THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees of a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's care are falling,
And she harks to the well known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And plaises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek has fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her Winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of Spring time prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her baby's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in their place in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

THE OLD BOARDING-HOUSE.

"Elizabeth, stop flattening your nose against that window-pane, and listen to me."

What a terrible shrill tone there was in Miss Jemima's voice that chilly November morning!

Elizabeth turned her head slowly half-way round, and then back went the eager little face to the window again. There was a goat outside, and he had just extracted a huge piece of brown paper from an opposite area, under which he had taken refuge to escape the rain, and was apparently making a comfortable breakfast off it. Now Elizabeth felt an interest in the goat, and she felt none whatever in what Miss Jemima had to say. He looked very dreary and desolate out there in the rain, and she wondered how he felt—whether he had ever lived in the country and had things to his taste, and if it was very disagreeable to him to be confined to the city, to breakfast off brown paper, and be compelled to hunt through the gutters for a morsel for his dinner. He looked as if he were miserable—so very shaggy and dirty and wretched, with the rain trickling down his sides and dripping from his nose. She felt very forlorn and miserable too, and misery loves company; so she watched the goat, and forgot to listen to Miss Jemima.

But Miss Jemima's demands for attention were not to be lightly put aside.

"Elizabeth" (this time in a louder tone and a higher key), "you are making a spot on that window with your nose, and I want to talk to you about the butter."

"My nose has nothing to do with the butter, and I don't listen with it, either. What *is* the matter?"

The goat was nearly out of sight now. He had consumed the brown paper, but not satisfied his appetite, and was compelled to forage again. At that moment there was nothing left of him within Elizabeth's range of vision but the end of his tail. He had stopped, and she was anxious to know if he had found anything—she didn't want his breakfast to be all brown paper, poor thing!—so she jammed her nose more persistently against the window-pane. He was desolate, like herself, and she sympathized with him, for she thought life used them both badly. When she saw him lift his head with a disappointed air, she was sorry for him, and it was not until he had quite passed beyond her view that she brought herself back with a jerk to Miss Jemima.

"What has the butter done?" she inquired, with the bewildered air of an individual who has let his attention wander from a conversation, and finds it difficult to bring his mind back to the subject under consideration.

"Done, you goose!" wailed Miss Jemima, in a tone in which wrath was strangely mingled with despair. "It's all gone."

"Gone?—gone where?" asked Elizabeth, who was even more dreamily stupid than usual this morning.

Poor Miss Jemima! Elizabeth was a terrible trial to her, and she had so many trials. Miss Jemima belonged to that class of unfortunate women who have had a fierce struggle with the world, and in the course of the battle she had received many wounds. The world yields the living it owes as all very grudgingly to many men, but to the women who undertake the fight single-handed it presents so severe and discouraging a front that the wonder is they ever succeed at all. Miss Jemima was a veteran now. She had fought a great many years for the means to support the life she had never enjoyed, and she was in the midst of the strife yet. She was worried and distressed, and greatly disposed to think she was in possession of the monopoly of all wretchedness. There was something very pathetic in the anxious expression of her light gray eyes and the downward curves at the corners of her hopelessly homely mouth, but there was also something very ridiculous in the daily catalogue of Miss Jemima's woes, and the terrible eagerness with which she anticipated all sorts of miseries that never happened. Elizabeth thought she was the most aggravatingly dismal and despondent human being that ever any one was forced to live with. But then Miss Jemima held quite as unfavorable an opinion of Elizabeth; for of all the thorns, and there had been a great many, that ever pierced Miss Jemima's flesh, Elizabeth was the sharpest.

This same Elizabeth, commonly called Bess, was Miss Jemima's sister, fifteen years younger than herself, and, according to Jemima's simple theology, an all-convincing argument in favor of the doctrine of total depravity.

No one passes through this vale of tears without many trials, whether they be great or small; but surely to the lot of no other human being falls so large an accumulation of petty cares and annoyances as the mistress of a second-class boarding house in a large city is called upon to endure. And the position of mistress of a large establishment for lodgers, in one of the most tortuous streets of the crooked city of Boston, was the state of life in which poor, pathetic, worried Miss Jemima was called upon to do her wearing and difficult duty.

Bess' busy brain was perplexing itself over a difficult problem this morning, while she jammed her nose against the window-pane, and forgot to pay attention to Jemima's tale of woe. She was wondering where her place was in this dismal, rainy world, and however she could get into it.

It was eight years ago now since Bess and Miss Jemima left the old farm-house in New England, where their presence had been barely tolerated by a hard-fisted relative, who gave them a grudging shelter. Mrs. Brown, former mistress of the old boarding house, knew of Miss Jemima's hard lot on the poverty-stricken farm among the granite hills, and, needing assistance with her large family and numerous cares, had sent for poor Jemima to come to Boston, and given her permission to bring Bess.

