Should seas forget to follow where The moon's full charm rounds white and bar It matters not-I only know that where thou art Still turns to thee this throbbing heart-

Unchanged, and changeless, still to thee, From time and through eternity. I only ask-That, when some day its pulse you miss,

Upon my dead face leave your kiss.
—Margarer White.

SNOWED IX.

Ada Carleton Stoddard in Harper's Young Peo-

One cloudy winter morning, not less than twenty years ago, there was an unusual commotion about a certain little old house standing far up on the St. John River.

Within, Mrs. Grace sat before the great fireplace in the fore-room, so bundled up in shawls and blankets and hoods that she could scarcely stir. In a warm corner of the hearth lay three or four hot bricks well wrapped in newspapers, and two home-made robes were hanging across a chair to warm -everything indicating preparations for a long journey. Without, Mr. Grace was hitching the old red mare into the thills of the still older red pung, that looked as if it might have come over in the Mavflower. His round, good-natured face wore troubled expression, and he jerked at old Dolly's bit once or twice in an ungentle way which wasn't like himself.

The small part of Mrs. Grace's face that was visible among the folds of her home-knit hood showed the same look of anxiety, and her voice trembled a good deal when she spoke to the children, and gave Charly her last directions. There were four of the children-Dean and Emmy, and Joe and Charly-though Charly was not one of the Grace children. Mrs. Grace had taken her, a wee lame mite, when there was no one else to take her, and she often declared she couldn't and didn't love one of her own little ones better than she could and did love Charly. Emma and Dean and Joe were round, rosy pane, prophesied a storm. little ladies, of 3 and 5 and 7 years, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. Charly was 11, and she was neither round nor rosy. Her face was thin, and her eyes were big and shadowy. And tiny crutches always by her chair. "I couldn't think of going," said Mrs. Grace, "if Charly wasn't the

It was a hard question to answer, indeed, for the night before had come a letter to Mrs. Grace from her sister in a distant town saying that her mother | fall. the children's dear old grandmammawas very, very ill. "Come at once," the letter read; and it was a week old miles above them, but was yet their nearest neighbor in the sparsely settled region, brought it from the postoffice five miles below. It was little to be wondered at that the tears filled poor Mrs. Grace's eyes, that her lips quivered, and her voice shook.

is. I never was so worried in my

life. But what am I to do?"

"I couldn't do it if it was not for trusting in Charly so," she repeated time and again, in tones that brought a glow to Charly's thin little face. "I know you'll take good care of them, dear. There's bread enough baked, and I've left the jar of doughnuts in the

"Oh, good again!" cried Joe. "Can't we have all we want? Won't it be fun, Charly ?"

"You must have what Charly gives what Charly says. I've locked the pantry door so you can't bother her by running in and out. Now-" She looked at Charly as the outer door opened. "I'll do just the best I can," said Charly, bravely.

"I know you will dear. Be good children, all of you."

"There's wood enough piled up in the entry to last you," said Mr. Grace, a little huskily. "We shall be back come?" day after to-morrow night, sure. All later old Dolly was jogging at her best It was thirty long miles to Dunbar

"I wish they were home again," said "They will be before you know it,"

laughed Charly. "Now I'll tell you a

story." around Charly's chair before the open and Joe. fire while she told them the wonderful tale of the "Three Tiny Pigs," and from first to last they listened breathlessly, though they had heard the same story many times before, no doubt. Charly had a wonderful gift for telling stories,

Mrs. Grace often declared. And Charly had a gift for something besides story tilling. When her stories came to an end she smiled.

"Bring me my box, will you, Joey, please?" Charly asked. Her poor little limbs were so weak and misshapen that it was with difficulty she could move about, even with the aid of her

Joe obeyed, climbing up on the wide four-posted bed in the corner, and taking from a shelf above it a square wood- she asked. en box with a sliding cover. Dean and Emmy knew what was coming then.

