

THE DIFFERENCE.

What tho' she be a paragon, By every grace attended? What tho' she be a damsel dowered By heaven with beauty splendid? What tho' she be a prodigy Of purity and patience, And she also a millionaire Unplucked by poor relations? What tho' she be a miracle Of loveliness and learning, The unadorned cynosure To which all eyes are turning? What tho' she be a crowned queen, With ne'er a notch above her, What do I care for all her charms So long as I don't love her? What tho' she be a modest maid, With not a pretty feature? What though she be an awkward, shy And homely little creature? What tho' she have a freckled face? What tho' folks call her stupid, And say she'd be the very last Considerate of Cupid? What though she wear a homespun gown Instead of silk or satin? What tho' she be ignorant of Greek, And know no more of Latin? What tho' forever to the wall Her fairer sisters shove her, She is the flower of all the earth To me, if I but love her!

—Boston Globe.

HOW NELLIE ELOPED.

Peeping through the leaves of a vine-covered arbor, and watching eagerly the path through the woods, was a beautiful young girl. An anxious look was in her deep-blue eyes. Pressing her hands over her heart, as if to stop its heavy beating, she said: "Oh, why does he not come? How long he keeps me waiting. If he had good news, he would come quicker. I have not one bit of hope." The pretty, rosy lips quivered, and the girl stepped back and sank down upon a mossy seat. She had not set long when a sound light as the rustling of the leaves, caught her ear. She sprang up, and for an instant her eyes sparkled with excitement as the slow, heavy step came nearer, bringing in sight a tall-looking man, whose face, if less stern, would have been called handsome. Without speaking, he clasped her in his arms, shaking his head sadly. "I felt it was so, or you would have come sooner," the young girl said, resting her head against his shoulder. "I had very little hope, Nellie, but I went because you wished me to." "What did father say, George?" "The same old story over and over again; that since your childhood he had intended you to be the wife of a friend of his. He said, of course he was quite an old man now, but he would be so much more sensible than some silly young man. Nellie, I know if I was wealthier he would give his consent, and George's dark eyes flashed. "Don't talk so please. I cannot tell why father is so opposed to our marriage, but I will never listen to any other man but you, George. So you may be sure, if papa will not let me marry you, I will have no one else," Nellie said, her eyes full of tears, as she looked up at him. "I have asked your father three times to give his consent during the last year, and each time he seemed more determined to separate us and wreck our happiness. I will never ask him again, and he will never give you to me. Now, what will we do?" "Wait and hope. We can do nothing more," Nellie answered, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Yes, we can! You can come with me and be my little wife." "No, no! I cannot do that. I would not be happy. I should be miserable and make you so." "Then I can say or do nothing more. He will not give you to me, and you will not come. Oh, Nellie, how can you say away? You know you are all the world to me. I am alone in the world; no mother or sisters to love me. Your father has dear ones to comfort him, Nellie, am I to leave you forever?" His large dark eyes were looking into hers, filled with love. How could she resist? "No, no, George; I should die if you leave me, never to see again. Oh, what are you doing? How can I bear it? I love you better than I do my own life; believe me, dear, I do. But father, how can I leave him? He thinks more of me than the other children. I am the eldest and more like mother, he says. Now she is gone, I must stay." "And break your heart and mine, too, Nellie!" "If I thought you would not care very long." "You would give me up, and before many months would fall into your father's way of thinking, and end by marrying the man he wants you to," George said, taking his arms from around her and turning away. "Oh, George, how can you talk so to me, when you know how much I think of you?" "Well, Nellie, it is useless for me to talk longer. I had better say goodbye, and go." "Oh, I cannot let you go. What am I to do?" she said, dropping her head in her hands and sobbing as though her heart would break. "Be my wife, Nellie, before I return to B— and go with me. Your mother likes me. I know if she were here, she would plead for me." "Yes, she liked you, and perhaps in her home above she will pity me and win for me forgiveness from my Heavenly Father, as well as my earthly one, for I can resist no longer," George said, kissing Nellie's forehead on his shoulder, she promised all that he wished. "The last night at home," Nellie said to herself, "to-morrow I must go, to return to home. If father should ever consent to have me back, I could never be again to him what I am now. He would have no faith in me." Very tenderly the little brother and sister were cared for that night, her hand resting on each little head as