It was a happy change for the two unfortunates. Mrs. Brown was a good-natured old lady, and on the day when she expected the two wanderers to arrive she told their sad story to John, and concluded it with the request that he would meet them at the station and bring them safely to the house.

John was the young man who lodged in the fourth story back. He was a bookkeeper for a retail house on Summer street, and had boarded with Mrs. Brown a long time before Bess and Jemima made their first appearance in Boston.

It was John that made his way across the city, and waited patiently until the train arrived and emptied its crowd of weary passengers upon the platform. He found no difficulty in recognizing them; and suppressing a smile at the bewilderment expressed by Jemima's pathetic features, and the consternation in Bess' big round eyes, as they were jostled and hustled by the hurrying crowd, he introduced himself, and giving the poor little hair trunk in charge of an expressman, deposited Bess and Jemima safely in a street car. They were very tired. Weary with travel, and frightened by the noise and confusion around her, Jemima could with difficulty repress her tears, and Bess sobbed wildly, and clung to John for protection; and he took excellent care of them both until they reached the house, where he handed them over to Mrs. Brown for comfort and consolation. This was the beginning of city life for Jemima and Bess.

Good old Mrs. Brown took them both into her capacious arms and heart, and for the first time a bright ray of the sunshine of affection and kindness shone upon Jemima's dreary life.

"Takin' lodgers was tryin'," as Mrs. Brown frequently allowed; "but them as hasn't rent to pay hasn't it so hard. If they doesn't like things, and finds fault with the help, let 'em go where they're better suited. You can 'most always make the ends meet if you ain't got the rent to worry about." Mrs. Brown was fortunately situated. She had no children, and no rent to pay, and so remained cheerful and contented in spite of frequent vexatious encounters with the troublesome inmates of her house. Jemima wondered if she would have been cheerful and contented if she had been the widow of a well-to-do corner grocer, without Bess to worry her, and in possession of a comfortable house. Poor Jemima! who had never had more than a few dollars of her own at any one time in the whole course of her hard-working life.

Mrs. Brown was kind to Jemima and indulgent to Bess, though Bess exhausted the whole force of her juvenile intellect in the conception and execution of every possible sort of mischief. It was Bess who put the kitten in the water-pitcher to "see how he would look all wet," and set the fish to swimming in the wash-tub after they were fried for breakfast. It was Bess who hid Mrs. Brown's best cap in the flour barrel, and tumbled down stairs head-foremost with an appalling clatter while the family were at meals. Jemima's shrill tones were heard at all hours of the day in violent remonstrance and severe expostulation; but no amount of argument, entreaty or severity availed with Bess. There was only one influence to which she was ever known to yield, and that was John. He became her firm friend and champion. It was John who protected her from Mrs. Gruntley's threats and Mrs. Jones's wrath; John who took her to the circus, and gave her peppermint drops, and petted her when she sometimes came to grief herself in her attempts to torment somebody else. She had frequently chosen him for the victim of her misdemeanors too; but Bess was so perfectly wretched when John was "cross to her" in those days that their difficulties were always very soon made up by Bess promising "never to do so any more, not never again," and John agreeing to forgive her after receiving the promise. The irrepressible animation she had formerly worked off out-of-doors was now shut up within four walls, and the attention she received and the injudicious petting administered during her first sorrowful days in the city by good Mrs. Brown had developed a capacity for mischief undreamed of while she remained under the severe discipline of the farm-house.

Jemima began to fear that the inexhaustible energy displayed by Bess in devising schemes for the annoyance of her victims would end in their both being dismissed from the house where they had found refuge. But good Mrs. Brown had too much justice in her soul to visit the sins of the juvenile offender upon her distressed sister; and, besides, she was disposed to regard Bess' iniquities as leniently as possible, for the motherly old soul mistrusted she could trace a strict resemblance somewhere about Bess' audacious little pug-nose in the same organ on the well-beloved countenance of her departed grocer. This resemblance was a fortunate thing for Bess, for the good old lady's patience was not endless, and Bess' appetite for mischief was inappeasable. If Bess' nose had been of a contour either Greek or Roman, she and Jemima might have found themselves homeless wanderers in the streets of Boston on the morning after Mr. Jones' hat, for which he had been searching fully an hour, was discovered on the head of the pump in the back yard. Mr. Jones was a good boarder; he paid very regularly, and occupied the third story front. If it had been the third story back, who had a sick wife and two children, and was very irregular and uncertain in his payments, Mrs. Brown would have been less severe; but she could not have Mr. Jones trifled with, and Bess received a severe reprimand.