"Dive me the kitty," pleaded Emmy. ing on his cheeks. "And me the mouses," said Dean.

of 'em, won't you, Charly?" and pulled off the cover. Shall I tell breath in through every chink! you what were there? The daintiest "I'm s'eepy," murmured Emmy,

untaught fingers, but if you had seen them I am sure you could not have they are!"

They were exceedingly true to life, shake. too. There was the old house cat, which Emmy instantly appropriated—why, you could almost hear her drowsy purr | the-box, Joey." and there were Dean's "mooses, with their delicate branching horns, and a pair of rabbits eating clover, and cunning, creeping baby, and there was old Dolly herself, standing with droop-

ing head and lopped ears-lazy Dolly. "I'd know her anywhere," laughed Charly laughed too, and fingered her treasures lovingly. Her cheeks

glowed and her eyes were starry. "Do you think they're nice?" she asked-"as nice as some they have at the stores at Christmas time, Joey?"

pressive of great wisdom and experience-a whole heap nicer." "Well," pursued Charly, "I'm going

to make all I can, and when I get enough I'll send them to sell. Mrs. Ringgold said they ought to be half a dollar "O-oh!" cried Joe, quite taken aback

w this prospect of unbounded wealth. What'll you do with so much?"

"I know," put in Dean. "You'll get cured, won't you, Charly?" The quick tears sprang to Charly's dark eyes. "I will, if I can," said she, and she pulled Emmy to her, and hid her face in the baby's yellow curls. "Maybe I can't."

"Mr. Perks said you could if you could go to see Dr. Lester. He can cure every-

"But it'll cost a great lot of money-

maybe \$100," said Charly. "I'd have to to make 200 of these, Joey." "Well, you ain't going to wait that long," declared Joe stoutly. "Father | pulses beating in a lively way. says just as soon's this old farm pays

anything, he's going to take you to Fredericton to see Dr. Lester. Maybe 'twill pay next summer; we're going to have a cow then. And we haven't been here long enough yet, you know." "That'll be real nice," said she.

Now, after dinner I'll cut out something more." "I think it's real fun." said Joe. But

Well that day passed, and the next, and all the time the sun did not show his face. The clouds hung heavy and black and dark came early, and weatherwise

Joe, with his nose against the window-"I hope 'twon't come, though till father and mother are home," said he. awoke next morning the snow was fal- over to the bed and get in with Emmy ling fast and steadily in large flakes. It and Dean and Joe. But she did not had grown very much colder, tco, in stir. Charly was lame; there was a pair of the night. Poor little Joe's teeth chat-

wise, patient little mother I know she came up with the sun; it whistled and forced himself through the snowbank at house to creaking dolefully.

"I don't believe they'll come tonight," said Joe, when dark began to

"Won't they, Charly?" "Oh, Charly, won't 'em?"

"Do you s'pose a wolf chased father when Mr. Ringgold, who lived too an' mother?" asked Joe, with a dismal ling wood of one of the chairs, and in quaver, breaking in upon the narrative another one or two a brisk fire was of the "Tiny Pig." "A wolf couldn't catch our Dolly,"

> said Dean, quickly. -and big. Charly laughted. For the world she

would not have acknowledged that such a possibility had occurred to her own her in a bewildered way.

"It's the storm that keeps them," she said, cheerily. "It's a dreadful storm, you know. They'll be here to-morrow -I know they will."

But to-morrow came and went-a all right, my dear." long, dreary, freezing day, and the fifth morning dawned. How bitterly cold it was, and how the wind what Mrs. Grace said and did when she house! The storm had ceased, but of this | come news that grandmamma was betyou, "said Mrs. Grace, "and attend to the children could not be sure, since the ter, and heard what Mr. Grace had alwindows were banked with snow, and ready heard from Joe and Emmy and when Joe tried to open the outer door Dean; how the story was told througha white wall repelled him. Their store out the settlement over and over, and of provisions, too, was nearly exhausted, how Charly was praised on all sides; and that seemed worse than all the rest, nor how the people of Grand Fork, his arms full of wood and his eyes full up a fair for Charly's benefit, which

of tears. "That's every bit there is," he quavered. "Oh, Charly, why don't father

"He will," said Charly, with a brave, ready, wife." And a few moments bright smile, though her heart was like lead. "Now, we'll be real saving of by limping a very little. When pace down the snowy level of the river. | this wood and only put on one stick at a time."

