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PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL.
She was ready for bed and lay on my arm,
In her little skirt cap no finer.
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of sunbeams.
And I hummed to the old tune of "Bambury Cross."
And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea."
When she sleepily said, as the closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, for would you take me for?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart."
And she slept, half-asleep, while I play,
With her warm in my love-worn arms,
And rocked her and rocked her away.
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and sky.
The lowest depth of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

The cities with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stories of art.
I would not take for one low soft thumb
Of a little one's loving heart.
Nor for the gold in the busy world,
In the busy world-fin'd past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And I fell such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed to me more
Than they ever before had meant;
And the night cry on and I slept and dreamed
Of a kiss and a smile,
And I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
"Papa, for would you take me for?"

NOBODY'S ENEMY.

BY C. R. C.

"Dieudonne," his mother called him, when as a child in her arms his innocent eyes smiled back into her own, giving love for love; and with the prayer on her lips that her Dieudonne might meet her in the presence of her God and his, she went early home—her soul as untouched by sin as the white soul of the little babe on whose unconscious face her last tears fall.

How often in the after years the boy longed for the mother he had never known, pressing his lips to her portrait with a heart-breaking yearning for the touch of mother lips his brow had only felt before the soul of him awoke. In the still watches of the night he had held communion with her, feeling her presence with him—himself drawn nearer to God through his longing to be with her. How often in the recklessness of his manhood's wasted years, he thought with an agony of remorse and despair of the innocent child whose stainless soul was as far removed from his as the inanimate skies from the black abyss into which he had fallen!

He had been left alone so young—if he had only had a strong, yet loving guide in his early youth, he felt that life would have been so different. But his father had given up without a struggle to the blow which struck him in the death of his young wife.

"Never were there men like the Danesfords for loving and hating, was a proverb in the country; and surely the poor lad was no exception to the rule. He had stood half-dazed beside the open vaults and had seen his father given up to the eternal silence with a passion of tears and a longing to be at rest beside the only two who loved him—also, for him in the after years that he had longed in vain.

Still life swept by most happily; for, given rank and wealth, all the other good things of earth lay never far behind. From school to college, from college to society, from boyhood to manhood—quick work, a brief dream of happiness, and then—the awakening.

There was one thing only lacking; where lives the man who has not known at one time the need of life's supremest good? Even Eden must have been more beautiful in Adam's eyes after they had looked upon the face of Eve. So in its appointed time Guy Danesford's fate came to him—and he lived.

She was a fair woman—the Danesfords loved beauty—and, as he learned when it was too late, it was the velvet softness of dark eyes, the sunny warmth of golden hair, that had held him captive. So, for a little while, he lived in a fool's paradise—and then, as he said afterwards, trod the lowest depths of a despair such as he looked upon who, in life, passed through hell.

There came, of course, the usual chorus from friends, who sympathized from a safe standpoint, and from enemies, who exulted in his despair. He had been so sure of her truth—then lay the sting; if he had ever doubted her, he could have borne it better; but he had placed her by the side of his saintliest memory, and the awakening was worse than the agony of death.

He went mad—that there could be no doubt, for his actions were marked by an unbridled extravagance; no one had ever before observed in him. He left England, and passed in rapid succession from one gay continental capital to the other, leaving behind him always a reputation as black as his soul had become. Then a new humor seized him—he had run away like a whipped school-boy; he would go home and so prove to the world that his brief madness was over. So he returned to England and settled down in his proper place as Lord of the manor of Danesford, and dispenser of the Danesford bounties.

Until one day—it was only a ride to hounds, but she was there with her husband, cold, proud, insolently lovely—some said that her quondam lover was not the only sufferer, that she had reckoned without her host, ignorant of the Danesford pride, and only, through a fair woman's confidence in herself, desirous of testing her power.

What happened no one clearly understood, but the gossip said afterwards that she called him by his name with a few smiling words as though they had been nothing more than the best of good comrades. Though no one knew the reason, all the world knew the after scene. The old Manor House was closed, the town-house given up, to the care of the watchman, and the country in which he had passed the years of his short life knew him no more; although later, rough, yet pitiful hands, bore him over

the seas back to the old home to lay him beside his mother.

Had he been laid in the family vault, then, with all the dead and gone Danesfords who had led simple, homely, at-home lives, he could not have dropped more completely out of the old sphere.

ADVENTURE AT BLARNEY CASTLE.

Some years ago I was stationed with my regiment at Ballincollig, County Cork, and a party of us determined to pay a visit to the famous Blarney Castle.

The party consisted of three sergeants, the orderly room clerk, Charlie Hutchinson, and myself.

We had often seen the outside of the castle, but none had penetrated the interior, so that when we arrived we hardly knew what part to go to first.

But Hutchinson had come with a determination to kiss the "Blarney Stone." Whether he had any faith in its supposed virtues I cannot say, but he was so determined that he would kiss it that we gave in to him, and sought out the guides.

