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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY SALTO

Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where will be the birds that sing
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The rosy brow
The heart that beats
So gaily now—
O! where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age
And fiery youth,
And childhood, with
Its brow of youth,
The rich and poor on land and sea
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come?
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come?
But other men
Our land will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

SENT BY EXPRESS;

Or, What Frank Evans Missed.

Marian Harlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

"But what are you going to do to earn your bread and butter, child?'

"I don't know—I haven't thought.—Mamma had an uncle in New York, who—

"Yes, yes—I've heerd tell about him—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't it?'

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the deacon went away home, to tell his wife that "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creetur he ever had come across.'

In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying wood fire.'

"I will go to New York,' she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firmly together. "My mother's uncle shall hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlain I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands.'

Lower Broadway, at seven o'clock in the evening! What a Babel of crashing wheels hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noise it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the flare of gaslight, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby, old fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very tired.

"Poor little thing!' thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans.'

"Sir.'

The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?'

"Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa,—arrived this afternoon.'

As though poor Minnie Harlan were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?'

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq.'

"And why hasn't she been called for?'

"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment.'

"Very odd,' said the grey haired gentleman taking up his newspaper.

"Yes, sir, rather.'

Some three-quarters of an hour afterward Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with indescribable pity in his hazed eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—

"Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day.'

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all of her calculations she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

"Can we do anything further for you?' questioned the young clerk, politely.

"Nothing—no one can do anything for me now!'

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?'

"I have no friends.'

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?'

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten-cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir!'

"So young, so beautiful, and so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity.'

"But what are you going to do?'

"I don't know sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some place I could go to, until I could find something to do?'

"Hardly.' Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office,' said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. "I must go—somewhere.'

"Miss Harlan,' said Frank, quietly "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me.'

"Trust you?' Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. 'Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!'

* * * * * * *

"How late you are Frank! Here—give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry cheeked little mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings.

"Hush, mother; there is a young lady down stairs.'

"A young lady, Frank?'

"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you would not refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do.'

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do.'

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evan's humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place,' said the cosy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here two months to-morrow and the situation of governess is very advantageous.'

"Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are.'

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't.—Please keep my secret.'

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?' asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion with his dark hair tossed about by the wind and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!' repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses.

"Why, Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow.

"Minnie!'

"I must, Frank. I have no right further to trespass on your kindness.'

"No right, eh? Minnie, do you know that the old house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?

Minnie smiled sadly, but her head felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Minnie?'

"No.'

She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be made to stay,' said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!'

"Missed something?'

Minnie rose turning red and white.

"Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me!

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure that the article is in your possession.'

"The article!'

"My heart, Miss Minnie! Now look here—I know I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you.—Stay and be my little wife!'

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programe, married the dard-haired young clerk in Ellison's express office, New York.

They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circle of gaslights.

"Evans!'

"Yes, sir.'

Frank with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behests of the gray haired official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?'

"Yes, sir—I remember her.'

A tall, silver haired gentleman here interposed with eager quickness:

"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, when the news of her arrival reached me. I want her, she is the only living relative left me.'

"Ah! but, sir,' said Frank, "you can't have her.'

"Can't have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?'

"Yes, sir something has happened: Miss Harland was married to me this morning.'

Walter Harrington stared.

"Take me to her,' he said, hoarsely; "I can't be parted from my only living relative for a mere whim.'

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding ring mere whims,' thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

"Minnie,' said the old man, in faltering accents, "you will come to me and be the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all I have in the world.'

But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm.

"Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, Uncle Walter—I love him!'

"Then you must both of you come and be my children,' said the old man, doggedly; "and you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb.'

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

The Profits of Sheep Raising.

