

SUNSHINE COMES TO-MORROW.

Some days must be dark and dreary,
Some lives must be full of gloom,
Some hearts of their cares must weary,
Till they long for rest in the tomb.
Some eyes must grow dim from weeping,
While others are glad and bright,
Some wake while others are sleeping—
Care-free, until morning light.
O, well for the hearts which sorrow,
That the longest-for rest draws near,
And well that the sun to-morrow
May shine on the paths now drear.
There are sunny isles in mid-ocean,
Where the myrtle and orange bloom,
Unbeeding the wild commotion,
Or the depths which no stars illumine.
As those isles to the shipwrecked mortal,
Tossed about on the ocean's crest,
So the entrance to Heaven's portal
Tells only of endless rest.
—[Lilla N. Cushman.]

A GRASS WIDOW.

Mrs. Cleather was by far the prettiest and generally the most attractive among the whole army of grass widows to be found in gay and giddy Nynce Tal, the hill station of the N. W. P. India. Naturally, as is always the case in this merry world we live in, being beautiful, attractive and altogether charming, she won the hearts and admiration of most of the stronger sex and the envy, hatred and malice of the weaker. That was only to be expected; it is the way of the world, and it would have been altogether out of the common if it had been otherwise. Admirers she had many, though it would have been hard to pick out among the multitude (unless one was behind the scenes) who was more favored than the rest. She distributed her attentions equally among them all—at least so far as the eye could see; and riding out one afternoon with this one, rowing on the lake with another, or dancing with a third, nobody was quite able to fix on any one in particular whom they could tell of as her own distinctive "bow-wow," and whom they could set themselves to manufacturing stories and scandals about.

Five months of the Nynce Tal season had now gone, and the pretty Mrs. Cleather had managed to pass unscathed through all the fiery accusations of the host of scandal mongers and gossipers of that festive Anglo-Indian community; until quite lately, when she had evinced a somewhat greater partiality for one of her staff, and set all tongues going at once.

"Mind you," said Mrs. Allison to Mrs. Barnard one day, "I've heard queer stories about this young and innocent-looking Mrs. Cleather; not that I believe them; still, there is no smoke without fire, you know."

"Quite so," responds Mrs. Barnard, in her squeaky voice; and Mrs. Dawson tells me she saw two people very like Mrs. Cleather and Capt. Benn on the lake last night at 11 o'clock!"

"Dear me! And all this time her husband slaving away in the plains!" "Yes; and you know they've been very much together of late; they say he is always up at her house every morning about 11, and remains there the best part of the day."

"Ah, it's a crying shame," says Mrs. Allison, "for such scandals to be allowed to go on in public like this; why does not Mr. Cleather come up and look after his wife?"

"Well, I suppose, poor man, he can't get away from his duties in the plains, but I think some one ought to warn him of the way his young wife is going on."

"Yes, and if I only knew him a bit better I'd do so myself just out of pure Christian charity."

"But what could one tell him? You see there is as yet no direct evidence of anything exactly wrong."

"No, true, my dear, but if this kind of thing goes on much longer there will be, mark my word. The truth must come to light some day."

Meanwhile pretty Mrs. Cleather, the pride of the "bow-wows" and the envy of her sex, pursued the even tenor of her ways, utterly callous of what people thought or said about her—a friend of everybody who knew her well, and could appreciate her pleasant manners and conversation, and the enemy, though not of her own making, of others who knew her but rightly or not at all.

The season was on the wane at Nynce Tal. The rains were over and once more the lake shone forth in all its former glory, and the overhanging trees and rocks covered with fern and moss, with which its banks were surrounded, made the whole more like a picture in fairyland than a reality in the hills of northern India. Every one was making the most of the last few weeks that were left of the season, and dances, theatricals, picnics and dissipations of all sorts crowded one on the top of the other day after day. Mrs. Cleather was everywhere, and the charm and the spirit of every ball or picnic she went to. Certainly she did give people a faint excuse for talking, as Capt. Benn latterly was never absent from her side, and had these last few weeks evidently taken his place as chief of the numerous staff of her would-be-admirers; but then he was a personal friend of Cleather's, her husband, and would not that be sufficient in accounting for the decided preference for him among the others by the young grass widow?