they repeated their simple prayer after her. As they rose from their knees to receive the good-night kiss, Nellie, the little sister, said: "Nellie, pray now, please." And Nellie felt that her mother above was pleading through her child. She bowed her head and asked to be shown the better way, and that she might be led in the right path. She then tucked them away in their little beds, and her work was done. "I will go to father to-night and beg him to yield. He must give up," she said, as she went to her room. The evening was very warm, and Nellie thought she would change her dress for a light one. The dark one was laid aside and a white one wrapped her slender form. She brushed the clustering ringlets, and coiled her hair high on the top of her head. "Now I will go down. Father will be alone and no one to disturb me." She stepped outside the door, clasping her hands and whispered: "Mother in heaven, plead for me." Softly she opened the door and peeped into the room. Her father was sitting with his back toward her, leaning his head on a table before him, scattered over with open letters. She stepped back, still standing in the same room. She dared not interrupt him. The rustle of her dress, light as it was, must have caught his ear, for he raised his head. "Mary, my wife!" he said, starting up and moving forward. Nellie stood trembling, afraid to speak. She raised her eyes and saw a form, robed as in life—the same sweet face and golden hair, caught back from the clear, white forehead. "Oh, mother," she whispered. The room was lighted only by the moonbeams, but she could see the vision of her mother very plainly. Nellie stole from the room as noiselessly as she could. She went to her own room again and sat down. Looking up she saw the same vision as a few minutes before. Getting up and walking nearer, she saw herself reflected in a large mirror, dressed as her mother had been accustomed to. "How much I do look like her. Now I know father saw me in the large mirror opposite which I stood. I did not mean to deceive him, heaven knows, I cannot leave him; no, no, I must not. I will give up neither, but trust to God to decide."

With these thoughts in her mind, she sank into a sweet sleep. Early the next morning she was in the dining room as usual, caring for the little ones around her. A gentle, sympathetic light shone in Mr. Ford's eyes as they rested on his daughter. How motherly she looked. She waited upon the children, patiently listening to and answering all their questions. At last they were satisfied. Her father reading his morning papers, she stole away from the house. "I cannot leave him, George; indeed I never can, without his consent. I have tried to make my mind up to it. How can I give up, either, when I love you both so well?" "You have broken your promise to me, Nellie, and trifled with me, too. You will probably never see me again after this morning, if I leave you. Are you determined to stay at home?" "Yes, I must stay; it's my duty. What could father do with two small children?" "Then, good-bye." She raised her face pleadingly to him. "You won't leave me, George, without a kiss or a kind word?" He turned back, and gathering her in his arms, covered her face with kisses. Then, pushing her rudely from him, he started as fast as he could go. "Nellie sprang after him. Forgive me, you think I have been deceiving you, but I haven't. It is almost like death to think of giving you up." "Oh, Nellie," he cried, going back. Thinking he would make one more appeal, he said, "Nellie, won't you come? Can you not trust your happiness in my hands?" "No, no! Go!" He turned away angrily, and Nellie sank sobbing on the grass.

IV. "My child!" She raised her head. Beside her, with a sad face, stood her father. Just back of him, she saw her mother, with a doubtful expression on his features. "George, I'm so glad you have come back," she said, with joy sparkling in her eyes. "Yes, as it has been so long since you saw him last," Mr. Ford said, with an amused smile. "I feared it would be for years, and perhaps forever," Nellie answered, wishing she dared to ask why he had returned. "What did you intend to do, after sending this young man away? Marry the man I have chosen for you?" "No, father, never! I intended to be a dutiful daughter, and not marry against your wishes—that was all only hoping that something might change your mind. It has been my prayer for many long months."

"Your prayers have done their work," he said. "My child, you will marry to suit your father. Here, George, take her. I ought to scold you for trying to coax her away from me. I heard it all this morning. But I forgive you and bless you. Be kind to her and she will make you happy. She has always been a good girl, and I bless you both my children. This is the way Nellie's elopement ended."

A New Hat Iron. An enterprising young electrician in Washington, recently married, who had occasion to spend the evening down town with some friends from New York, was shocked to find, as he was about to go home, that his new silk hat had, in some unexplained manner, become badly rumpled. Shops that "block your hat while you wait" were closed for a moment. Benedict was in distress, but his ingenuity did not fail him. Stepping into a restaurant lighted by electricity he found an incandescent lamp attached to a long flexible conductor, and with this he deftly and quickly ironed out the wrinkles in his battered hat and hastened home to his waiting wife.