At the time of which I write there were two men in charge of the castle—big, raw-boned Irishmen—who gained a fair, or foul, living by showing the castle, and, if possible, frightening visitors.

After some search we found these two worthless scamps in the grounds, and, having roused them, expressed our desire to see the stone.

They spoke a few words in Irish to each other, and then told us to follow them.

Now, the famous stone is rather difficult to get at, as it is fixed in the castle wall some distance below a window, and, in order to kiss it, it is necessary that you should be lowered from the window, and, as no rope was available at the time, the guides offered to hold Charlie by the legs and let him down head first to the stone.

He did not seem to relish the idea, and neither did I, but, as the others began to laugh at him, he determined to go through the performance.

The guides held him by the ankles, and let him down gently enough.

Charlie kissed the stone, or said he did, and then shouted for them to pull him up.

The men grinned.

"Full ye up, wot," said one of them; "shure ye haven't paid us for letting ye down yet. What are ye going to give us?"

Now, hanging by your heels is not a very pleasant position for conversation, and Charlie found that the blood was running unpleasantly to his head; so, in order to get out of his predicament, he offered them one shilling each.

"Thank you, sir," said the other fellow; "an' how much for pulling ye up?"

Charlie began to get uncomfortable, and, in order to get pulled up, gasped: "Make haste, for God's sake. Five shillings. Turn 'em up quick!"

"Shure, man alive! don't be in such a devil of a hurry. Isn't yer life worth more than that?"

And both the brutes laughed at the joke.

Just then I caught a glimpse of Charlie's face. It was swelled, and turning purple with suffocation; so, hurriedly whispering a few words to the three sergeants, I drew my sword, turned on the guides, and threatened to use it if they did not instantly draw him up.

They turned their faces towards me, and, grinning, said that at the first move I made they would loose their hold.

I had expected as much, so, while they were talking to me, two of the sergeants sprang forward and seized Charlie's feet, whilst the other sergeant and I threw ourselves on the guides.

In five minutes it was over, for Charlie was drawn up unconscious, and, the two sergeants coming to our assistance, we gave the rascals such a touch of military discipline that I doubt if they will ever forget it.

Poor Charlie suffered in his head for several days after, and never cared to joke about kissing the Blarney stone.—Lure Bits.

HAWTHORNE'S MODESTY.

I once saw Hawthorne under circumstances which had a touch of the ludicrous. It was at a commencement dinner given under a tent on the "campus" of Bowdoin College, of which institution, it will be remembered, he was a graduate in 1825, longfellow being his classmate. Hawthorne had secured the high place which he ever after held in the republic of letters, and it was deemed a great thing that his presence had been secured to grace the festive occasion. When the time came for the speeches, everybody rejoiced at the prospect of hearing Hawthorne. Bowdoin was justly proud of his gifted son, and to see him, and especially to listen to him, was an event not soon to be forgotten. In fitting terms the President, Leonard Wood, Jr., if my memory serves me right, announced the next speaker, our distinguished son and most welcome guest, and, as he proceeded in his laudatory terms, naturally all eyes were turned away for the moment from the guest to the speaking host.

Finishing his remarks, the President called for a speech from Nathaniel Hawthorne. Everybody looked to the spot where just now "the distinguished son and welcome guest" had been sitting. But he was not there. While the President had been laudably brightening up the wonderful progeny of alma mater, he had quietly lifted the canvas of the tent, crept out, and "gone to parts unknown." My recollection is that there was a good laugh over the matter, and everybody said it was just like Hawthorne, who dreaded making an after-dinner speech more than he did the critics. His constitutional shyness never forsook him, long as he lived.—*Providence Journal.*

He stirred uneasily and stretched out his hand as though to meet some answering touch; then his failing strength asserted itself and the last words he would utter fell with a weight of hopeless yearning upon the oppressive stillness.

"She called me Dieudonne, so they told me—intercided for me, mother, with him in whose presence you have dwelt since you left me." Old Carson drew nearer and laid his rough hand on the white fingers with infinite gentleness, a choking sensation in his throat as he saw how dull the eyes of late so unnaturally bright were growing. He turned his agonizing eyes to ward the men around him—

"Can no one pray? I can't remember how—but hush!—I said once at her grave, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven'—then something settled heavily on his face, his voice uttered faintly the last words of his soul—"Mother in Heaven, pray for me—I—Our Father—in Heaven"—one of

SOUTHERN ELECTION FRAUDS.

Senator John Sherman Furnishes Another Supply of Republican Doctrine.

He Responds to Gov. Hoadly, and Shows How the Colored Vote Is Supposed to Intimidate and Murder.

John Sherman makes a rejoinder to the recent reply of Judge Hoadly in a speech, portion of which we will repeat. We call attention to the dignified courteous, and statesmanlike tone of Mr. Sherman's remarks, with the suggestion that its facts and conclusions can neither be answered nor set aside by orries of "blood shirt" men.

I wish to call your attention to a controversy that has been conducted at long range between the colored man, who has spoken on the subject recently, and myself, in order to remove any misconception of what I have said.

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