-tion. It was finished in a few days, nd the missionary loaned the young uple a few utensils to "commence and a silver tobacco-box, one of ale natives sold to the captain a dozen dresses, which she had ob-

tained, in exchange for fruit, from |the master of an English vessel that had once anchored off the island. These dresses, Lucy, who was skillful with the needle, soon altered to fit her per-

And now, while Cavendish never ceased to regret the loss of his vessel and cargo, he and his pretty wife could not help enjoying their island life. The captain eventually had a thriving plantation, on which he cultivated

not only fruit, but also vegetables.

In his boat—the Dingy—he would row miles away from the island to obtain fish, and often Lucy would ac-

company him.

Happy in each other's society, the two
at last became retached to their snug
little island home, which stood, with its that ched roof, perched on a rising bit of ground above the beach, where the sea waves came rolling in white and high. One morning, after they had lived there almost a year, Caven dish left his wife to go on one of his usual fishing excursions

It was a calm, still day, and the young man, rowing far from the isle, was soon lost to thegaze of Lucy-who was watching him-in the misty dis-

An hour later a terrific gale suddenly came sweeping over the ocean. The wind and the sea together roared with a din that was almost deafening, and it seemed to Lucy that the great waves, scattering sheets of spray that filled the air like white clouds, were as high

as mountains. Terrified and anxious on her husband's account, she watched in vain

for his return.
"He is lost! He is lost!" she cried. wringing her hands. "His boat could not live in a sea like that. Oh, Henry!

The old missionary made his appearance. He strove to console her, but he could give no hope, for he, too, could not help thinking the captain

The spray and the rack of the storm covered the raging water for miles, so that no object could at present be seen through the cloud-like curtain.

Straining their eyes to the utmost, the two anxious watchers vainly endeavored to pierce with their gaze rushing masses of vapor.

All at once Lucy fancied she saw something liv. a black speck tossed and huried along towards the island.
"See! What is it?" she gasped.
"An overturned boat," said the missionary, when the object had drifted

"It is his boat!" Lucy cried in agony

Such was indeed the case Broken and battered, the dingy in which Cavendish had left the island, was at length hurled high upon the It seemed as if Lucy would lose her

reason. With wild eyes she gazed upon the

Not a sound escaped her. She stood like a statue, staring at the

broken dingy, as if she could not tear herself away from the spot.
"Come, child," said the missionary;

"come. It is hard, but you must try to control yourself." "I will stay here. I will watch for his body," she groaned. "It must soon come."

But she waited in vain. remains of her husband.

throwing herself down on a rustic lounge there, she gave way to her grief. "To think that I will never, never

There was a bright, hectic color on each cheek, and a restless gleam in her

The words of consolation offered by the missionary fell unheeded on her ears. A delirious fever was fast taking possession of her brain.

The old missionary went outside of the house, and walked to and fro, his mournful gaze turned seaward. The violence of the gale had now

abated and the atmosphere had Far away the watcher beheld a large ship, apparently heading for the island. 'Here comes a vessel!" he called, hoping thus to turn the young wife's

mind a little from the grief. She was on her feet and out of the house in a moment. With eager interest did she gaze on the approaching

it has come too late!-too late! My Henry has gone, and I will never leave die I must be buried in the sea, where he lies, and there we shall meet again. Wildly shone her eyes as she spoke,

and the missionary feared that her mind had already begun to wander. Meanwhile on came the ship, until

shoreward. Asit drew nearer, there was a stmultaneous cry of joy from Lucy and the missionary, for they recognized Captain Cavendish, standing in the ow, waving his hat to them.

"He has been picked up and saved!" eried Lucy's companion. "Aye, aye, safe and well!" shouted the captain, hearing the words.

Soon after the boat's keel grated on

Lucy looked up to see her brother, whom see had not recognized on account of his thick beard.

As the captain released ber, he em

enoush to pick him up. The boat however, drifted away from us before we could secure it. Now I find my sister, well and happy, still, I hope, hav-ing faith in her wild scamp of a broth-

"Why did you desert us?" inquired against the top of a dying walnut. You think of the heat and dust and "It was not I who deserted you, but din and weariness of the great city. They rose in mutiny, which and thank your stars that you are in the men. They rose in mutiny, which they had probably been for some time the bine grass region of Kentucky.

planning, knocked me and the two mates down, tied our hands and feet, thrust us into the hold like pigs, and then, clapping on sail, headed away from the island.