Oh, how cold the room grew-colder and colder, while time dragged on, and those last sticks were burning slowly added to the little roll of bills and put it away. They ate their last bits of in the bank-for Charly. bread then, and because Charly said she could not eat, there was So the three little ones cuddled a very little more for Emmy and Dean must study art."

> But Joe, though he looked wistfully at the frozen morsels, was struck with a tears; "I didn't do anything." sudden recollection. "You didn' eat any breakfast, Charly, nor any last return, kissing the glad little facenight, because your head ached. Ain't you hungry?"

"Never mind," said Charly, cheerily. 'T'll eat enough when they come home." The bread disappeared then to the

last crumb. "I'm awful hungry yet," said Joe. "So am 1," echoed Dean with a piti-

ful pucker, "and I'm awful cold." Charly hugged Emmy tighter and looked around. There were the chairs-stout oaken

"Never mind," said Charly again. "They're deers, goosey, said Joe, with a little scornful sniff. "Let me see all dled together over the dying fire. How cold it was! and how the wind rocked bed his head in a dazed sort of fashion, Charly smiled in the brighest way, the old house and blew its freezing and wondered if he really had express-

drowsily. Charly looked at her in sudlittle images under the sun, carved all den terror. She had been sobbing with in wood, and the largest one scarcely | cold and hunger, and now her baby four inches high. It is true they were face looked pinched and her hands drooped heavy against Charly's armand Emmy never went to sleep at this helped exclaiming with Joe and Dean time in the day. A dull red coal winkand Emmy, "Oh, Charly, how pretty ed among the ashes. Charly saw it and straightened Emmy up with a little

"We will have a funny fire," said she, with a catch in her voice. "Bring

"Oh, Charly, no!" "Yes," said Charly. "I can make

plenty more. Wake up, Emmy." And in a minute Emmy was wide awake enough to see a tiny bright blaze upon the hearth. They burned the box first and then the pretty carvings one by one. All too soon they were gone, and there only remained only a

"I'm just as cold," whimpered Dean. I'm sleepy, too, Charly.'

"Well, you shall go to sleep," said Charly; "and when you wake up I know "Nicer," returned Joe, in a tone ex- they'll be here. But we'll have some nice fun first. Who wants a doughnut?" "Oh, Charly Grace, you haven't got

"Yes I have," returned Charly with a triumphant little laugh. "I saved these out of mine." She stood Emmy on the hearth and hobbled as briskly as could be across the floor, placing two chairs, one at each end of the room. "Now you run a race around those two chairs till I say it's enough, and I'll give you

one apiece. Run just as fast as you can." At first the children demurred, they were so cramped and tired and drowsy; but the sight of three brown, delicious looking cakes which Charly produced from her pockets nerved them to action. Around and around the chairs they ran, Joe ahead Emmy in the rear, breathing out little clouds of steam. And Charly laughed and clapped her hands and cheered them on, until at last they stopped from sheer fatigue, puffing like three small locomotives, and with their

Charly hobbled over to the bed. "Get in, all of you," she said; "then I'll give you your cakes. I know they'll be here when you wake up."

She tucked them in warmly, and then she went back to her chair. She put the end of her crutches upon two or three live coals and blew them into a tiny blaze. Pretty soon, when she had warmed herself a Charly only shook her head and smiled little, she would creep in beside Emmy. She listened to the deep regular breathing from the bed.

"They are going to sleep," she murmured. "I've done the best I couldthe best I could."