After this there was comparative quiet in the house for a day or two, but it was only the calm that precedes a storm. On Sunday Bess undertook the descent of the staircase by way of the balusters, with a broom in her hand for a balancing pole. Long practice had made Bess both skillful and daring in this sort of exercise, and the descent would probably have been successfully accomplished on this occasion but for an unlooked-for accident. Just as Bess had started on her perilous undertaking from the second floor landing, Phoebe, the upstairs girl, appeared on the landing below with a waiter in her hands, upon which was arranged with great care the dinner for the hypochondriac old lady who occupied the second story front. Bess' attention was attracted by the rattle of dishes beneath her, and in turning her head slightly to one side, in order to see what was going on below, she lost her balance, over she went, with her head downward, her feet in the air, and the broom bumping wildly against the staircase and opposite wall. There was a wild shriek from Phebe, a wilder yell from Bess, and a terrible commotion among the crockery, as the waiter fell from Phebe's hands with a fearful crash, and the plates and cups and saucers rolled frantically one after another down the kitchen stairs. In less than a minute every inmate of the house was on the scene; and in the center of the group stood the wretched cause of all the excitement, with her head on one side and her finger in her mouth, entirely unhurt, while fragments of roast beef, potatoes, and pudding lay scattered over her hair and neck and dress, and little rivulets of gravy and sweetmeats dripped from her skirts. Bess had fallen upon the waiter, and probably owed her life to Phebe's presence of mind in letting go of it and promptly seizing the child. But Phebe gave warning immediately, and the old lady in the second story front refused to remain in the house another day unless Bess was instantly removed from the premises.

Like David Copperfield, when Miss Betsey acted upon Mr. Dick's advice, Bess was "washed," and then locked up in Jemima's room while Mr. Jones, Mrs. Brown and Jemima met in council to decide upon her fate. Mr. Jones was indignant, Jemima tearful and Mrs. Brown seriously disturbed. Mr. Jones was of the opinion that the culprit should be soundly wipped, and quoted Scripture to strengthen the force of his argument. Jemima, who had learned by experience the inadequacy of corporal punishment to control Bess' depravity, only wept silently when this idea was suggested, and looked imploringly at Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was revolving an idea in her head, and only hesitated to announce it on account of the expense it involved; but finally the inexhaustible benevolence of the dear old lady, in combination with the resemblance between Bess' nose and that of the deceased grocer, prevailed, and she announced her decision. Bess should "go to school." In this way the wrath of the old lady on the second floor would be appeased, Phebe's faithful services would be retained, Jemima's mind set at ease and peace and quiet restored to the establishment. Jemima had been of great assistance in lightening Mrs. Brown's labors since she had been with her, and Mrs. Brown appreciated her patient devotion to her arduous duties. She felt that Jemima merited some reward for her devoted service, and then, in spite of all her wickedness, there was still a tenderness in the good old lady's heart toward sinful Bess.

So Bess was hurried off to a cheap school in the country before she fully realized what they were doing with her or had time to protest. However, remonstrance on her part would have been useless, for the arbiters of her fate were determined, and Bess was banished.

Then ensued the calmest period of Jemima's life. The days flowed smoothly along for the first time in all the record of her worried existence, and several years went by. But just as the corners of her mouth were learning to relax from their grim downward curve, and the perpendicular lines above her nose began to smooth themselves out a little, a new calamity befell Jemima. Good Mrs. Brown was taken sick, and, after a long illness, during which she received the most devoted care from her faithful friend and servant, departed this life to rejoin her deceased grocer in another world.

And now grim care seized upon poor Jemima again. She had spent six peaceful and comparatively happy years while her friend and patroness lived, but now she was alone again, with Bess and herself to provide for, and only her own unaided efforts to win a living for them both. Mrs. Brown had recommended her to keep on with the house, and left her the good-will of the lodgers and a few hundred dollars in the bank. But there was the rent to pay. The heirs were disposed to be as accommodating as possible, but when they came into the property they wanted the revenue from it, and though unwilling to distress poor Jemima, they must insist upon their due. So Miss Jemima, as she had always been called, became mistress of the house in the place of good Mrs. Brown. She was familiar already with the heavy burden of care and responsibility, but before she had had no experience of the grim nightmare called quarter-day. This was a phantom that pursued her remorselessly now. Four times a year did Jemima tremble at the approach of the terrible day upon which the agent appeared with what seemed to her his exorbitant demands. So she saved and pinched, and grew harder and thinner and more fretful.

Bess' school bills could be paid no longer; indeed, all expenses must be reduced to their smallest possible limit in order that the rent might be forthcoming. So Jemima sent for Bess to come home. It was six years now since the memorable day when Bess made her sudden plunge from the second-story landing into the tray containing old Mrs. Gruntley's dinner—six years from the time when that ludicrous disaster resulted in her summary banishment from the old boarding-house.

