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A DREAM-LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]GH THE IVORY GATE.

On [illegible] of the fifth of September, exactl[illegible] years ago. I had a dream which [illegible] the current of my life.—And yet, [illegible] seen, it was not a very striking one—indeed it might be called in a measure common-place; but nevertheless it stamped itself upon my memory in the strangest fashion, and a face I saw in it has, from that time to this, been the one star of my life.

I saw a smooth sea of deep blue, with white cliffs in the far distance, and whiter gulls winging their way above it, a trail of smoke from a passing steamer in the sky, and boats and cordage on the beach where the fishermen plied their business. And I walked by that dreamland sea in company [illegible] woman, whose face, seen with unu[illegible]stinctness—much plainer than any other face I had seen in a dream—filled me with unutterable longing and love, such as I had never felt before. No need, you may say, to attach much importance to this.—Many men have been smitten, as the phrase is, with faces seen in dreams, but they have passed away and been forgotten—fair visions through the gate of ivory which fade before the light of morning.

This dream-face did not pass away. I found myself remembering its lineaments and pondering over them; and as a natural consequence I dreamed of it again and again. Days, and even weeks, would pass sometimes; but it was sure to recur to me sooner or later, and the infatuation and love for it grew upon me to such an extent that I became pale and worn, and my friends were anxious about my health.—The oftener I saw it, with its sweet stateliness, soft cluster of hair, and eyes that thrilled me through and through, the more frantic I became with hopeless and consuming love. I had told no one—I was ashamed to tell any one—and while I tried to reason with myself against what was becoming a species of mania, and at times had thoroughly convinced myself of my insane folly, the dream would come again, and I was more madly in love than ever.

I have said my friends became anxious. I was an only son, and therefore considerably over-estimated by my parents, especially by my mother. My father, a wealthy contractor, was very anxious I should spend plenty of money in good society, and expected that one day I should make a marriage which would increase a glory of the family. Noticing that I was "moping," as he called it, he advised me to go abroad and amuse myself. But although very fond of the Continent, I had a strange disinclination to go there, and persisted in remaining at home. And I nursed my foolish fancy so wildly just at the time that I fell into a strange nervous condition, causing me to feel mentally as if I was in clairvoyant state, making me at the same time really physically ill.

My mother noticed it, and, being in London, insisted that I should go and see a famous physician. I knew he had nothing in his pharmacopœa that would suit my malady; but thinking I should only be sounded and looked at in the ordinary way, and receive a prescription for a harmless tonic, and also wishing to allay maternal apprehensions, I went to Dr.———. It is his own desire that I suppress his name.

Now, as you may imagine, I had not the slightest intention of making a confidant of the doctor. It never entered my thoughts that I could tell any one about my dream; but I went to a man of rare psychological knowledge, and with this result: I was ushered into the doctor's room, and, in reply to his first question as to my ailment, I said had felt a little nervous, and so forth, but that I should not have come to him except at my mother's earnest request. He nodded, and then made a careful examination of me, sounded me, and then said:

"Sound in wind and limb. Have you told me everything?"

"Yes," I said. "It is just as I thought; there is nothing the matter with me."

"Don't be in such a hurry," he replied. "I said wind and limb—did you ever hear of an organ called the brain?"

I started, and the blood rushed to my face. Was he going to tell me I was mad; and if pressed, as this sharp-faced man might press me, was I to confess to my dream-face? Dr.——— soon put an end to my hesitation, for he came to the point at once. In reply to his question, I said:

"Certainly; I am conscious I have a brain."

"And that brain may be out of order," he said.

"Of that I am not conscious," I answered.

"But you have suspected it."

This was a facer, and I hesitated.

He continued, "Mr. Frewen, are you a dreamer of dreams?"

It had come at last. I gasped and half rose from my chair—things which of course I noted.

"Really"—I said.

"Stop," he returned. "I know I am right; but unless you are going to tell me everything, don't speak at all. You will waste my time and your own, and time is valuable."

While he was speaking, I had taken my resolution. I remembered that the confidences of the consulting room are as sacred as those of the confessional; and I told him. He listened with the air of a man who had heard the story before, and then he asked me whether I was capable, if I tried honestly, of banishing the face from my waking thoughts. I replied that I thought I could; and he then said:

"Go away for a month, and then come and tell me how you are."

