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T. A. & H. F. MOORE,
Publishers & Proprietors.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'd been away from her three years—
About that—
And I returned to find my Mary true,
And thought I'd question her—I did not doubt that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney corner we were sitting,
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for the past three years I'll tell on what
I've done; then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershott;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new,
I don't count THAT unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh, let me see—was Frankie Phipps—
I met him at my uncle's, Christmas-tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss"—and here she sighed;
"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't count THAT unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmote, twenty-one,
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We cantered the downs—we rode the hounds—such fun!
And often WAS his arm about my waist—
That was, to lift me up or down. But who
Would count THAT as unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Do you know Reney Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!
I don't count THAT unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him. D'you see
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "O Mary! Can it be
That you—" Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere!
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"No," I replied, "FOR I AM MARRIED TOO."

TOM'S WIFE.

"But the ways of my time are old-fashioned now: young ladies, nowadays, take matters into their own hands. If she cared for you, you must be pretty sure she wouldn't have waited till this time to let you know it—that is, I judge by the girls I am in the habit of seeing; but if this one is a stranger to me—" (here mother riveted her eyes on Tom's face; oh, dear, my unfortunate words!) "if she is an entire stranger, I cannot pretend to form any opinion of her, of course."

"Of course," repeated Tom, absently.

"Not that I have any such idea," resumed mother, growing warmer; "I have said, and I say again, that to bring a perfect stranger under this roof is not my opinion of you, Tom."

I felt my mother's words like so many pins and needles; for Tom was looking meditatively across at me, and, though that was just a way of his, it seemed now as if he were reading in my face that this opinion was mine, and that I had been meddling in what did not concern me. I felt myself for very vexation getting redder every moment till it grew intolerable.

"I am going out to get a breath of air."

I went out into our little strip of garden ground; Tom followed. I thought I should never have a better opportunity to say what I had it in mind to say, so I waited for him by the bench under the old apple tree. "Sit down here, Tom: "that's odd, for I—Well, never mind that just yet. What is it, May?"

"Tom," I said, still surer now he had misjudged me, and more resolved to set him right, "I want a place."

"A place!" repeated Tom, puzzled, as well he might be, by this sudden and indefinite announcement; "What kind of a place?"

"I don't know," I said, for indeed my ideas were of the vaguest. "I thought you might, being in the way of those things. Now, pray, Tom," I went on, quickly, "don't think I am discontented, or—or anything of that sort; the truth is, ever since I left off school I have wanted something to do, and had it in my mind to speak to you about it."

With this I looked at Tom, fearing he might be vexed; but he did not look vexed, only pre-occupied.

"I do know of a place, as it happens," he said after a while, "only I'm not sure how it would suit you."

"That's soon seen," said I. "What is it like?"

"Well, it's a sort of—of general usefulness—"

"Why, it must be to run errands," said I, laughing. "And, where is it, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom, hesitatingly again, "it's with me."

"How very nice," I exclaimed. "How soon can I have it?"

"The sooner the better," so far as I am concerned," said Tom, and with that he turned round and looked at me, and directly I met his eyes I knew somehow, all in a moment, which it was meant; and I knew too, both that I could not have passed all my life with Will Bloomly, and why I could not.

I am sure Letty Walters, who interruptid us just then, must have thought my wits were wandering that evening, and indeed they were, for I was completely dazed with the sudden turn things had taken. But Tom, who had the advantage of me there, took it quite cooly and laughed and talked with Letty just the same as ever, till she went away.

It was pretty late when we went in. Mother sat where we had left her, knitting in the twilight.

"Won't that Letty Walters with you a while ago?" she said, as we came up.

"Yes," said I, with a confused feeling of an explanation of something being necessary; "she just came to bring the new crochet pattern she promised me."

"H'm!" said mother, as much as to say she had her own ideas as to what Letty came for.

Tom had been wandering about the room in an absent sort of fashion, taking up and putting down in the wrong places all the small objects that fell in his way. He came up and took a seat by mother. I came of a sudden very busy with the plants in the window, for a knew he was going to tell her.

"Wish me joy, Aunt Anne," said he, "it's all settled."

"Settled, is it?" said mother, in anything but a joyful tone. "So it's as I suspected all along. Well, you may have my best wishes, Tom; perhaps you may be happy together after all, I'm sure I hope so."

This wasn't a very encouraging sort of congratulation, and Tom seemed rather taken aback by it.

"I'm sorry you're not pleased," he said after a pause; "I had an idea somehow you would be."

"I don't know from what you judged. But there; it's no use crying over spilt milk. You'll be married directly, I presume; I must be looking out for a house," and mother stroked her nose reflectively with a knitting-needle.

"What for?" said Tom; "I thought of keeping on here all the same."