"Their object as I afterward learned, was to take the vessel to some South American port, there sell the cargo, pocket the funds, and then make off nland, leaving the craft in our posse

inland, leaving the craft in our possession. They were not good navigators, and, therefore, they were many months beating about the Pacific Ocean.

"At last they were within some hundreds of miles of the South American coast, but by this time half the number concluded that their plan was not a feasible one. They would, on reaching port, be boarded by the authorities, questions would be asked, and detection, it seemed, would be inevitable. They were unanimous for freeing ble. They were unanimous for freeing us and returning to their duty, provid ed we would promise not to punish them severely for what they had already done.

"Two others did not like this prope sition; the two parties quarreled, and the end of it was that they all finally resolved to desert the vessel in a body, and make for an island they saw in the distance. They did so, first setting us at liberty. They took the launch -the best boat we had-and many useful things from the ship.

With the cook and steward, there now were only five of us to work the ship. A few days later, however, we shipped some Portuguese sailors from the Felix Islands, off which we then

lay becalmed.
"As these men wanted to go to Syd ney, and would not ship until I had promised them I would make a 'straight wake' for that place, I was obliged to head in that direction, instead of retracing my course to the distant shore—a thousand miles away -on which you and Cavendish had

"A fair wind favored me, and I final ly arrived at Sydney, when I disposed of our cargo to a much better advantage than I had even expected. Then I shipped another crew, and headed for this isle, off which, it seems, I arrived just in time to save your hus-band's life. I have to add that his share of our profits is with mine, safe

under lock and key, aboard ship."

A few days later, Captain Cavendish now the fortunate possessor of many thousands, sailed away with his wife from the island. In due time the happy couple reached London, and on the outskirts of that city they erected a comfortable cottage—their attractions

THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

The Cultivated People of This Section and Their Happy Pastoral Life.

That one may hear the English lan-

Letter in the New York Evening Post.

guage spoken here in purity; that the best magazines are read; that American authors are discussed and intelligently liked or disliked; that young ladies know good music and are as well dressed as those of New York; in short, that there is here a class of people who, she groaned. "It must in all that goes to make up culturewealth, travel, manners, morals, The waves refused to give her the speech, etc .- are the equals of the best Americans to be found anywhere, are She tottered to the little house, and, truths unsuspected by many, and doubtless incredible to many others with whom invincible ignorance or insee him again!" she cried. "Oh; I wish that I, too, was dead!" grained prejudice are obstacles to faith. The pastoral life goes on prosperously The pastoral life goes on prosperously and happily year after year in the thinks I am shirking, and trying to down. He was never strong enough bluegrass region. It is necessary that discrimination be made at the outset late. I can read it in the way he looks as to locality. Between the dwellers in this rich rolling plain and the inhabitants of the river and mountain counties is all the difference, as respects cultivation and peacefulness that one might reasonably expect to find between different races. Undoubtedly by the stranger who should visit this country for the first time, the class of people first to be met and studied are the more prosperous and intelligent farmers. He need not go among them armed to the teeth. In the vicinity of the towns he will find that the transfer of them are the property of the towns he will find the transfer of them. that some of them are men of business in town-bank officers, professors, lawyers, etc. And so they are men of ideas. They have private li "I know that ship," she cried, in a voice of agony. "It is my husband's and my brother's—the swallow. But level white limestone roads. The grounds and the woodlands around their homes are sometimes worthy of the island. I will die here, and when I an English park. Of course you will ness. It's only I am in the way. He has to help me to clothes, you know, Durhams grazing over their fertile and of course my board costs some meadows. One of them may show you thing. I might as well say yes. The the stables where famous trotters or journey will do me good, maybe, and racers are being groomed. Another may take you to the aromatic she was within a mile of the beach, shed where his men are pressing when a boat was lowered and pulled the tobacco which has of late begun to be so largely cultivated in this part of the State. Another may open you the bonded warehouse, where "old Bourbon" is stored away, barrel above barrel, tier after tier, and, of course, if you have a mind to, you can find out rassing to feel that before long she what "old Bourbon" is when you return would only be second in his heart and to the shaded veranda. You walk to some knoll, and from its summit cast though his mother had bought it with your eye over the succession of meadow, field and forest. The negroes are folthe beach, and Lucy threw herself into lowing the ploughs down the long rows thusband's arms. of the young Indian corn. The shuttle of the reaper is heard in the wheat field on the distant hillside, and the faint scream of a locomotive as it rushes along the banks of the winding river, along the banks of the winding river. his studying law was but a farce; A cool wind, sweet with the odor of he should be no more exempt wild rose and elder bloom, with the salubrious smell of freshly cut clover, or of the isle, but to make sure of getting me," he said. "Out in the storm, just mough, you had better cultivate a plantation of your own."

