THE HERALD.

Giving "Ole Marster" a Lift.

BY SAM. W. SMALL.

"Yer axes me what dis heah is, sah?
Well, hit's nuffin, sah, but jes' er cont—
Jes' wun ob dese long, gray, dusty kin'
Wuat button close up on de throat.
I got it ter fit on er frend, sah,
An' Ise gwine an' wid my own han'
Ter wrop hit aroun' de bes' hat, sah,
Dat is beatin' ter-day in dis inn'.

"No, 'taint fer nobody whar's kin' ter me—
'Cept dis, sah, dat in dem ole days
'Fore war an' fore freedom cum in, sah,
He was den my 'Ole Master' always;
He was kin' an' jest er er judge, sah,
An' always done right by us all,
An' he nebber fergot when 'twuz Christmas
Ter hab sumthin' in han' fer us all!

"But de wah an' destruckshin cum on him,
An' he los all he had in de lan',
An' feeble, an' frenless, an' weak, sah,
Had ter lib by de wuck ob his han'.
I tell yer de Ole's bin a hard un—
His koopin' de wolf fum de do',
An' offen he's sed he'd give up, sah,
An' not try to fight enny mo!

"But I'd binde him up, sorter-like, sayin'
'Dar's better times cumin' ahead—
Jes' keep on er peggin' an' prayin',
An' nebber say die till yer dead!'
An' so, he'd keep tryin' and tryin'
But he couldn't keep up a strong lick;
An' at las' had ter gib up his weapon
An' lay down like a little chile, sick!

"Den we done de best wuck in de wuri', sah,
Ter bring him again ter hisself,
To keep his po' body awhile heah
An' keep in hit his flickerin' bref;
But I'd seen him dis mawnin' so poo'ly,
So thin an' so pale an' so lorn,
Dat I jes' tuck er bolt on my hart-strings
An' played 'em for all dat was dar!

"So I'se tuck all de munney I'd laid up
Fer ter buy me my own Christmas gif',
An' boughten dis coat, good an' warm, sah,
Fer ter gib my ole marster a lif'!
I know he'll be glad wid de cumfurt
Hit'll bring to his weakly ole frame;
White men—I kin skirmish enoun' heah
An' feel happy an' rich jes' de same!"

So went the old man on his mission
As happy as ever a king,
His heart beating holier music
Than ever a mortal can sing.
And though others may think that a nigger
Has never the gift of a soul,
He's got something will pass for its equal
When Heaven shall call its last roll!

—[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

THE COUSINS.

Such a pretty bewitching face, troubled though it is, with a suspicion of tears in the great brown eyes and a sensitive quiver around the mobile lips.

"It is too bad that you should be slighted, Nina; but I suppose the Grahams think that you are but a child yet—too young for parties."

The brown eyes flashed.

"I am not a child, though you may wish to keep me so; and if I am disappointed, it is no wonder, for Dr. Graham and his sister have always seemed to like me, and now I alone of all the girls am left out."

The first speaker shrugs her shoulders as she replies, smiling a little:

"Excuse me, Miss Nina, for not thinking seventeen to be a most venerable age. But another time I'd be a little more delicate about saying that you think people like you, for you may run the risk of making the same mistake as it is evident you have now."

Nina does not answer her cousin's taunt, but the rosy color raises and bathes her eloquent face in one tide of indignation as she turns and goes into the house.

"Conceited little thing!" Edna ejaculates as she looks after her. "So Dr. Graham likes her, does he?"

For the last twelve years of her life Nina Ogden has been an inmate of the Eltings' home, ever since her mother, dying, left her orphan child to her sister's care and love.

It cannot be justly said that the girl has lacked for care; but the love has been sadly missing. Mrs. Elting has a narrow unloving nature, and never has understood, or cared to, the full meaning of that word—charity.

Having one daughter of her own, all the affection she is capable of feeling has been bestowed upon her to the exclusion of the gentle girl whom Providence has placed in her keeping.

The most eligible match in Rosemount (as Edna expresses it) is certainly Dr. Launt Graham. Handsome, finely educated, and well supplied with this world's goods, it is no wonder that the young physician has made himself a general favorite.

For a long time Edna has set her mind upon captivating and bringing to her feet this prize; but though she has dressed herself charmingly, and managed to meet him whenever his professional duty has brought him to the house, she cannot help but see that as yet her point has not been gained.

Nina's bright eyes, too, have found a charm in Launt Graham's noble face that has drawn her fancy irresistibly to him; but that he has given more than a passing thought to her little self she does not dream, though, as she has said, she has seen that he liked her.

