

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Why bury all endearment in your heart. And never know the joy of love confessed. He feels the heavenly bliss that it imparts. Who loves, caresses, is loved and caressed.

ONE DOUBLY LOST.

The lightning of a lurid sky, The surging of a sombre sea, The friendless face of rugged rocks, Where she once sat alone with me!

A BETROTHAL RING.

"Maria, I am sorry to reprimand you again for your curiosity. I wish you would try to correct that fault." The voice was peculiarly soft and gentle, and I was sure that I had heard it before.

I was glad that I had an opportunity of seeing more of them, and I found myself watching them with a great deal of interest as they sat on deck, the mother lying in a big armchair, the daughter seated close by, and the young American hovering around them with a gentle watchfulness of every comfort.

They came slowly towards me, as I sat smoking from the bow of the vessel. She was resting on her arm, and occasionally she would turn her fair face up to his with an air of mingled timidity and confidence.

When I looked again, he was holding a ring up in the moonlight, and both were looking at the pale bluish light which seemed to shoot from the stone in its rich, yellow setting.

It was after midnight, I suppose, when I was aroused by a shock which made the huge ship tremble for an instant. I knew an accident had occurred, and dressing hastily, I hurried on deck.

A little puff of smoke arose, little tongues of fire crept up a mast, and before any one could shout the terrible cry of "Fire!" one of the sails leaped into flames.

"Look!" he cried suddenly. A woman with yellow hair streaming over her white garments was darting toward the bow of the ship. "Eileen!"

The cry was too late. She looked once at the flames, which were leaping up the mast behind her, and, stretching out her arms toward the receding boats, sprang into the sea.

The flames had now spread to every portion of the ship behind us, and the lightning was sweeping off to the horizon in great bands of purple light.

Half an hour later there was light enough to find an opening from the beach with our hearts full of thanks—all except the young American, who, without a word, started towards the sea.

The gray lights of morning were just stealing upon the ocean, which was hissing and throbbing like some great monster in an agony of pain.

While he lay there I took away the seaweed which had caught in her hair and spread the torn drapery about the roots of her limbs. Then I sat down, and he lay there quite still, with his whole frame occasionally shaking

with sobs. A knew it was useless to try to comfort him, so I waited. It all seemed like a cruel dream. Only a few hours before all was beauty, brightness and love for them.

Within an hour the coastmen came and tenderly bore her away. Him I led along like a child. He said nothing at all, and just as we reached the lighthouse he dropped senseless to the earth.

All day and all night he was lost in unconsciousness. The next evening, at the close of the day, he came to himself. The sea lay very calm under the red sun-rays, and upon it his opening eyes first fell.

A smile broke over his face, and he placed both arms around her tenderly. She laid her face close beside his, and together they watched the quiet sea mirror the changing tints of the sunset.

"I've got that mortgage off'n my farm at last, Bill," said one farmer to another, as they met in the road. "Well, I'm downright glad to hear it, Sam. You've had som'at of a hard time a doin' it. An' so you've wiped it out, have you?"

"Yes, I paid the last note this mornin' an' now I'm goin' home to have a bono-fire; but you're right, Bill, I have had a t'rnal hard tussel of it. You know as well as anybody what tough scratchin' I've had to git that farm paid for."

"I'm a goin' to have a time of it, an' I'll suck'n pig." "You don't say?" "Yes, I do. I'm goin' to have a celebration an' a regular rip-snootin' time."

"That's what I'm goin' to do, Bill. I ain't been on a spree for thirty year, but I'm goin' to cut loose to-night, if I have to chew dogwood bark the rest of my days, an' I want you to come over an' help me make the woods howl this evenin' after you git your mikin' done. What d'ye say?"

A poorly-dressed, hungry-looking woman called at the City Hall the other day to make some inquiries about the funeral trimmings lately taken down and voted to the poor.

DAYS OF HENRY CLAY.

Some interesting incidents in the Great Orator's Life—Mr. Clay in Philadelphia—A Visit to Ashland in 1847.

The affection of Philadelphia for Henry Clay was far more ardent than any man since his day has inspired, writes Morton McMichael in The New York Tribune. When he visited the city the place was agog, and day or night crowds gathered wherever there was a chance to catch a glimpse of him.

In the autumn of 1847 Mr. Clay determined to arrange the administration of Mr. Polk for the conduct of the Mexican war in a set oration which should at the same time formulate his own opinions and views for the coming presidential campaign.

When we reached Wheeling we had to wait sometime for a good boat going down to Cincinnati. A steambot was advertised to start at once, but kept delaying from time to time in hopes of getting more freight and passengers.

Mr. Clay's place, "Ashland," near Lexington, was a thoroughly comfortable home, but by no means a grand residence. The house was moderately large and well appointed, without being at all luxurious.

Mr. Clay was tall, rather spare, and thin, with his sixty-five years very well, walking with rather a youthful step, and hardly looking his age, in spite of his recent bereavement, which was a great one to him.

The republic of Chili now owes an account of her railways \$24,870,000. In 1883 these railways earned a revenue of \$6,516,049. The average earnings an annual dividend of 6 1/2 per cent.

bled, it was natural enough that eloquent allusions to the brave young Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista should move the listeners to tears, but I saw the same effect produced on an audience of strangers at Cape May.

Mr. Clay was a born leader of men, full of confidence in himself, and with ability to back it he never lost courage. His manner was frank and cordial, but above all courtly. In that characteristic he was probably unequaled. As evidence that his courtliness arose, as to be genuine it must, from true gentleness, I mention a personal incident. It happened that Mr. McMichael and myself arrived at "Ashland" only a very short time before dinner, to which a considerable number of Kentucky magnates had been invited to meet him.