Now she was back again. Mrs. Gruntley was there still, but to this day she had never forgiven Bess the shock her nerves received on that occasion, and Mr. Jones still retained a recollection of the pranks played with his wearing apparel. The other boarders were new, with the exception of John, and therefore had no past memories to assist them in forming an opinion of the young lady who appeared so suddenly among them; but there was a prejudice against Bess in the house, and Bess returned their dislike with all her heart.

There was her old friend John—but Bess was not thinking about John on that rainy morning, a month after her return from the country, as she stood at the window watching the goat, while Jemima wailed about the butter and lamented the insatiable appetites of her boarders. John was just the same great, big, good-natured, affectionate John he had always been so long as Bess had known him, ever since she had cried herself to sleep on his arm that dismal evening in the street car when she and Jemima made their first acquaintance with ugly old Boston.

But since Bess became a young lady John was inclined to be slightly afraid of the imposing young person in black alpaca who made them occasional visits during the school holidays; and as for Bess—Bess had fallen into the habit of considering all the conditions of her existence as hopelessly horrible and uninteresting, and she included John among the rest. But this morning Bess felt that she wanted a little sympathy and advice. She realized that an immense sum must be forthcoming next month to meet the demands of quarter-day; and that morning she had discovered that a tiny hole was about to make its appearance in the elbow of her best alpaca dress. This combination of circumstances was so depressing that Bess made up her mind that she must do something to assist Jemima, and relieve her, at least, of any further care of her troublesome self. But the question was, What could she do?—she was utterly good for nothing. Suddenly a bright thought struck her. She would ask John. She always used to go to John when she was in a scrape. Why not now? Circumstances were favorable, for at that moment John appeared on the scene. He had just descended from regions above, and seated himself at the further end of the table.

"John," said Bess, coming round to his side of the table and subsiding into a chair. Then, leaning her head meditatively on her hand, and putting her black alpaca elbow in the bread plate—"John, what can I do?"

John, like the true Yankee he was, parried one question with another.

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothing; but one must live. Next month Jemima has got the rent to pay, and she hasn't nearly money enough; and she says you all eat so much. And my dress is all wearing out, and I must do something to earn some money. Now, John, what *can* I do?"

This was certainly a perplexing question. John pulled his mustache with a bewildered air, and Bess looked at him disconsolately.

"Could you teach school?"

"Me!—I don't know any thing."

John wondered what she had been about all those years at school, but he made no comment.

"Could you serve in a store?"

"And stand up all day in a box?"

"A counter isn't a box," said John.

"But so like one—only just your head and shoulders out; and I must have room to move about, don't you see?"

John didn't see. He thought there were a great many people who didn't have much room to move about in, but he didn't say so.

"No, I couldn't do that," said Bess, shaking her head mournfully and heaving a long sigh.

"Can you sew?" asked John, after meditating a few minutes.

"No. If I could, I'd mend that hole;" and Bess pulled her sleeve round her arm with her thumb and forefinger, and pointed out to John a small hole, where the gray lining was beginning to show through.

John looked at the plump little arm in the worn sleeve, and then up at the bright little face, with its brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and audaciously impertinent nose, and an idea came into his head. It was not a new idea by any means, but it was one that John had never dared encourage. It had been dancing about in his brain off and on for two years, and as often as it forced itself upon his notice John valiantly chased it away. Sometimes it would take possession of him for days; then, again, John would conquer it entirely, and it would not dare attack him for weeks. But just as he thought he had done with it altogether, it was sure to come back again to torment him. When Bess came home for her holidays this idea would seize upon him relentlessly, and he could not get rid of it for days after she was gone. He had always made a violent struggle against it, for until lately John's income had been so small as to make the encouragement of any such fancy very impossible and ridiculous; but last summer his employers had raised his salary to what he considered quite a magnificent sum, and as soon as that was done the idea came back again with redoubled energy, and John never tried to get rid of it again. Indeed, he took to encouraging it in a frightened sort of way. Now this idea was immediately connected with Bess, but up to this time John had never dared to think of communicating it to her. Indeed, he was so much in awe of this young person with the pug-nose and shabby elbow that if the conversation had not taken a very peculiar turn this morning I doubt if John would ever have dared to say anything about it.

"John you ought to have been down to breakfast!" began Bess, irrelevantly. Bess' mind was of such a nature that it never could concentrate itself very long on any one subject, and at this moment the important matter under consideration went completely out of her head, all because she happened to catch sight of the empty butter plate.