The young man had no difficulty in inducing the missionary to perform mouth to pick him up. The boat and troughting over. Under you is the deep green of the velvet turf. Around your husband, struggling in his little boat, and I was fortunate enough to pick him up. The boat is an atmosphere the most luminous is an atmosphere the mo newly ploughed earth, blows from this quarter and from that. Above you is is an atmosphere the most luminous and crystalline. To you come the coo of building doves, the notes of the speckle breasted lark, the shrick of the iritated blue jay, the drowsy tattoo of the woodpecker, driving his bill against the top of a dying walnut. You think of the heat and dust and

YOUTH.

Ohl strange inconsequence of youth, When days were lived from hand to mouth, And thought ran round an empty ring In foolish, sweet imagining.

We handled love in childish fashion-The name alone and not the passion— The world and life were things so small, Our little wit encompassed all!

We took our being as our faith For granted, drew our easy breath And rarely stayed to wonder why We were set here to live and die.

Vague dreams we had, a grander Fate Our lives would mold and dominate, Till we should stand some far-off day More godlike than of mortal clay. Strong Fate! we meet thee but to find

A soul and all that lies behind, We lose Youth's Paradise and gain ▲ world of duty and of pain.

—The English Illustrated Magazine

HIS BROTHER SKEEPER.

From the Youth's Companion.

"I'm not good for much, am I

The question was asked playfully, but the young man sitting at the breakfast-table, from which a red-armed girl was carrying the dishes, threw down his paper, and springing up, said, with a flushed face .-

"No, Dick, you're not good for anything!"

"Come now!" was the angry re-sponse, and Mrs. Barnes hurried forward nervously, for it seemed as if the two brothers would fight.

"It's a fact. You are living on us; you are lazy—and you're almost twenty years old," said Tom, the eldest.
"O boys! boys!" protested the woman, holding out her hands. "You never quarreled in your life. Don't be-

"It's time he heard the truth!" muttered Tom.

"But, mother, haven't I tried?"
asked the boy, turning to her, and his
voice trembled just a little.
"You know, Tom, that Dick is delicate," pleaded the woman.
"Yes and that's been his shield leave

"Yes, and that's been his shield long enough, I should say. He's not too delicate to go to all the merry-makings, and eat his share, and when he gets a good chance in life, he don't know it.
I'll never try for him again, never!" and out he went, slaming the door behind him.

"I don't see what's got into Tom!" said the widow, distressfully. "I never knew him to act so before." "Oh, it's been in him some time," muttered Dick, hoarsely. "Ever since he got acquainted with the Mosses.

That's what's the matter.' "Do you really mean it, Dick?"
"Of course I do. Helikes Miss Anne, and he wants to marry and settle down. I'm in the way. I wish father had lived, or I had died with him."

"Dick, darling, don't talk so!"
"I say I do! Everything was going
on just right. I liked my studies, and meant to make a man, though in a different way from Tom. He likes hard work, and can do it. I hate everything but books, study and law. I don't see why Tom should be so hard on me. I'm trying my best. Lawyer Bates said that in less than two years I can make my own way."

"My, poor, dear boy! You are doing your best I know you are."
"Yes, you think so; you feel so; I'm sure of your sympathy, but you see, Tom wants me to be making money He begrudges me the food I eat, and get along without work. He never said so before, but I have seen it of

"My dear boy! try not to mind it!" said the widow distressfully. "I have tried; laughed at his hints, and swallowed my chagrin. But I can't do it any longer, my self-respect is hurt. All is, I must throw up my place with Lawyer Bates, and go out to Oregon, and buckle down to hard work."

"Dick, I never will consent to it!" said his mother, growing pale. "You, with your delicate constitution, to go away so far from home,-from me,when you have always needed to be watched over and cared for! Try not to mind Tom!"