And now invitations have been sent out for a very unique kind of lawn-party, to be given at the pleasant home where Dr. Graham and his maiden sister live. It is to be a character-party, each guest being required to represent some noted creation of fiction, and to go masked, so as to keep up the mystery as long as possible.

But though all the young ladies of the village have been asked, Nina alone has received no invitation.

Edna's taunting words do not die away this time from her cousin's mind as readily as they generally do, but stay and rankle and bear the fruit finally of a daring idea.

"I will not be left out," thinks little Nina. "Edna has all the fun, and I all the work. I will go, but no one will be any the wiser, for before the time comes for unmasking I will disappear."

The afternoon arrives at last, and Mrs. Elting as Lady Teazle, and her daughter as Juliet—a character nature has certainly not fitted her for—have gone. It is not long before a quaint little figure follows.

Nina is very dainty about all the belongings of her tiny room, and some time since from her slender store of pocket-money she had purchased a piece of gaily-flowered chintz with which to make coverings and hangings.

A few moments' diligent perusal of a particular part of "Barnaby Rudge," and a few evenings of work after all the rest have retired, have sufficed for her clever fingers to fashion a very pretty Dolly Varden costume.

And so, with her tell-tale curls combed high up on her head, and hidden beneath a dainty hat, also evolved from her own inventive genius, Nina starts for the party.

There is such a throng that she has no difficulty in keeping out of the way of her cousin, whose keen eyes she fears may recognize her, despite her mask.

But the bright hours fly swiftly by, and Nina knows that the time has come when she must slip away.

"I will steal unnoticed into the lilac path, and take off my mask," she thinks to herself, "and from there it is but a step to the gate.

But, standing with his back to the gate as she approaches it, she sees, to her consternation, Dr. Graham's well-known form. His mask is in his hand, and he is seemingly lost in reverie. He looks up as her light step falls upon his ear.

"Why, Miss Nina! Whither a way so early?" he exclaims gaily, coming forward with outstretched hand.

With a little cry Nina starts back, filled with a sudden sense of how wrong she has been in coming, and what a rude forward girl he must think her.

The color bathes all her face in a crimson glow as, clasping her small hands together, she says earnestly:

"Please do not detain me, Mr. Graham, for if my aunt knows I have been here she will be very angry. I must go at once, and I wish, oh! I wish I had not come."

Then, before he has time to speak, she has opened the gate and is gone.

"Is your cousin indisposed, that she did not accompany you to-day, Miss Edna?" he asks, a short while later, when, their *incognito* dropped, the guests are all assembled in the drawing-room.

"Oh no; she's quite well," Edna answers carelessly. "But mamma thinks her too young to go into society as yet, and the child herself is very diffident."

Dr. Graham is satisfied. He has put two and two together, and, through Nina's words and terrified manner, together with Edna's answer to his query, he has arrived pretty closely at the truth.

"Too young! Why, she's more a woman now than her frivolous cousin will ever be! I fear that poor little Nina's lot at her aunt's is something akin to the Cinderella of the fairy tale. I wonder what Mrs. Elting will say when I tell her what is in my mind concerning her niece—if she will say she is 'too young?'"

The day after the party, and again the following week, Dr. Graham calls at the Eltings' home, but he sees everyone save the one he wishes most to meet.

Poor Nina's escapade has been discovered, and she is in disgrace. The Dolly Varden dress, spied by Edna's prying eyes, has convicted her.

But, his mind once made up, Launt Graham is not one to be thwarted, and he has determined to wait no longer to learn the answer to a question he has longed had in his heart.

So, taking his pen, he writes to Nina a manly straightforward letter, telling her of the love, strong and tender, he cherishes for her, and asking her to make his happiness by becoming his wife.

Days go by and merge into weeks, until three have flown, but no answer from Nina does her waiting lover receive.

At last his hope fails.

"So it is 'no, and I have deceived myself. She dosen't care for me, and what I read in her sweet brown eyes was merely friendship, and nothing more. Well, little Cinderella, I must be brave, and give you up, for it is evident that, 'after all, I am not the prince who is to release you from your uncongenial home."

But, though his thoughts are brave, Launt's disappointment is none the less keen, and he avoids as long as he can the pain that seeing his love's dear face and knowing she is not to be his would cause him.

At length there comes a time when Nina falls ill for the first time in her healthy young life. To tell the truth, it is a sickness—than which none are more baffling and tenacious—more of the mind than the body.

Bravely Nina struggles against the lassitude that is gaining each day a stronger hold upon her, refusing to give up, until at last she can resist no longer, and becoming for the first time thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Elting calls in medical aid.