The story of Col. W. W. Hollister in California reads like an Eastern romance. He entered the State in 1852 at the head of an emigrant train. Near the head of San Francisco Bay he noticed a flock of two thousand Mexican sheep feeding on the plain, attended only by two shepherd dogs. No man was in sight. He pondered over the scene, and finally determined to become a sheep raiser. He made his way back to Ohio and purchased several thousand head of sheep. With these he journeyed slowly overland to California, losing many by the way. When the division was made in San Bernardino country his share was eight hundred sheep, three hundred of which were ewes. He was out of money, but as he grazed the animals on the open plains the food cost him nothing. He passed leisurely up the coast, finally halting at Monterey and making for himself a lodging place, if not home. He prospered, as he found a ready market for his wool as well as mutton. In 1862 he and his brother formed a partnership with Albert and T. B. Dibblee, who had been wool-growers in Los Angelos county. The sum of $60,000 was paid for the Lampoc rancho, which extends seven miles along the ocean coast and twelve miles inland. They stocked it with ten thousand head of sheep, mostly grade Merinos, and Thomas B. Dibblee assumed the management of it. In 1874 the property had increased in value until it was worth $1,500,000. One item. The aggregate increase from 400 ewes in twelve years was 28,000 sheep. The flocks of the great sheep farm this Spring number some fifty thousand head. The San Julian rancho, the present scene of operation, we are told, will carry 50,000 sheep through the dryest year, and 75,000 ordinarily. The annual sales of wool and sheep aggregate about $125,000. As the expenses are not more than $30,000, a pretty margin is left for profit. The soil of the ranche is very deep, and is strong, rich and productive, even on the top of the hills. It was once a cavalry rancho of the Mexican nation, so chosed for its water and fertility. Sheep husbandry, when properly directed, is a profitable business on the Pacific coast.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

The Latest Materialization.

"AROUND HIS LOVELY FORM HE DREW A MAGIC CIRCLE."

The Pottstown *Ledger* gives the following: George Shick, a young lad of the Warwick furnace farms, in Warwick township, Chester county, a day or two ago came running to the residence of his employer from an adjoining field, breathless and under great excitement. After he became calm enough to speak, he related the following circumstance: He says, "I was in a certain field when I was met by a very dignified looking, middle-aged man, handsomely dressed, carrying a gold headed cane, who asked me to take a walk with him. I did not want to go, but I felt that I could not refuse him. We made a large circle in the field, and after doing so, he stopped and said, "my boy can you remember the circle we made?" I told him that I could. "Well," he says, "inside that circle is a deposit of great wealth."—He then described a small circle in one portion of the outer one, in which he stated "there lay the great bulk of the wealth." After giving this information the cane carried by the man suddenly went into three pieces and disappeared from his view. He turned to look for the man, but he had vanished. The boy's tale is creating considerable excitement in that section of Chester county. Some believed that he had fallen asleep and dreamed what he had related, while others believe that he has encountered the veritable "gentleman in black."

Sold Out.

THE PERSONAL EFFECTS OF A. T. STEWART'S VELVET CLERK—A MAN WHO HAD IN HIS WARDROBE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR PAIR OF PANTS.

That truth is stranger than fiction is fully exemplified in the case which a couple of weeks since was paraded before the public after the entombment in Greenwood Cemetery of the subject of illustration.—The revelation then made was simply that a young man who had been in the employment of A. T. Stewart & Co.'s wholesale establishment had died of rheumatism of the heart, and that as the corpse was being borne to the hearse stationed in front of the residence of the deceased, Sergeant Frost, of the Brooklyn Detective Squad, stepped into the dead man's house, and by virtue of a bench warrant, which he had, took possession of the dead man's effects.

The funeral proceeded without interruption, and while the minister of God was pronouncing an eulogy over all that was earthly of McKirby, and the representatives of the mystic tie were strewing green sprigs on his coffin, the profane hands of the officers of the law were rifling his apartments. They were rewarded in their search by the recovery of some $2,000 worth of the missing property. It consisted of valuable laces, silks and velvets.

McKirby was a Scotchman by birth, and at the time of his death was about thirty-five years of age. He had been for some seven or eight years in the employment, but for some three years prior to the sickness which resulted in his death, in the wholesale house where he was chief man of the velvet department. His employers had always the most unlimited confidence in him. His salary during the last year they raised to $4,000, and everything betokened his early indenture to the merchant price as a partner.