I left him and made the effort, and tho' I succeeded in banishing all memory of my love, her face came to me every night.

I returned, and duly reported myself to the doctor. Before doing this, however, I must note that I had confided my trouble to my mother; and she having put my father in possession of some of the facts of my case, he was at once indignant and contemptuous, and I believe he thought I was really going mad.

Imagine, then, the consternation produced by the advice Dr.—— gave when I went to him a second time. He listened to my report of myself, and then said:

"The dream of this woman's face is driving you mad. Go and find her."

Find her! What did the doctor mean? In all my thoughts of the face of my dreams I had never pictured it as by any remote possibility existing. The idea seemed to take possession of me like new life. Was it possible, or was the doctor only suggesting it as a means of amusing a poor crazy fellow by humoring his delusion? But at any rate I would go. I had made up my mind to that, though it was not so easy to say where.

"You are in earnest?" I said to Dr——.

"I am. I never joke on such subjects."

"Where shall I go?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you that. Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream.'

"Shall I find her?" I said.

He hesitated for the first time.

"There is a theory," he said—"mind, I do not commit myself by saying *my* theory—that people whose spirits have met in this world rarely go through the whole of life without being near each other in the flesh, though it is possible that one or both may be unconscious."

"I shall go," I said.

"Yes, of course you will;" and Dr.—— shook hands with me and bowed me out.

I pass over the despair of my mother and the rage and indignation of my father, who abused the doctor roundly for sending me on a madman's errand, as he called it. His position was perfectly justifiable. I could put myself in his place and thoroughly understand what a practical, prosaic man of business would think of my errand. But then he had seen *her*.

CHAPTER II.

A MAD ERRAND.

While my proposed plan was in the highest degree distasteful to my family and friends, the commencement of my search was by no means satisfactory to myself.—It is all very well to make up your mind to find out a woman you have seen only in dreams; while many of my readers may think that such a case demanded a strait waistcoat; but it is not so easy to know how to make a start. The world was all before me, but where was I to go?

I recurred naturally to the doctor's parting words. He had not laughed at me; he had humored me, whether with any belief in the dream or merely to give me something to occupy my mind, I could hardly tell; at any rate his words had impressed me. He had said, "Try and realize the locality indicated in your dreams." Even that was not easy. But at any rate it was some place by the sea. So I need not trouble myself about inland towns and villages. It had a look too, I thought, of a foreign watering place; so I decided to make for the Continent, and then, wander slowly through the principal places on the French seaboard.

I dreamed of the face of which I was in search the night before I left England; and I don't know whether I was feeling rather out of spirits myself, but it was undeniable that, as far as I could judge, it looked somewhat sadly and reproachfully at me. But I had become so full of fancies regarding it, that I was afraid to trust myself to draw conclusions, and I dismissed the idea from my memory, and crossed the Channel.

I had not been more than a few days in France when I became conscious of a curious change. I had been to one little village on the coast, and was going on to another, when I remembered that during the whole time I had not had one dream, that is to say, not one in which I saw *her* face. It was strange; for although the visitations were by no means continuous, still an unusually long time had passed—that too just when I was thinking more of her than ever, and scanning each face I met with painful curiosity. The fact, therefore, made me rather uneasy; and I was eager for the night to come to see how I should fare. Again there was no special dream, though my thoughts were so full of her that I don't know how I could have avoided a dream filled with her presence under ordinary circumstances. I am aware that some people hold that you do not dream of what you have thought *much* of during the day, but rather of things only brought incidentally under your notice; but such has never been my experience. I can almost pass from waking to sleeping and carry on the same train of thought, though of course it is most fantastically changed in my dream.

Night after night passed, and still she never came. Full as my waking thoughts were of her, she seemed to have withdrawn herself from me; and uneasy as I had been at the first recurrent appearance, I now became still more so when they ceased to exist. Was there ever any one so unreasonable? I argued with myself; I had long wanted to cure myself of what most people would call a pure delusion; and yet now, when I found it disappearing, I was angry and annoyed at it. But still I would continue my search at intervals, and I settled to stay four months in France at any rate before I returned home and announced my cure.