On Thursday afternoon about the beginning of October Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Dawson had a small and select picnic of their own at the most delightful of all resting places, namely the inn known as Rest by the Way, at Douglas Dale, half way down on the road to Ranibagh. It is a picturesque little house, situated in the middle of the valley and surrounded by the most beautiful of gardens, redolent with the sweet odor of acacia and orange trees, and planted out in the most artistic style with palms, grasses, trees and bushes of all sorts, western as well as oriental. The garden produces fruits of all kinds, cherries, apples, plantains, strawberries, and, in fact, everything the thirsty traveler could wish for; added to which there are lovely walks under the cool shade of the trees, and green arbors such as

are seldom seen, where one may hide away from the maddening crowd and be at rest, lulled by the rippling of the silver stream near at hand and the singing of the birds over head. Such a place is Douglas Dale, a veritable garden of Eden, a second paradise.

The sun was beginning to set over the purple hills to the north as Mrs. Allison was gradually collecting the remnants of her army, as they came in two by two from their walks and talks in this paradise on earth. Mrs. Allison, more staid than the rest, had remained behind in the veranda, dear Col. Verriker so kindly remaining too, to take care of her—so kind and thoughtful of him! but it was not the first time this gallant officer had performed this gallant task. Mrs. Allison herself was a grass widow of a somewhat doubtful character, although, according to her own ideas, prim and proper to a degree; still she had no real objection to one of the male sex, other than her lawful spouse, being tacked on to her apron strings for the time being, though the same arrangement with others was scandalous in her eyes to a degree.

The party had now all arrived and were sitting in the far corner of the veranda sipping tea and chatting previous to their start up the hill again for Nynce Tal, when they were surprised by the clatter of pony hoofs coming over the bridge towards the house; and a lady all alone, without even a syce (groom), rode into the garden and pulled up in front of the veranda. She had evidently ridden rather fast, for her pony was very hot and she very much out of breath. Getting her foot out of the stirrup she slid down off her saddle by herself, and leading the pony up to the door called the bearer.

Words fail to describe the astonishment of the tea party at the other end of the veranda when, by the light of the newly lit lamp over the doorway, they recognized the features of the "spotless and innocent" Mrs. Cleather. Their excitement knew no bounds; they dare not move for fear of being seen, and thus spoiling the tableau of which they would doubtless be witnesses. It was only Mrs. Allison who could not resist saying in a rather audible whisper, "There I told you so! How much for the child's innocence now, I should like to know? You may be sure she's on no good errand down here all alone at this time of the evening."

However, Mrs. Cleather was much too tired or excited with her ride to notice anything, and the group under the veranda were quite unseen by her. Presently the landlord came to the door.

"Did you get my note this afternoon?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Is all ready?" "Which is the room?" "If you will kindly come this way I will show you;" and he led her through the door leading into a small apartment at the other end of the veranda generally known as the "Bow-wow's Cave."

"Dear, dear me, I'd give my best diamond ring to know what she's up to!" says Mrs. Allison.

"Well, and I feel rather curious on the subject," said a gallant major of the Bengal staff corps sitting at her side. Did you notice the pony she rode? It was a bay mare; I know it by the black stocking on the near hind, she ran in the last Gymkhana, and belongs to Captain Fenn."

"Ah, doubtless; she always rides his ponies—in fact, they are almost as much hers as his."

"Well," continued Mrs. Allison, "Captain Fenn's pony or no, I don't care, but I should like very much to know what she is doing down here."

"And perhaps, Mrs. Allison," said a third party, "this is not the first time she's been down here at this time."

"Who knows?" said the colonel. "She's as lovely as Venus, but you bet, as cunning as a serpent, and it's always these quiet ones that are the first to go wrong."

Their doubts on the subject were soon, however, made clearer to them, for while they were discussing the subject another pony and rider arrived at the cottage. This time it is a man, and, though enveloped in an overcoat and with a large Teral hat on his head, it was easy to guess who it was. Moreover, the syce and pony both tell the tale, as it is the steed that Captain Fenn rides regularly along the Mall every day.

The excitement of the lookers on almost knew no bounds now, and is increased when the aged landlord again comes forth, and to the very audible query of "Is Mrs. Cleather in?" answers in the affirmative.

"Which is the room she engaged?" "The small room with the red purdah over the door," answers mine host, and retires once more to the inner recesses of his house, evidently not wishing to be more in the way than possible.

The gentleman turns round, orders his syce to take the pony to the stable, walks steadily down to the little door at the other end, and lifting aside the purdah says: "Are you there, —?" calling Mrs. Cleather by her Christian name; and a sweet voice answers from within: "Yes; is that you come at last? Entrez and shut the door."