"You do not think that it is serious, doctor—that she will not recover?"

Pale and anxious, Mrs. Elting bends over her niece. In her heart she knows that only outwardly has she done her duty by the motherless girl left in her charge, and a remorseful compunction is visible upon every feature.

Dr. Graham's voice is very cold as he answers her gravely: "I cannot tell. She is very ill. I should have been called sooner.

It is a hard fight, but youth wins, and out of the shadow of death comes Nina—sadly changed from the radiant maiden of a few months before, though in Launt's eyes she seems, with her frail spiritual beauty, more than ever lovely.

At last convalescence sets in, and his services are no longer needed. It is his last call. He finds Nina alone, Mrs. Elting and Edna having gone to the village to make some necessary purchases.

He stays but a short while, and then rises to go; but Nina's slender fingers upon his coat sleeve detain him. Surprised, he looks down at her, to find her face covered with an embarrassed flush, and that she is trembling.

"Dr. Graham," she says, "I hate to speak and bring back to your mind what perhaps time has already begun to efface; but I must. I have a favor to ask of you—it is that you will try and condone, on account of my youth, my unladylike behavior in coming uninvited to your sister's party—forcing myself where I was not wanted. I knew it was not right, but my cousin had made me vexed, and I went—I am ashamed to say it—just to spite her. It has troubled me a great deal to think that through a foolish childish freak, I have lost the respect of you and your sister."

"You have troubled yourself needlessly," Launt answers; "for you did not come uninvited. Your card must have been kept from you, for I myself enclosed it with those for your aunt and cousin. And now I, in my turn, have a question to ask of you. Why did you not answer my letter? Was it because you deemed an honest love of so trifling an account—or because you were so utterly indifferent to me that you cared not what pain I suffered?"

Nina looked wonderingly up.

"What letter do you mean, Dr. Graham?"

"The one in which I told you of my love and asked you to be my wife," Launt answers.

"I never received it!"

As she speaks and looks up to meet his gaze, her soft eyes droop swiftly to hide the telltale light that has sprung into their brown depths. But not before Launt has seen.

"Nina," he cries, "it must be that my letter met the same fate as your card of invitation. What was done once may have been repeated, though, of course, we will never know. But it will matter not, if only you will assure me that my hopes are not destined to disappointment—if you will let me tell you now what I endeavored to set forth so clearly upon paper a few months ago."

Nina's face is pale no longer, as her lover, taking silence as consent, draws her closely to him, while in impassioned words he tells that old story which yet is ever new.

"Nina," Launt says after a while, "in my thoughts I have always called you my little Cinderella. I saw just how cold and unloving your home was, and I flattered myself that I would be the prince who should carry you away to the sunshiny palace of his love. You see I was right. Darling, do you know what I have neglected till now?"

Then, despite Nina's vivid blush and startled eyes, Launt stoops his handsome head to hers. And Mrs. Elting and her daughter, coming in, see and understand without being told just how matters are.

Classification of Flirts.

There are two kinds of flirts—the frivolous and the serious, the frothy and the sentimental—those who are merely light comedians through life, whose proper costume would be periwigs and ruffles, hoops and stomachers, powder and patches and red-heeled shoes, swords and love-knots, pug-dogs and rich brocade; and those who have a touch of tragedy, and who talk largely of the hollowness of life, the affinity of souls, the sorrows of the heart, the miseries found in loneliness and their need of a sympathetic nature to understand their own. The first are, of course, the least dangerous, if the most contemptible; the last are the most wicked.

A Texas Mother-in-Law.

Searching for a Spindle-Shanked, Goggle Eyed Prodigal Son.

A tall woman, wearing a sun-bonnet, came into the office of the chief of police, and, sitting down hard on the end of a bench, wiped her nose, snapped her eyes at the chief, and asked, in a voice that reminded one of the sharpening of a saw:

"Be you the galoot what locks folks up?"

"I regret to say that I am occasionally obliged to resort to such extreme measures with refractory persons."

"I know all that; but be you the galoot?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why didn't you say so when I asked you?"

"I did."

"You didn't, sir; and if you don't treat me like a lady, I'll fold you up and sit down on you," and she snapped her eyes some more like a terrier.

"What do you want?" asked the official, looking as if he needed reinforcements right away, and plenty of them.

"I want that dirty little whelp what married my darter. I want to talk to him on business, but he evades me. If I could only get a chance to caress him once more!" and she breathed hard and gritted her teeth, until the official felt in his pocket for a police whistle.

"What did he do?"

