

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

BY AUNT EFFIE.

Listen to the kitchen clock!
To itself it ever talks;
From its place it never walks;
"Tick-tock—tick-tock."
Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock;
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year;
Tick-tock—tick-tock."
That is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock;
People say about the place,
Truth is written on my face;
Tick-tock—tick-tock."
That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock;
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep;
Tick-tock—tick-tock."
That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock;
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like;
Tick-tock—tick-tock."
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two;
"Ding-ding"—"tick-tock."
That is what it says.

NORA'S STORY.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

The melancholy days of which poets sing had come to earth, and in truth they were the saddest of the year.

All that summer the world had seemed a sunny place, made for love and romance. One day after another had been ushered in like a sweet guest, sure of approval; and the nights closing over them had made them beautiful memories.

"Who could be anything but happy?" I had asked myself the question again and again; now I laughed bitterly at the thought of any lasting happiness coming to me.

I had spent three months at this old farmhouse among the mountains, gaining strength with every day, until, when I looked at my own face in the glass, it seemed like a new face.

Years ago I had been called "lovely Nora," but since I had been poor, and worked for my living, the roses had faded in my cheeks, the light had died in my once laughing eyes, and loveliness had chased away the smiles.

But this summer I had found new friends, and all the world had blossomed again.

I remember so well that day on the hill-side, when, tired with a long ramble, I had thrown myself down on a grassy ledge, and sat looking off over the quiet valley, thinking that I was glad to have health and strength again, even to spend it in downright hard work.

Suddenly there came from out the shadow of the great oaks the figure of a man. Brown and travel-stained, yet with a frank, honest expression that won him a friend at once.

"It is five years, and I am here!" he said, gravely, coming up to me and holding out both his hands.

"Five years?" I said, looking up with curiosity. "I don't think I could forget a friend in that time. I am quite sure we are strangers."

His face crimsoned and a sterner look came over it.

"Did I not promise you I would come with or without a fortune? We shall have to wait for the fortune, but we surely are the best friends, Clara?"

"You have made a mistake," I stammered. "I am not Clara, but Nora."

He looked amazed. I knew I was looking like a little goose!

"If it was Clara Reed you expected to see, others have made the same mistake; they say I look as she did five years ago; she is really my cousin, you know, only—"

"Only what?"

It was humiliating, but it must be said. "Only our uncle left all the money to Clara, when he died, and—we have not been the best friends." And once more I turned away.

But gently he laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"This then is 'lovely Nora'? Pardon me, but I have often heard your uncle call you that. But I thought you were the heiress."

"I thought so, too," I faltered; "but Clara came—and saw and conquered." And I tried to smile.

"And you were left out in the cold?"

"It did seem pretty cold when those I had thought my friends dropped off one by one, but I have found better ones since, and I am quite happy."

Once more I turned away.

But he hastened along the little path that was hardly wide enough for two, and, taking my basket, said:

"If you are Clara's cousin we must be friends at least. Your uncle once asked me to his house to meet you, so you will not refuse my friendship now?"

"Your friendship? Oh, no! I have not so many friends that I can refuse one."

So he carried my basket, and began to tell me the story of his travels as we went back to the old farmhouse.

I left him at the door and ran up to my room to dress for tea.

That evening I heard marvelous stories of adventure, and felt almost as if I myself had been half-way round the world.

The next morning Clara came, and Robert Hervey was quite the devoted lover she expected.

Still there were times when we were all together in the little world of cool green shadows on the mountain-side, and I could listen to the pleasant stories he told of far-off lands and people, forgetting time and place, until Clara would say:

"I never could go into raptures over things, so don't expect it, Robert! I really don't see how Nora manages to get up so much enthusiasm."

And then I would blush guiltily and go away, because I knew in my own heart that it was his voice and kind glance that made the stories so charming.

One day when Clara had been teasing me, and had driven me almost to tears, she followed me to my room, and threw herself down in the easiest chair.

"So you really think he is nice, Nora? What would you give to be in my place?"

"Clara," I said indignantly, "how dare you insult me?"

"My dear child, if you call that an insult to offer you something you are dying to have, you must have a strange imagination."

"It is an insult!" I cried. "How dare you say it?"

