

I.
A maiden sitting at the close of day
Within the shadow of a rose-wreathed bower,
Deep-brooding o'er a soul that's passed away,
While fall her tears upon a faded flower—
That sweet forget-me-not, thrice precious now,
Since Death has set his seal upon the giver's
brow!

Yet though the floweret now has lost its blue,
Though dull and dead are its once-lustrous
eyes,
It gives the maid a peace she never knew—
Not even when 'twas pluck'd 'neath summer
skies
It leads her from the darkness of the tomb
To him in that bright land where flowers are
aye in bloom.

II.
A mother gazing on a curl of gold,
Or two little shoes of brightest pink,
Which tell her of the time she did enfold
Close in her breast—her heart about to sink—
Her blue-eyed boy the angles claimed one
night:
The Lord had need of him where all is love and
light.

But soon the fond one sees in her despair
That in His love and wisdom God hath riven
Her boy from her; and that the golden hair
She treasures is her angel-child's in heaven;
And that the little feet those shoes once shod
Are bound now with the sandals of the love of
of God

III.
An aged man with waving, silver'd hair—
A rosy child asleep upon his knee—
Breathing with peace-throned smile a tender
prayer,
Then wrapt in some ecstatic reverie,
A precious casket of the by-gone years
Within his hand, and wan leaves wet with es-
sential tears.

The child is all unconscious as he sleeps
That he's a link in that great golden chain
Which joins each blessed one who vigil keeps
Around his grandsire, in the heavenly train.
The old man knows not what his life might be
But for those treasures and that child upon
his knee.

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton! Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I will not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and respect, but the money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words.

Truly, with his frank, brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections.

When he spoke his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman that is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself, that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith,"

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here; and with a sudden fierceness he added, "I want no woman here, to remind me of a past I hoped I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his grave quiet uncle had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife, somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love."

"Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful."

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the over-light of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the continent, and then returned here to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna."

"We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us

refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned.

"Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me!"

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarreling and reproach. She had taken her child, and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying in consumption."

"And to become my second father."

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart-broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my one interest in life! You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But now, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have both been in London three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, I trust her to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it.

He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing."

"Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour, to see it?"

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then!"

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement.

But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock, till the hour should be over.

He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over again that past, whose remorseful memories had been so vividly recalled.

With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly; "why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned.

In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter! It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and grey, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all; as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her loss and her could not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked:

"Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but, surely, in heaven she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors."

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

A Royal Indian.

Considerable interest has of late been aroused in the Ute Indians of Colorado, and a few facts about their head chief, Ouray, who is an exceptional Indian, and his manner of life, cannot fail to be read. The *Ouray Times* furnishes quite a long sketch of him, and devotes considerable attention to his surroundings. According to the *Times*, Ouray has had built for him at this place, about ten miles from the Los Pinos agency on the Uncompahgre river, by the government, an adobe house thirty by forty, finished in good style, with American furniture and carpets. He has a farm of 300 acres inclosed and upwards of sixty acres under cultivation, in hay, vegetables and grain. The work is done by Indians and retainers. His wife takes an active interest in the farm-work and does her full share of the outdoor labor. He has a herd of 200 horses and mules, some of them being very fine animals; in addition to the horse stock he has some cattle and several bands of sheep and goats. His buildings are quite extensive, consisting of a large storehouse, four dwellings, stables, corrals, granaries, etc. He has a fine family carriage, one of the best that could be purchased, a present from Governor Ed. McCook, which, with a stylish team and Mexican driver, makes a conspicuous turnout. The farm operations and business enterprises of Ouray have been very successful, and prove him to be a shrewd, competent business man. It is the opinion of all who know anything about him, that he desires to adopt entirely the habits and life of the whites and out loose from Indian customs, but the innate love of power and prominence makes him cling to his leadership or chieftainship with a tenacious grasp. During the council it was observed by General Hatch that Ouray was a born leader and exhibited diplomatic talents of a high order in managing his unruly subjects and dealing with every point and question advanced by the commission. His age is forty-five, and he has but one wife and child.

The Best Capital.