"My cure"—yes, that was what they would call it, when in truth I was far more worn and miserable now than at any time previously. I believe indeed that at this period I was in danger of acute mental derangement, for I caught myself wondering what there was on the other side of this life, that men should be loath to leave it. The blue sea seemed tempting, and I often thought that if this mad passion for a shadow was to mar my life, it would be better to sleep in one of the little church-yards on the coast where the voice of the everlasting sea would sing my requiem.

The whole of the time I was in France I was miserable, and in no single dream, though as usual I had many, did my familiar visitant appear. My search grew listless, and I felt myself becoming infinitely worse as regards my nervous system than I was before I left England. From what I have learned of it since, I am convinced I was settling down into confirmed *melancholy*; and I cannot think of that period even now without a shudder at the recollection.

At last, finding myself at Dieppe, I suddenly determined to return home, and took the steamer which was just starting for Newhaven, lest my will to go should change. Never before within my remembrance had I been so glad to return to England. Never did the white cliffs look fairer to me, and the rolling downs of Sussex seemed like old friends. Immediately on arriving I went up to London, and on reaching the station I drove straight off to Dr.——.

He was at home, and received me with cordiality.

"Well, doctor," I said, "I have come to report myself cured."

"Cured!" he answered, looking at me scrutinizingly. "You don't look like it.—Of what are you cured?"

"I have had no dreams; that is to say, none of that particular dream since I left England."

"Ah, none in France at all," he said.

"Exactly."

"Any since you returned?"

"I only arrived to-day, and have not yet slept in England."

"Just so," he said, nodding thoughtfully; and then he abruptly asked some question regarding my general health, wrote me a prescription, and seeing that he was determined to say no more, I left him.

As I drove away to a hotel, for my people were out of town, I thought of my answer to the doctor's question, viz., that I had not slept in England since I returned, and the way in which he had received it.—Was it possible that here in England the vision would return? I thought the matter out carefully, as far as one can think a subject out which is purely surmise; and having settled in my own mind that being at home would make no difference, I dined with a friend at his club, and spent a pleasanter evening than I had known for some months past.

Night came; and before I went to rest I thought as I always did of my dream-visitant, but with the hopeless feeling I had lately had in France, and not expecting any change. Indeed I had well nigh made up my mind that she had departed forever, and I went to sleep with a sigh at the remembrance.

The reader will have anticipated what happened. That night, the very first I had spent in England, she came to me again; and owing, I suppose, to the rarity of the vision, she seemed to have gained new loveliness during the time she had ceased to bless my sleep. Never, I fancied, not even when she first appeared to me, had her face come with greater distinctness; and I woke in the morning with a more vivid memory of it than ever. Had I possessed the artistic faculty, I believe that on the morning after that dream I could have painted her so as to be readily recognizable by any one who knew her if she had any real existence. It is impossible to tell the length of dreams, for so much seems to happen in them in a very short space of time; but as far as *I* could judge, the dream on this occasion lasted an unusual length of time, and in fact seemed hardly ever to leave me during the night.

My first feeling in the morning was one of delight. *I* had yearned her coming, and now she had visited me again, and yet, such is the inconsistancy of human nature, *I* felt at the same time alarmed and startled at her reappearance. *It* seemed so strange that all the time *I* had been in France *I* had no vision of her, and now, the moment *I* set foot in England again, she reappeared. *I* had no difficulty in deciding what *I* should do. *I* would commence the search again, this time in England. The omen was too plain, *I* thought, to be disregarded; but before *I* go away *I* must wait in town to see my father and mother, who were expected, as *I* learned, in two days' time.

I had the same dream next night. On the day after my father arrived; and I told him as vaguely as I could do, consistently with truth, what had occurred and what I proposed for myself.

My father looked very grave, and (it was at dessert) played with his wine-glass, seemingly in a great state of bewilderment. At last he said:

"You know my opinion of all this business, Frank, when you left home, it is not changed. But it is much stronger, seeing that I have found a lady who would be a capital match for you, and whom I am most anxious you should marry. If I am any judge, and I was not a bad one when I married your mother, the lady I propose is beautiful!—"

"Stop, father," I cried. "I implore you not to continue the subject now; give me a little more time, and I will do anything you wish."