Though McKirby was noted among his friends for his hospitality and good fellowship, he boarded in a not over pretentious dwelling on Orange street, opposite Plymouth Church. There he frequently entertained hosts of visitors, and regaled them with choice liquors, wines, whiskies and fragrant cigars. The table in his parlor when spread for these nightly receptions was simply gorgeous. Costly cut glass decanters in silver stands, wine glasses and goblets with monograms to match, solid silver salvers for cigar ashes, dainty finger bowls, a silver mounted china hot water pitcher, silver tongs and spoons with golden linings, and all the etcetras which betoken wealth and refined taste for such occasions, were at hand.

In personal appearance the beau ideal of a lady's man, although he cared more for the company of gentlemen than for that of the gentler sex. Two years ago he cultivated the acquaintance of a most estimable young Brooklyn lady and pledged himself to her, but put off the ceremony from time to time on the ground that he had an old mother in Scotland depending upon him and that had solemnly pledged himself not to marry until after her death. Whether his intentions were honorable or his words true in this respect is unknown. His secrets of this kind are buried with him.

On his death bed he made no reference to any relative either in America or Scotland, and consequently the Public Administrator of Brooklyn, Mr. Cullen, took possession of the deceased's effects, with the exception of jewelry, and caused them to be sold at public auction.

That the sale was the most extraordinary one that ever took place in this country few will deny when they learn that among his effects sold were one hundred and forty-four pair of pants, all of the latest pattern and style. Twenty-nine pair of these were of the class known as white or "duck" pants. The average original cost of all of these could not have been less than $12 each.

Of course it was necessary to have white vests to correspond, but of these he had only eighteen—each of which was tightened by different kinds of buttons. They cost from $3 to $6 each.

His dressing gowns were four in number One was a purple silk with blue silk plaited facings and rich silk cord and tassels.—Another was of blue corded silk with red silk facings and bindings. Another was of rich empress cloth and beautifully trimmed. The last was dazzling yellow satin. To correspond in texture and color with these were rich and heavily embroidered smoking caps.

The next lot set up by the auctioneer was a large bundle of shirt bosoms fresh from the store. They were all beautifully embroidered by hand, and could not have cost less than $3 each, and Balbriggan hose and silk stockings, undershirts and drawers, were sold in a lump at a high price, and the lot consisted of at least 250 pieces.

Along with some twenty pairs of shoes and boots (plain patent leather and rubber bound cloth) went about fifty pair of cloth and linen gaiters.

A large bundle of linen sheets and pillow slips, the latter heavily fringed and initialed with thread, brought their full value.

The next lot, or rather lots, were four costly writing desks and a papier mache glove box, bound and interlaid with ivory.

Sixty-seven boxes of various colored note paper and correspondence envelopes brought a low figure because of their being initialed.

McKirby's jewelry or diamonds were not offered for sale, and remain in the hands of the public administrator.

As the deceased left no known heirs, the proceeds of the sale of his property, unless claimed within a certain period by relatives, will go to the county.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Hired Asasssin.

BY REV. GEO. C. BECKWITH.

Everybody in Massachusetts sixty years old remembers well what was called "the Salem tragedy' of 1826. Joseph and Francis Knapp, distant relatives of a rich old gentleman in Salem, by the name of White, instigated Richard Crowninshield, by the offer of a thousand dollars of the plunder, to kill the old man, and seize his treasures. Crowninshield, entering the house of his victim at midnight, and creeping softly up stairs to his room where he was sleeping, struck him over the head with a bludgeon, and then turning down the clothes, stabbed him several times in the heart with a dagger. Everybody called him a hired assassin; and he would have been hung as an atrocious murderer, if he had not, in his prison hung himself. The two Knapps were tried, convicted and hung for hiring Crowninshield to assassinate Mr. White.

Here is a clear case of hired assassination; and wherein does it differ from a soldier? Doubtless there is *some* difference: but in what does it consist, and to what does it amount? How far are the two professions or acts alike?