"Rubbish, my dear! I may as well tell you that I don't intend to marry him! He is altogether too conceited for a poor man and I think my money will bring me some,

one more to my taste. The truth is I have outgrown him since he went away, and I told him so this afternoon!"

"Clara, you are certainly beside yourself! You could not outgrow Robert Hervey in a lifetime!"

"You may think so," she said quickly; "but even so, I don't want a superior being for a husband, who will expect me to look up to him all my life, take my opinions at his hands, and have none of my own. It may suit you—but it doesn't suit me!"

"And you have told him this?" I said.

"Not in so many words; but I said I was quite sure we were not suited to each other, and, in fact, I thought you might suit him better."

We had not felt much love for each other since uncle died; but the little kind feeling I had tried to cherish was utterly destroyed by that speech.

"I shall leave here to-morrow," I said, quietly, "and I hope I may never see your face again."

Clara laughed—a horrid, mocking laugh—which rang in my ears for many a day. "You don't half appreciate my generosity, I fear, Nora."

"Leave my room, please."

"Then you will really go? Well, I have done what I could for you."

I left the next morning, without bidding any of my friends good-by. I was too angry and heart-sore to want to see any one, least of all Robert Hervey.

After that the days were gloomy enough. I plunged eagerly into work, thinking thus to quiet my restless heart, but work never seemed so hard before. Sometimes I was persuaded to go out, trying in society to find recreation, but in vain; the gayest words held a sting for me, and pleasant smiles only called back to my memory a brown-bearded face and laughing eyes that had looked down into mine.

And so a winter passed away, and I felt myself growing old very fast.

And constantly Robert Hervey's face was before me, and his voice, like music, beside me, until I became ill, and after that I knew nothing for six long, weary weeks.

One night I woke and knew that I was in a strange place, with surroundings that were not my own, yet seemed to be half known to me.

I murmured something about school, and a soft hand touched mine, and warm fingers closed about my own. I turned my head slowly, to meet a gentle, loving face, with such a winning look in the eyes that it brought tears to my own to see it.

"Where am I?" I whispered, faintly, for I found when I tried to speak I had not much strength.

"With friends who love you," a voice whispered back; "but you must sleep now and not think!" And much to my surprise I found myself obedient as a little child.

I only said, softly, "Don't go away." And then I slept such a sweet, refreshing sleep that when morning came I felt as if I could stand securely on my feet again, if I were to get up.

The beautiful girl who had been by me when I first woke was with me again, but would only say she was a sister of one of my pupils, and I must be good and not ask questions until I could get up.

Her gay, laughing stories charmed me, and I grew stronger every day, until one morning she said I was to be dressed, and try a great sleepy-billow chair which had been brought into my room.

"And then," she said, "you shall see your pupil, and you will find out who I am."

And she bent down to kiss me on my cheek.

"I don't care now," I said, quickly. "My curiosity is all gone."

But when I was dressed and put into the great chair, and she left me to send my little scholar in, I found I was still a little curious. There were many among them I had been fond of; who could it be so fond of me?

A step behind me, and a voice said, "Nora!"

Oh, whose voice was it! It thrilled me with a pleasure that was almost pain.

"Nora! lovely Nora!" And some one came round to the side of my chair and took my hand.

I opened my eyes, for I had closed them at the first sound of that voice, and saw Robert Hervey standing before me.

"Mr. Hervey! how came you here?" remembering everything with a rosy blush; "and—where is my little scholar?"

"Not so little, Nora; I stand six feet in my stockings; but truly your scholar. Ah, many the sweet lessons I learned of you on the mountain-side; lessons of hope and trust and patience; best of all, lessons of love, Nora. And now will you take me for your scholar for life?"

"Oh! and Clara," it was all I could say. A rush of happy tears drowned every other word.

"Do not speak of her, Nora. Only tell me, are you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Oh, yes, so glad!" But then I began to wonder again where I was.

I think I must have been faint for an instant, for I found his sister beside me holding a glass of water to my lips.

"Yes," he said, when she tried to explain; "it is my dear sister Rose, who came here when I found you ill, turned my bachelor apartment into a sort of sanctuary, and turned me out. But when I knew you were well, I could not stay away."

Rose had taken one hand in her gentle clasp, and I put the other out to him.

"Is it mine?" he said, softly.

But I only held his hand close and smiled. Would all the world tempt me to let it go!