"I havedone so, mother, but I can't pretend to try any longer. Tom wants to be married-to the silliest girl in the family, too, because she has a pretty face and dresses so stylishly. I suppose he's not to blame; he's twentyfive years old, and doing a fair busithing. I might as well say yes. there's a chance to make money. It's

a new place, you know." The conference closed, and Dick went to his office, leaving his mother almost broken-hearted. It was such a change from the tender care of her husband, to dependence upon the strong, self-willed man whose word had begun to be law. And it was embar-For he called the home his, her own money years before, and fur-nished it herself. But now she was left so impoverished that she had no means to pay the taxes, and her health

If Tom would only wait! But no Tom believed that Dick was lazy; that be no more exempt from hard work than himself. And he had just had such a splendid situation of-lered for him, that it angered him be-yond measure when Dick declined, "gentleman Dick," as he sneeringly called him. Besides, he did wish to marry, but would not while he fancied Dick an incumbrance

That night the brothers met fore few moments; the mother was not in "Have you written your friend in

Oregon?" asked Dick, and something in his handsome, intellectual face re-buked his elder brother as he an-

ly, turned on his heel and left the

"Come to his senses at last," said Tom, reflectively, yet with certain un easy twinges, as he remembered the most unnatural brilliancy of the dark pathetic eyes, so like his father's "Pshaw! it will do the fellow good to knock round the world a little. He has been tied quite too long to his mother's apron-strings. And-as to ready. He will thank me before the year is out, and mother, too."

Dick broached the idea to his friend

Lawyer Bates, who tried all in his power to dissuade him.

"You've the making of an excellent lawyer in you," he said, "and you are getting along wonderfully. If you will go off so far, why don't you wait till you get your diploma? That's the business you were made for."

But all the talk did no good, and inwardly calling him a fool, the man turned to the papers before him How could Dick tell him that he was an unwelcome guest in his mother's house?

"Die in a year," the lawyer muttered afterwards, when somebody spoke to him about it. "The boy isn't made for hard work, and he'll find it out."

The year passed. Tom had been six months married, and had brought his pretty, helpless bride to his home, hired extraservants, and seemed as happy as a lord. He did not notice the increasing pallor of his mother's face, the heart-broken look that told how she missed thoughtless, warm-hearted, lovmissed thoughtless, warm-hearted, lov-

ing Dick.

He had always made such a pet of his little, gentle mother, and now she felt as if she were almost for gotten. Her son and his wife were kind to her-but oh, she wanted the clasp of loving arms about her neck, and the kiss of a son, sometimes. Her only solace was the reception of the letters that came at first every week—but of late there had been great ward parents, of kindness toward all week-but of late there had been grea gaps between. He laughed in his letters, but sobbed as he folded them;

she never should know-never! He had enjoyed the novelty of the trip, and the new associations among which he was thrown, for a time. The work which he was expected to do was entirely beyond his strength, and the persons with whom he was thrown in contact were rough and uncultivated. He had been accustomed to delicate and nourisning food; that which he tried to eat was coarse, badly prepar ed and unholesome. Day after day he labored from early morn till late at night, leaving for his place of lodgment so exhausted that the best meal would have been distastful. As the weak-ness increased, he fought bravely against it, and yet the longing for home—the almost agonized desire to look upon his mother's face once more

-added to his physical sufferings.
"That boy looks like a ghost," said

some one, to his employer.
"Yes; not fit for the business," was his reply, "but the poor fellow is try-ing very hard."
"O mother! mother! I am coming

home. I must come home," he wrote, at the conclusion of the year.
"I thought so," said practical Tom, with a clouded brow, when his mother read him the letter, her voice trembling. "You made a baby of him for all time -he'll never be a man!"

Little he thought how prophetic were his words! The next letter said,-"Expect me by the third of next month at latest." The next-written

in a strange hand,-"DEAR MADAM, -I amsorry to write you bad news. Yourson was getting ready to start for home, when he broke for the work, and I told him so, months ago, but he would not give up. There was good metal in him-but-I think he mourned too much for his home and his mother. Just before he died, he said, 'If I could only see my mother for one moment, I could die happy!'"

Why need we follow the letter? Tom broke down, for once, when the news forced itself upon him. The mother went rapidly to the grave, and to this day there is a look in Tom's face, which neither care nor bodily suffering put there—only consciousness that having been his brother's keeper, he failed in both duty and affection, and for the rest of his life must pay the penalty.

The Course of True Love.