"I never supposed otherwise," said mother. "Of course I did not expect to turn you out of your own house."

"But what is the need of looking out for another, then?"

"Why, for myself!"

"For yourself!" repeated Tom, in a tone of utter amazement. "Going to leave us—just now! Why, Aunt Anne, I never heard of such a thing."

"Now Tom," said mother, speaking very fast, and making her needles fly in concert, "we might as well come to an understanding at once on this subject. I am fully sensible of your past kindness—now just let me finish—I say I appreciate it, and have tried to do my duty by you in turn, as I hope I should always be ready to do. I wish all good to you and your wife, and shall be glad to help her if ever I can, but to live in the same house with her is what would turn out pleasantly for neither of us, and once for all I can't do it."

"Aunt Anne," said Tom, pushing back his chair, and starting in mother's excited face, "either you or I must be out of our wits."

"It's not me then at any rate," retorted mother, getting nettled.

Amusement and a certain embarrassment had kept me a silent listener so far, but there was no standing this; I tried to speak, but could not for laughing.

"I think you are all out of your wits, together," said mother, turning sharply, "what ails the child? its no laughing matter."

"You don't understand each other," I gasped, "oh, dear! it—its not Letty—oh—oh, dear!" and relapsed again.

"Not Letty," repeated mother, turning to Tom. "Then why did you tell me so."

"I never told you so," said Tom.

"Why, yes you did," persisted mother. "You came in and told me you were going to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-purposes.

"Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising and confronting him, "what do you mean? who is going to be your wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom.

"May!" and then after a pause of inexpressible astonishment; it was mother's turn to laugh. "Do you mean to say, Tom, it was that child you were thinking of all the while?"

"Why, who else could it be?" said Tom simply.

"Well," said mother, "I ought to have remembered you never did do anything like anybody else. But, still, why in the world did you go to work in such a round-about way?"

"I wanted to see how you took to my idea," said Tom.

"And how did you suppose we were to guess your idea meant May?" mother asked.

"Who else could it be?" repeated Tom, falling back on what he evidently found an unanswerable argument. It was no use talking to him. Mother gave it up with a shake of her head.

"And you won't want another house then, Aunt Anne?" said Tom, suddenly. That set mother off again; Tom joined with her, and altogether I don't think we ever passed a merrier evening than the one that made us acquainted with Tom's wife.

THE END.

Female Names.

We would enter a mild protest against the tendency to pare down all feminine Christian names into insignificant diminutives. It is insufferable that the noble name Mary, the sign of all that is pure, tender and grand in womanhood, should have its place usurped by the wretched substitute Polly; that Margaret, the pearl, should become Maggie; the soft-sounding Agnes, Aggie, and Sarah, the princess, Sallie. By this mimifying process queenly Caroline shrivels into Carrie—in case of twins Fetch and Carrie would be an elegant leash; Dora—one of the finest of names—withers into Dolly, and even unassuming Susan degenerates into Susie or is degraded into Sue. Scarcely any of the sweet dear names escape this deterioration. Emily—the very name is a poem—is Emmy, and Elizabeth is twisted and tortured into Lizzie and Liz, Bessie and Bess, Betty and Bet. Catharine, which ranks with Mary and Elizabeth in historical suggestiveness, shares with puss the contemptible cognomen of Kitty, and Georgina has the hoydenish substitute Georgey. Frances a fine name, becomes Fanny, or, worse still, Fan; Harriet is condensed into Hattie, and further squeezed into Hat. Gertie takes the place of Gertrude. Isabella on fond familiar lips becomes Bella, which, if the process is carried out, will be worse in due time. There are some names which have the diminutive form as a right on the ground of euphony, Nellie, Annie, Amie, Minnie and a few others. Mamie has nothing to recommend it, and also suggests an arm in a sling or a pair of crutches. Other names have withstood this mimifying tendency. Edith, Maud and Ada, for example. Our protest, we said at the outset, was to be a mild one, but our patience is exhausted, and to keep our word we must lay down the pen,—bewailing as we do so, the tendency to drain from every female name its beauty, melody and significance.

The Meanest Yet.

Some gentlemen were talking about meaness, when one said he knew a man on Lexington avenue, who was was the meanest man in New York.

"How mean is that?" asked a friend, "Why, so mean that he keeps a five cent piece, with a string tied to it, to give to beggars, and, when their backs are turned, he jerks it out of their pockets. Why, this man is so mean," continued the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents a piece the night before the Fourth of July, and during the night, when they were asleep he went up stairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it!"

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes! the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled gaily all the way up stairs with the dessert; and when I asked my generous friend what made her whistle so happily he said: 'Why I keep her whistling, so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake!'"