Integrity of character and truth in the inner man are the prerequisites of success in any calling, and especially so in that of the merchant. There are attributes which never fail to command respect and win admiration. No one fails to appreciate them, and if "they do not pay" in the vulgar sense of the phrase, they bring an amount of satisfaction and peace to the owner that all the wealth of Croesus could not yield. There is no better stock in trade than these principles—no capital goes so far or pays so well, or is so exempt from bankruptcy and loss. When known, they give credit and confidence, and in the hardest of times will honor your paper in banks. They give you the capital to do business upon, and the general faith of mankind will be your guaranty that you will not fail. Let every young man, upon commencing business look well to these indispensable elements of success, and defend them as he would the apple of his eye. If inattentive and reckless here, he will imperil everything. Bankruptcy in character is seldom repaired, in an ordinary lifetime. A man may suffer in reputation and recover—not so the man who suffers in character. Be just and truthful. Let these be the ruling and predominating principles of your life and the reward will be certain, either in the happiness they bring to your own bosom, or success which will attend upon all your business operations in life, or both.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Rules for Lady Travelers.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, in view of the difficulties and dangers encountered by ladies traveling alone, suggests that they should observe the following rules:

1. Before starting on a journey, familiarize yourself with the route and with names of good hotels at the various stopping places.
2. Never travel with "just enough" money, but always carry enough to provide against any possible emergency. This will save much anxiety.
3. Wear little jewelry and keep the larger part of your money in some inside pocket out of sight.
4. Always look after yourself, and do not allow a stranger to procure your ticket or check for your baggage.
5. Avoid, if possible, making changes in car by night, but, when unavoidable, go with others. Do not become separated from the crowd.
6. Take no hacks, but go in an omnibus where there are other people. These are perfectly safe.
7. If in any doubt as to changing cars, checking baggage, etc., inquire in advance of the conductor. The conductors on our trains are always polite and willing to be of service, especially to women traveling alone.
8. Do not wait till about to make some change in the train, before inquiring of the conductor, for, ten to one, he will then be hurried, and you will only half inform yourself. And finally,
9. Under all circumstances endeavor to retain presence of mind. One who can do this will never have any trouble traveling; and instead of it being unwise for women to travel alone, I think it an advantage to them to make trips alone, for there are few people who are not at times obliged to do so, and experience does away with much of the possible danger in traveling.

Fashion Notes.

The so-called short costumes are of the most inconvenient length imaginable.

The taste for black silk toilets and black millinery prevails as much as ever.

Short costumes take only eighteen yards of medium-width stuff for a full dress.

The so-called "bourettes" of this season are not the goods of last fall and end spring.

Endive green is a favorite shade for evening toilet. It looks like a greenish silver by gaslight.

The new hosiery is hair-lined horizontally in bright colors on neutral and cream white grounds.

Feathers in cashmere shades are novelties. They are grouped together in shades of Indian cashmere.

New satin ribbons are doubled-faced, the favorite colors being a dark crimson with a light shade of mauve.

Striped velvet, plain and in two colors, is the first novelty of the season. That with two colors is, of necessity, the most showy.

Fancy buttons and flat gilt buttons are used profusely on the clan tartan and fancy plaid suits so fashionable at the moment.

A new style of bracelet is made of delicate flexible spirals of gold in one continuous piece, and so arranged that it will fit any arm.

Many red velvet bonnets edged with garnet bead and gold cords, and trimmed with shaded red plumes and red roses are seen among the novelties in millinery.

Close bonnets, with both the front and sides fitted to the head, and broad crowns, are called princesses. They are intended to match the gracefully clinging effect of the princess dress.

The new princess dresses made in Paris by first-class modistes are accompanied by an underdress—a combination of bodice and petticoat in one—which is to be worn with the dress.

Coating is the name of a material resembling homespun. It has a comparatively smooth surface, and is a mixture of three or four dark, rich colors, so perfectly blended as to produce the appearance of one color.

The old-fashioned moire antique appears in some of the new dresses. It is used for a trimming, and folded so that the satin and watered stripes give the same effect as if two materials were employed.

Thrilling Experience of Grave Robbers.

At Cleveland, O., Joiner, the grave robber, gave in court a vivid description of his expedition with Carlisle and Minor for the body of Edwin French, which was found in a Cleveland medical institute. At one time after the body had been taken from the grave, Carlisle and Minor came in hot haste to him and said that the town had been aroused, and that they would be discovered. He was told to drive away as fast as possible. He told them he must have his money first. They told him he would get no money unless they got something to sell for money. He said he would go and get the body himself, for he must have money, and would as soon die in getting the body as go home to a starving wife and children and thus die. One of the others went up the street a short distance, and came back and reported that it was a false alarm. Men were simply at work on the decoration of the town for the next day, when the president was to be there. They told them to drive down by a back street while they bagged the body and dragged it through a cornfield to the buggy. The fright which they received, however, induced them to leave the grave in the condition in which it was found by the watchman when he returned and discovered that the body had been removed.

