

IN THE SOUTHLAND.

Afar in the dear old Southland, Where woods and waters meet, Where birds sing soft and sweet...

Afar in the dear old Southland, She waits, my guiding star, Where the fields are white with blossoms...

Afar in the dear old Southland, Down by the summer sea, Love's song she is singing softly...

MISS SPARKLES.

She had the brightest eyes and the sunniest smile to be found within the four seas...

She had occasion enough for the exercise of her brightness, for she was an orphan, with no greater protection than might be found in a couple of fine-hearted brothers...

In the neighborhood where this little story was enacted lived a wealthy man not only, but a great deal older than Miss Sparkles...

And when he asked her, the little girl, bruised and sore and desolate as she was, unprotected, friendless, homeless...

And thus as is often in life her trouble became her wellspring of joy, and her fall was the platform on which she found her prosperity...

Some deaths are mercifully swift, and others are painfully slow and lingering. The moral follows the physical law...

set events generally do hang on little things and tragedies which fill the world's spring from initial circumstances no bigger than a mustard seed...

"How have I deserved this?" said Miss Sparkles, fuming, as was not unnatural. "I have done my duty. Why do you dispossess me?"

"That is my affair," said Mrs. Grahame. "Surely I can do as I like with my own?" Well, the bright-eyed little girl bore this her first snub direct in favor of a rival with as much patience as she could command...

So now, turned out from the soft, warm nest on to the bare and prickly perch, the poor little girl was cast into a space and if she fell to the ground altogether, neither Mrs. Grahame instigated by Anne nor Anne influenced by greed and jealousy and the worst form of nepotism, cared...

And when he asked her, the little girl, bruised and sore and desolate as she was, unprotected, friendless, homeless, turned to him with that grateful and personal liking makes no ill substitute for love and said, "Yes, she loved him well enough to be his good and faithful wife, and she would spend all her strength and energy in making him happy..."

"No," said Miss Sparkles vehemently; and I only wish you had! It would be more satisfactory to know what had displeased you than to be treated with this odd coolness—so unlike your former self!"

"Am I to be taken to task for my manner?" asked Mrs. Grahame, in reply. "Do you hold that to be a very dutiful or respectful thing to do from you to me, Maria?"

A DETERMINED CLIENT.

A Woman Pawned Her Goat to Get Money for Her Lawyer.

"My first case," said a well-known Harison lawyer to a New York Advertiser representative, "was a unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks of one of the fast-disappearing remnants of Shantytown, were fraudulently evicted from their tumbledown cabin by a rascally landlord..."

"One day," she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead."

"She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be more polite to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5."

"Folke dollars," she cried; "divil a cent have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job was month ago, and the last blessed thing thim pawn-brokers 'll take they've got already!"

"I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly. 'Be the powers,' she exclaimed, after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, 'I forgot wan thing! Wait, mister, an 'll be back in an hour.'"

"The daily parade of the elephants of the Court of Jehanghir was a wonderful display. The elephants were bedecked with precious stones, chains of gold and silver, gilt banners and flags."

"Yes," said the man, "yes; it was the same old story. He was a fine-looking young fellow, ambitious to rise in his profession, the soul of honor, and entirely without guile, and she seemed to be gentle, winning and refined, in short, all that a woman should be."

"Not a bit of it," said the narrator; "she accepted him and they were married two or three months afterwards, and have ever since lived a happy, contented, humdrum sort of life."

This recalled one of Sheridan's tales of an Irishman who met a Briton of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island."

FIGHTING A WILDCAT.

A BATTLE WON BY A SKILLFUL STRATEGEM.

That Serves a Weaponless Man When There Was Nothing Else With Which to Defend Himself—A Narrow Escape.

The Lake Charles La., correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat stands sponsor for the following story told by Lou Despard, a sugar planter of that vicinity:

"My plantation had, since the war, been for the most part uncultivated, only the tract lying nearest town having been rented out to small planters, while the acres bordering the river were left to nature, so that when I bought it I had considerable work in clearing it again. I found it overrun with wild beasts—rabbits, deer, swamp foxes, and others of the less offensive sort, and enough wild cats, panthers, and rattlesnakes to make the task of clearing it a lively one."

"But a moment's thought told me it was the voice of an animal I heard, and as it was some distance off, I jogged serenely on, dismissing it from my mind, as it never occurred to me that the scream had reference to me, but in another minute or two I heard it again, and this time considerably nearer me."

"I was in the procession and pageants that elephants made the finest appearance, says St. Nicholas, fitted with magnificent trappings, and marching slowly along, as if conscious of their fine looks. One of the most remarkable shows was that at the wedding of Vizier Ali in 1795. Here 1,200 elephants were in line, all richly costumed. Of these 100 had howdahs or castles covered with silver, while in the center sat the nabob upon a very large elephant, whose howdah was covered with gold, set with jewels."

"The speaker of the house of commons draws a salary of \$5,000 a year while in office, and when he retires he is raised to the peerage, and receives a pension of £4,000. The deputy speaker receives a salary of £2,500."

Without noble desires no man can lead a noble life.

Mr. Kemp Sanderford, sr., aged 83 years, and Mrs. Susannah Nobles, aged 70, lovers half a century ago, were married near Flora, Miss.

Channey Dewey said in the course of his address to the Fellowship Club in Chicago, that after a man has passed 40 years of age he makes no new friends.

"Employer: 'I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man.' Applicant: 'Keep the place open for an hour, sir, and I'll easily fix that.'"