After enjoying the proverbial hospitality of Kentuckians at Lexington, Mr. Michael and myself went on to Frankfort to see Mr. John Crittenden. His home was on the well-shaded main street of the town, a two-story double brick house which was and still is known as the Crittenden mansion.

There are special grades of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer to a reporter for The New York Mail and Express recently. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing but study up new things in neckties.

"Not now. They were until less than three years ago, but now our styles are superior to the European, and they are coming over here for patterns. However, there is a tendency for English fashions for the fall."

"Are men or women employed in making neckties?" "Women. There are more than 1,200 girls thus employed in this city alone. They work by the piece and make more or less money according to their expertness. A good finisher can make \$8 or \$9 a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes each detail perfectly so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design and same style are boxed together to give the dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn the bands of neckties, and she makes \$15 a week. She turns twenty-five or thirty dozen bands a day.

The fact is, I didn't have the ten dollars."—Philadelphia Call. There are six or eight consulars in China to be filled, which pay salaries of \$8,500 and \$5,000.

Cottage Interiors.

Many directions given in regard to household furnishings are bewildering from their impracticable character and carelessness of expense. One is told that antique china, highly decorated in classic designs, is essential; that porcelains must be rich and Oriental; that only Corinthian columns are useful additions to furnishings; that all articles must be unique, richly carved, and in strange design. It may be pleasant to contemplate luxuries of that sort, but with a limited income one is apt to be exasperated at the accounts. Miss Phelps, in her last book, "An Old Maid's Paradise," has described an interior of a cottage with rare simplicity. She says the small parlor was painted gray, the walls, ceiling, and floor harmonizing in different tints. A border of black ran around the floor, and several felt mats of cherry color, fringed with gray, gave a cheerful effect. The beams and rafters left bare by the absence of plastering were touched with a neutral tint. The dado was formed of wood-cuts, all landscapes, from American and English magazines, bordered by a fine line of black. A frieze of cardinal flowers cut from chromos finished the top of the room. The curtains were cotton flannel of a silver shade, bordered and lined with cherry. The cheap and comfortable lounges were upholstered with gray cotton flannel, and had bright pillows. The deck chair at the window was tied with cherry ribbons. There was a tiny open stove. The rocking chair was old and generous. Books, statuettes, and pictures were abundant, and the room had the air of having been lived in a long time. The dining-room was oiled, not painted, and the rafters of the ceilings were covered with thin lichens lined with gold paper. The curtains were English silesia, of a golden brown, worked with oak leaves. One of the chambers was blue and the other green. On the pale ceiling of the blue room pale butterflies from natural history cards were pasted. The windows were draped with blue and white muslin. The green room had green floor, walls, and furniture. The walls were hung with ferns, pressed and fastened securely with gum tragacanth. The curtains were of cheap white muslin, and were not tied. The room looked like a bower. Miss Phelps adds that there was not a stork, a bulrush, a Japanese fan, nor a grandmother's teacup in the house. But it is useless to deny that Japanese fans are desirable and ornamental, if they are well chosen and are not used in excess. The advantage of Miss Phelps' picture is its illustrative force. A cheerful, artistic room and house does not depend entirely upon its pecuniary value. The elegant mansion which has been furnished under the direction of the house furnisher, and which bears not a thought nor suggestion of its owners, is lifeless and bare compared to the house furnished under the loving care of a tasteful possessor to whom each object represents a careful study. The poorest clerk can have a pretty, attractive home if he saves his wages prudently and buys gradually, one at a time, the cheap, but harmonious and tasteful furnishings.—Boston Journal.

An Ancient Spanish Title.

In 1717, when a band of colonists from the Canary islands settled in San Fernando (now San Antonio) writes a Galveston News the Spanish government granted to the town six leagues of land around the town as exidos, which was laid off by metes and bounds, with prominent natural objects for corners.

About 1846 the city employed Mr. John James, a competent surveyor, to resurvey the lands granted to the city, which was done and a map made of the same. This survey was passed upon directly by the supreme court of Texas in the case of Lewis vs. San Antonio, in Texas, in 1851, and the correctness of the survey was admitted by the court. The city of San Antonio has held the land embraced in the survey made by John James for over forty years prior to such survey. The lands had been surveyed in 1717, or soon afterwards, and the survey by John James was a resurvey, based on the original boundaries of the original survey; but some parties, conceiving that more than six leagues were embraced in the James survey, and that such excess was public land belonging to Texas and was open to entry, have quietly filed upon it. Others are preparing to file upon other portions of it.

It is doubtful if the commissioner of the land office was told or suspected that these lands were embraced in the survey of San Antonio, were claimed by the city, and were prima facie no longer public land. Your correspondent received a hint of it a month ago in a casual conversation, but was met with such studied reticence that he could not trace it out. Ex-City Engineer Smith, when interviewed, yesterday, frankly said that he would not divulge certain matters. When asked on which side of town the excess was supposed to be, he replied he was not at liberty to state, nor did he feel at liberty to say who had filed upon it. As the city had sold pretty well all its lands granted to it as exidos, this movement is likely to open a mint of litigation. The chances are that the title of the city will prevail, since it has held possession over 150 years, and nearly 40 since the James survey was made, and in Lewis vs. San Antonio the court decided that twenty years possession would bar the state. The excess in quantity, if any, embraced within the cities borders would belong to the city.