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Editors and Proprietors.

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CREED.

I believe, if I should die
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the Isles of Death
Life would come gladly back among my veins.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much
And throb again warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody depths, or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his highest sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworthy of the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of life unproved.
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewell, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

KNOWN AT LAST.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

A June night: such a June night! warm, blue, and breathless, and moonlit.

I am sitting all alone in the dear old London garden, and the canal which runs by the end of it, severed by moonlight and occasionally darkened by the shadow of a passing barge, looks quite soft and Italian.

Papa has had a few gentlemen to dinner, and, until they are satisfied with wine and politics, I prefer the garden to the drawing-room—the garden full of moonlight and the searching scent of the thorn. I am not long, however, to enjoy my solitude, for here is a step close by me, and the glimmer of a cigar.

"Ah! Miss Paisely?" says a low, musical voice, with which I am very familiar.

"Did you take me for a ghost?" I say, laughing.

"Hardly. I never yet heard of a ghost wearing flowers. I left the dining-room before the others because I wished to have a few minutes serious talk with you."

"Oh, don't be serious," I cry piteously, and making a wry face.

"Oh, put by jesting," he rejoins, in rather a weary tone of voice: "after this I shall make no further exactions upon your time or mood."

My vanity is wounded, and I say, sharply, "I can be as grave as most people when the occasion requires it; but there are persons who mistake moroseness for gravity and good spirits for heartlessness."

"Very likely," he goes on, hardly heeding my sally; "but I have not come to defend my own conduct, but rather to plead for another. I am going—I am going to speak about my young friend Hamilton. Look here, Rhoda Paiiseley, you may flirt with ninety-nine men, and, though it may hurt your vanity to hear it, do them no lasting harm; but with the hundredth it may be different; you may at last drive him to madness or perdition. Hamilton is one of the finest young fellows that ever lived."

"An excellent young man, doubtless," I put in, with something of a sneer.

Not noticing the interruption: "He is, I know, not generally attractive to woman. From a boy he has been physically very delicate; his nature is high strung and nervous. Now you know he loves you."

"Indeed, you flatter me." I say, looking down to hide a blush, which I fancy (though I know really it is not visible in the darkness) cannot escape his gray, penetrating eyes.

But he says, quietly, "You cannot evade me; you know he does. Now what I will have from you is this:—How will you answer when he puts to you the supreme question of his life? Silent! But I demand an answer."

"And I command you to desist from your present impertinence and to leave me," I cry, springing up in a passion, and flinging far from me the rose with which I had been toying; "and if you are a delegate from your friend he has indeed been unfortunate."

"No, upon my honor, I am not that," he rejoins, earnestly. Then he stands aside and bows gravely as I sweep past.

I hasten to the drawing-room, and soon the gentlemen come in. William Hamilton comes over to where I am sitting. He is certainly handsome, though not in a way attractive to us women; tall and slight, with an aristocratic, mobile, though somewhat feminine face, lit up by large, soft melancholy eyes; his hands, beautifully fashioned, are thin almost to transparency. He leans with his arm on the back of my chair, and begins talking about some book he has given me. To all his questions I reply with a warmth and animation. Colonel Gordon is observing us; his face almost brightens when he hears me talking less frivolously than is my wont. I cannot help contrasting the two friends; the younger—and so much the younger, too—so fair and fragile; the elder, certainly not at all handsome, but strong of limb and broad of chest, with the dark, resolute face worn and beaten by the storm-winds of the world. I think I make myself very agreeable to poor Mr. Hamilton. We sit by ourselves all that evening apart in a corner of the room, apparently lost in one another, till something he says puts me out of tune, and I leave him in a tiff, poor fellow. Only when he is going away, I am so sorry for him that I cannot resist saying, "I hope you don't think me too quarrelsome?" Then I looked up pitefully in his face and cast another look of proud defiance at his friend. Soon our little party breaks up, and I am glad the evening is at an end.

Another superb day, just as hot and cloudless as yesterday; but in spite of the beautiful weather, and all the roses in the garden, I get up cross and out of spirits. Am I merely a flirt? something altogether too light and frivolous? A woman, I think, should be something better. After all, Colonel Gordon was right, and when I see Mr. Hamilton again I will show him firmly but kindly that he has no reason to hope. I am something comforted by this resolution, but I have no will to read books or to pay visits. I have no mother, and I am an only child, so my life is rather solitary. Somehow the day wears itself away, and at six o'clock, punctual as the time itself, comes the quick, familiar ring, and I hasten to meet my dear old father after his official duties. I overcome him by kisses and complaints. "Oh, I am so glad you have come back," I say; "I have been horribly dull; and hasn't it been hot?—no cool corner in the house, and no shade in the garden." He returns my kisses very affectionately, but he looks so grave that I say, anxiously, "Is anything the matter, dear?"