From the Heraldsburg (Cal.) Enterprise. It was one day last week, and in the city of Cloverdale, that a wedding had been given out to take place; all the necessary preparations had been made lo and behold! it was discovered that the license had been issued by the Clerk of Mendocino county, in place of Soof Healdsburg's ministers had been enperform the ceremony, and it can be better imagined than described the consternation that was produced when the divine informed the contracting parties that a marriage license issued in Ukiah was not just the proper authority to perform the marriage ceremony in Cloverdale, as that burg hap-pened to be in another county. At this time the dinner was almost on the table, and many of the guests were standing on their tiptoe of ex-citement, and what was to be done was on the tongue of every one. thoughtful minister informed them Mendocino county line, and when that point was passed the existing document would assume legal authority. As soon as these words had fallen from the minister's has a rush for the livery stables commenced, and teams follow ed teams in quick succession until all the guests were on flying wheels in the direction of Mendocino line. When this was crossed and a friendly shade had been found, the party alighted and the happy couple were made one. Then all returned to the place where the tables were loaded with the choics eso dainties of the land. A lasting example was impressed upon the minds of those present that three miles make a wonderful distance when on the "No; I shall write to him to-night." a wonderful distance when wrongside of the county line

AMERICAN GIRLS.

An Eminent Divine Says They Are Not Mere Appendages to Saratoga Trunks. Prof. Swing in Chicago Current.

The girl of to-day, with rare exceptions, is industrious and with a breadth of invention and execution. The ironical and often mean essays on the womlaw-there are too many lawyers al an of the present often picture her as good for little except for accompanying a Saratoga trunk on its wanderings in summer and for filling fashionable engagements in winter. Much of this sarcasm is deserved by the few, but when the millions of girls are thought of as they are ornamenting their mothers' homes in the villages and cities, the honest heart cannot but confess that the word "girl" never meant more than it does to-day. This being, when found in her best estate, can go gracefully from her silk dress and piano to a plain garb and to work among plants, or to the kitchen, or to a mission school class. In the city she can easily walk three miles. Languor has ceased to be fashionable; sleep in the day time not to be endured. The soul is thought to be action, not repose.

All can contradict these words of praise; because all who think a moment can find exceptions in girls who are always just dead with a headache, or as averse as a mummy to any kind greeable that they seem to mar the whole world and make the beautiful characters invisible. In matters of this kind one can only offer opinions. One dare not assert with confidence. At a popular summer resort, where quite a number of these 16-year mortals were met and observed daily, it persons and things, to be industrious, to be full of inquiry and rational talk was not the exception, but the average

of condition. Why should a few girls of marked vanity and of giggling tendencies cast into reproach that multitude whose hearts are as innocent as the June flowers and June birds? of the ruin of character comes in the later years of woman, when the imprudence of late dancing, late suppers and the mental anxiety, and, perhaps, sorrows which come from the vain efforts of the heart to create a paradise of pleasure away from duty, make the cheek fade early and the eye lose its luster in the morning, like sun that goes behind clouds before noon. As for noble girls of 16, the Western continent is full of them. They are in the cities, in the villages, in the farm houses. We meet them on all streets, along all paths in the lone and lovely country. They are ready for all duty and happiness, and constitute to us older and fading hearts the most beautiful and divine scene on earth.

First Confederate Battle Flags.

From Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Rec-

ollections of a Virginia Girl in the First

Year of the War," the following is taken: "Another incident of note, in personal experience during the autumn of '61, was that to two of my cousins of the first three battle flags of the confederacy, directly after congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceding states. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished, dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn -the latter afterward a dashing cavalry leader, but then commanding infantry at Manassas. The ban-ners were received with all the enthusiasm we could have hoped for; were toasted feted, cheered two abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smokestained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Cullpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout—one of the most daring in the army—with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home-something that and the guests had all assembled, when prove to me 'how much they thought of the maker of that flag!' after some hesitation, I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest; A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented noma. It had so happened that one bit of finery left 'within the lines,' a wrap of white and azure brought by gaged and was on the ground ready to Dillon himself, with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of firewood, and, while peddling poultry, had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a letter in its folds, telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the same and sorrows." in the confederacy.'

Allen Thorndyke Rice, the proprie tor of the North American Review, is said to be the fortunate possessor of \$5,000,000-a very comfortable sum to have at one's command. Mr. Rice that it was only three miles to the knows how to use it to his own enjoyment and to the enjoyment of othe He is a young man, not 35, it is said, with olive complexion, dark-brown hair, large hazel eyes, a good straight nose and a well-brushed, close-cut-beard overhung by a long mustache. He dresses quietly, and, while a clothes are all of the handsomest nutterial, he seems to have a fancy for a top coat that is a little worn in the seams, so that his clothes will not have the appearance of having just come from the tailor. Mr. Rice is a very busy man, for besides taking care of his money he looks after the interests of the North American Review, engages contributors, and when he is in New York takes entire charge of the editoral department upon his shoulders.