

THE SEASON'S CATCH.

Farewell to the gay ball entrancing,
Goob-bye to the lancers so fine;
For the present adieu to all dancing,
No more as the belle can I shine.
During Lent.

THE TWO COUNTS.

Scene: A watering place on Grapnel Beach. The lights from the great "Governor House" stream down into the water that comes swelling up, swelling up with a short, musical rhythm. All back of the white-capped waves that are rolling in is one dark gleam; but the moon lifts her silver horn—a white line streaks the water—the brilliant galaxy of stars—hold! I should speak of other stars—the living beauties at the "Governor House" on Grapnel Beach.

"Hallet, did you see those two foreign fellows seated on the bench by one of the lower doors, this evening?" asked John Gordon.
"I think I take," cried Hallet, with a hearty laugh. "I'll put an X in, and a V on that, for the sake of that fun."
"Come on, then; we shall find them somewhere!"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree,
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With laughter loud and high.
" 'In and out through the motley rout' "
Pale ghosts stole on unseen,
Their hearts were longing for one sweet word

well as the rest. But let it be remarked, en passant, that Lettie and Minnie were types of more than two-thirds of the fashionable belles at Grapnel, and that the pretended counts were perhaps more sensible, and certainly more honest, than the fops who laughed at them.
POSTAL TELEGRAPH.
The Report by the Senate Sub-Committee.
Washington Telegram.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

Lincoln Journal.
The year just closing has been a very busy one in our educational work. On all sides there has been activity such as we have never before had. People are looking toward Nebraska with a new interest since the developments of the last census. They are asking how is it possible for one of the youngest of the states, situated in the great American desert, subject to visitation of the consuming grasshopper, swept constantly by terrific gales, the home of the tornado and cyclone, overrun by fierce Sioux and Bloody Pawnee, and whose only resource was countless herds of buffalo, to suddenly take rank as the state which has the lowest percentage of illiteracy.

There sat a queen by a cottage bed,
Spoke to the widow there;
Did she not know the same hard blow
The peasant had to bear?
And she kissed that humble peasant's brow,
And then she bent her knee;
"God of the widow, help her now,
As thou hast helped me."
" 'Now God be thanked,' " said the old, old crow,
As he sped from his lofty bow,
" 'The times are ill, but there is much good still
In the way of the world, I trow.' "
—[F. E. Wetherly.]

INFLATION OF CURRENCY.

Philadelphia Press.
In his later years General Scott was very irascible. A great many people knew that, but very few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was still at the head of the army, with his office on Seventeenth street, just opposite the war department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, came in hand. A volunteer orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a war department bureau, which he had been directed to deliver to Gen. Scott at once. The orderly, reckoning nothing of adjutant generals and chiefs of staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began: "Oh, general, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—" For a moment the proud commander-in-chief seemed petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the general got into his carriage and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office, and walked slowly out. Gen. Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached. Gen. Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. "Well, sir," said the general, "report to your colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to Gen. Scott as an officer, and that Gen. Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. Gen. Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir."

charming little girl to the general's office with the autograph album. The orderly told her that she could not see the busy general. She would wait, she said. At the end of half an hour the orderly took her request to the adjutant. The latter admitted her, but told her she could not possibly see the general. She said she must. At last the adjutant [showed her the door leading to General Scott's office, and told her she could go in if she dared. Taking him at his word she marched right in. This is her description of the call given at the time: "I was afraid at first when he looked up; but as soon as he saw it was only me he said right pleasantly, 'Well, little girl, what do you want?' and I told him my ma wanted him to write his name in her book; and he looked sharp at me and then smiled a little bit, and shook hands with me and asked me who my ma was, and I told him, and I told him my pa was in the army, and my ma was all alone with me, and then he just kissed my cheek and wrote in ma's book and said 'good morning' to me, and I came out, and nobody didn't hurt me at all." This is what he wrote: "Treason is the greatest crime—Winfield Scott."

KENTUCKY'S SIZE.

Washington Hatchet.
There is a new waiter in the House restaurant, and the other day when Representative Blackburn went down to get his lunch the waiter brought him the bottle and a regulation whisky glass. Mr. Blackburn glared at the waiter and then at the glass, and finally blurted out: "Don't you know who I am?" "No sir," replied the waiter. "I am a senator-elect from Kentucky," replied the Hon. Joe. "From Kentucky!" ejaculated the waiter. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir." And he quickly brought the Kentuckian a big goblet.

Spain's girdles of embroidered velvet are exceedingly stylish.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

Henry Ward Beecher.
We see a household brought up well. A mother who took alone the burden of life when her husband laid it down, without much property, out of her penury, by her planning and industry, night and day, by her fullness of love, by her fidelity, bring up her children; and life has six men, all of whom are like pillars in the temple of God. And O, do not read to me of the campaigns of Caesar; tell me nothing about Napoleon's wonderful exploits; I tell you that, as God and angels look down upon the silent history of that woman's administration, and upon those men-building processes which went on in her heart and mind through a score of years, nothing external, no outward development of kingdoms, no empire building, can compare with what she done. Nothing can compare in beauty, and wonder, and admirableness, and divinity itself, to the silent work in obscure dwellings of faithful women bringing their children to honor and virtue and piety. I tell you, the inside is larger than the outside. The loom is more than the fabric. The thinker is more than the thought. The builder is more than the building.