It is only one short week since he came, but it seems like a long dream of joy.

Thank God, it is a reality! Clara is welcome now to the fortune that should have been mine.

I have my fortune here.

Accommodating.

Black—Come and take a drink, White.

White—No, I guess not. I'm not drinking anything now.

B.—Oh, come along.

W.—All right.

They go and take a drink, after which White observes:

"Well, seeing as you've invited me, I guess I'll take another."—*Boston Courier.*

Rhyming to Some Purpose.

In a skirmish during the war of the rebellion, Augustus Penny, a Maine soldier, lost a finger, and afterward wrote a rhyming description of the affair to his wife. In lieu of other evidence, these rhymes have been accepted at the Pension Office as a proof of Augustus' right to a pension.

The Death of Stonewall Jackson.

Dr. Tucker, from Richmond, arrived on Saturday, and all that human skill could devise was done to stay the hand of death. He suffered no pain to-day, and his breathing was less difficult, but he was evidently hourly growing weaker.

When his child was brought to him, to-day, he played with it for some time, frequently caressing it, calling it his "little comforter." At one time he raised his wounded hand above its head, and closing his eyes for some moments, silently engaged in prayer. He said to me, "I see from the number of physicians, that you think my condition dangerous, but I thank God, if it is His will, that I am ready to go."

About daylight on Sunday morning, Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst. He was silent for a moment, and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven."

He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed, and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Savior. He replied: "Oh, no, you are frightened, my child, death is not so near. I may get well."

She fell over upon the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that the physicians said there was no hope. After a moment's pause, he asked her to call me. "Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her that I was to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered he turned his eyes toward the ceiling, and gazed for a moment or two, as if in intense thought, then replied: "Very good, very good. It is all right."

He then tried to comfort his almost heart-broken wife, and told her he had a good deal to say to her, but he was too weak. Colonel Pendleton came into the room about one o'clock, and he asked him, "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?"

When told that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God—they are very kind." He said: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

His mind now began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked as if in command upon the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted, and he was at the mess-table, in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family.

Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during one of them, I offered him some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying, "It will only delay my departure, and do no good; I want to preserve my mind, if possible, to the last."

About half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again, feebly, but firmly, "Very good, it is all right."

A few moments before he died, he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action; pass the infantry to the front rapidly; tell Maj. Hawks"—then stopped, leaving this sentence unfinished. Presently, a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said, quietly and with an expression as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it.—*Dr. Hunter McGuire, his attending physician.*

Broadbrims Who Are Up to Snuff.

The gentle Quaker is to be found at almost every summer resort along the New Jersey coast, and he is a fixture and a feature of the lake and mountain resorts of Pennsylvania. In your mind's eye you picture him with a venerable beard, bald-head, broad-brimmed hat, and buckle shoes, but your mind's eye is way off. In a great many instances "William" keeps an hotel, and he has a business look about him to make things snap. Any one who takes him for a moss-back will presently hear something drop.

"I welcome thee and thine," observes William as a guest walks up to the register.

That's all right and proper, and visions of first-floor rooms at \$7 per week float through a man's mind.

"Will thou tarry with me?" inquires William in a voice as soft as butter.

You wilt. That's what you've come for. You register your name and ask to look at rooms.

"I know I can satisfy thee," observes William as he leads the way. "I suppose thee prefers the first floor?"

Thee does. He is shown a bedroom a trifle larger than a coffin, without a bell, gas, or other conveniences, and blandly informed that he can tarry a week for \$22. If he should so far forget himself as to remain two weeks a reduction of \$1 per week would be made.

"I have still others to show thee," says William, and you finally accept of a room and stow yourself away, because you can't do better. William has the bulge on you, and he knows it. Candles are cheaper than gas, and he knows you'll come to the office to report your wants or let them go unrelieved. His beds are hard as boards, but people sleep on them in preference to the floor. His table won't compare with an ordinary country hotel, but you must eat or go hungry. The waiter softly teases and thins you, but the coffee is dishwasher and the butter stale. At the office thee is told to make thyself at home, but the price of cigars,

billiards, and bowls create the impression of highway robbery.