Let us look at the facts. Here is a nation of ten, twenty or fifty millions, that hire you as one of their soldiers to kill whomsoever they may wish to have killed. The nation, indignant that the Chinese spurn their opinion, or that the Afghans reject their favorite ruler, or that the Seminoles will not give up their lands, the inheritance of fifty generations, to some avaricious white man, order you to go and kill them, burn their dwellings, and butcher, without distinction or mercy, thousands of unoffending men, women and children.

We see the facts in the two cases; and what is the difference? The deed is the same, except that in one case a single man was killed, and the other thousands or scores or thousands. The motive, too, is essentially the same—with the employers, self-aggrandizement; with the hired agents, pay. The difference, for there is some, will not redound much to the soldier's credit over the assassin; the soldier hires himself to millions of men called a nation;—Crowninshield hired himself to only *two* men. The soldier hires himself out to kill *whomsoever* the nation may wish to have killed at any time; the assassin engages to do a *specified* act, to kill a single man at a given time, and that man named beforehand. The soldier is hired to kill by the month or year; the assassin hired by the job. The soldier is a day laborer in the work of blood; the assassin is a jobber at the same trade. The assassin is better paid than the soldier; for the former was promised a thousand dollars for killing one man, while the latter might kill a hundred in a day without getting a half dollar for the whole. The soldier agrees to kill any and all whom the nation may bid; and if required to shoot his father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child, he must shoot them, or be shot himself; whereas the assassin, had he refused to kill the old man according to agreement, would not himself have been liable to be hung.

Truly, the soldier makes a fearful bargain. If he refuses to kill any whom the nation may bid him kill, he must himself be put to death. He nevertheless enters into the bloody compact, not knowing he may be ordered to shoot or stab his own parents, wife or children. Not quite so bad the assassin's bargain. Had Crownshield engaged to kill at any time anybody whom the Knapps might wish to have killed, with the understanding that he should himself be put to death if he ever refused to kill anyone they should bid, there would be a pretty close analogy between his case and that of the professed soldier. But the assassin's position was not so terrible.—The soldier must kill whomsoever his employers may bid him kill, or the terms of his contract make him liable to be shot or hung himself.

Now tell us why a hired assassin, like Crowninshield, should be hung as a monster of wickedness, while the soldier, hired by twenty millions to do the *same* deed by *wholesale*, is admired and eulogized as a *hero?* To kill multitudes at the bidding of millions, is deemed patriotic, glorious, worthy of songs, and eulogies, and monuments; but to kill one man at the bidding of another one is denounced as base, infamous, diabolical, deserving of the gallows, of eternal infamy. Well did Bishop Porteus say.

"One murder makes a villain;
Millions a hero.

A CHILD'S RAILROAD ADVENTURE.—On Saturday morning a locomotive was running over the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad, just above Westernport, when the engineer, whose name we regret to be unable to give, saw, just ahead, a little child lying between two cross ties in the middle of the track, apparently asleep.—The engineer was horrified, but he was only an instant in making up his mind what to do. It was to crowd on all the steam and dash over the prostrate infant before it could move. He had scarcely time to do anything else, but for this reason alone his presence of mind was remarkable. He pulled the throttle wide open; the engine almost leaped forward, and was over and past the child in a second. Looking back the clearheaded engineer saw the child raise itself up and look around in wonder. It had been asleep, but was wakened by the noise of the monster passing over its head—not a moment too soon.—*Cumberland Daily News of the 31st ultimo.*

Demoniac Possession.

THE OLD SCRIPTURAL THEORY REVIVED CONCERNING THE OPERATION OF DEMONS IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.

Some of the most distinguished preachers in this city, in their discourses on Sunday, accounted in a precisely similar manner for the wave of crime and disaster which is now sweeping over the country—over the world, in fact—as did the speakers at the Spiritualist's convention at Rochester Hall on Saturday last. Notable among remarks on the occasion are those of Rev. Dr. Lorimer, who attributed the evil deeds of the day to the active presence among men of demons, or evil spirits, who personally were constantly and persistently influencing and inciting to wrong courses. This is the exact ground occupied by advanced believers in Spiritism, although the two parties in belief are at opposite extremes in practice, and deduce far different conclusions from the fact they alike recognize.

