

MINERVA.

The White Lily, Which Drooped and Faded --Reminiscence No. 1.

BY JENNETTE HARDING.

"Come, Pauline, with me to Myrtle Cottage. Minerva is dying, and calls for you."

This message came to Pauline at early morning, in the first days of September, and she hastened with sad heart to the room, where her young friend lay pillowed on a low couch, with face as white as the snowy drapery of that couch.

"Pauline, farewell."

These words were as letters of light and flame; they never left the memory of Pauline. But now she choked back the sobs which rose to her lips, and bent low over the dying girl, and said: "Are you going, Minerva?"

"Yes," she whispered. Another question she put:

"Would you, if it pleased the Father, to restore you to life, and go some other time, would you like earth life longer?"

"No."

"You want to go?"

"Yes."

"Do you go happy? Does your Father sustain you?"

"Yes, Pauline."

"Then farewell, Minerva, until we meet on the immortal shore, among the Immortal Ones."

So holy of thought, so pure of life herself, she could not believe of the depravity of any one whose perversity would result in endless woe. All she believed, would become holy and happy. Thus she understood the teachings of the sacred Book. She was a Universalist. Pauline was not. She was bolder in thought, and she looked beyond the holy shrine in her own soul, in which she had, in early youth, consecrated her life to God, and could believe that the rebellious spirit continuing in disobedience to all divine requirements, must end in ruin.

The sun was setting before the spirit, weary with the brief life struggle passed into the "beyond." The autumn breeze came in at the open casement, freighted with the fragrance of the flowers she had loved and tended with gentle care; as if in answer to the wish she had been heard to express, that she might go as the shades of evening approached, and the flowers faded in the chill of autumn. At the old Lutheran meeting house, which stood near the green banks of the Mohawk river, was the funeral rites performed for this beautiful girl. A brother of the poet, Saxe, a clergyman of her own faith, gave an eloquent sermon. Then amid sobs and heart-aches, the large audience looked on the sweet face, and she was laid away in the beautiful grounds, among the Canagoharie hills, where many a loved form is laid away.

Pauline and Minerva were friends, and loved as women scarcely ever love each other. They had climbed together the same long flight of stone steps which led to the old stone academy, which stood at the top of the hill—the same academy where Susan B. Anthony, whose name will go into history as a remarkable woman, at least, has taught. Together these two girls have conned the same lessons; together they strived for scientific knowledge and literary attainment, and about with equal success, only Pauline held a more ready pen, received greater honor on "composition day." But of this Minerva was glad, and looked upon Pauline as an oracle, while Pauline looked upon Minerva as a choice spirit of loveliness and grace, with intellect clear and grand, and capable of appreciating gems of thought which her gentle spirit did not presume to climb the heights on which they were found. Thus their natures, though different, attracted each other, and blended into a unity of thought and of action, which made them inseparable friends.

Minerva was an orphan, and lived with an aunt, who did all in her power to make sweet girl's life happy. And she was happy in the bright circles of learning and culture, as the one most lovely and sweet. She was so kind and gentle; no one envied her the admiration she received. Many suitors sought the hand and heart of this beautiful girl. At length all the wealth of affection of her devoted soul was given to one who was thought to be worthy of so great a prize. He was as much noted for his manly dignity as she for her maidenly loveliness. And all said what a suitable match. He was a young lawyer of much promise, and Sam. Gardner and Minerva were betrothed.

Alas, alas, for the adverse destiny which so often, with heavy hand strikes the blow which severs the chord of affection which unite two souls, and throws a cloud of gloom, which obscures every hope of happiness on earth. It was thus with these two. They were never wedded. No one ever knew the cause. Minerva never pronounced his name; no one ever spoke of him in her presence, so sacred and silent was her grief. Day by day she grew paler and thinner and weaker, but the same sweet smile was on the sad face, until it grew into spiritual illumination. She refused all companionship with those who eagerly sought her society. But she clung to Pauline. Often, often,

they wandered together among the hills of Canagoharie, where in one favorite retreat they read and thought and talked of the mystery of human life, and destiny, of the still greater mystery of the great beyond, until at last her weary feet gave out on the life journey, and she could not accompany Pauline in their walks to their accustomed haunts. And the end of the sad journey came. And it is not strange that Pauline was sad and broken hearted, when the message came:

"Come, Pauline, to Myrtle Cottage; Minerva is dying and calls for you."