It would require an artist of no mean ability to paint the countenances of the party, both men and women, seated round the table in the other corner of the veranda. It was more a look of intense delight and satisfaction that displayed itself on the face of both Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Barnard, and a look more of surprise and wonder on those of the others.

"Come, let us go; this is no fit place to be in at such a time of night as this," quoth Mrs. Allison; and having ordered their jompans and ponies they start on their homeward way. They discuss the affairs of the evening, and nothing is too bad for either Captain Fenn or Mrs. Cleather. The fair ones of the party always believed "there was something more than a mere flirtation in it; but to come to this—too dreadful! And what a piece of scandal for the end of the season, too!" As for the men of the party, they were more puzzled than anything. Captain Fenn was such a friend of Cleather's they could hardly believe it; "however,"

they say, "anything is possible with a woman at the bottom of it."

By 11 o'clock that night the news had spread like wildfire among the select gossip circles of Nynce Tal, and even one fair dame, more energetic than the rest, wends her way up to Mrs. Cleather's house to see what she can glean out of the bearer. All she knows is that the memsahib went off in a great hurry, and she doesn't think she would be back till the next day. Worse and worse! Was there ever such a barefaced piece of scandal as this? And they determined to-morrow to let everyone in the place know of what has happened.

Morning breaks at Nynce Tal, and the sun rises over the mountain tops in all its oriental glory, making everything around seem bright and happy. Little does pretty Mrs. Cleather think there is a thunderstorm of no small proportions about to burst over her head.

Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Dawson are walking on the Mall about 12 o'clock when who should they meet but Capt. Fenn himself. He stops and talks to them, in answer to their queries as to where he was the evening before, says:

"Well, I had rather a slow evening at the club. I had intended to go down to Douglas Dale to meet Cleather; his wife got a telegram from him in the afternoon telling her he would be there at 7:30. So I sent down my pony to Ranibagh for him to ride up the hill on. I believe they remained there last night. I'm rather expecting to see them coming up the Mall now. By Jove, there they are!"

The Star of Bethlehem Likely Soon to Appear.

The theory concerning the "Star of Bethlehem" is based on a poetical foundation, having little to support it. In the year 1752 Tycho Brahe, a Dutch astronomer, discovered a new star near Caph, in the constellation Cassiopea. It increased in brilliancy until it was as bright as Venus, and could be easily seen at noonday. It continued to shine brightly for a month, then gradually grew dim and, in sixteen months, disappeared from view. It was looked upon as a new creation or a sun on fire, and the general opinion was that it would never again shine in the star depths.

Forty years later the telescope was invented. When it was turned to the position in the heavens occupied by the blazing star, a minute star was found near the identical spot. This telescopic star is still there and is doubtless the same one that blazed forth in 1752. The discovery that it existed led astronomers to search astronomical records, and it was found that similar bright stars had appeared in the same region of sky in 945 and 1264. Counting back three periods from 945 we are brought to the near vicinity of the birth of Christ.

About twenty-four of these temporary stars have appeared in the last 2,000 years, subject, like the star in Cassiopea, to sudden outbursts, followed by a return to their normal insignificance. They are now classed as variable stars, subject to sudden outbursts due to eruptions of blazing hydrogen, and which are followed by long periods of quiescence. If it appears at all it will surely blaze forth by 1885. There is a possibility, therefore, that the long lost star of Bethlehem, the Pilgrim star, the star of 1752, or Tycho Brahe's star—for it is known by all of these names—will once more become a shining wonder in the sky.

A BIRD CONVENTION.

"Said One Crow Unto His Mate."

New York Sun.

A few years ago, while strolling in the woods, I observed a very curious action on the part of a flock of crows. I had sat down to rest under a low pine tree, which must have hidden me entirely from any eye which might look down from above, and a few minutes later about fifty or sixty crows came flying up and alighted on the branches of a large oak tree which—the time being early spring—had not yet put forth its leaves. They had no more than alighted when they all broke into vociferous cawings, all talking at once, and making a tremendous uproar. In the midst of this row one of the birds, a large, glossy fellow, apparently one of the oldest of the band, left the general concourse and flew to the topmost bough, where he perched in silent and solemn state. Immediately the jargon of the rest began to lessen, fell into scattered and indistinct murmurings, and finally ceased altogether, exactly as a company of human beings, which converses while awaiting the coming of the lecturer, becomes gradually silent when the man who is expected arrives at last. As soon as the noise of the rattle had ceased, the moderator, or whatever else he was, on the top of the tree began to speak, and jabbered and croaked away for fully a minute, bobbing his head about very animatedly, and adding emphasis to his discourse by occasional movements of his wings, which evidently stood to him in the place of the brachial gestures of man.

