

#### A MEMORY.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

I sweep a tender, loving chord  
Of memory's harp to-night,  
And music, low, too sweet for words,  
Tells me of days so delighful.  
Then coming softly, across the years,  
In sweet and happy bairn,  
The music bows all dashed with tears,  
From the circle of the stars.

The gold and purple sunset gleam  
Falls across the magic st and;  
She comes to me, as in a dream;  
With happy smile I press her hand.  
I feel her breath upon my cheek,  
't is to me a bairn, my bairn.  
The happy woe I cannot speak,  
She understands; why need I care?

Why need I care? 'tis all these years,  
My bairn is but a bairn to me;  
Her eyes are not for tears;  
She smiles and leads me on and on.  
I kiss her cheek; adown the years  
The music softly goes and goes,  
And throb away in happy tears  
Of mignonette.

But the gleaming of a setting light  
Shines still 'mid across the sea;  
Over the day creeps deep night;  
With the stars the sky goes on me!  
The music does adown the years,  
My heart will a bairn forever more;  
I only see through bitter tears  
A dark, and cold, and silent shore.

#### MISS MARTHA'S MATCHMAKING.

BY AUGUSTA AVONDALE.

"I declare to goodness, Robert," Miss Martha said, rubbing her nose in a way peculiar to her, "I don't know what you will do unless you get married yourself."

Robert Ackerman looked at his sister in mild remonstrance as he said gently:

"Marry! I! You forgot, Martha!"

Martha's face softened. Under the daisies, in the village cemetery, slept a blue-eyed girl who had been betrothed to her brother eighteen long years before, and died one week before the wedding day.

"It is so long ago!" she said, apologetically.

"Yes," her brother said, sighing; "and I am too old to begin a new life. Thirty-eight in December, Martha."

"Well," said Miss Martha, tartly, "I am five years older, and I intend to marry John Sanderson in three months. Now, Robert!"—this very coaxingly—"there is Dorothy Gaines."

"Don't trouble yourself to pick out my wife," her brother said; "I have no intention of marrying, and certainly no desire to marry Dorothy Gaines."

He left the breakfast-table abruptly as he spoke and went to his study. Miss Martha rubbed her nose vigorously.

"Men are so unreasonable," she thought; "Robert must have some one to keep house for him when I go. And Dorothy Gaines is the best housekeeper in Meadowville!"

"I'll just give Dorothy a hint," she finally concluded. "Anybody can twist Robert around a finger if they half try."

It was a speech founded upon long experience, for Martha had ruled with undisputed sway over her brother and his belongings for many long years. They were people of position in Meadowville. Their house was large, and well furnished in old-fashioned style. With good servants, well trained under her own severe discipline, ample means, and a brother who never found fault, Martha's housekeeping certainly had few thorns.

But when she consented to become the wife of the curate of Meadowville, the transfer of her power and privileges became a weighty burden. "But one solution seemed possible; her brother must marry some steady, middle-aged spinster, who would keep up the prim neatness and the hundred fussy details of Miss Martha's domain. Miss Dorothy Gaines, a vinegar-faced, sharp-voiced woman of limited income, and unlimited energy and temper, proved to be smilingly willing to take Miss Martha's hints in good part.

Indeed, one word leading to another, they arranged trousseau and bridal tour before they separated. It had been a very satisfactory afternoon to Miss Martha, and she came home to tea in a very placid state of mind. Her brother, after lunch, had found himself unequal to his usual afternoon's reading, and strolled down a shady lane in the direction of the church. Was it his sister's suggestion that had so brought back the sweet face of his betrothed to his memory that he sought her grave, for of late years he had not been very often to the secluded corner where Alice Desmond slept, in the shade of a great oak tree?

He walked slowly, musingly, his eyes on the ground, till he was close to the grave. Then he looked up, and reeled back as if shot. Close to the grave, one little hand resting on the marble headstone, was a slender girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed in pure white, with a wide straw hat that shaded Alice's great blue eyes, Alice's long, fair curls.