My father caught at the suggestion of a certain length of time and the chance of my capitulation, and said:

"So be it; go away, say for a year, or more, and then if you have not found this shadowy creature, you shall come back and marry the girl I have chosen." And he added more to himself than to me. "Hang me, if I think she will have such a maniac!"

"Very well," I said, anxiously to close the conversation, "I agree. I shall go away to-night, and come back here this day twelve months."

"Off with you," said my father; "I don't want to keep you; and discussing this subject has quite spoiled my claret.—Pass the olives, and ring the bell for another bottle as you go out; and good-bye to you."

With this characteristic benediction I departed and once more went forth on my travels to find the lady of my dreams.

Before starting, however, I called upon Dr. ——, and told him how the dream had come back, and that I was once more going in serach of my shadow. He listened as quietly as before, manifested his astonishment at the recurrence of my dream, and said:

"I am afraid I have incurred a grave responsibility in sending you away, Mr. Frewen; but since you have been guided by me in this matter, may I ask you to take my advice once more?"

"Certainly," I replied; "but you are not going to stop me?"

"No, I am not going to stop you; but I want you, now that you are starting again, not to wander alone more than you can help. Prosecute this search by all means, but see as much society as you can; and I must add my entire concurrence with your father's proposal. On your return, marry if possible; it is the only thing that will cure you."

"May I ask you again, as I did before, Doctor, what do you think are my chances of success? What does all this mean?"

"That is easier to ask than to answer. One reading of it would be as follows:—You are exercising involuntarily a strong influence over some person unknown to you. What has been called odic force may in rare cases act in this way. Whether the person you influence has any definite knowledge of the impress on your mind, it is impossible to say. She may or she may not. This explanation, you observe, postulates her existence in real life. If, on the other hand, she exists only in your dreams, then it must be looked upon merely as a dream, recurring in this way because your mind during your waking hours dwells upon it with such persistence.

"But I never dreamed of her in France, and yet she was hardly out of my thoughts.

"I can tell you no more. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—" You can finish the quotation yourself.'

So once more I started on my search and now, instead of having the light of her face withdrawn, it was with me day and night. Most distinct in dreams, but still ever with me to cheer me and to uphold me during my wanderings.

And yet even with that solace it was weary work, and it was with a heart very little attuned to them that I observed the doctor's instructions, and went out into such society as I could command in places where I was very often an entire stranger. Every female figure in the faintest degree attractive raised my hopes only to disappoint me, and I journeyed from place till I realized the truth of the lines:

"Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day I feel the trouble
Of the wanderer in my soul."

I also, as was to be expected, became more and more uneasy as the months went by and the time drew near when, in fulfillment of my promise to my father, I must go home, and instead of indulging in a mad chase after a heroine of dreamland, I must settle down with the wife he had chosen for me, if, indeed the lady would have me. The thought maddened me when I reflect upon what the doctor had said. If haply I was influencing the darling of my dreams, and she too might be conscious of it, how could I prove a traitor to my unknown love?

There was nothing to do, however, but to wander on; and I did so in vain, until within a month of the time when I should have to go back to my father and declare my willingness to obey him.

I was staying at the time for a day or two at a little sea-side town called Rockford, and there meeting a couple of bachelor friends, I consented to go to a ball, which the visitors had arranged, and of which they were stewards. The idea was distasteful to me; but I had promised the doctor, and I should see new faces, so I went to the festivity. Some country people were coming, and I stood leaning listlessly out of an open window watching the arrivals. The moonlight shone across the sea, and beneath me the carriages rolled up to the door, and gay parties alighted at the portico of the hotel where the ball was given.