Many years the flowers have bloomed, and the snow has fallen on that grave in the beautiful cemetery among the hills. But Pauline still lives, a "pilgrim and sojourner, seeking a better country," there again to meet in holy companionship her sainted friend, Minerva.

It is queer how the enemies of ex-Senator Conkling know more about his plans and ambitions than do his most intimate friends, and it is equally queer that they show so much concern for his future. His enemies insist that he wants to be Secretary of the Treasury, an office he recently declined; then they accuse him of seeking the Supreme Bench as an Associate Justice, when he might have been Chief Justice; and, again, they discover that he is intriguing to secure the nomination for Governor of New York. Mr. Conkling's friends know that he neither wants nor seeks any of these things, and he says himself that his health is so poor and his law practice so large that he is unable to think of anything else. As long as Mr. Conkling demeans himself in a respectable manner, and commits no offense against society or the statutes, he should be allowed to attend to his own affairs.—Inter Ocean.

Seoville came mighty near proving Judge Porter's sadly true when he said, "Then there will be two Guiteaus in this case." His opening speech gave indication that he would gain a reputation as an advocate. His later efforts indicate only a sour, depraved man, with the willingness to throw mud without the power to make it stick. According to Lawyer Seoville, no one in the future will ever dare oppose a man in politics or religion without being responsible for the murderous acts of coming Guiteaus. According to Seoville's own arguments, if any assassin should kill Grant or Conkling or President Arthur, he, Seoville, would be responsible for the act. Guiteau should be allowed to make his own defense in his own way before the court. He could say nothing meaner than the utterances of Seoville, and the probabilities are it will be much more sensible and to the point.—Inter Ocean.

SAVORY BEEF—Three and a half pounds of lean, raw beef, pound and chop it as fine as possible, taking out all the strings and gristles; add to it six square soda crackers, rolled very fine, butter the size of an egg, warmed a little, but not melted; four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, three eggs broken over the meat, a whole nutmeg grated (if liked), four teaspoonfuls of salt, two and a half teaspoonfuls of ground pepper, one tablespoonful of powdered sweet majoram; mix thoroughly and knead with your hands; make into two roles about the size of beef tongues; press closely and put into a pan and bake one and a half hours, basting them with butter and water. When cold slice thin for tea, and you have a delicious relish.

Eloper With His Grandmother.

Officers are on the lookout for Ellis Thurman and his young grandmother, who eloped from near Grand View, Spencer county, Indiana. John C. Thurman, aged 70, married a young woman of 20. His grandson, Ellis Thurman, lived in the house with him, and before the venerable grandfather's honeymoon was half over, the graceless young grandson was making love to her with all his might. He seems to have beaten the old man from the start, and a few days ago took his youthful grandmother and eloped with her. The venerable grandfather is disconsolate.

There is a little scheme on foot among the eastern politicians, to divide the state into congressional districts, east and west—so as to put a lot of eastern aspirants into each district—which is worse for the west than not districting at all.—Hastings Nebraska.

Now is there such "a little scheme on foot?" There may be, but we seriously doubt it. Who is so scheming? Please be more explicit. Our Hastings contemporary is so given to imaginary evil, and seeing danger where there is none, that we can't help doubting its assertion.

The investigation of the railroad collision at Spuyten Duyvil, in which State Senator Wagner was burned and crushed to death, with eight or ten other people, has developed the fact that it was caused by drunkenness. A drunken New York legislator pulled the signal rope, the train stopped, and was run into by another train.

The funeral of ex-Congressman, Clark N. Potter, of New York City, took place 25th ult. He was a prominent and able Democratic politician.

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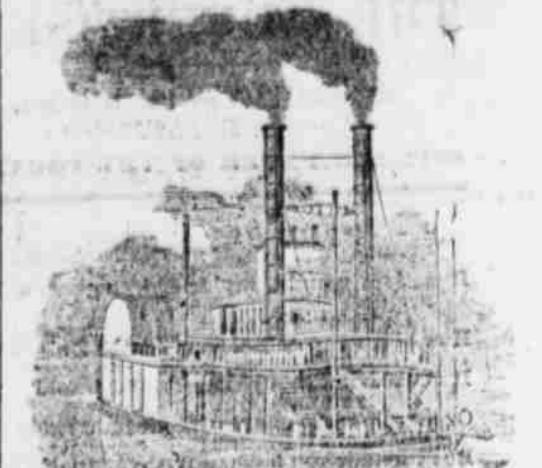
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