Hill and valley, seas and constellations, are but stereotypes of divine ideas appealing to and answered by the living soul of man.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

GEN'L CUSTER'S STATUE. LEVY, THE CORNET PLAYER, IN TROUBLE. CAPTAIN BOGARDUS TROPHIES HELD FOR DUTIES. THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY. THE YELLOW FEVER.

(From our regular correspondent)

New York, August 26, 1878.

A private exhibition of General Custer's statue was given by the sculptor, McDonald, in his studio in Booths' Theatre Building to-day.

It is 9½ inches in height, exceeding by just a quarter of an inch the height at first intended. The size is what is called heroic size, much larger than the statue of Lafayette at the southern end of Union Square. The attitude represents General Custer standing with his left foot resting upon a low tree stump, the right leg extending behind but at no great distance, the heel slightly raised from the ground. The right arm, which is upraised, grasps a sword, and the left is bent before the chest in an attitude of defense, which is meant to be followed immediately by attack. The costume is the ordinary military costume of a general, with helmet and helmet cord. A brace of empty pistols lie on the ground in the rear. The head, beside being uncovered, has the hair shown. The destination of the statue is West Point, where it will be unveiled next 4th of July.

Mr. Levy, the player of the cornet, is smarting under a trick said to have been played upon him by his *ce devant* agent, George Ryer, a young man who had the cleverness to insure the service of a visit upon that complacent artist by writing him a note in a female hand appointing an interview. It appears that Levy owes Ryer a certain per cent on the salary he is now receiving, and that it was necessary that the papers should be served in New York, in order that a suit, which has been instituted, might be proceeded with. To that end Mr. Ryer wrote, or caused to be written, a *billet-doux* appointing a rendezvous. Levy is susceptible and Levy came. He says that it was not in answer to the note, which he now denies having received at all; but at all events he was there, and his published card of protest does not seem to have helped matters much in the way of disillusionizing the public of an idea that he was very prettily caught. He complains that he has to appear daily before a crowd in the pagoda of the Hotel Brighton, at Brighton Beach, Coney island, and that they must all be thinking of what is asserted to have been his little adventure and very great discomfiture. Very likely, and it does not seem that he will succeed in changing their minds. I heard him play before a great crowd one afternoon, and they cheered him to the echo; so I do not suppose that his little escapade has done him any harm professionly. It is certainly very entertaining, however, and perhaps none the less so to the always malicious public, when it is remembered that Jules is married to the lady who was once Minnie Conway, and that there is at least one sweet pledge of their affection.

The trophies won by Capt. Bogardus in his recent pigeon shooting matches in England are held by custom officers to await the settlement of the question whether a duty shall be imposed upon them as they are liable under the law by authority of which the trophies won by Daniel O'Leary the pedestrian were made dutiable. Capt. Bogardus is understood to be determined to leave his prizes in the hands of the government rather than pay for their admission into the country.

A few weeks more will see a great change in Gotham theatres open resumption in the churches, Broadway and Fifth avenue brightening up, the large dry-goods stores filled with shoppers, and society beginning preparations for opera and the ball room. Some of the summer wanderers are already returning satisfied that New York is fifty per cent ahead of any other place for real comfort and convenience; and in about ten days the rush home will be as great as was the exodus two months ago. The amusement season that will open in September promises all the attraction and as much variety as could be desired. There are not many new names on the list of amusements, but the old ones that appear there are good. Genevieve Ward and Ada Cavendish are the only notable ones that we did not see before. The opera prospects loom up very brightly, and if the fruition equals the promise all ought to be satisfied. The cry about hard times has not yet scared any of the managers into proposing a reduction of prices, nor is it at all likely that any step of this kind will be taken until absolute necessity compels it. Possibly the necessity will come to some managers before Christmas, but they all certainly mean to fight it off as long as possible. The anomaly of charging as much for amusements now as was charged five years ago is a queer one, but it exists and we can't get rid of it till the managers realize that a change must be made whether they like it or not.

If you suppose that any uneasiness whatever exists here about the yellow fever, let me remove that impression at once. No one in New York has the faintest idea that there is the least danger of the pestilence obtaining a foothold, even though a case of fever should be brought here each day from some other place. There have been over thirty cases at quarantine already, several of them resulting fatally; but no one has had any fear for the city itself. The health authorities are vigilant and they are perfectly confident that if the disease should appear in any part of the city, it could be stamped out almost immediately. New York has undergone a great sanitary change since yellow fever was here as an epidemic.

AUGUST.

Rules of a Successful Farmer.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observation of the following maxims, originated by himself:

Make your fences high and strong, so they will keep cattle and pigs out. If you have bush, make your lots strong and secure and keep the logs out from the farm.

Be sure and get hands to bed at seven o'clock; they will rise early by force of circumstances.

Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise, and if he is a good one pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you feed yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits are the best medicines prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes so you can't work out of doors, cut split and pile your wood, make your racks and fix your fences or gates.—*St Louis Globe Democrat.*

Lord Dufferin's Successor.

It was a very difficult thing to find a successor to Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. There is scarcely a more onerous post, under the Crown, for it is highly dangerous to meddle with the politics of Canada, and yet the Governor-General cannot hold himself entirely aloof from them. Lord Dufferin's tact and wit have enabled him to steer clear all great troubles, and it is only just to say that he has been immensely assisted by his wife, who achieved as great a success in the social world of Canada as her husband did in the field of politics. To make sure of repeating this triumph seemed impossible but by one of those clever and bold strokes for which the premier is famous, the thing, we believe, has been done. Many people were discussing the probable successor of Lord Dufferin, but we imagine that none of them hit upon the Marquis of Lorne. He is a man of good abilities, and he will find in Canada better scope for the exercise of them than he could ever have obtained here. But the fact that his wife is the Princess Louise gives the appointment a brilliant character, and ensures its popularity from one end of the Dominion to the other. The Canadians will be delighted to have one of the children of their Queen living among them. Whether the Princess Louise will like Canada is another question. Of course the society is very contracted in tone and variety, compared with that to which she has been accustomed; but it has its pleasant side also. If she is of an observant disposition, she cannot fail to find much to interest and amuse her. No one need be bored in Canada in the winter season. The wires of the Governors-General have not always liked Canada, and the Canadians have not always liked them; but the Princess Louise will be popular, first for her mother's sake, and afterwards, we hope, for her own.—*London Week.*

Innocence is always unsuspicious.

Sothern, last summer, having hired an attenuated livery horse for a drive up the road, stopped at one of the roadside caravanseries, and while his valet was cleaning the animal, John McCullough says: "Ned, what do you put that blanket over your horse for? He looks too weak to bear up under it." Sothern—"Oh! That is to keep the wind from blowing the hay out of him."

They are Published.

The young man was evidently honest in his intentions, but three years of constant courting had failed to overcome his excessive bashfulness. They were sitting in chairs at a respectful distance apart. Said the young man, having spent five minutes in search of a subject:

"How do you get along with your cooking?"

"Nicely," responded the young miss, "I'm improving wonderfully. I can make splendid cake now."

"Can you?" said the young man in a pleased manner. "What kind do you like the best?"

"I like one made with flour and sugar and citron, raisins and currants, and lots of those things, and a beautiful frosted top," responded the young miss.

"Why that's a wedding cake!" exclaimed the young man nervously.

They are published.

The Birth of a Great Journal.

It was in a dark and dingy room in a pot house of Thames street, New York, some forty-four years ago, that the New York *Herald* was brought into existence. The house was kept by an old Englishman, Tom Reynolds, and was noted for superior ale and the style in which Welsh rabbit was served. It was a miscellaneous company that [illegible] composed of Americans, English and Scotchmen—and probably the most impecunious in the crowd was James Gordon Bennett. He had formerly been employed on the *Courier* and *Enquirer* as a Washington correspondent; but the managing editor and himself had a difficulty and he had been for some time out of a situation, and was, to all intents and purposes, in a hard-up condition.

Mr. Nunn, the then celebrated piana-forte manufacturer, was a constant visitor to the house, and moreover, he was a friend to Bennett, who, upon the night in question, appeared to be more than usually depressed in spirits.

"Take another toby of ale, old fellow, and cheer up," said Nunn, "it is a long lane that has no turning and who knows but you may be at the turning point of your luck?"

"I don't see any show for better times, so far as I am concerned," replied Bennett, gloomily.

It was then the era for penny papers, two of which, the *Sun* and *Transcript*, had been started in New York, and were getting along swimmingly.

"How much money will it take to start a paper the size of the Sun?" inquired Nunn.

"If I had five hundred dollars in cash I could do it," replied Bennett.

"Gentlemen, said Nunn, addressing the assembled company, "let us set Bennett up. I'll head the subscription with a hundred dollars."

There was a cheerful response. Old Tom Reynolds subscribed fifty, and then and there the money was made up and an article drawn, wherein Bennett pledged himself to conduct the New York *Herald* the name settled upon for the new paper, as a purely independent sheet; and this was the origin of one of the most lucrative newspaper establishments in the world.

Music—we love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch.

Jealousy is a painful passion; yet without some share of it the agreeable affection of love has difficulty to subsist in its full force and violence.

Women and men of retiring timidity are cowardly only in dangers which affect themselves, but the first to rescue when others are endangered.

The most accomplished persons have usually some defect, some weakness in their characters, which diminishes the lustre of their brighter qualifications.

The instruction received at the Mother's knee and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside are never effaced entirely from the soul.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.

To a young man, nothing is so important, as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the temptations that infest on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "will wear well."