Growing Old and Feeling Young

"Growing old" does not seem to have reference to the number of years, months and days of life, when we call to mind some hale and hearty people of ninety, and others broken and feeble—at forty. We all know that a weak condition of body makes one appear old, but I firmly believe that the state of one's mind has primarily more to do with preserving youth or hastening feebleness than anything else; therefore occupation of a profitable, congenial character seems to me the best antidote for feeling old. I do not mean exhausting work, but occupation so absorbing that it will take one away from one's self. Indeed, so far as I have observed and experienced, there is no occupation so belittling, unprofitable and destructive as a constant contemplation of one's self. I have in mind a woman of means and consequent elegant leisure, who has spent years in studying the condition of her pulse and her bodily symptoms generally, and prescribing therefore, until she is now, at the age of forty, a broken, nervous woman. If she had been obliged to concentrate her energy (of which she had an abundance) upon earning her living, she would probably have been well and strong today. I know another woman of means who has called herself an old maid ever since she was twenty-five and dressed accordingly, and grown sour and wrinkled, because that seemed the proper thing to do, while her less fortunate (?) schoolmates, some of whom are well and obliged to earn their little bread, and others of whom are mothers of children are cheerful, bright eyed women.

Another woman of my acquaintance, not less than fifty years of age, the mother of a large family, has kept the fire of her youth by great activity, not only at home, but in society. As a girl, she was a musician, and continued to play the piano, has kept up her music under circumstances that would have been discouraging to a woman of less energy. It is not unusual now to see her arranging for a musicale for some charitable purpose. In this way she has kept herself interested and her heart youthful. And just here I wish to say that a woman is unwise to relinquish any accomplishments if she can possibly retain them. Can she not see that they are a power, and that anything that gives a woman an power cannot fail to bring her respect and happiness.

Do not imagine that over-dressing will retain or bring back the beauty of youth; it only serves to call attention to defects, if any exist, and to make the wearer ridiculous. There is a beauty that belongs to every age, though we do not see it as often as we ought, as the few people grow old gracefully, but the beauty of a sweet and noble life cannot fail to be reflected in the face, and in many a woman such beauty outlasts that of her youth. Although the most blessed lot of woman is that of a happy wife and mother, there is no reason why a single woman should grow cross and crabbed and snarled and wrinkled; a single woman, if lovely and lovable in character, may always find something about which her affection may entwine, and as for using her surplus energy, there is plenty of work in the world for those qualified to do it. In these days, with the numerous avenues of work open to women, it is not necessary for a single woman to grow old as a drudge in her sister's family, with a compensation of board and cast-off clothing, as was formerly the case. She can now take care of herself, and be as well dressed and as highly respected as her married sister.

With men, as well as with women, a moderate amount of occupation rather than abundant leisure will preserve youth. Most of our public men break down, grow prematurely old, and die from overwork and nervous strain. Business men as a rule take too little recreation, or at least a change of occupation, and this is a sure way to allow the mind to dwell continuously upon one subject. But my observation of business men shows that it is better to die in the harness than to retire from business and rust out. When a man of boundless activity, in good health, makes up his mind to retire from business, he might as well make up his mind to die. The active mind must feed upon something, and in this case it will feed upon his very life. I have seen men grow old sitting by the fire at home, smoking, or sitting on the barrels at the country grocery, smoking and meditating upon smoke (I imagine), while their wives were wearing themselves out by exerting energy enough for themselves and their husbands too.

We are never too old to learn, though some of us take it not as early in life. Some people reach the highest tide of success at a time generally regarded as the ebb of life. It is said that Fanny Fern had never written a word for publication until she had passed her fortieth birthday. She was unconscious of her latent powers until misfortune bade her exert them. Not long ago I read of a man who began to learn the Greek language at the age of sixty. Within sight of the place where I am writing is a man who, after having been discharged from Government employ, a situation held for years, embarked in a successful business for himself at the age of eighty.

From these illustrations there is only one inference: We become old only when we cease to take an interest in our own affairs, and in the affairs that surround us.—Correspondent Albany Cultivator.

A PRACTICAL JOKER undertook to touch young Mr. Wilson's neck with his (lighted) cigar at Biddford, Me. He touched young Mr. Wilson's collar instead. The collar promptly disappeared and a big circular blister took its place.

TWELVE years after the death of the last Pope Pius, his nephew has brought suit against his successor for the recovery of a large sum of money on deposit in a London bank in the name of Pius, alleging that it was the latter's private property.

A Strong Grip.