"Yes; I have very saddening and bad news, he answers, taking me into the dining-room and stroking my hair with his dear kind hands. "Young Hamilton is dead; was found dead this morning in his bed. It appears he was always subject to heart complaint. I met Gordon in the street, who gave me the sad news. Poor fellow! he seemed quite broken by it."

I am terribly shocked. Dead! I say the word over and over again, yet cannot realize the full meaning of it. But when I go to bed I turn my face to the wall, on which one long ray of moonlight is playing, and sob as if my heart would break, and yet I know I did not love him. O, soft, melancholy eyes! Perhaps not melancholy now, but glad and radiant and full of a new triumphant light. O, poor, trubled heart? that has, I hope, at last found rest. But I think of the little kind things I might have said and done, and of all the things said or done so much better left undone.

Well, the tedious summer days go by. We never see Colonel Gordon now, he seems to have given us up; even papa ceases to wonder at his silence. One hot August day we leave noisy, dusty London behind and take wing for the continent. We have got over the first shock of poor Mr. Hamilton's death, but I am not quite what I was, and I think of Colonel Gordon could see me now he would think me less frivolous. I have a half hope that we may meet him in our wanderings. I look anxiously at all the hotels into the books of visitors, where his name is not registered, and after two months of mountain and sea air we come back to the old London; the old house, and the old life. We have been home a week. To-day papa has got to his office occupation again, and to-day I feel terribly sad and cheerless—a sadness which all things around me tend to deepen; the rustle of dead leaves of the garden paths, the moaning of the wind in the leafless branches, the cold gray aspect of the sky. Is there nothing I should like to do? I think, as I wander listlessly between the garden and the house. Ah! yes, there is one thing I have always intended to do, and why not to-day? I gather a nosegay of late autumn flowers out of our own garden, knowing that, if living, that would have pleased him most, and I set out on my sad pilgrimage. They have laid my lover to rest at Norwood in the dim vaults away under the church. As I walk up between the long rows of tombs a chill rain begins falling, beating in my face; but I do not feel frightened or lonely in this capital of the dead, nor do I shrink as, lit by a faintly glimmering taper, I follow down the winding stair-case into the sad populous region below, though I shiver at the dank air, in which death seems to become almost palpable. My guide, looking carefully at the names, taper in hand, stops before one. I signify to him that I would be alone for a few minutes, and he retires. I bend down and read the inscription: "William Hamilton, born Mry 17th, 1851; died June 9th, 1873. 'He giveth His beloved sleep'" Is it indeed a sleep for him, and unmarred by any dreams? I think of how he loved me—that love which I held so lightly—and the plenteous tears come. But there is a step The custodian of the place coming back, I suppose. I raise my face hurriedly, and met the eyes of Colonel Gordon; but they have in them a milder, sweeter look than I have ever seen there before. He takes my hands in his and holds them looking long and lovingly at the inscription on the coffin. We do not speak a word, but we leave the place together and come into the gray windy light of the fading day. He draws my arm in his, still holding my hand, add we walk a little way in silence. At length he says, very kindly, "Thank you for this, Rhoda; I did not know you loved him so much."

"Stop," I say, "I am very sorry for him, and feel so grateful that he should have cared for me; but in the way you mean I never loved him. All you said to me that night was right and true, and I have been the better for it."

"No harm has been done," he rejoins; "and if he died thinking you loved him he died happier. But you are not looking well. Is anything troubling you?"

"No; I am not happy; and now he has gone, I have no one who I think really loves me."

"You are mistaken there," he replies, quietly. "Don't you know that I love you?"—and then more to himself than to me—"as my life, as my soul, I love you, Rhoda, from the first day I saw you; but then he loved you too, and he was so unable to buffet the waves of this world, if you could have loved him and made his life happy—well dear, you understand. I have said more than I meant to say; consider some of it unsaid, only remember, if you ever want a friend, you will know where to come;" and, he adds with rather a sad smile, "I will not even in jest ask you to become my wife."

"Because you think me so worthless?"

"Because I will not give you the pain of saying no."

"Because you will not give me the joy of saying yes."

"That could not be," he replies, with almost childish incredulity in his voice; "why, I am fifteen years older than you."

"And if it were twice that, it would be nothing I replied warmly. "But must you beat all the pride out of me?"

He turns round now and faces me, laying his hands upon my shoulders, while I gaze into his eyes so frank and fearless. "Remember," he says in a solemn voice, "the place from which we have just come, remember all that is at stake, and then tell me if you can say from the bottom of your heart—"I love you."

My heart does not falter as I echo his last words, and I know now that he will never ask me that question again—at least for the want of confirmation. He folds me in his arms, and bending down, kisses my lips long and passionately. "I came in here," he says, "one of the weariest men in all God's earth, and now I am surely the most blessed." We go back to London, both happy, both supremely happy; and as we drive home through the shrieking London streets, I shudder to think how nearly I had missed the great peace and happiness of my life.