"Oh, John, if you only *could* have been here this morning! We were just about half through breakfast, when Mr. Jones helped himself to all the butter there was on the plate. Then Jemima said, 'Mr. Jones, do you know that butter cost fifty cents the pound, sir?' 'It's wuth it, marm—wuth it,' said the old wretch, as he put a piece an inch thick on his biscuit. Oh, John, if you could only have seen Jemima's face as he said it!" And Bess broke into a peal of laughter that brought Phebe in from the kitchen to see what was the matter.

"I say, John, wouldn't it be nice if Mr. Jones was to marry Jemima? I wouldn't have to do anything then, you see," continued Bess, her mind relapsing back to her own difficulties.

This was John's opportunity. The idea came to the front, and he blurted it out before he had time to think.

"Why couldn't you marry me?"

"Oh, John!" shrieked Bess, in such an excited manner that John upset his coffee on Jemina's clean table-cloth. Then she jumped up and flew to the window. There was no goat now to look at, only a gloomy street, with the rain pouring down. She did see half a potato borne along by the rushing torrents in the gutter, and in spite of the wonderful event that had just happened to her, thought of the goat, and hoped he would get it.

John was agitated, too, but now he had begun the business, it did not alarm him nearly so much as the thinking about it had used to do. He gave up all further attempts at a breakfast, however. It had been an unlucky breakfast from the beginning, and John frequently quoted it afterward as the worst meal he ever made in his life.

After Bess' frantic rush to the window, he was very much at a loss what to do next. He wished that Bess would say something, but she evidently had no intention of doing anything of the kind; so, after waiting a few minutes, he went to the window, and, summoning all his courage, he gathered the little black figure all up in his arms. Bess made no resistance, only began to cry. This was Bess' usual way of managing all emergencies. Whenever her native impudence failed her, as it did on this occasion, she always began to cry. John was familiar with this peculiarity, and so it did not alarm him. He only kissed the little mouth very tenderly, and as he did so, a shabby little sleeve stole gently round his neck, and the tears fell on his shirt bosom and bitterness of the stock out of it.

As soon as Bess could command her feelings sufficiently to speak, and could gain possession of her mouth for that purpose, she said, "Oh, John, won't it be an awful load off Jemima's mind?"

The old boarding-house has fallen into the hands of strangers. But there is a company little come out on the Cambridge road. In it you can find John and Bess and Jemima, and they are not alone, for one day there came a most ridiculous, red-faced, bald-headed little baby, who took up his abode with them, and Phebe had to be sent for to help take care of him.

Jemima sometimes looks at Bess and thinks what remarkable material Providence chooses to make wives and mothers out of; but John has taken entire charge of Bess, and there is no quarter-day to be dreaded, Jemima takes more cheerful views of life. She has found out why there are so many girls: the girls grow up to be women, and it takes three women to look after one baby.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Mr. Blaine and His Investigators.

The malignancy of the Democratic ex-Confederates of the National House of Representatives was shown in a vivid manner by Mr. Blaine on Monday last. Knott's duplicity and Hunton's sharp practice were presented in clear outline. The almost innumerable tricks by which Hunton prolonged the investigation from day to day, and carried it beyond the legitimate scope of the resolution, and the suppression by Knott of important testimony in support of Blaine's innocence, were drawn in bold lines, as if on canvas, and held up to the view of the conspirators, to their utter dismay. All reports agree that the scene was dramatic beyond description. In Blaine's impetuous assault upon his enemies there was the art of the orator, the ingenuity of the trained politician; but, above all, the conviction was irresistibly enforced upon the excited audience that before them stood an honest man, penetrated through and through with an intense sense of outrage, fired to a white heat of indignation, and roused to that sublime attitude whence a brave man, beset by assassins, hurls destruction at his foes. He analyzed the committee appointed to investigate him, and charged and proved that it was composed of men who sought revenge for blows given in fair debate. He held Hunton up to the scorn of the House and the country as an unjust judge sitting to convict by the distortion of testimony. He arraigned Knott as an inquisitor suppressing important testimony in a case involving the honorable name of a fellow member. He pilloried these two men as would be assassins of his reputation, and left them in the stocks confessedly guilty, a prey to the stings of remorse and objects of measureless contempt. He reassured his friends by a vindication as simple as it was conclusive, and electrified the House by the masterly manner in which he exposed the treachery and duplicity of his enemies. If the scene was unparalleled, it was simply because the occasion was unmatched in any history. There was an attempt—in 1861—to dismember the Government, to erect an independent government from a portion of the territory of the Union. But the purpose was boldly declared. The gage of battle was thrown at the feet of loyalty, and war—war uncompromising and to the death—was declared. To-day the situation is vastly different. It is proposed practically to destroy the Union under the very folds of the Union flag. It is proposed to nullify the Constitution in the very act of swearing to support it; and Ben Hill and Tucker and Proctor Knott and Hunton, with three-score other ex-Confederate Generals, Colonels and Captains, are sent to Congress to push the scheme of treachery and treason to a conclusion. The first step of the conspiracy was the proposition that Congress should force amnesty upon Jeff Davis, the head of the late Confederacy, in the face of his proclaimed scorn and open hostility to the Union; a proposition to oblige the Confederacy by a recognition of the justice of rebellion. It was a monstrous proposition; every ex-Confederate and every Northern Democrat in Congress supported it. James G. Blaine stood in the way. From his place in the House he declared its utter infamy, protested against it, and in an impetuous assault bore it to the earth and pointed the finger of scorn at it as the new rebellion, strangled! In that remarkable debate, which marks an era in the history of this country, Mr. Blaine drew from the ex-Confederates a confession of disloyalty. In their madness they hastened to defend with vehemence the Confederacy and its chief, and even went so far as to justify the horrible cruelties committed against humanity and the spirit of civilization at Andersonville and other hell-holes of the South. As this debate progressed it become evident that the slumbering Confederacy had planted its guns in the hall of the National House of Representatives. Mr. Blaine unmasked these guns, and exposed to view the insolent ex-Confederate perjurers who manned them. It was at that time that the infamous conspiracy against Mr. Blaine took form. Into it entered the elements of chagrin and hate. This is the secret of the investigation which has resulted so disastrously, not to the investigated, but to the investigators. It was an inquisition upon a Union man by ex-Confederates. It was inspired by disloyalty, and prosecuted by all the arts of duplicity. It has, however, served this purpose—to show to the people that the Democratic party is controlled absolutely by threescore ex-Confederates. The investigation is dead; it is a wreck encumbered by its own slain.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Man Frozen to Death in the Middle of May.