The words echoed from the walls of the cold little room, and rang themselves over and over in her brain. How warm the place was growing and how It did, however. When the children dark. She thought she would crawl

She sat there a still, a white little figtered spitefully even after he had raked | ure, with a pair of half-burned crutches open the bed of coals in the fireplace at her feet, when less than an hour latand built a roaring fire. The wind er a man with frosty beard and hair raved along the bleak river shore in a the door. It was Mr. Grace, alone, for way that set the timbers of the old the storm had rendered the roads impassable, and he had tramped the whole distance from Dunbar Corner upon snowshoes. It was a long, wearying walk, no doubt, and he had been about it two days. But when he opened the door of his home he forgot it all. In less than a minute he had made kindroaring on the hearth, and Mr. Grace, in terrible fear, was rubbing Charly's "She's too smart hands and forcing some brandy from the little flask he carried down her throat. She opened her eyes presently, and looked up into the kind face above

"Emmy—Dean —Joe—are—" "All right-all right!" yelled Mr. Grace, nearly beside himself with delight; and then he went down upon his knees before Charly and cried, "We're

And so, indeed they were. I haven't space to tell you all that happenedwhistled through and through the came, a few days later, with the weluntil Joe came in from the entry with the little village five miles below, got gave her enough to take her to Dr. Lester that very next spring. And though Dr. Lester could not entirely cure her, the weak little limbs grew so much stronger and better that she was able to walk without crutches, Dr. Lester, too, came to hear who Charly was, for the story of the winter's day had already reached his ears, he refused to take his fee, but, instead,

"She will want to go to school in a little while," said he. "I think she

"Why, what makes every one so good to me?" asked Charly with happy "Didn't you?" asked Mrs. Grace, in

'didn't you?" A Husband's Quandary.

From the Rockland Courier-Gazette, "A scientific Frenchman says he has discovered a process for making artificiat brains," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper she was reading. "Artificial brains!" sniffed Mr. Wigglesworth, scornfully; that's just like those nonsensical Frenchmen, "Can't you break up a chair, Joey?" always fooling away their time making something artificial. What I want is But he couldn't though he tried man- real brains -none of your make-believe fully-poor little Joe-with tears stand- nonsense." Mrs. Wigglesworth, as she resumed her paper, demurely murmured that she had noticed it, too, but she never should have dared to speak of it berself. And Mr. Wigglesworth rubed himself just as he meant to.

MY SISTER SUSETTA.

"I am going, Addie, so it is useless the work of a single awkward tool in blue with cold. But the golden head to argue the point," my sister says, as she stands on tiptoe to pluck a rose that is almost out of her reach, her loose sleeve falling back from her beautifully molded arm with its dimpled

Susetta is so pretty that everybody falls in love with her-men, women and children; but she has her faults - who has not?-and her obstinacy makes me sigh.

She is affianced to one of the best young men that ever drew breath; but they quarrel so often that I frequently wonder if their engagement will ever end in marriage.

Trevor Chudleigh is awfully fond of her; but she does lead him such a Now, if I only had a lover like Trevor,

how differently I would behave. Alas I am not a beauty and although "handsome is as handsome does" is a very good saying young men, as a rule, prefer pretty faces to plain ones. Trevor is away, worse luck! and be-

fore he went begged Susetta not to attend those awful races. It wasn't much to ask, I think; but Susetta says he is a tyrant, and if she dosen't get some enjoyment out of life before she is married, she never will afterward.

She is going with those Fieldwicks, too, and Trevor always says Mrs. Fieldwick is fast.

She certainly does paint and powder openly, as indifferent to criticism on that point as Lady Morgan; but she's an amiable woman for all that. Still, if I were Susetta, I should not seek her society, knowing Trevor's dislike to her But poor Susetta is so fond of pleas-

ure. It is a perfect mania with her. She always wants to be amusing herself, and hates quiet as much as I love it. I often wonder how Trevor and Susetta will get on if they ever do marry, for he is so grave and studious and she so giddy and flighty.

He said to me one day—how well I remember his words:

"Addie, I wish your sister resembled you in your fondness for home. She always wants to be gadding about. I never knew such a restless creature in

"You must bear with her," I answered. "She is so young and pretty, Trevor, and we have made such a pet of her. She does not know what it is to be denied anything she wants."