Suddenly I saw there was some commotion below, and the crowd at the door closed round a carriage which then drove rapidly away, a gentleman apparently mounting the box near the coachman, while the servant, who had occupied the place, hurried off in an opposite direction. Somebody had been taken ill, I supposed, and so it appeared; for when one of my friends came up, he said. "Extraordinary thing, Frewen: a carriage drives up, father, it seems, get out and hands out the ladies—mother first and then the daughter. The moment the young lady steps out she looks up, then she starts back, and falls in a dead faint on the carriage steps. She looked as if she had seen a ghost, they say; I wonder what was up? Egad, old man, she must have caught sight of your wo-begone face, and turned faint at the idea of dancing with such a screecrow."

I listened idly and said: "No, I don't think she saw me;" forgetting, be it observed, that the moonlight shone full on my face, and that the glare of the gaslight steamed out of the room.

I attached no importance to the incident, though the reader will possibly wonder at it. I felt nothing unusual, only perhaps a little sadder and more uneasy; and the face of my dream-love looked sad, too, when she came in my sleep, and paler, I thought, than it was wont to look as of old.

But no revelation came to me; and a month afterward, when I returned to London, it would have required an effort of memory to recall the fact that at the Rockfork ball a young lady arriving "started as if she had seen a ghost," and fallen fainting in her father's arms. Had I then given up the serach when the prize was so near? Had she seen me in dreams and recognized me, while no indication of her persence was vouchsafed me?

The reader must form his own conclusions. My mad errand was over. I returned to town to do my father's bidding in any matrimonial speculation he might suggest, and to forget, as I best might, that I ever had a love in dreamland.

CHAPTER IV.

MY MARRIAGE.

My father made no attempt to conceal his satisfaction at my return to him, and, as he was good enough to say, to my senses. Having relieved his feelings by that remark, he made no further reference to my dreams and the chase they had led me. I was treated, indeed, like a returned prodigal, who, after many wanderings, had come back and received forgiveness. Concerning the young lady it was proposed I should marry, neither my father nor mother would tell me anything, but preserved a playful silence, my father assuring me I was so confoundedly romantic that unless she burst upon me all at once, he knew I should never take a fancy to her. I was told, however, that she came of a good family, was young, beautiful, and an heiress, so painfully eligible in all respects that I wonder that I did not hate the idea.

It was curious that now, when I considered my doom was fixed, I was by no means so miserable as I had anticipated. I was still dreaming of the one face of my life, and yet I could, it seemed, contemplate a marriage with another woman, not exactly with equanimity, but still without the shudder with which I had thought of it before. I could not explain the feeling to myself, and yet was foolish enough to be annoyed at it. Now I can understand it; but I had no key to it then.

It appeared that Miss Carnstone—for that was the name of bride elect, should she smile on me—had been recently confided to the care of my father and another Trustee on the death of Mr. Carnstone, who had desired the marriage as much as my father, but who also said that Alice declared she would never marry, and he believed she would keep her word.

I had been at home for about a fornight when my father announced his intention of paying a visit to the young lady, and proposed that I should accompany him and see what impression I could make. I had become very apathetic on the subject, and consented, not even asking until we were seated in the railway-carriage whereabout Carnstone Dene was situated.

"It was near the sea," said my father, "standing back about a mile from the shore on the quietest part of the Sussex coast, over-looking a tiny fishing village." The views from the house were magnificent, and I should be pleased with its surroundings. "I could suggest a few alterations, Frank," he continued, for my father had a mania for landscape gardening;—"but there will be time enough for them afterward."

"A place on the coast!" I thought, "and unvisited." It had been, I suppose, too insignificant, or I had missed it because the railway only extended to within eight miles of it. The information brought up a crowd of memories of my wanderings, and as may be imagined *her* face came with them with maddening distinctness.

We arrived at the nearest town to Carnstone in the evening. It boasted a fairly good hotel, and my father, having a twinge of the gout, determined to rest there for the night and take a carriage to the Dene in the morning. Next day was a beautiful one; and though my father remonstrated at it as being very undignified, I determined to start early and walk over to Carnstone, leaving him to follow in the carriage.

After passing round the base of some undulating downs, and then through some prettily-wooded fields, I came to the shore, and, in obedience to the directions I had received, proceeded along it to Carnstone. Arriving there, I was struck with the beauty of the tiny fishing village, for it was nothing more; and, at the same time, it seemed, in its main features, strangely familiar to me. I had certainly never been there before, and get the distant cliffs, the contour of the shore—it flashed across my mind at once—it was the sea-scape of my dream!