Thee can't get a bathing suit any cheaper of William than of the Hebrew on the corner. His wagon charges thee just as much for a ride, and his porter wants feeling, and his bootblack grabs for his dime the same as at the tavern of the ungodly. If you get beer, it is brought to you covertly, as if William was ashamed; but the liquor is execrable, the bottle is a cheat, and the price exorbitant. William professes to serve thee with milk at the table, but he waters it. He talks of dairy butter, but serves thee with a mockery. He tells thee there are no musquitoes, and thus saves the expense of screens, while you fight the pests all night.

In fact, Old Broadbrim is up to snuff at all the resorts, and you've got to get drowned with all your cash on your person to get ahead of him for even a nickel. Every "thee" costs you fifteen cents, and it is never more than two "thees" for a quarter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In Connemara.

The rain was still falling when Ballynahinch was left behind; but on the moor to the left two witchlike figures were seen, their heads half wrapped in plaid shawls, their limbs showing through wet, short skirts, and their small red feet and legs flying from tuft to tuft of the moss. They were native girls, driving the small coal-black cattle of these wild uplands, and the sight of the driver, an ancient friend, put them in the wildest spirits. They swooped down on the car and were soon seated, laughing and singing, brushing the wet from their tangled hair and their hair from their red cheeks, but not forgetting to smooth the skirts of the rough homespun modestly about their bare extremities. They were redolent of peat smoke, like the poteen they brew here in spite of all the constables; of good health, good humor, and of that indescribable fragrance which comes from living almost entirely out of doors.

Presently we drew up before their own home. They seized various parcels coming to them from Galway, and in a twinkling they plunged into a comfortable-looking cabin of large size like a brace of colts, with a flourish of their red heels. The men and boys of the family wore shoes; doubtless Sundays those same headlong lasses turn out as well shod as any in Connemara. A few years hence these girls will be in the United States puzzling an American mistress by their ignorance on some points and unnatural acuteness on others. If she could see the interior of some of these cabins she would only wonder how they ever learn to use the resources of "modern improvements."

Much is being done in Ireland to give all children a good schooling in the elements of book wisdom, but there is no provision for the training of servants, wherefore there is much wailing in American households, great misunderstandings, and many chances of profitable places lost to this class of emigrants. For this reason it is to be feared that our young friends, when better clothed, housed, and fed than they are now, will be no longer so jolly and devil-may-care.—*Cor. New York Times.*

Fearless General Rosecrans.

"General Rosecrans was the most fearless, as well as the most popular, man in the powder business that I ever met. Some years ago he was experimenting with nitro-glycerine and chloride of potash. He was also trying to make a new kind of percussion cap. Every afternoon he would go out to the old stone-quarry and make experiments with dynamite there, the Mayor having granted him permission to do so. He had taken quite a fancy to me, and he'd come around and take me out there with him. I never saw a man experiment with explosives as carelessly as he did, and, as I did not care to be blown to pieces myself, I kept warning him of the risks he kept incurring. His only reply was: 'When a man's time comes it comes.' He appeared to be a fatalist, and would not believe that a person could be killed before it was allotted for him to die. One day he had some nitro-glycerine in a pan and was doing something with it. I knew it would explode in the hot sun and said: 'General, look out. That's going to explode.' He did not seem to care, and I warned him again, but he kept on with his experiments, repeating that phrase of his about a man's time coming only when it was appointed. He needed some tool that was lying a short distance off and went over to get it. He was about twenty or thirty feet away when the nitro-glycerine exploded. It did not disconcert him in the least. He remarked without any emotion: 'Well, that was a pretty close call,' and resumed his experiments. It was a wonder to me how he ever escaped death out there."

A Rara Avis.

"Are you in need of any curiosities?" asked a lady, addressing the proprietor of a dime museum.

"We are always on the lookout for curiosities," he replied, "and willing at all times to enter into negotiations for the exhibition of anything extraordinary. What have you got? A giant, dwarf, a monstrosity—"

"A rare curiosity," answered the lady, "in short, I have a servant girl who is not only neat and tidy, and understands her duties, but is also polite and ladylike in speech and manner, and does not ask for more than a night in a week."

"Good gracious, madam! you don't say so! Why, she will be a prize for us—prize! why, there is nothing like her in the country. Bring her along at once, and she can name her own salary."—*Boston Courier.*

HUMOR.

ALWAYS well posted—a good fence. It is rain or shine with a bootblack.

A ROUSING appeal—"Time to get up." How to get rid of surplus milk—cheese it.