Two Swedes, crossing the Snowy range on foot, left the Summit House, in Berthoud Pass, Sunday, and started down the west slope. They were intending to go to Hot Sulphur Springs. Both men carried bundles of blankets and provisions, each pack weighing seventy-five or eighty pounds. On Tuesday evening one of the men returned to the Summit House. He was snow-blind, frost-bitten and had barely strength enough to walk. He reported that his companion had frozen to death. Soon after leaving the Summit the storm set in, and they became bewildered, benumbed with cold, and lost their way. They threw away their blankets to facilitate their movements, and the matches with which they were provided, being wet, refused to ignite. Had they been experienced mountaineers, they would have wrapped themselves in their blankets and sunk into the snow, where they might have lived until the storm abated. The survivor withstood the terrible exposure and reached the Summit as above described. A party of men at Summit went down the trail, or road, and on Wednesday found the dead Swede. The snow was so deep that the removal of the body seemed out of the question then, so they buried it temporarily under six feet of snow, and will leave it there until its removal for permanent burial can be effected. The dead man's name was Gottfried Meyer. His companion's name has not been ascertained. Upon the body of the unfortunate Swede were found some photographs, naturalization papers, the address of Samuel Bender, Denver, and some $15 in money.—*Denver (Col.) News, May 27.*

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

A good kind of cremation—ice-cream-ation.

Good tea has been raised in North Carolina.

The best place to see fine crops is at a poultry fair.

The New York *World* thinks that hereditary depravity can be beaten out of a boy.

"Hard times" are visible in the number of last years' summer suits cleaned up and worn for new.

Shoots of the rubber tree are in lively demand in New York for house plants. It is tough and will stand furnace heat.

It is a bad year for fruit. We have observed several bunches of straw with not a berry on them.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Jesse Pomeroy was convicted long before Piper was. It looks much as if the lad were being neglected.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Surgeon Decroix, of Paris, holds that horse-flesh is the wholesomest meat for human beings, and he has a right to his opinion.

"A very young lady," says the New York *Herald*, "may wear corn color with pale coral." Thank heaven! this question is settled at last.

It is now a misdemeanor in Alabama, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to sell property subject to a mortgage or a landlord's lien without the consent of the mortgagee or landlord.

"I narrowly escaped being cut off with a shilling," said a solemn young man. "How did you escape it?" asked a bystander. "My father had no shilling," was the solemn reply.

Dom Pedro had a bill of $3,000 at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and paid it. "This is a great country," he says, in a burst of admiration—a great country for hotel charges.

"I don't see why the papers make such a to-do about it," said Mrs. Partington this morning, as Ike read, "Great Picture of the Prodigal Son burnt." "He went without his hat," she murmured; "lopped milk is good for it."

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated in literature and in life. Nature needs an immense number of quills to make a goose with; but man can make a goose of himself in five minutes with one quill.