The discovery had such an effect upon me that I trembled violently, and had to sit down on the beach to compose myself. The next sensation was of delight, and then came a cold chill. What if the locality of my dream had its central figure—what if I was discovered to *her* while I was hastening to offer love to another! I had not to remain long in suspense. I walked along with temples throbbing, and the beat of my heart, as it were, audible to me;—and I had not gone many paces when, passing the bow of a boat on the beach, I came upon her!

The picture was complete. The vision was realized. There she sat by the sea—the lady of my dreams.

I stood rooted to the spot, gazing at her, in utter forgetfulness of what she must have thought of such proceeding, and almost on the instant she looked up from the book she was reading, and our eyes met.

I saw at once with an undefinable thrill that she recognized me!

One wild, scared look, and then, as if possessed by a sudden fear, she turned hastily away, while I stood stupefied, and when I came to my senses she was out of sight.

There was no question of going on to Carnstone Dene now. I turned and went straight back to the hotel, then dispatched an earnest message to my father to return there and see me, as something had happened of the utmost importance.

He came back in the afternoon in one of the Carnstone carriages, and I found him in a great rage—not with me, for he had not heard my story, but with the young lady herself. He was nearly beside himself when I related what had happened to me, and my firm determination to make away with myself rather than marry Miss Carnstone, or any other woman than the lady of my dreams, now that I found out she existed.

"By Jove!" he cried; in a high state of excitement, "have you all gone mad together? I have been talking to Miss Carnstone, and ventured to hint at certain hopes I enertained, when my lady flies out at me, and coolly tells me that she never means to marry at all, and begs I won't distress her by mentioning such a thing."

"Sensible girl," I said; "you can't expect me to press my suit after that."

"It is as well to expect nothing but downright lunacy from you," said my father, still very irate; "but come, we must go back to Carnstone Dene. You and she may be as mad as a couple of March hares but, at any rate, let us behave like civilized beings, and stay there for a day or two, as was our original intention."

So we drove over to Carnstone Dene.

I was silent during the drive, and my father was evidently too angry to talk to me. In due time we arrived at a fine Elizabethan house, and immediately went up stairs to dress for dinner. I found my way after dressing to the drawing-room by myself, and when I went in there was a lady standing near one of the windows, evidently Miss Carnstone.

She turned. An electric shock ran through me from head to foot. And then—I do not know to this day, nor does my wife, who moved first—we drew near each other, and Alice Carnstone, my predestined bride, the lady of my dreams, was strained to my heart.

The footman who announced dinner ushed in my father, and the old gentleman will not forget till his dying day the shock he experienced when he saw the situation. It was, however, a pleasant solution of all his difficulties, and it was nothing to him that we had loved in dreams.

Alice Carnstone is now my wife. The story of how she felt the impress of my soul is mine alone. Suffice it to say that she had known me much after the same fashion as I had known her, and that it was she who had recognized me at the Rockford Ball. Her absence from my dreams during my visit to France we could never explain, for, as the doctor says, the laws governing such impressions are not yet formulated. I need only add that she who came to smile upon me in dreams is now the crowning blessing of my life.

H. SAVILE CLARE.

JIM'S *IDEA* OF HAYES.—The following colloquy, which occurred between two Senegambians in front of this office Saturday, during a lull in the excitement, illustrates the superstitious reverence which the negroes entertain for the Republican party and its leaders:

"Tell you what, Sam, dat man Hayes smartest man eber libed!"

"Hi! Jim, he ain't smarter den Linkum?"

"Yeah; heap smarter den Linkum, *I* tell you."

"*Is* he smarter den Grant?"

"Lor', chile, heap smarter den Grant."

"Well, Jim is he smarter den de Lord?"