WOMAN of the world (to youthful admirer)—"You seem to know a great deal of married life. Are you married?"

Merritt (with a blasé air)—"No, but my father is."—*The Judge.*

HE (entreatingly)—"Won't you give me this next waltz, Miss Violet?" She (coquettishly)—"Perhaps, if you press me." "The bold horrid thing—I'll do that as we dance."—*Life.*

SAYS Victor Hugo: "During battle let us be the enemies of our enemies, and after victory their brothers." But that will depend largely on how the enemy feels if the enemy happens to be the victor.—*Boston Courier.*

A LADY in a railway carriage took out her purse, took therefrom a sixpence, and handed it to a well-dressed man who was smoking. "What is this for?" asked the smoker. "It's to buy you a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies," was the reply.

"ARE cheeks fashionable now," asked a highly dressed dude of his tailor as he looked over his goods. "I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply, "for I haven't seen any around lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.

"WAS'N't Herod an old man before he learned to dance?" a little girl asked of her mother. "Why, my child, what on earth put that in your head?"

"Nothing much, only I was reading in my Sunday-school lesson that the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod." The little girl had to dance off to bed.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WOMAN in Vermont is the mother of twenty-seven children, all living; and they do say that when Christmas time comes around, her unfortunate husband just goes out in the deep dark woods all alone by himself and lies down on the cold snow under a growing Christmas tree and weeps and weeps as if his heart would break.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

"MR. JONES," said the end man, with the insinuating voice for which he ceased to be famous some time during the reign of Elizabeth, "can you tell me how to invest money so that it will go the farthest?"

"No, Mr. Thompson, I am not aware that I can. How do you invest money so that it will go the farthest?" "Why, you buy postage stamps, to be sure."—*Tid-Bits.*

GOOD ADVICE.

"My son," the deacon wisely said, "And sage'y wagged his aged head, 'Take note of all that's good you see, Ignore what'er may evil be. Should puglist meet you some day, Insult you as you wend your way, Should call you names, and should decry Your prowess, do no; battle try. Just take no note of him. 'And if amid your daily work You see a man who'll ever shirk The labor that he ought to do; Who drinks, and drinks quite often, too; Who's failed in business ten times o'er, Who's apt to fail some ten times more, Who gambles and quits largely bets, And never pays his honest debts, Why, take no note of him."

"WHAT you want," said a physician to a Dakota editor who came to consult him, "is absolute rest mentally and more physical exercise for a few months." "Mustn't think at all?" "No, sir." "And take all the outdoor exercise possible?" "That's it exactly."

"But how am I going to get my living?" "Well, my advice to you is to go to Washington and start such a correspondence bureau as you have been getting letters from for the last year. Writing the letters will give your mind just the rest it needs while dodging your board bill will bring the exercise."—*Estelline Bell.*

A Cowardly, Contemptible Saying.

"A woman is at the bottom of every mischief."

So say a legion of noodles who know not what they say, and who think they think, when they only repeat what they have heard others say before them.

Do these faddists ever reflect that there are two kinds of people in the world, male and female, and as they generally associate together it is probable that every occurrence will directly or indirectly involve some individual of both sexes?

But unfortunately for the faddists, there are some conditions in life in which their theory can be thoroughly tested. In the California and Australian gold-mining regions they had no women, and yet, if our memory serves us right, their days and nights were not altogether passed in halcyon simplicity; out, on the contrary, their camps were scenes of fighting, stabbing, gouging, shooting, lynching, and bloody murder generally.

On board ship they have no women to make mischief, and yet they are not altogether lamblike in their relations, living in brotherly love and harmony. The soft answer is often a belaying pin, and the hand of fellowship is frequently at the end of a yard-arm.

Now, if the opposite were a popular expression, that "there is a man at the bottom of every trouble," it would be much more difficult to disprove.

No, the oft-quoted saying is a false, cowardly, and contemptible one, and a disgrace to the whole male sex. It shows that men are ashamed to assume the responsibility of their own evil deeds, and meanly try to shuffle them off on the shoulders of poor, weak women.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I've stopped to get a bite," said a vagabond to a lady in her garden, in an insolent manner. "Here, Tiger!" cried she; and as a huge mastiff came bounding to her side, she said to the tramp, "If you don't leave at once you'll get one."