Bears in Northern New York.

Bears and squirrels are more plenty this season than they have been for many years; and from this fact it is deduced that an early and severe winter is before us. Those who have made observations in nature say that the near approach of those animals to the dwelling of man, in early fall, is an almost infallible sign. In the neighborhood of Norwood they are more numerous than ever before, says the *Register*, and almost every farmer in the township of Dummer has seen a bear. One followed a farmer who had honey in his buggy some distance, and even approached the door of the house.—*Watertown Dispatch*.

Monday afternoon Miss Cora Harter saw a black bear crossing a lot near her father's residence and immediately communicated the fact to the household. Her father and brother gathered together their munitions of war, consisting of two shot-guns, and sending Cora to summon the neighbors' assistance, were soon joined by George and Frank Thayer, when all gave chase to his bearship. They soon had him treed, and Frank blazed away with an old "howitzer" and filled the bear's mouth with buckshot; but he merely shook his head at the introduction. He then received a like dose from one of the party in the back, which caused him to seek another tree. They followed him up and kept pouring shot into his carcass until he showed signs of fatigue, and turning partly round to the hunters, as if to appeal for mercy, he inadvertently lifted a forepaw. Frank took advantage of the position and planted a broadside from his blunderbuss, which brought "bruin" to grass. They then fell on him and belabored him with clubs until he died. His weight was one hundred and eleven and one-half pounds—the half pound we allow for the lead that had lodged in his body. This is the fourth bear that has been seen in this section within a short time, and we may hear of other captures ere long.—*Paris (Oswego county) Mirror*.

Oratory versus Journalism.

The press is a great equalizer. The adventitious advantages of rank and position, the glamour of manner and delivery and personal presence, the graces and gifts of oratory, which give weight to the spoken word, disappear, and arguments and facts go for their true value. The purpose of oratory was to sway to immediate effort—to fuse the listening mass at a white heat to united instantaneous action. The press is like the mills of the gods—grinding slowly but exceeding small. Its aim is the slow upbuilding of ideas and the gradual inoculation of principles, which, after thought and discussion, may in time bear fruit. The aim of the Greek orator was a direct result, which, with a people so excitable and volatile, was of frequent accomplishment. Carried away by the fiery outbursts of Demosthenes, they would declare war on the spot. "Let us go and fight Philip!" was the cry which rose and swelled as the deafening plaudits which followed one of his rounded periods died away. Had the same bitter invective and strenuous appeal appeared in cold print and been read, stripped of its magnetism of tone and gesture, the same men would have met each other at the baths or on the mart and said: "By the way, did you see that article of Demosthenes yesterday on Philip of Macedon?" "Yes." "Well, now, that was a pretty sharp editorial, wasn't it? If Philip don't mind what he's about, I shouldn't at all be surprised if he had war one of these days."

The Paper Age.

We have had the golden age and the iron age, and now we are in the paper age. There are paper boats and paper car wheels, paper clothing and paper money, and an English captain has discovered that a war vessel can be advantageously coated with paper. When the *Seraphic* last set sail for India Capt. Warren had her bottom thoroughly coated with paper, applied by means of a cement of his own devising. After making the voyage and lying in port three months the bottom remained free from marine incrustations except in a few places where the paper had been rubbed off. As the material is very cheap and the method of its application is simple, the discovery is likely to revolutionize marine construction in at least this detail. It may also revolutionize all modern warfare. May not a paper ship with paper sails loom up in the future, and may not another paper ship batter the first paper ship to pieces with paper balls from paper cannon, and then, of course, the full account of the fight will be published in the papers of next morning.

New Proverbial Philosophy.

A short horse is soon curried, but a mule, short or long, will kick you into the next township.
A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects while his eye is getting well.
Who hath a cold hath sorrow to his sops, especially if his handkerchief hath starch in it.
Who wants to beat a dog soon finds a stick, but already has the dog shot around the next corner yelling "ki-ki!"
What cannot be cured must be endured, but first try Jones' Magic Liniment.
Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth, neither a man who says he'll pay you Saturday.
The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house, and penneth the festive joke at the expense of the lightning rod agent.
Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt, now that the bankrupt law has expired.
A spendthrift lets go the bride, grabs his steed by the mane and yells, "Whoa, Emma!"—*Oil City Derrick*.