Then he ceased, and the audience below, who had remained in attentive and respectful silence during the exordium, broke out again into a hoarse and confused outcry, which was doubtless in discussion of some suggestion that the speaker had advanced. Then the old crow in the tree top again lifted up his voice and gave the band another taste of his tongue, after which another jabbering talk took place, and then the whole congregation arose upon their wings and flew rapidly away. I would have given a great deal to be able to follow them and see what they did, and learn therefrom what the discussion was all about. That they seriously debated some plan of action I have no doubt, but whether it was a campaign against some obnoxious owl, a strategic movement upon some farmer's corn field, or a discussion of some abstruse point of crow ethics or policy, I to this day I have no idea whatever.

Few walking or visiting costumes are composed of woolen stuff only.

THE MOON INHABITED.

Towns, Villages and Cultivated Fields Can be Seen.

At the astronomical observatory of Berlin, says a translation from Nya Pressen Helsingfors, a discovery has lately been made which, without doubt, will cause the greatest sensation, not only among the adepts in science, but even among the most learned. Prof. Blendmann, in that city, has found, beyond a doubt, that our old friend, the moon, is not a mere lantern which kindly furnishes light for the loving youth and gas companies of our planet, but the abode of living, intelligent beings, for which he is prepared to furnish proofs most convincing.

The question has agitated humanity from time immemorial, and has been the object of the greatest interest. But the opinions have always differed very widely, and no two minds held one and the same. Already in ancient times the belief prevailed that the moon was inhabited by some higher organized, intelligent beings, somewhat resembling man, and in order to communicate with them the earthly enthusiasts planted rows of trees several miles in length, so as to form the figure of the Pythagorean theorem. The celebrated astronomer, Schroder, in the beginning of the present century, fancied that he could detect places on the surface of the moon which periodically grew lighter and darker, and from this fact he derived the conclusion that the phenomenon was the proof of existing vegetation. During the last few decades, however, the idea of life on the moon has been held up to ridicule, and totally scorned by men of learning. But, nevertheless, it has now been proved to be correct.

By accident Dr. Blendmann found that the observations of the moon gave but very unsatisfactory results, owing to the intensity of the light power of the moon's atmosphere, which is so strong that it affects the correctness of the observations in a very high degree. He then conceived the idea to make the object-glass of the refractor less sensitive to the rays of light, and for that purpose he darkened it with the smoke of camphor. It took months of experimenting before he succeeded in finding his right degree of obscurity of the glass, and when finally found he then with the refractor took a very accurate photo of the moon's surface. This he placed in a sun microscope, which gave the picture a diameter of 554 feet. The revelation was most startling. It perfectly overturned all hitherto entertained ideas of the moon's surface. Those level plains which formerly were held to be oceans of water proved to be verdant fields, and what formerly were considered mountains turned out as deserts of sand and oceans of water. Towns and habitations of all kinds were plainly discernible, as well as signs of industry and traffic. The learned professor's study and observations of old Luna will be repeated every full moon when the sky is clear, and we venture to predict that the time is not far off when we shall know more about the man in the moon than as being an agent in English politics.

HENRY CLAY'S DAUGHTER.

The Mournful History Clustering About a Little Stone Sarcophagus in an Old Graveyard at Lebanon.

Just to the right of the entrance to a small, ill-kept, almost unused graveyard at Lebanon, O.—a little city famed the state over as being the home for years of the most gifted orator of his time, Thomas Corwin—is a stained and moldy sarcophagus, less than three feet in height and six feet in length, inclosed by a rude fence of barbed wire, stretched upon clumsy, unwhewn posts. The yard bears every evidence of neglect. The ground around it is sunken, and the grass and briars clamber up the dingy stone tomb's side, and show a disposition to cover it from view. The poor, neglected grave is a stranger to the attention of love-guided hands. A cluster of sweet violets now lift their bright faces from the grass near the head of the tomb, but they came there by chance. A little later on, the grave will be showered by the blackberry's pretty white blossoms, but the breaks upon which they burst to bloom were planted there by kindly nature.