"He told my darter that he would give 320 acres of land, with a gold mine on it, to anybody who would empertate my jaw with a boot-jack. He said my mouth was like the gate at the Fair Grounds."

"He meant, I suppose, it was never shut. I don't see how he ever came to make such a ridiculous comparison as that. Did you ever remonstrate with him?"

"You bet I did. I drawed him across the kitchen table by the hair with one hand, while I basted him with a long-handled skillet, and you should have heerd him calling me 'mother darling' and 'pet,' but Providence was agin me. His ear gave way, and he lit out before I could reason with him any more. Just as like as not we will never meet again," and she sighed heavily.

"Be calm, madam; do not excite yourself too much.

"I am calm. I like to talk about these family secrets. It calls up sacred recollections. It makes me think of my darter's fust husband. It was real fun to remonstrate with him. His har didn't give. He was game. He sassed back, but, Lord! what a time they had holding the inquest. That was at Arkansas, before I moved to Galveston. There was some of his remains in one corner of the yard, and a few more remains hanging on the fence and there was right peart of him wrapped around the axe-handle. The jury knew me, so they brought in a verdict of justifiable suicide, or homicide, or something like that. And now to think of this pesky little, worthless, spindle-shanked, goggle-eyed whelp getting clear off, excepting a few pounds of har. I want you to find him for me. You can know him by the brands I made on him with the hot skillet. Wanted to empertate my jaw, the little brassy whelp! Said my mouth was like a gate, did he?"

The official said he would hunt for him, and let her know. As she went out, she snapped her eyes significantly at the official, and remarked:

"You had better find that prodigal son, or thar'll be music at these headquarters.—*Galveston News.*

There is said to be a steady emigration of young physicians from all parts towards Kansas. The secret of it is the new Liquor law. Liquors are only sold on physician's prescription. Half a dollar is charged for prescribing two gills of whisky, and, as the average Kansas man drinks in the neighborhood of a quart a day, there is a probability that the doctors will soon have all the money in the State.

The silk trade of Lyons now occupies some 120,000 looms, of which only 30,000 are within the city. Including those who work in the silk-worm establishments, there are 800,000 persons employed in the Lyons silk trade. In 1787 there were but 80,000, and 10,000 looms.

Divorce and Re-Marriage.

An important decision has been rendered by the Court of Appeals in reference to the rights of defendants, in divorce decrees in this state. The matter of re-marriage in one state after a divorce has been granted in another state, has been a perplexing question in the courts of many of the states. A case has occurred recently at the west that was very annoying to the parties. A marriage was consummated between parties both having been divorced from former partners in different stat s. In one state the husband was liable to an arrest for bigamy, and the wife could be tried on the same charge in the state where she was divorced. Many individuals who supposed they were acting according to law, have been greatly harassed by the interpretation of the marriage laws of different Legislatures.

The lower courts in the state of New York have hitherto held that on the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony a complainant could re-marry at will, but the defendant was prohibited. And, although the defendant might be re-married in another state, where no such prohibition existed, it has been held the marriage was not legal; that the marriage gave no property rights, and the party was subject to trial for bigamy in this state. The acts of the Legislature of a sister Commonwealth were disregarded. But the Court of Appeals has rendered a decision which will entirely change the construction which the lower courts have put upon the divorce laws of the state of New York. It maintains the sovereignty of each state within her boundaries, and is in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Government. The case which went up on appeal, on which the decision was rendered, as follows: Barker Von Voorish, after becoming the father of two children, was made a defendant in divorce by his wife. She obtained a decree in 1872. A year thereafter he married Miss Ida Schroeder, in New Haven, Conn., going thither for that purpose from New York. One child, Rose Van Voorhis, was the issue of this union. Van Voorhis died in 1879, and in 1880, in the distribution of the estate, the question of the legitimacy of Rose came up, and the Supreme Court decided that, as the second marriage in Connecticut was illegal, the child could not share and share alike with the two children of Van Voorhis by his first wife. This decision went up on exceptions to the Court of Appeals and was reversed. The court held that a marriage recognized by the laws of Connecticut was valid, not only in New York, but everywhere.

The decision relieves the defendant in this state of the pains and penalties of re-marriage if he decides to have the act performed in Connecticut or Illinois. The decision does not declare the law of this state null and void, when applied to a defendant in divorce, who re-marries in the limits of the state. But the decision informs the Legislature that the statute which makes bigamists of such defendants as are divorced and re-marry in this state, might as well be repealed, for it can be made a dead letter at any time by a party appealing to the laws of another state or seeking protection where no such penal act prevents re-marriage.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

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