Robert Ackerman felt as if he had lost his reason. His voice was hoarse and strained as he said:

"Who are you, child?"

"I am Alice Desmond," said a low, sweet voice. "It is the name on the stone here. That Alice Desmond was my aunt, who died when I was a baby. Papa thinks I look like her."

The explanation was given with child-like frankness and simplicity, and gradually the suffocating throb of Robert's heart became quiet, and his voice was natural and had its habitual gentleness as he said:

"I knew your father well before he left Meadowville, and I knew your aunt. You may have heard of Robert Ackerman?"

"Who was to have married Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, dear child. You are like her—very much like her. Are you staying at Meadowville?"

"Yes, I have been ill. Not very ill; but—and she gave a little gleeful laugh—"the doctor says I must go to the country, and not study so hard. So I am living with papa's cousin, Miss Dorothy Gaines."

"Ah, yes. Well, you must let me come to see you sometimes, for your father's sake."

"I shall be very glad to see you," said Alice, faintly, thinking this was the handsomest gentleman she had ever seen. He had a large, kindly, dark eyes, and a few silver threads mingled with the raven of his hair, brushed back from a high, noble forehead; a mouth in which sternness was strangely mingled with sweetness, shaded by a dark mustache, and when he smiled Alice thought he was the best and noblest man in the world.

He chatted with her a little while, and then walked with her to the gate of her cousin's cottage, but would not then go in.

"I will come soon to see you," he promised as he left her. But he said nothing to Martha about this new encounter, feeling that a sacred chord of memory had been touched, and shrinking from commonplace remarks upon it. The next day Miss Martha went to the city to attend to her wedding purchase, and to visit a relative.

She left most minute directions with her servants for Robert's comfort, and his heart was moved with a guilty sense of disloyalty.

He was a man of sensitive refinement, gentleman in the truest sense of the word; while his sister, without being vulgar, was what the Meadowvillians called a "stirring woman," full of life and bustle, of overflowing energy, and an incessant talker. Miss Martha had been in the city but a few days when a letter from Meadowville filled her heart with elation. It was from Dorothy Gaines, and that spinster wrote:

"What are you looking at me in that way for?" she asked sharply. "This dress is good enough to spoil with dust. Come to look at you, you are wonderfully spruced up yourself. Why, your suit is new—new gloves, too!"

"I wish you to dress yourself handsomely, Martha," her brother said, quietly, "to attend my wedding!"

"You can't be married till we get to Meadowville. Dorothy surely never comes here with you."

"I told you some time ago, Martha, that I had no intention of marrying Miss Gaines."

"Then who are you going to marry?"

"Alice Desmond!"

Miss Martha simply stared, with a creeping horror that her brother was going mad.

"She is Philip Desmond's daughter, my Alice's niece!"

"What are you talking about? Philip Desmond hasn't been married, but—"

"Twenty years. Alice is eighteen, just the age of my dead love."

Miss Martha had a soft place in her heart, hard as she seemed, and she had loved her brother's betrothal in that long ago when they were all young. Her voice was very gentle as she asked, "Are you sure she loves you, Robert? She is very young."

"But she loves me, Martha; do not fear for my happiness, sister."

And Miss Martha selected the richest costume in her trousseau to attend the wedding, and stopped on the way to the church to buy a gift for her little sister-in-law that proved her good-will, as well as her generosity.

It was not until the party returned to Meadowville that Miss Gaines realized how vain a castle in the air she had built upon Miss Martha's match-making.

Scrubbing Railroad Cars.

"It's no small job cleaning these cars," said an employee to a reporter, while vigorously scrubbing an express-car on the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks.

"Every inch of the exposed woodwork must be gone over, even to the narrow strip above the ventilators. Water of itself is of small consequence in removing this coat of black. You might rub this car for a week, using only water, and then not do the work properly.