And yet beneath these rough slabs of stone lie the remains of a noble young girl, upon whom in life was bestowed the extravagant love of one of America's grandest minded men; a young girl whose untimely death saddened the life of one of the country's broadest and wisest statesmen. That neglected grave contains the remains of a youthful woman, over whose resting place a fitting monument should be erected by the people whom her father's brilliancy so ably served. But it is neglected, uncared for and almost unknown save to a few outside of Lebanon's limits.

It is unpleasant to think that the offspring of such noble parentage is thus permitted to suffer long years of almost utter neglect among a people who knew the story of her birth and of her distinguished father's merits, but true it is that in that humble grave lie the remains of a daughter of Henry Clay—the man whom Kentucky honors above all men, the man who labored so grandly in the interests of a nation, and was within a step of the presidential chair. Around that little grave clusters a mournful, romantic history. It was related to a Leader reporter a few days ago by one of the old citizens of Lebanon, while standing beside the stone sarcophagus, within the rusty barbed wire inclosure. Said the Leader's friend:

"Henry Clay, you know, was one of the four prominent presidential candidates—John Quincy Adams, Jackson and Crawford. He received thirty-seven electoral votes for the position."

"The electoral college failed to make a choice, and when the work of electing a president devolved upon the house of representatives, Clay, seeing that he could not win himself, carried his strength over to Adams and secured the latter's election. In March of the following year, when Adams organized his cabinet, he tendered Clay the premier's portfolio. Clay went on to Washington, and after he had familiarized himself with the duties of secretary of state, he returned on a visit to his home in Kentucky to see his family, among whom was a beautiful and intellectual daughter, Eliza, whom he particularly loved. Eliza, at that time, had just turned her twelfth year, but she was wise and womanly for her years, and it was one of the principal objects of Clay's long and tedious journey to Kentucky to bring Eliza to Washington with him on his return. Travel in those days was not the easy, luxurious affair that it is now. The cumbersome stage coach was the only public conveyance that traversed the pikes, and the trip from Kentucky to Washington city was both long and wearying. Henry Clay and his daughter started for the capital from Lexington, Ky., early in August. Miss Clay was rather delicate, physically, and found traveling by coach a very distressing affair. The hotel fare on the route did not agree with her, and the various changes and discomforts she experienced brought on a malady that became so alarming when Lebanon was reached that a stop was made here and medical aid summoned to attend the young lady at her hotel. She grew worse instead of better, and one night, after a delicious flight, followed by a brief period of consciousness, she died in her father's arms."

"It was impossible for Mr. Clay to return home with the remains of his dead child, so it was determined to bury her here temporarily. The intention was to remove her remains to Kentucky, and place them in the family burial place."

"Mr. Clay, sad-hearted and weighted down by grief, completed his journey to Washington. His busy and not untroubled life at the capital, as Premier of Adams' Cabinet, is a matter of public history. The grass over his daughter's grave, and the snow of two winters covered its mealy appearance with spotted mantles of white, and yet no move was made to have the remains transferred to Kentucky. In the third summer, I think, the rough sarcophagus was erected by Mr. Clay, who seemed to have determined not to disturb his daughter's rest. The inscription upon the upper tablet tells the sad story in brief."

The reporter leaned over, and after taking up with a handkerchief the water that filled up the sacred portions of the lettering, made out the following:

In Memory of
ELIZA H. CLAY,
Daughter of
HENRY AND LUCRETIA CLAY,
Who Died on the
11TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1825.
Cut down in the bloom of a promising youth, while traveling through Ohio, hence from Lexington, Ky., to Washington City.

Her parents, who have erected this monument to her memory, console themselves with the hope that she now abides in heaven.

The Kinds of Life Not Worth Living.

A life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have \$500,000. There is not a scissor grinder in New York or Brooklyn so anxious to make money as those men who have piled up fortunes for years. The disease of accumulating has eaten into them. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many shipwrecks, too many perditions. They build their castles and open their picture galleries, and make every inducement for happiness to come, but she will not.

So also a life that chiefly strives for worldly approval is a failure. The two most unfortunate men in the United States for the next six months will be the two presidential nominees. Two great reservoirs of malediction have been gradually filling up, and about midsummer they will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to them and they will begin to play on the two nominees, and they will have to stand and take it—the falsehood, the caricature, the venom, the filth, and they will be rolled over in it and choked with it. To win that privilege a hundred candidates are striving.