"Not 'zactly, Sam; but he young yet!"—*Index Appeal.*

EARTH is far from being heaven as yet. But it has many heavenly things in it. It has sweet little children. It has pure minded maidens. It has brave young men. It has myriads of poor people who help poor people, myriads of the toilers of the land and sea—the very zest of whose labor is that it is undergone for the sake of others. It has thousands and tens of thousands of homes and hearts where the stranger is welcome to the warmest seat at the fire, simply because he is stranger. Ministering angels, who appear oftentimes as silently and mysteriously as if they literally came from heaven on the scenes of suffering where they are needed; and when, now, and again, evil breaks out in lurid, burning flames, humanity instinctively rushes to the rescue, feels the scorching pain on her own breast, and almost quenches the flames from the clouds of her indignation, or from the fountains of her tears.

We are passing through an era of public calumny. The wisest and best men are not free from public reproach. Slander, like death, it is said, loves a shining mark. He that finds his motives questioned, his life falsified, his utterances misreported, his words wrested by malice to-day, and words that never uttered put into his mouth by the same malice to-morrow, will find consolation, and wisdom, and strength in turning to the Gospels and reading the life of Christ in this aspect, and seeing how he who is in all things our example passed through like experiences, and how by his grace and patience and long-suffering love he made even the malice of his enemies to redound to the glory of his Heavenly Father.

A Local Returning Board.

They were playing poker, and Pomp held a full hand. His eyes glistened with conscious triumph as he put up a ten-cent ante and gazed at his partner expectantly.

"I raises dat ten cents," remarked Pete.

"I goes a quarter more," insinuated Pomp.

"I stand you and raises anuder quarter,' replied Pete.

"I continue on de war-path and flops down de last thirty cents," answered Pomp placing six nickles on the table.

"I kivers de pile and calls you," remarked Pete.

"Full hand," said Pomp, turning his cards. "What you got?"

"A pair, and de game am undecided."

"What's dat? Undecided? Dis yer chile takes de pile."

"Not by a long chalk. Dis case will now be referred to de returnin' board, who will examine into de patickelars. Dar's plenty more good cards in de pack, and why didn't I git 'em? Dar's been intimidation and fraud, and meanwhile de returnin' board takes possession of de spoils,' and Pete reached out his hand.

Then the other side denied the right of the board to meddle, and when the reporter left the horrible demon of civil war was dancing a wild dance in the neighborhood, and a policeman was marching up to mediate with a club.

How to Make Collections.

There is a bill collector in Virginia who knows a thing or two. When he drops in on a republican, he remarks:

"Well, they've settled it finally."

"How's that?"

"Tilden gives up the fight. *Enterprise* just got the dispatch and so did the *Chronicle*."

"Good enough. Hurrah for Hayes!" (Jumps around the room and yells.")

"By the way, I've got a little bill of $45 against you."

"All right; just receipt it, and here's your coin. *I* will pay any man $45 for such good news as that. Now *I*'ll go out and collect my bets. (Exit republican in a state of hilarity to collect a $685 bet on Hayes.)

The bill collector now reaches a Tilden man, and opens up as follows:

"Well Hayes gives it up. Whole thing settled."

"Bully for our side; knew it all along."

"*I*'ve got a little bill here—$65.80."

"Pass it right over; here's the coin.—*I*'ll win five times as much. Guess *I*'ll go out and collect my bets." (Exit Tilden democrat to rake in his lucre.)—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

UP SALT RIVER.—The origin of the expression "Up Salt River," as applied to a defeated political party, was as follows:—Davy Crockett, the famous Kentucky Congressman, while a Whig candidate, was challenged by his Democratic opponent to meet him on the stump in joint discussion. Crockett accepted, and the day and place were fixed; but Crockett did not appear, and the people thinking him afraid to do so, rallied for his opponent and elected him. *It* afterwards turned out that Crockett, who had started for the place in a canoe propelled by a negro, had been landed in the forest at the head-waters of Salt River by his treacherous guide, who then swiftly dappled off down the stream.—Crockett was too good a hunter to starve in the wilderness, but he was totally unable to reach the appointed place in time, and gave it up, and with it his chance of election. Hence the phrase "Up Salt River"—meaning that party is hopelessly defeated. Crockett, however, was more lucky two years afterwards, being elected by a handsome majority.

"Ma what is revenge?" "*It* is when your daddy scolds me, and *I* hit him with a broomstick."