"I know you always stand up for her." he observed with a smile; "you are a good girl, Addie." This was before he went away to Lon-

don on business. He has been gone

about a week, and Susetta has had a letter from him every morning. Happy Susetta! What more can she want since she has his love? It would not be much of a sacrifice to stay away from Susetta looks levely in the blue dress, coquettish hat and blue veil, and it

isn't likely, she tells me, that she is going to stick at home while other people are enjoying themselves. "If old Trevor"—he is eight-andtwenty—"doesn't like it he can do the other thing," she says, with a laugh.

"Why don't you marry him yourself, you little prude?" "Because he never asked me," is my quiet reply; "but if a good man loved

me, I would never trifle with his feelings, Susetta." "You are perfection, and I am not,"

says my pretty sister. "Good-by, Ad-And she hurries out of the house, for a smart four-in-hand has just drawn up at the door, and going to the window I watch Susetta as she is helped up to the top and takes her place beside Mrs.

Fieldwick, whose red and white is laid on extra thick, I fancy, to-day. Then I sit down on the sofa and cry a little for Trevor, but more for myself. Oh, if he had loved me, how eagerly I would have obeyed his slightest wish! fense, and I answer, gently: But he does not love me-so what is the use in indulging in such thoughts?

They are foolish and wrong. Mother and our one servant are not very observant, but the fear that they may notice that I have been weeping makes me dry my eyes; but not before I have made myself uglier than ever. Perfection, Susetta called me. Yes I am a perfect fright.

I look at myself in the mirror. What do I see? A small pale face, light eyes, and sandy hair. An entrancing

Alma Tadema says a woman with a beautiful figure seldom has a beautiful face, and my figure is undeniably good. Susetta has often told me so for my consolation, when I have admired her pretty features.

There is a double knock at our front door, and our servant being busy, I

"A telegram, miss," says the boy who stands there. It is for Susetta, and I open it without hesitation, for Susetta and I have no secrets from each other.

To my dismay, it is from Trevor, to say that he will be with Susetta that afternoon. Of course she will not be here to receive him. What will he

I tell mother the news, and she says, calmly: "My dear, it is no business of ours; Susetta must manage her own affairs. She would go to the races, and your sister and Trever must settle the matter

between them." Mother is a little vexed with Susetta, for Trevor is a very good man, and she might have stopped at home for once just to please him. "If she had only known he was com-

ing back to-day," I say, regretfully, "she would not have gone in that case, and all would have been well." "Don't you bother your dear little

mother, kissing me. "You'll have enough to do if you trouble yourself about her. There never was such an obstinate,

self-willed girl." "But she loves Trevor," I say, earn-

estly. "I doubt it," returns mother, shaking her head. "If she cared for him she would be ready to make a greater sacrifice than stopping away from the races

for his sake." "But she is so pretty, mother, and so fond of pleasure.

"All the worse for Trevor." retorts mother, who is deeply vexed. "But since you are so stanch in her defense, I'll leave you to make excuses for her. 'Iy head aches, and I am going to lie down."

"But, oh, mother! what can I say to him?" I ery in dismay.

"Just what you please," returns mother. "If I were to see him, I should tell him what I think of Susetta's behavior, and you would object to that, I know.'

"Oh, mother! don't be hard on our petted darling," I say, and mother's face relaxes, and I see a smile lurking at the corners of her mouth; but she won't wait to see Trevor, neverthe-

He will look so bright and eager when he comes into the room, and I shall see such blank disappointment on his face as he looks in vain for Susetta -Susetta, who is enjoying herself at the races in company with those objectionable Fieldwicks.

I go to the piano, but rise from the music stool in a very few minutes, and take up a book, then, throwing it down, begin to walk restlessly to and fro, for I can settle to nothing.

Presently I hear Trevor knocking at the hall door. I know his rat-tat-tat so well, and an instant later he is in the room asking eagerly for Susetta.

"Was she not pleased to get my telegram?" he continues.

"She was far from home when it came," I say, trying to appear at my ease, "so I opened it."