A man who has been lecturing in Pennsylvania on "Mnemonics, or the Art of Cultivating a Perfect Memory," left Reading, Pa., last week and forgot his trunk at the hotel. P. S.—Also the bill. N. B.—There were bricks in the trunk.—*N. Y. World.*

The line of reasoning which makes an ostrich, with his head in the sand, think that he is hidden, is not confined to brutes. Four-fifths of the people-trians, on a rainy day, carry their umbrellas so as to protect the front portion of their bodies, and get their backs wet.

Genius cannot be disguised. True greatness of soul reveals itself behind any mask. One day recently a barouche-load of reporters at the Marlborough celebration were mistaken for Gov. Rice and staff. The Fire Department succeeded and shouted, and the band played "Hail to the Chiefs."

Recently as a farmer near Oakland, Oregon, was plowing in his field he unearthed the skeleton of an Indian which had been in the ground for a long time. Near by it he picked up what was much better than a dead Indian, to wit: Six hundred dollars in the old fifty-dollar slugs, once the currency of California and Oregon.

Fifty years ago Mary Sturtevant was a tailoress, and made a coat for David R. Campbell, who has just given five towns of the State of Vermont $5,000 each for the poor. His bill amounted to 3s 9d, and when he went to pay she was not in, and, as they both soon left town, he failed to hand her the money. She was afterward married, had a son, and became a widow, and he went through a long business experience, becoming wealthy. One day, in 1869, she received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had just learned where she was, and inclosed the money, with interest. The money was given to the Consumptive Home.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Telegraph operators sometimes make mistakes in sending or receiving dispatches, which are very amusing, as well as serious. The other day an order for goods was sent from Middletown to intercept the American Express messenger on the morning train to New York, on the New Jersey Midland. It was delivered to him by the boy operator at Pompton in this way: "Get 500 culls" (oysters) read "500 bulls." "One barrel of soda crackers from E. Titus, Smith Washington street," was "282 fine toast." "One barrel of spinach" was "one barrel of china." "Forty pounds butt" became "forty tubs butter." The order was dated also at Hamburg, instead of Middletown. Fortunately the messenger had seen the original order before starting, and instead of "bulls" and "fine toast and china," etc., he bought the articles which he knew were wanted.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Press.*

New York will soon have an immense public aquarium where every facility will be afforded for original scientific investigation and research at the same time that an interesting and attractive resort is furnished for amusement seekers. The building will inclose an area of over 1,700 square feet, and its interior walls will be lined with tanks having plate-glass fronts and varying in length from ten to one hundred feet, with height and depth proportional. The central space will be occupied with a great circular tank already nearly completed. All these tanks will be adorned with rock work, and will constitute the homes of numberless varieties of attractive and curious marine animals, ranging in size and interest from the ingenious stickleback and the sea anemone to the porpoise and devil fish. In addition to these stationary tanks there will be a large number of smaller table tanks so arranged as to furnish every facility for observing the structure and habits of all forms of marine life. The construction of the work is already far advanced.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Mucilage.—The mucilage used by the Government for fastening postage stamps is composed of dexrine, two ounces; acetic acid, one ounce; water, five ounces; and alcohol, one ounce.

Egg Sandwiches.—Boil fresh eggs five minutes; put them in cold water, and when quite cold peel them; then, after taking a little white off each end of the eggs, cut the remainder in four slices. Lay them between bread and butter.

Apple Float—A pint of stewed, well-mashed apples, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, four large tablespoonfuls of sugar, then add the apples, and beat all together until stiff enough to stand alone; fill a deep dish with whipped cream or boiled custard, and pile the plant on top. This is excellent with other fruits.

A lady contributes to the *Christian Monitor* a quick pudding which answers nicely for any time when you are in a hurry: Cheap minute pudding may be made in the following way: Into a quart of boiling milk stir four eggs well beaten and four spoons of corn starch or six of flour. Eat with sweetened cream. Or the sugar may be put in the pudding and it be eaten without sauce.

Crullers.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, small cup of milk, a spoonful of soda dissolved in it, three eggs, a nutmeg; melt the butter in the milk, stir the sugar in it; beat the three eggs very light and stir in, if the milk be not too hot; add just flour enough to roll out. Be careful not to make the dough too stiff. Put at least three pounds of the best lard in a narrow and deep kettle; cut the dough in cruller shape, and drop in two or three at a time; rock the kettle gently till they rise to the top; turn them over that they may be equally cooked. The fat must be boiling, but not so hot as to scorch.

This is the way they cook shad in Philadelphia according to a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*: A plank, generally of cedar, two feet long, a foot wide, and two inches thick, is taken, and with it a shad. The fish—properly split through the back and dressed—is laid upon the plank, with the outside out, and secured in place by a few nails. Then the whole arrangement is placed before the fire, and the shad is cooked by the heat. When he and you are ready, he is brought to the table and placed before you. A little salt and less pepper, with collaterals of stewed corn, green peas and tomatoes, bread, butter, and such odd trifles, and your planked shad has gone where it will do the most good.