If the fact of obsession shall become generally recognized—as we all apprehend it is not at present—a revolution must surely ensue in the lives and practices of those who have heretofore supposed that their movements toward right and wrong resulted from innate instincts of their own, made active by seen and known influences and circumstances with which they are brought in contact. The declaration of Dr. Lorimer, that unseen powers of darkness are the principal agents in the commission of crime, working through men and women who have become reckless and careless, and that of Miss Lizzie Doten to precisely the same effect will, if received, irresistibly draw attention to the welfare which must be recognized as entering into men's lives, and the amount of responsibility incurred by every individual. And very singularly this theory is already applied, in many instances. Dr. Gardner, at the Spiritualist's Convention, insisted that Jesse Pomeroy and persons of his class and crimes should be put out of existence, so far as this life is concerned, and that speedily. Another speaker was equally certain that no such implied addition should be made to the host of demons, who, unseen, may work constantly upon those still in the flesh, and thus prove more terrible adversaries in their death than in their life.

Both extremes on the question take the ground that this may be the result, and the only alleviating theory presented is that of some Spiritualists, that such demons may be better taken care of "on the other side" than in this world. The main point in this question of obsession is of course that of individual responsibility. Dr. Lorimer and the class of thinkers he represents will insist that a man shall prove himself on the side of right in spite of any or all influences, known or unknown. So, perhaps with all who discuss the subject, the difference being chiefly in the standard of right. But meanwhile the tendency to a belief in fatalism, which is at the bottom of much of the wrong doing existing at present, may be vastly strengthened by these views imperfectly understood, and the text will bear enlargement.—*Boston Herald.*

War vs. the Gospel.

No one word or deed of the meek and lowly Jesus, even remotely, sanctioned war. While the gospel proclaims "peach on earth, and good will toward men,' the war spirit introduces hatred and malice toward them. While the one would set apart one day in seven for rest and the worship of God, the other renders such rest and worship utterly impossible, by making God's day of amusement and hilarity, the favorite day for the commencement of battles.—While the one encourages meditation, the cherishing emotions of sympathy, love, compassion and humanity, the other fearfully arouses the baser and more ferocious passions of our fallen nature. The one pronounces blessings on the peacemaker and on the merciful; but the other offers glory, the applause of men, emolument of social position of the warmaker. The gospel inculcates a forgiving spirit, and bids its followers, if smitten on one cheek, "to turn the other also.' War knows no forgiveness, but desolates the whole nation for the offense of a few. The gospel demands that we return good for evil; the war code knows no such spirit, but deals out evil for evil, insult for insult, blow for blow and blood for blood. The gospel encourages industry and economy, but war diverts from the usual pursuits of industry, fearfully destroying the bone and muscle, and just to that extent reducing productiveness of the nation. While the one would improve the condition of man, socially and morally, the other wages war on every interest of humanity. Indeed the cost of war and intemperance exceeds all other expenditures, burdening the honest laborer with exhorbitant taxation to support what only curses our humanity. The one elevates and blesses man, the other curses him. The one breaths the spirit of mercy, love and kindness to all; the other rankles with malice, hatred, revenge and cruelty. The one is of God, and in all respects indicates its high origin; the other is of the enemy of all righteousness and as truly shows its low origin.

A GOOD DEFINITION.—"What is grace?' inquired the Moderator of a Southern Presbytery, of a colored candidate for a license to preach, who had been for nearly forty years a slave. "Grace' he immediately and wisely replied—"that is what I call *something for nothing.*

The Lost Grave.

THE LITTLE HEADSTONE THAT AN AGED MOTHER SOUGHT IN VAIN.