"I was at a loss to know what to do, but that something had to be done was becoming more evident every moment, for I was not only in agony with that beast's needle-like teeth mauling at my arm, but I was also growing faint from the loss of blood."

"Friend of playright: 'Tell me, now, what do you consider your greatest work?' Playwright: 'Getting my play accepted after they are written.'—Boston Transcript.

SLOW BY FIVE FEET.

The Old Farmer Would Have Been All Right but for His Horse.

"Three or four years ago," said the engineer to the Detroit Free Press reporter, "I was running a passenger train up North. Every other night at 8 o'clock we were due at a certain country crossing. One night I just shaved a horse and buggy at the crossing and the man in the buggy seemed to be more than half drunk."

"Look-a-here, ole man, you can't do it! Ye hain't smart 'nuff with yer old snorter to run over me!"

"Well, you want to look out for yourself or you'll certainly get killed."

"It was a queer thing," said the engineer, "The horse and buggy were flung clear over the fence, killing the horse instantly, while the old man went forty feet high and came down on the roof of the fourth car back."

"I was bull-headed and conceited and the very next run he was there again. I spoke to the conductor about it and I believe some of the officials sent the man word that he must stop or they'd have him arrested. He didn't stop, though. He was there on my run as regular as clock work and he always had a fling and a laugh at me. This had been going on for more than a month, when one night, as I was trying to pick up lost time, I caught him right in the center of the track."

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A SYMBOL OF LIBERTY.

Where the Liberty Cap Originated and Why It Was Adopted.

I have often been asked why the "Liberty Cap" is used in American illustrations when it originated and why it was adopted, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. At first I was inclined to give the subject no particular attention, and really never did give it a serious thought until good fortune put a United States cent of 1793 in my hands. In this rare piece the head of Liberty is turned to the left. She has a pole across her left shoulder surmounted by a conical pole, which is intended for a Liberty Cap. Here indeed was an oddity, a subject for immediate investigation. Turning to my "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" (an odd place to look, sure, for a Liberty Cap is neither a phrase nor a fable), I found the following under the head of "Cap of Liberty."

"The Goddess of Liberty in the Aven-tine Mount, was represented as holding in her hand a cap, the symbol of freedom. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap; in England a blue cap with a white border is a symbol of liberty, and Britannia is sometimes represented as holding such a cap on the point of her spear."

Here were some pointers, but no real information as to the organization of the symbol. Delving deeper into "volumes of forgotten lore," I found that the cap was a symbol of liberty and freedom in the time of the Roman Emperors. When the Romans manumitted a slave his head was adorned with a small red cloth cap. As soon as this was done he was known as a libertus, or freedman, and his name was registered among others of the city's "tribes." In the year 263, when Saturninus invaded the capital, he hoisted a cap on the point of his spear, to indicate that all slaves who rallied around this standard should be free. When Marius incited the slaves to take up arms against Sulla, he employed the same symbol, and when Caesar was murdered the conspirators marched forth in a body with a cap elevated on a spear, in token of liberty.

DRUIDICAL RELICS.

The "Wroth" Money of Warwickshire—Its History and Origin.

History books confidently assert that the Druids have long ceased to exist in England. Doubt is thrown on this assertion by a quaint custom held in the stormy dawn of a recent morning around the remnants of a British tumulus which exists at Knightlow in Warwickshire, where the Duke of Buccleuch, as lord of the hundred, exacted payment of certain tributes which date from the misty times of our Druidical ancestors. The duke did not himself appear in the character of a Druid to collect the dues, but was represented by his agent. Payment is made by twenty-eight parishes of the old Hundred of Knightlow, the tax being called "Wroth silver."

What it was instituted for nobody knows, says the London Telegraph, and nobody knows exactly why it was maintained. It only produces about nine shillings, but if any parish neglects to pay the duke has the right to exact from it a white bull with red nose and ears. The representatives of the different parishes must assemble at the tumulus march thrice around a hollow stone, saying, "The wroth money," and deposit the tribute in the cavity, from which the duke's representative gathers it up. A philologist after the school of Dean Swift's "Greek and Latin Derived from English," might explain the meaning of the name by saying the parishes were "wroth" at having to pay it; but this etymology is at once nullified by the fact that the inhabitants of the Hundred who care to get out of bed so early, are entertained in a neighboring hostelry by His Grace at a substantial breakfast, coming to twenty times more than they pay in "wroth money." It is a curious custom, linking the distant past with nineteenth century civilization.

Owned the Earth.

A good story is told of a distinguished American who made a tour of Europe last summer. In Belgium he walked into a shop and called for a cigar. Several were thrown on the counter.

"How much are they worth?" he asked. "Three for a quarter of a dollar," answered the shopkeeper, glibly. "Why, you must take me for an American?"

"Of course I do." "How came you to guess my nationality so easily?" "Because when an Englishman comes in here he asks for a cigar, pays for it without asking any questions, and walks out."

"Well?" "Well, when one of you Americans comes in here, you walk up to the counter, and call for a cigar just as if you owned the whole blessed earth."

The American threw down the money, picked up the cigars, and walked out without a word.—Sat. Evening Post.

Twice Forty.

A teacher was drilling the children in music. "What does it mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or staff?" she asked. "Forty," answered one of the pupils. "And what does the character 'ff' mean?"

There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of them shouted triumphantly: "Eighty."—Tit-Bits.

Getting Handy.

Cabbage—I wonder why they are paving this street? Rubbage—they probably intend to put a sewer down as soon as the paving is done.—Epoch.