"Quite right, sister Addie," returns Trevor, looking a little disappointed, but still speaking cheerfully. "But where is Susetta?'

"She is spending the day with some friends," I answered, with a foolish desire to put off telling the truth as long as possible.

Trevor's handsome face darkens, and his eyes flash ominously, as he says: "Adeline, she has never gone to the races?-she would not do that after

what I have said. But you don't answer me. She has gone, then?" put out, and makes no attempt to hide it from me.

"And I shortened my stay in London, and hurried back for this," he says, bitterly, coming to a standstill before my chair. "Addie I am beginning to wonder whether Susetta is worthy of all the love I have lavished upon her."

"Nonsense, Trevor," I say quickly. "You must not speak like that of my sister. She is foolish, I know; but there is not a better girl in the whole world."

He gives me a quick glance as I finish speaking, and sighs impatiently. "I know one thing," he says, after a pause; "she could not have had a better sister. Why is it you always take her part, Addie? Have you no sympathy

for me?" He puts his hand on my shoulder as he speaks, never dreaming how that light touch thrills me, and how hard it is to steady my voice, as I reply: "I sympathize with you both. Ah! if

for your motto!" "Have I not borne enough already?" demands Trevor, with another sigh. "Addie!" he cries, suddenly, and the blood rushes to his face, "she has not gone with the Fieldwicks. She has!

Then, by Heaven! I will never forgive "Hush, Trever!" I say, soothingly. "You will be sorry for talking like this when your anger is over. After all, she has not done anything desperately

wrong." "Would you have done it, Addie?" . I hesitate for a moment, scarcely knowing what reply to make; but I must say something in my sister's de-

"You forget how different we are, Susetta and I. She is so fond of pleasure, and I have ever been a home bird. "What a fortunate man your husband will be!" says Trevor. "You are the woman to make a man's home happy,

and fill his life with sunshine." "But men love beauty," I say, with a faint smile. "Then men are fools," exclaims Trevor, forgetting that his remark is

scarcely complimentary, and he, at any rate, has not been proof against the fascination of a pretty face. "I mean," he added, quickly, "That a man who is wise will seek a wife who is good, as well as beautiful."

"The man who is wise will not marry at all," I observe, laughingly. "He that takes a wife takes trouble and But Trevor is not in the humor to

laugh at anything. He hates the idea of Susetta associating with the Fieldwicks, and is deeply wounded that she should have gone to the races, in defiance of his wishes. Trevor and I are in the garden when the four-in-hand dashes up to the gate,

and I notice with horror that Mr. Fieldwick shows evident signs of having had too much champagne. He wears a false nose, and presents a wholly comical appearance. At any other time I should find it impossible not

to laugh, but now I can feel nothing but man with light hair, and stands at the of the latter class there are those who gate as the coach bowls along the road. earn as high as \$8,000 and 10,000. She has not seen Trevor yet. When she does, her cheeks lose a little of their rich bloom, and a half-frightened, half-

"You here, Trevor," she says, holding out her hand. "You did not expect to see me," he

defiant look comes into her eyes.

observes, coldly. "If I had, I should have stopped at the docket clerk is a woman.

head over Susetta's affairs," returns home," she snswers, and then I slip in-

doors and leave them alone. Presently Susetta joins me, but without Trevor. - They had quarreled, it seemed, and parted in anger.

"Susetta," I say, entreatingly, "you have not sent him away?"

"He has gone, my dear," she answers, and begins to sing, but I fancy her voice trembles a little. "Oh, Susetta," I say, "pray, think of what you are doing! He loves you so!"

"He says he never wants to see my face again," she answers, and then continues her song. It is growing dark, but I fancy I can

see a figure lingering near the gate. Can it be Trevor? "Susetta," I say, "do you know Trevor is going to leave England?"

It is an awful fib, for he had never said so; but it is what I imagine he will do if his estrangement with Susetta continues, and I cannot bear to see these two people, who love each other, spoiling their lives from sheer obstinacy and ill-temper. I love them so dearly that I would fain see them happy.

