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HOW SHE LOVED HIM. BY JENNY WREN.

'Tis a great shame, Harry Jameson—that's what it is! I believe in calling things by their proper names.

'Upon my word, auntie,' he said, in rather feeble tones, 'this is absolutely refreshing.

'It's that that's made all the trouble if you'd not been thrown from your horse here at Farmer Crowley's very door breaking your arm, and very nearly your head, it would not have been necessary for you to be nursed by Farmer Crowley's pretty daughter.

'To love me, auntie? Oh no, no—you are mistaken! True she has been a gentle, tender nurse. I think I owe her care my very life.

'How you speak! One would suppose she was a queen, instead of your being the one upon the throne.

'Well he remembered the frame of mind in which he had mounted his horse on that memorable day, some six weeks ago.

'It is because she loves me so well, and I have so little to give in return,' he said ever to himself, and wondered if it to every man the sense of duty fulfilled brought the same quiet happiness.

'He grew to feel a pride as well in his young wife. Her beauty had already created comment, and though she shrank from the demands of society, now that they were wintering in town, he had no reason to blush for his rustic bride.

'My mother will be here to-day,' he said to her, as they sat one morning at the breakfast-table.

'But he dared not add the rest. 'Pardon madam, I did not hear you knock,' said Fay a few hours later as she sat in her pretty boudoir, and looked up in surprise at the elegant woman who, unannounced, had opened the closed door and intruded upon her privacy, and now stood regarding her with a fixed stare.

'I am here, Mr. Jameson,' the young voice made answer. He started, then, fully awake.

'Home?' Ah well Fay knew the insuperable barrier that lay in the short ten miles which divided the Hall from the farm-house.

Words of Wisdom.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

'How many men, in talking to those they wish to please, sweeten their voices as if it were brown sugar? A man's voice, like a man, should be gentle, but still manly.

'There are a great many men born in the world who imagine that they were born with genius, and lie down on the sofa and wait for an inspiration until some other fellow, who thought himself a dunce, rises by hard labor to a competency, buys the sofa, and leads the waiting genius out by the ear.

'The true grace of silence springs from a renewed heart and a disciplined mind. To cultivate it effectually we must forget ourselves; forget our pride and sensitiveness; forget as soon as spoken the wounding or the cruel words we cannot always escape, and remember only the example our Lord has left us, of patient, uncomplaining silence in the very presence of the fiercest calumny and rage.

'Every woman owes it to her family, as well as herself, to simplify her work as much as possible, and not to do things that are unnecessary; for instance, it is a waste of time, strength and blacking to black and polish the top of a kitchen stove after each meal is prepared.

'And in that instant all Harry Jameson's sophistries fled. Slight as was the form before him, flushed and unconscious the face tossing on its pillows, he knew that it held to him all the future meant of hope and happiness.

'One night, after ten anxious days of watching, came the crisis, when Fay opened her tired eyes with a dawning sense of returning reason.

'He fell on his knees beside her. 'Fay!' he whispered; 'my darling, do not leave me in darkness! Oh! my love, for my sake live!'

'So she won her hack to life. She never knew the truth, and she still says, in her blind happiness: 'Ah, you see, I could not have shared his heart!'

'The True Wife. Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her steamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hull that swam so majestically, there was a little totto-mo steam-tug with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the effluent tide no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the brave towing arm and brave warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.—O. W. Holmes.

SOUTHERN INTOLERANCE. Voice and Fraud Sanctioned by Public Sentiment.

Upon the right of every American citizen to cast one free, untrammelled ballot, and to have that ballot honestly and fairly counted, depends the permanency of the republic.

'The intolerance and fraud practiced at the south with reference to political matters are very alarming features of the political situation.

'There were no political issues before the people, but so intent were the regular democrats upon retaining entire control of the civil machinery that the state militia and armed citizens were called out to intimidate the opposition, (for there was no republican ticket in the field) and falling in this the ballot boxes were stuffed, in defiance of the protests of those who witnessed the fraud.

'But serious as this condition of affairs is in any republican community, it would not be so bad if violence and fraud were not sanctioned by public sentiment. The best class of citizens, the press and the entire democratic party of the south approve everything that is deemed necessary to democratic success regardless how lawless or revolutionary it may be.

'Every woman owes it to her family, as well as herself, to simplify her work as much as possible, and not to do things that are unnecessary; for instance, it is a waste of time, strength and blacking to black and polish the top of a kitchen stove after each meal is prepared.

'And old housekeeper, and a wise woman, said to me last autumn that after twenty-five years of hard work in kitchen and parlor, she had come to the conclusion that although it might cause a revolution in the civilized world she would never put another zinc under her sitting room stove.

'He rose and crossed the hall to where his mother was sleeping. 'Come!' he said to her. 'You shall speak for me.'

'My daughter!' she said very gently. 'You must live, not only for your husband's, but your mother's sake. I did not understand. I know now the truth. He loves you child. He cannot live his dreary life without you!'

'So they won her back to life. She never knew the truth, and she still says, in her blind happiness: 'Ah, you see, I could not have shared his heart!'

'The True Wife. Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it.

'So long as this spirit prevails at the south, the loyal north owes to itself, to the memory of the three hundred thousand brave men who were sacrificed in the cause of free government, to see that the control of public affairs is not placed in the hands of men who have no respect for our institutions, and who deny to American citizens free speech and the right to exercise their political preferences.—Buffalo Commercial.