He had kept his secret manfully;—but, thank God! it had been known at last and not too late.

To get up a handkerchief flirtation: Rule first, "Get two handkerchiefs and two fools." Want the other five rules?

MANY find it much easier to weigh their pay than pay their way.

Rough People.

I do not like rough people! Say what you will in regard to their possible goodness of intention—disguise and palliate their defect as best you may in your superabundance of charity—still the fact remain that they are among the most disagreeable of mortals, and inflict an immeasurable amount of unnecessary suffering. There is, indeed, a roughness born of ignorance, or lack of cultivation which may be counter-balanced by genuine good qualities and through kindness of heart. But no one has a right to make himself rough and forbidding, from the notion that his savage neglect of the "small, sweet courtesies of life," so essential to its proper enjoyment, will be mistaken for honesty. Who has not writhed under their savage thrusts, or recoiled, as from an unexpected blow at some sharp sudden sally?

Gross and vulgar as may be their real composition, immeasurably inferior in the finer qualities, they yet have power to wound far deeper than any mere outward hurt. "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" You enter their baneful atmosphere—perhaps, feeling bright and hopeful—things may indeed have gone somewhat away but you trust so luck for Providence to set them all right again, when suddenly the battery opens upon you.

"It is all your own fault—your carelessness, heedlessness, or want of common sense!"

"You hadn't orter do as you do."

"Why don't you do as you'd orter?"

It is astonishing how natural it is for such folks to want to regulate other people's affairs, and how ready they are with their judgement of cases, while entirely ignorant of the circumstances. You may pluck up sufficient spirit to resent the insult—for such it is, or, if nervously sensitive, and tired out with physical ailments it may be "the last feather which breaks the camel's back." Your finer organization shrinks from the rude assault; any cherished remnant of self-complacency withers, as flowers chilled by an untimely frost. Between their hard boasted "common sense," and your nervous, impossible nature, the contents for the time is unequal. Your feelings are cut to the quick, and all the deeper because done with a dull, blunted weapon. The remainder of the day, pernaps, is embittered, and often afterwards you will recall, with a pang, this sharp passage in your experience, particularly if the wanton inflictor of your pain is one you have esteemed and trusted—but can scarcely again regard with the cordial warmth cherished before.

The advantages of a genial manner and winning address can hardly be over estimated. Politeness always pays; there is hardly anything which costs so little and goes so far. In a mere, worldly sense it is a good investment. The mere semblance of a ready good will is often preferable to the brusque, forbidding manner which repels and chills, even if a stratum of rough honesty and kindness underlies it. But deception is not necessarily an accompaniment of agreeableness. "A man may smile and smile, and be a villian," but smiles are not necessarily a mask for villiany. The sunny beaming of the frank, open, countenance—which diffuses balm and healing to the weak and desponding, is quite a different thing from its villainous counterfeit. There are those born to smooth over the rough places in life's pathway; who see the best of everything and everybody—genial, gentle natures, who turn to the light as instinctively as flowers—and find the sunny side of everything. God's blessings on the tender sympathetic soul,

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AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An important discovery has just been made at Pompeii. It consist of a number of objects of gold and silver, and close to them the carbonized skeletons of two men, who would seem to have been borne down in the storm of ashes while endeavoring to escape with their valuables or plunder. Among the things found are eight rings, six pieces of money, two pair of earrings, one single earring, two large armlets, each ornamented with thirteen pairs of half-globes, with litte shells upon them, held together by chainwork, and a necklace also of chainwork, all of gold; a silver ring, 332 pieces of silver money a *caeserole* of the same material, broken in pieces, and three large bronze coins.

WE never new a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Keep on the Farm.

In these dull times, when scores of young men are out of employment, and others are crowding in from other places seeking for so-called "genteel" situations, it is well to give wide publicity to such facts as are set forth in the following extract from the New York *Journal of Commerce*:

One of the great problems of our day, too little discussed by those who have the ear of the public through the press or at the forum, is to furnish the young men of this generation with remunerative employment. The professions are all over-crowded. The shopkeepers are by far too numerous. Agencies of all classes are so multiplied that the occupant tread on each other's heels, and are a bore and nuisance to the general public. Clerks out of employment and willing to serve for a pittance are to be reckoned by the tens of thousands. Book-keepers with hungry eyes are reading the advertising lists in the vain hope of an opening for their application. Collectors, messengers, doorkeepers, boxkeepers, watchmen, conductors, and the great variety of others, already expert, seeking employment in kindred callings, are waiting anxiously for some one to engage them. Every possible form of service that can be reckoned in the list of genteel occupations is anxiously sought for by multitudes who have no other provision for their daily needs. The men who have been trying to live by their wits must go to work at the bench or in the field; of these the soil offers the most accessible and at first the most remunerative employment. The mass of the unemployed must seek their sustenance from the bosom of mother earth. Land is cheap, and there is a wide area that awaits the tiller. The back may ache and the skin blister in the sun, but the bread can be made with no fear of failure, if the laborer will be faithful to his calling. It needs less wisdom and forethought than patient industry, and the man with a common mind may eat his harvest in peace.