Col. Hooker, who is at once a very hospitable cotton planter, a genial gentleman, and one who has been a dour sportsman in his younger days, relates the following:

In the neighborhood of his plantation in the Mississippi bottoms, there was an abundance of game, such as bear, deer, turkeys, etc., but a dense canebrake interposed between his house and the best hunting grounds, which necessitated a long detour to get around it. To obviate this he determined to cut a "back" (in the vernacular) through the brake, which was about half a mile wide. He sent a man one morning to the opposite side of the brake to cut through the cane to the house, while he himself, with a cane-knife in hand, proceeded from his side to meet him. After penetrating the brake quite a distance the colonel's attention was attracted by the outcry of some of his dogs who had gone out with him. It soon proved that they were making directly towards the colonel, who had not encumbered himself with a gun, and therefore stood weaponless, excepting the cane-knife, and awaited developments. The bear showed up pretty soon, making excellent time through the cane, but he was quite a small specimen, and was overhauled by the foremost dogs when very near the colonel's position. That gentleman suddenly conceived the idea of capturing the bear alive, and with that view rushed into the melee, kicked the dogs aside, and laid hold of the bears neck with both hands. The bear struggled hard to get away and the colonel strained every nerve to hold him, all the time yelling with all the breath he could spare for his assistant to come to his help. The other man, who has several hundred yards away, made all the haste he could reach the scene of excitement, his interest greatly heightened by the combined baying of the dogs, yelling of the colonel and squalling of the bear. But the cane being very thick his progress was very much impeded, and the colonel, nearly exhausted by the tremendous strain upon his muscular and nervous systems, was on the point of giving up the contest and getting clear of the bear's claws and teeth, when his companion came within calling distance and shouted an inquiry as to what the trouble was. The colonel shouted back: "Come quick! I've got a bear! He's about to get away! Run and help me hold him!" The man came up with all speed to relieve the colonel from his perilous and nervous position, and at once laid hold of the bear with both hands. Col. Hooker then released his grasp, and discovered that the poor little bear was stone dead—he had choked him to death.

Missions Nearer Home. The larger number of church members who take only an apathetic interest in foreign missions will derive much encouragement from the speech of a Boston clergyman at the convention of Christian Endeavor Societies at Chicago. "What is the use," asked this gentleman, "of discussing foreign missions when there are 10,000 foreign infidels and idol worshippers landing on our shores every month. There is ample room for foreign missionary labor right in the United States. Boston, with 600,000 people, has no more than 25,000 members of Protestant churches; New York with its 2,000,000 people, has less than 90,000 Protestants, and Chicago, with 800,000 people, has fewer than 100,000 Protestants. There are 2,850,000 people in these three cities who do not attend our churches. Why then should we go to India or China, or Germany or Italy, to preach the Gospel? If the Bible is true, those who do not believe on the Lord Jesus have nothing before them but eternal destruction. About 80,000 die and go to perdition every year."

The Rats Took the Morning Paper. A family of rats have amazingly disturbed the family in whose cellar they dwelt. For several days in succession the morning paper, which was left upon the front steps of the house early every morning was missing. Complaint was made at the office of the paper, and it was found that the sheet had been properly delivered right along. Some days later a neighbor, who had risen early in the morning, happening to look out of his window, saw two large rats upon the doorstep of the house opposite. He watched their movements for a while, and saw them take the morning paper and disappear with it under the piazza. He reported what he had seen, and investigation showed that the rats had burrowed from beneath the porch to the cellar, and in a secluded spot had built a nest and were rearing a promising batch of young. The nest was constructed out of Hartford morning newspapers.—Hartford Telegram.

Two Big Herds of Sheep. Messrs. Seldomridge and Peables, of this city, are now making preparations to dispose of their two large herds of sheep which they purchased in New Mexico last spring. Last spring these gentlemen handled in the neighborhood of 17,000 head, which were brought in northern New Mexico and sold before they reached the Arkansas river. In January of the present year Mr. Peables went to New Mexico and contracted for the two herds which are now being driven to Kit Carson on the Arkansas Pacific railroad. These sheep were selected from the most improved breeds within a radius of 200 miles of Las Vegas, and were bought especially for feeders and the eastern markets. The first herd, numbering 10,000 head, arrived at Kit Carson and several large eastern dealers will inspect them there. The other herd numbering 17,000 will arrive at the same place about the 20th.—Colorado Springs Republic.

The Suicidal Mania.

That Californian who shot his head off by tying a handkerchief from the toes of his foot to the triggers of a double-barreled shotgun and the firing both barrels at once, certainly adopted an ingenious method of getting out of the world. Here is a pointer for those who are anxious to gain notoriety by jumping from bridges or going through Niagara's rapids in barrels. They can rid the world of their presence more expeditiously, and at the same time leave behind a reputation for nerve and daring, by using this method of self-destruction. There are fashions in suicide, just as in everything else, and it is not improbable that the Californian device may supplant, to a considerable extent, the rope, the pistol, the explosive oil can, and even that popular agent of death known as Rough on Rats.