The same thing is seen on a smaller scale in the strife for social position. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. It don't make any difference how you get your wealth, if you only get it. Perhaps you get it by failing four or five times—the most rapid way of accumulation in this country. If a man fails once he is not so very well off; but if he fails twice he is comfortable, and by the time he fails three times he is affluent. But when you really lose your money, how quick they drop you! High social life is constantly in a change—insecurity dominant, wretchedness dominant and a life not worth living.

Nebraska Delegates in Chicago.

The Nebraska delegation, says a Chicago dispatch of June 1st, reached here early this morning in a special car over the Washburn road. They organized by electing John M. Thurston chairman, and agreed upon the following distribution of honors: Vice president for Nebraska, E. L. Reed; member of committee on rules and order of business, Chas. P. Matthewson; for committee on credentials, W. T. Scott; for permanent organization, J. H. Maccall; for member of the national committee, Church Howe. No agreement has been reached as to the vote, but it is probable that they will divide. Governor Dawes, member of the national committee, and G. W. Dorsey, chairman of the state committee, are working hard to get the solid vote of Nebraska for Blaine, at least on the first ballot, but their success is doubtful. It is certain that Blaine cannot retain more than three votes after the first ballot. A large number of Nebraskans arrived to-day. The congressional delegation, including Messrs. Manderson, Van Wyck and Laird, will arrive from Washington to-morrow morning.

Why He Was Bald-Headed.

Chicago Herald.

"Here, stand up, old bald-head," said the keeper of the bull-pen at the Harrison street police court to a ragged specimen who was pulled up before Justice Fooker.

"Don't call me bald-head," pleaded the man. "If you knew how I came to be bald-headed you would let me go

and say nothing." The ragged devil pumped up a tear as an accompaniment.

"How did you come to be bald?" asked the court, as he chewed a pen-holder that was painted red.

"Your Honor," began the man, balancing himself on one leg, "when I was a boy I was my father's son—tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. Well, your Honor, every time I went out of the house my mother would smooth my hair with her hand—like this—and bless me; and when I went on the street the young ladies came along and said what a pretty child he is, and they would smooth my hair, too. Well, your Honor, my hair was thin, anyway, and these smoothings every day in the week wore it off, and I became bald before me time. See?"

"You are an actor?" asked the court.

"No, sir."

"Then why do you say me for my? Six months."

How the Old Printer Passed Away.

Burlington Hawkeye.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he rose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and sputtered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit gas; then kerosene came and heated up the news-room on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas, and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes, and glared into them from his copy. If he sang on his way home a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep the rest of the world, for whom he had sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared with brass bands, howled with hand-organs, talked and shouted; and even the shrieking newsboys, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the old printer by yelling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this wasn't an afternoon paper, editor's shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that dead man's case; smart young proof-readers scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips, they didn't know how to read; long-winded correspondents learning to write, and long-haired poets who could never learn to spell, wrathfully cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently, and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies. Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters came and went, but he stayed, and he saw newsroom and sanctum filled and emptied and filled and emptied again and filled again with new strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to the end he had a silent pity that came as near being contempt as his good, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devilish up past the cases and the imposing stone.

He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short, in the ball-room and so long in the composing-room, drew wearily on, he was tired. He hadn't thrown in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and chase a type up into a corner before he could get hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good-natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in the case to last him through this take, and he wouldn't work any more to-night. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

And he sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A gallery of telegraph waited.

"What gentleman is lingering with D 13?" called the foreman, who was always dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Slug Nine, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet shouting: "Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand, and read his last take:

Boston, Nov. 23.—The American bark Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. She was old, and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip.

"Blaine and Victory."

The California delegation to the national republican convention at Chicago left San Francisco by special train on the 26th via the Central and Union Pacific and the Chicago and Northwestern. The delegates and party numbered thirty-five. The Nevada delegates were taken aboard en route. Two hundred excursionists accompanied the delegations. Reception were to be held at points along the line east of the Missouri river and at Chicago, where they are timed to arrive on the 31st. The California and Nevada delegations will make their headquarters at the Palmer house. The sleeping coaches are handsomely decorated and bore the legend "Blaine and Victory."

The Shropshire Down is a reliable breeder and good mother, will average more than one lamb a year and yields a close heavy fleece of medium long wool of fairly fine texture. It is a larger, leggier sheep than the South-down, but has not such good forequarters. It combines excellence of both carcass and fleece.

Strength of character is not merely strength of feeling. It is the resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would disconcert us from without or unsettle us from within.—[Charles Dickens.]