"Going to leave England because I went to the races, I suppose you mean," says Susetta. "Well, let him go-I don't care!"

"If you don't care, why are you crymg?" I ask, hoping she is crying; for I am not sure of it, and the assertion is only a bold venture on my part.

"I am not crying," returns my sister, in a choking voice. "If Trevor loves me so little that he can leave me forever because I committed an act of folly, he isn't worth crying about. Perhaps if he had known how my conscience had pricked me all day, and how I had resolved never to go out with those horrid people again, he wouldn't have been so hard on me."

"It is too late now," I say, watching Trevor's shadow. "After all, dear, he was too exacting, you'll find some one more kind and considerate, and learn "Never!" replies my sister, indignantly. "If you had ever been in love, you

would know that such a thing is impossible. You have no feeling, Adeline." "Darling!" this expression does not come from me, but from Trevor, who, leaping through the window, clasps Susetta in his arms. I am about to retire from the room, when Trevor, still

holding my sister in his embrace, takes my hand and lifts it to his lips. 'Addie," he says, "I shail never forget the service you have done me."

"Was it a plot between you?" asks Susetta, struggling to free herself. Trevor stoutly denies this, and so do I, and Susetta appears satisfied. But in her own mind I fancy she still has I am still silent, and Trevor begins to her doubts. I know one thing, she is pace up and down the room in a state always very grateful to me for what I of the greatest agitation. He is terribly | did that night. If she new all, per-

First Confederate Impression of

haps she would be more grateful still.

Memphis Avalanche.—Our first impression of the great general and great emoker was, as a prisoner, after making the forced march Grant's advanced corps made to get around Lee's army. The imperturbable face, firm sit of sad dle, square jaw, massive lower face, unlit eigar, as he sat and gazed a moment at daylight, as dispositions were making, made an impression, although it was later of the same day that it was known

that it was Grant. After the surrender, Grant rode by, accompanied by Washburne, of Illinois, and some confederates. To some remark, some gush, we suspect, by a confederate, Washburne replied with some other gush, which just at that gushing moment of defeat, was thought to be a you would only take 'Bear and forbear' very fine sentiment, "I am provd of my

gallant countrymen of both sides." The silent smoker rode without a word, his cigar still unlit, and perhaps the same he had in the morning, still between his teeth. There was an appearance of firmness about the man and about everything about him. The cigar seemed to be fast rooted in the man, the man in his saddle, the saddle to the horse, the horse to the solid earth. We have never forgot the impression of power, or that there was with it an expression of simple good will and kindness, which was as distinctive a trait as firmness without severity. Of the cigar, we had never heard; but it made an impression. Grant is not all Grant with-

Push and Pay in New York.

out it.

In New York, more than elsewhere, a youngster starting on nothing, and on a small salary must push himself along on his merits. He must have industry, application, push, sobriety and a thousand and-one good points, or some one is going to run right over him and leave him hehind. If he lags even while walking in Broadway, some one will tread on his heels. He has to meet the sharpest competition to be found on the continent, no matter what his occupation. If he can push his pay toward the top of his profession, he will command a large sum of money. There are lawyers who make \$25,000 year from their profession, and there are railroad men who command an equal

sum. There are physicians who make much more money and there are many dentists who collect \$20,000. A half score of editors receive \$10,000 or more. and there are several men on the leading newspapers who earn \$100 a week. But in all these vocations the great mass of the workers get very much less money. The managing clerk in a lawyer's office-and he is the man on whom fall the bulk of the routine work gets from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year only. The average physician and dentist makes \$2,500 to \$4,000. Book-keepers average \$1,200 to \$1,500, and salesmen in whole-Susetta is helped down by a young sale houses \$2,500 or \$3,000, although Editorial writers receive \$60 to 80, and the best \$100, a week; managing elitors \$100 to \$150; copy revisers, \$30 to 50, and first-grade reporters the same.

> Four girls are among the pages in the Kansas House of Representatives, and