Stick to Your Farms.

The life of a farmer is not an easy one; but when we look around and see the wrecks of fortune made on every hand by men engaged in other pursuits, the farmer has cause to be thankful if he can support his family and give his children a good common education. It has been stated that during the last half century only four merchants, in the city of New York, out of every hundred have succeeded in making their business profitable. The unsuccessful ones have managed, in many cases, to continue in business for years after they had become bankrupt according to their books; but, of course, finally had to succumb to their fate. These men, while living in good style, and many luxuriously, have carried continually a load of care that no farmer ever experienced; and when the time came that their business must be wound up, their condition generally has been one of poverty and utterly broken down in spirits. A few recover and resume business again; but the majority are pushed aside to make room for others, eventually to follow in their footsteps and end their lives in misery and despair.

Farmers, be contented. You may not be able to lay up money; but if you can pay for your farms and live comfortably, envy not the condition of those engaged in other pursuits. To those farmers who are out of debt and own good farms, need I say that the apparently wealthy bankers of Wall street might well envy your lot. Nearly every week some one of these firms, owing millions of dollars, explodes, and its members sink into poverty and obscurity; but the farmer who is out of debt owns a bank that can never fail, inasmuch as seedtime and harvest are promised unto the end of time.

A word to farmers' sons. If your fathers own good farms which are not mortgaged, don't all abandon your homes. One of you, at least, should remain to carry on the farm when your father's lease of life has expired. You might possibly do better in some other business, but you had better not risk a change.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Why, to be sure! The Pittsburgh *Commercial* says that the great unknown is the man who doesn't advertise.

The Supply Depot of the Body.

The stomach is the grand supply depot of the body, upon which it draws for all the materials needed in the composition of bone, muscle, brain and blood. The liver is an important auxiliary of this mighty organ, and the two are most intimately connected. Nothing so certainly ensures the harmonious action of these viscera, and so completely removes the disorders which simultaneously affect both, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular American specific for all complaints to which the stomach, liver and bowels are subject, and the foremost tonic on this side of the Atlantic. Indigestion, costiveness, inactivity and congestion of the liver, poverty of the blood, debility of the bladder and kidneys, and many other ailments produced by or causing weakness, are entirely removed by its use.

Which Shall I Take?

This is often a serious question with the invalid. He finds the market flooded with proprietary medicines, scores of which are recommended as certain cures for his peculiar ailment. He reads the papers, circulars, and almanacs, and finds each sustained by plausible arguments setting forth its virtues and specific action. The recommendations are as strong for one as for another. The cures claimed to have been wrought by one are as wonderful as those claimed to have been wrought by another. In his perplexity and doubt, the sufferer is sometimes led to reject all. But it should be borne in mind that this condition of things is one that cannot be remedied. In a land where all are free, the good—the truly valuable—must come into competition with the vile and worthless, and must be brought to public notice by the same instrumentality, which is *advertising*. In such a case, perhaps the only absolute proof that a remedy is what it claims to be, is to try it. The "test of a pudding is the eating of it," "prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is the apostolic injunction. There may, however, be stronger presumptive evidence in favor of one remedy than there is in favor of another, and this should be allowed its due weight. A due regard for this may save a vast amount of experimenting and a useless outlay of money. As presumptive evidence in favor of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, the Proprietor desires to say, that they are prepared by a new and scientific process by which the virtues of the crude plants and roots are extracted without the use of a particle of alcohol. Not a particle of the active or valuable race matters into the composition of either his Golden Medical Discovery or Favorite Prescription. This consideration alone ought certainly to rank them high above the vile compounds saturated with alcohol, Jamaica rum, sour beer, or vinegar, which are everywhere offered for sale. Again, they are of uniform strength, and their virtues can never be impaired by age. They are also made from fresh herbs and roots, gathered in their appropriate season, when they are flush with medicinal properties. In support of these claims, the following testimony is offered:

R. V. Pierce, M. D.: Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir—I have sold a great deal of your excellent remedies, and I prefer to sell them before others, because they give good satisfaction to those who use them. I hear such remarks as "Sage's Remedy completely cured me; it is a splendid thing;" or, "Pierce's Discovery is just what I wanted; I feel better than I ever did." One of our celebrated singers uses it for strengthening her voice, and says "there is nothing equals it;" and so I might give scores of remarks said about your preparations. A colored woman was in here yesterday, and after taking three bottles was completely cured. She, being in the store, said to me, "I don't want no doctors 'round me so long as I can get the Discovery; it beats all your doctors." And so I might go on.

I am, most respectfully, yours,
Asa B. Crooks.

Large Furniture Trade.

Holton & Hildreth, 225 and 227