We dip our brushes in lye and that cuts the dirt, so that when we use the sponge, soaked in water, everything but the paint is removed. It is very hard on the paints. As a rule we scrub a car twice before it requires a new coat of paint and varnish. Two of us can clean a baggage-car in a day. They don't have so many windows. The windows add greatly to the work, as they make so many little corners that require an extra amount of rubbing. It takes longer to clean a passenger car. It takes two men about two days, although when we are in a hurry to get a car out we have four at work, two on each side. The work is very hard on the arms. The scrubbing takes nearly all the yarnish off and makes a car look old and common. The lettering in gold leaf loses its bright appearance and frequently has to be relettered, as the edges of the leaf pull off. We are kept busy all the year round. In the winter time we have to use warm water.

"There is no funny business about the work then. You ought to see our hands when the weather is cold. Hack is no name for it. We clean the cars of all the roads running into the Union Depot. Sometimes when we are rushed we only scrub a circular spot over the number of the car. We clean the carouses occasionally. After getting accustomed to the work it is not very hard, but it's the same thing over and over. After the car is newly painted it will run several years without being cleaned. After one scrubbing the dirt catches more readily and is harder to get off the second time."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

A Winning Argument.

"What will you do for us poor farmers if you git elected to the Legislature?" asked a granger of a candidate who rode up to his cabin as soon as the granger called off his fourteen dogs.

"Oh! there are plenty of things I'll do. For instance, I'll reduce the tax on dogs. That will help you a little."

"You'll take it all off, will you?"

"Yes, every cent of it. Will you vote for me?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do. I don't want the tax taken off'n dogs."

"That's singular. Why?"

"Kaze the durned dogs killed forty-seven of my sheep last night, and I want to make the dog-tax pay for 'em."

"Then I'll make a law to kill all the dogs."

"If you ever make a law I expect it will kill dogs, but I don't think you'll make any. I don't want the dogs killed."

"That's strange. Why don't you want them killed?"

"Wall, if it weren't for dogs to kill sheep, mutton and wool would soon be too cheap; and if it wuzn't for huntin' dogs, possums would be too dear. You see I'm fur protective tariff on dogs and fur free trade on auction and possums. I guess you ought ez well move on, strange, unless—unless—ye've got some 'cofin varnish' in that that boar in yer hip pocket. I git powerful dry talkin' politiks. Thanks, that kind uv argument will win all ova these parts. I'll vote fur ye, stranger."—*Boston Herald.*

"Look in my eyes, my love, my dar-

ling, and see whether I care for you or not?" he said.

She raised her eyes shyly to his face, but the passionate love she saw there dazzled her, and she drooped them in sweet confusion. Placing his arm tenderly around her he drew her gently to his bosom, and pressed passionate kisses on her sweet, quivering lips and burning cheeks. After a few moments of silent bliss, he sat down on the rustic seat and drew her down beside him, and gazing down fondly into the sweet, blue eyes raised to his, said: "You have not said yet whether you would be my wife or not?"

"I cannot imagine any greater happiness than to be your wife," said Alice.

Miss Martha Ackerman was already to return home when her brother presented himself in the drawing-room of the house where she was staying. He surveyed the ancient garments in which she had arrayed herself for traveling with such evident disgust that it awaked her indignant surprise.

"What are you looking at me in that way for?" she asked sharply. "This dress is good enough to spoil with dust. Come to look at you, you are wonderfully spruced up yourself. Why, your suit is new—new gloves, too!"

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#### LAST WORDS.

The National Democratic Committee to the People of the United States.

A Stirring Appeal to All Who Desire Honest Government and Honest Officials.

The Democratic National Committee issued a final address to the people of the United States on the 28th of October. It is quite lengthy. The salient points are as follows: There is only one great issue involved in this campaign. The question is whether the country should be governed honestly and wisely or corruptly. Mr. Blaine would not be purer as a President than he was as Speaker and member of the House. You are burdened with unnecessary taxes. One hundred millions of money not needed to defend the country are taken from the people and kept in the Treasury. The withdrawal of this immense amount from circulation has hampered commerce, distressed trade, and impoverished labor. Many who had voted for Blaine did so for the sake of the mischievous and reckless accumulation. He is not