Pretty Women.

We talk of pretty women as if they, of all others, were the elect; as if woman's sole claim to admiration rested on her possession of fine eyes or luxuriant hair. "Is she pretty?" is the first question asked concerning a new acquaintance, as though that embraced ths whole subject. If a man likes a woman he generally considers her "pretty," for the term is merely conventional. A pretty woman, in the private lexicon of masculinity, signifies a woman interesting from whatever cause. Who has not known women to be called pretty that could hardly boast of a single handsome feature? Who has not been acquainted with those enjoying a wide reputation for prettiness that had almost any other than physical charms? She who has a distinctly graceful manner, or an elegant air, or fine tact, or a talent for conversation, or quick sympathies, or cordial ways, or the art of listening well, albeit plain in fact and of ordinary figure, is frequently styled pretty, and the adjective is repeated until it is fastened upon and constantly associated with her. Merely pretty women do not rule society—never did and never will.—When beauty is allied to pleasant manners, or accomplishments, tact, quick wit, then indeed it is all powerful; otherwise, a really plain woman who has conspicious graces of mind and manner and will prove more than a match for her beautiful insipid sisters.

Swallowing Food in Great Haste and Imperfect Mastication.

Let it be remembered that the best cookery of the best vivands in the world is comparatively thrown away, in its health-giving and nourishing qualities, if the food be swallowed hastily and in lumps. There are some supremely virtuous beings who adopt a scornful disregard of what and how they eat and drink, and pretending to be above such mundane considerations, bring themselves to a chronic state of ill health, which it takes years of strict regimen to recover from. No; you must linger over the taste of food as you linger over the smell of a flower. Nature demands of you this concession to health, and there can be nothing more sinful in indulging the sense of taste than the sense of smell. Having swallowed your dinner in lumps, the usual custom is to endeavor to counteract the discomfort produced by washing it down, and rendering it soluble by huge draughts of fluid. This is merely adding insult to the injury you have done your stomach, and is resented accordingly. Copious draughts are just as injurious as large, quickly devoured mouthsful, and drink should be taken as cautiously and slowly as food.

Little by Little.

If you are gaining little by little, every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that though it be little by little, you are yet constantly accumulating, and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing very well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock will be surprising to yourself. Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute.

Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep your good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last, better this week than you did last, better this year than did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become disheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little character and reputation are achieved.

Managing Young Girls.

Why is it that young gentlemen have such poor opinion of young girls? As a rule, they think them very pleasant to pass an hour with, provided that the girls let them make as many dry speeches as they like and repay them with interest. And who is to blame for this? Surely not the girls. Their greatest ambition is to be loved by and become the wife of some good man, and, say what you will, it is a noble one. With this end in view, it is, of course, natural that a desire to please the lords of creation should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If men will not be interested when you talk sense what can you do but talk nonsense? Men complain that girls have nothing to talk about except their last flirtation, balls, and parties, yet if they converse with them for an hour upon philosophy, metaphysics, or even the last new book you are bored, called a poor girl who has worried her brains for your entertainment. Women are made to please, not to lecture one like a trained professor, and wonder what she did it for. No, no. What is it you want? If you were to lay down your rules, there is not one out of a thousand but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be. Try it and see. If you have a lady friend whom you could like so much if it were not for this and that little fault, tell her so, and if she cares anything for you she will correct it. Treat women like human being, then prophecy a speedy change for the better.

THE RICHEST HEIRESS.—The richest heiress in the world was married in London the other day, when Hannah de Rothschild, the only daughter of the late Baron Meyer De Rothschild, wedded Lord Roseberry, who has now taken to himself one of the most amiable, if not the handsomest, of all the Rothschild ladies. Lord Roseberry was born in 1847, and is connsequently in his 29th year. The late baron left $40,000,000, and this daughter, being his only child, received $35,000,000 of it under her fathers' will.

IT is remarked by some writer that "excess of ceremony shows want of good breeding." This is true. There is nothing so troublesome as overdone politeness. A truly well-bred man makes every person around him feel at ease; he does not throw civilities around him with a shovel, nor toss compliments in a bundle as he would hay with a pitchfork. There is no evil under the sun more intolerable than ultra politeness.

WHEN a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things might be seized by might or purchased by money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

THE best thing to resort to when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; we should not sit and suffer, but rise and seek the remedy.

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