The alarming increase in the number of suicides is one of the strangest phases of modern times. Those who have been constant readers of the daily press for the last few months cannot have failed to notice that the mania for suicide appears to be spreading like an epidemic. Reports commonly close with the words "No cause is known," and wherever a reason is assigned it usually appears so trivial that a man of sound intellect can only wonder how any being could have found in it a motive for taking his own life. Generally it will be found that the suicide is a man who is puffed up with too great ideas of his own importance. He persuades himself that the world neglects to pay proper tribute to his genius and worth, and, to get even, he removes himself to the bourne from which no traveler returns. Poor fool! He forgets that suicide is a cowardly way of acknowledging his insignificance; forgets that his act will cause one day's sensation and he will be little missed thereafter, and he loses sight of the fact that even when the greatest men die the busy, bustling world moves on as before, and their names soon sink into oblivion. There would be fewer suicides if men were taught to realize their own insignificance, and to understand how thoroughly indifferent the world is to the affairs of individuals.

A Tree That Yields Milk. The cow tree, that botanical curiosity of South America, grows on the broad, barren plains of Venezuela, where it would be next to impossible to find food to slack one's thirst were it not for this wise provision of nature. The sap of the cow tree, as its name implies, resembles milk, both in looks and taste. A slight balsamic taste has been imported by some naturalists who have drank of the strange liquid; otherwise it was said to "have the flavor of rich cream and to be very wholesome and nourishing."

The tree itself frequently attains a height of 100 to 125 feet, it being not unusual to see a trunk of this species seventy to eighty feet, perfectly smooth and without a limb. A hole bored into or a wound made in the bark of this wonderful tree is almost immediately filled with a lacteal-like fluid, which continues to flow for some days, or until it coagulates at the mouth of the wound and forms a waxy mass, which stops further flow.

Humboldt, the first to give a scientific description of the baobab tree of Africa, was the first to tell of the wonders of the cow tree, as it was called in his time.—St. Louis Republic.

Dueling Stories. A Georgia Judge, celebrated as a duelist, who had a leg lost and who was known to be a dead-shot challenged a Colonel somebody, a humorous character and a man of great attainments. Friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the grounds, when the Colonel was asked if he was ready. "No," he replied. "What are you waiting for?" inquired the Judge's second. "Why, sir," said the Colonel, "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg."—The party laughed and the fight was broken up.

Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, was to fight a duel with a man much larger than himself, but his opponent objected on the ground that, being the largest, he stood in the most danger of being hit. But Curran said that it should make no difference. They could chalk off a space on his adversary's body the exact size of his own form, and he would promise to shoot within the lines, and any shot outside of that line should not count. The proposal was not accepted, but the duel was a harmless one.

Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets. Twins do not happen more than 300 times a year in a population of 1,000,000, and seldom hit the same family twice. Triplets are rare enough to be curiosities. It is estimated that not one woman in 100,000 has given birth to three children at one time, and although there is on record in the old medical works the case of a German peasant woman who had twelve children at four births—three each time—and a Michigan woman who is given the credit of having produced a dozen children at five births inside of seven years—quadruplets once, triplets once, twins twice and a lone youngster on the last occasion. Such instances of fecundity are rarer than new planets, and the lady entitled to the cake for having had four children at a birth is not to be found even in a crowd of 300,000 married women. The woman who has given birth to five children at once is alone among 2,000,000 of her kind.—St. Louis Republic.

Negro Plowman's Song. By Edward L. Oldham. De springtime an er-comen' en de darky's heart an light, W'en de sap hit gits ter runnin' in de trees, En I wants ter be er-laughin' 'om de mornin' cell de night, En er-playin' lak de green leaves in de breeze, I feel so monstrous lazy dat I does n't want ter work, En dis mule o' mine he foolin' in de row, 'Ca'se he feels jis like he marster, en he's tryin' fer ter shirk, En I has ter larrup him ter meck him go.

En now I feels lak hummin' on some ole-time darkey song, W'ile de mokin'-bird am singin' 'om de hedge, De medder-larks en robins am er-fussin' all day long, En de cotton-lark goes dartin' froug de hedge, W'ile up de erick de turkie-dove am courtin' 'om de tree, En de bumblebee is buzzin' 'all erroun', W'ile de martins am er-twit'rin' at er most amazin' rate, En de ho-ssy-iv am er-friskin' up en down, I laks ter smell de clover as hit tangles in mer toes, En see de purty blossoms hyah en dar, W'ile de dogwood buds is bustin' in de low-ground whar dey grows, En de honey-suckle sweeten all de a'r, En soon de juicy peaches will be drappin' ter de groun', En de red-streaked apples tumble too, Deu de curf on de melon vine will turn er golden brown, Er-lyan in de sunshine en de dew.

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