If you have ever passed the old deserted graveyard on Russell street, near the House of Correction, you know there is not a more lonely spot in Detroit. It is a score of years since any one was buried there. The fences lean in or out; the few trees are ragged in limb and trunk; the weather-beaten headstones lean this way or that, or have fallen down. The rich and poor who sleep under the ragged sod have been dust for years, and if any of them left friends behind they are scattered now and are not here to fill up the sunken graves and plant a flower to take the gloom away.

The other day the people saw an old woman wandering through the graveyard, brushing the moss from some of the headstones to look at the letters, and studying long over the quaint characters carved into others. By-and-by she crossed the street and sat down on the steps of a cottage, and when people saw how old and feeble she was, and that her eyes were full of tears, they pitied her. She could not answer them at first, but by-and-by she told them that she had come hundred of miles to take a last look at a grave which she knew must be in the yard, but which she could not find.

Half a century ago she buried a child there, and all through the long, long years, though moving here and there her mother's heart had not forgotten the dead. Old now, her steps feeble and her locks grey, and feeling that she had but little longer to remain on earth, she had come clear across the State alone, to have a last look at the little grave. Years had gone by, but she thought she could not walk right to the spot, and there was half a hope in her heart that strangers' hands might have kept the headstone white and the grave as when she last saw it. She found the old yard cut up by streets, the city all around and beyond, and of the hundreds of mounds and headstones which she once saw but a score or so were left. She sought among the leaning headstones, and she stood under the dying willows and searched the field for the small stone which bore the words "Our Willie." Fifty years, since the little body was lowered into its grave! Half a century since the headstone was placed to mark the spot! And yet her mother's heart had brought her back in her old age, with the hope that her tears might fall upon the little gave, obliterated and passed from sight forever.

It was sad enough to see tears falling down her wrinkled cheeks, and to know that her old heart was aching with disappointment, and men spoke kind words to her, and women wiped their eyes in sympathy. Looking through her tears at the bleak and lonely field, its loneliness relieved and yet made more lonely by the time worn headstones and the clumps of briars, no wonder that the poor old woman felt it in her heart, and had to sob out:

"I'm afraid I can't find him in Heaven—Heaven's so large!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wanted to be Killed.

A New York paper says: yesterday afternoon Dr. George F. Krotz was seated at his desk in the Demilt Dispensary, corner of Twenty-third street and Second avenue, when suddenly the office door was opened and two Germans ushered themselves into his pretence.

"Is the doctor who has charge here, in!' inquired one of the men, while the other glanced around the room, searching, as he seemed to be, for skeletons, raw bones and tooth snatchers.

"Not at present. What is it you wish? Perhaps I can attend to your want,' replied the young physician.

The man who had spoken remained silent for some time. He looked at his friend who had taken a seat, and advancing close to the doctor said, "My friend here wants to sell himself to some doctor to be experimented upon. He is tired of life and wishes to die, but does not want to kill himself, and——

"I don't understand you,' broke in the doctor. "Do you mean to say that this man wants us to kill him for experiment's sake?'

"Yes; he don't want to live any longer: wants to die easy; and he is willing, if you will give me a certain price, to be killed by any process you may decide upon.'

The doctor was more than ever surprised. Thousands had visited the Dispensary to be cured, but this was the first case he had ever heard of a man coming to be killed. The men, too, appeared to be rational and the one who desired for a remuneration to become a martyr to science, seemed perfectly unconcerned.

On being asked by the doctor whether he really desired to die and his death to be the subject of experiment, he replied 'yes.' He would give no reason for such a desire, only that he was tired of life.

The doctor having satisfied his curiosity, told the man that he could not do anything for him, and referred him to several medical colleges, and they walked out, the man who desired death looked the most disappointed.

"I want it nice, and strong, and snug like," said the widow, exhuming a fresh pocket handkerchief and controlling her sobs with difficulty. "Oh! that's all right," returned the undertaker, tapping the coffin merrily, "he couldn't get out of it if he had a mind to."

JOSH BILLINGS says he don't care how much people talk, if they will only say it in a few words.