

## FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know  
What truly it means to die.  
The wings of thy soul would glow,  
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;  
Then wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist  
schools,  
And laugh their jargon to scorn,  
As the bubble of midnight fools.  
The morning of truth be born:  
But I, earth's madness above,  
In a kingdom of stormless breath—  
I gaze on the glory of love  
In the unveiled face of death.

Tell thee his face is fair  
As the moon's amber rings,  
And the glam in his golden hair  
Like a flame of thousand Springs;  
His smile is the fathomless beam  
Of the star-shine's sacred light,  
When the Summers of Southland dream  
In the lap of the holy Night:  
For I, earth's blindness above,  
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—  
I gaze on the marvel of love  
In the unveiled face of death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—  
But they hold few mysteries now—  
And his pity for earth's farewells  
Has the bloom of a golden bough;  
Souls taken from Time's cold tide  
He folds to his fostering breast,  
And the tears of their grief are dried  
Ere they enter the courts of rest:  
And still, earth's madness above,  
In a kingdom of stormless breath,  
I gaze on a light that is love  
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars I peered  
In the glow of their far-off grace,  
He is soaring world by world,  
With the souls in his strong embrace;  
Love others, unstirred by a wind,  
At the heart of Death's snow-belt,  
With the fragrance that floats sweet,  
The flash of his winged retreat:  
And I, earth's madness above,  
Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,  
Have gazed on the luster of love  
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun  
I can follow him still on his way,  
Till the pearl-white gates are won  
In the calm of the central day.

For voices of fond acclaim.

Thrill down from the place of souls,  
As Death, with a touch like flame,  
Uncloses the gates of heavens above:  
God speaketh with baleless breath—  
My angel of perfect love  
Is the angel man call Death!

## NELLIE'S NOBLE DEEDS.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

"Thimble Alley! Oh, what a dreadful place; but there's no one can mend my lace equal to Mrs. Smith. Little boy, does Mrs. Rachel Smith live here?"

"Yes'm, fifth story, first door to your right," and the ragged urchin eyed the fine lady with wide, open eyes.

"Lor, ain't she some?" he said, to a near companion, "all shiny-like and soft. Whoopie! if mammy had some o' her finery we'd have a holiday dinner well as Biddy O'Brien."

"He! he! hi! Tim," roared the other, "the idea of a dinner out o' finery."

"I meant to sell it, you know well enough. I wonder who she is?"

But in the meantime Nellie Strong had reached the fifth floor and stood, almost out of breath, gazing about the wretched hallway where poverty held sway.

"How can they live so?" she thought. "What horrid odors, and there's half dozen babies crying below. Poor little things!" then she knocked on the door before her.

"Come in," called out a woman's voice.

Nellie pushed the creaking door open and entered the small, bare chamber.

At its one window a woman sat mending some costly lace. In a corner on a cot reclined a pale, young girl. There was no fire in the room, although the air was keen and frosty.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I called with some work; I wanted this lace mended particularly before the ball, and so I sought you out myself."

"Yes, Miss Strong; be seated, pray. Let me look at the lace, please?"

Nellie took the one vacant chair and turned her bright eyes upon the pale young girl on the cot.

"Are you an invalid?" she gently inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have been one always. I never could walk, but I do not suffer much now."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have lain here all your life!" cried Nellie, "and never saw anything but these bare walls?"

"Almost all my life. It isn't so bad for me, as you would think. The neighbors are kind, and mother brings me a flower now and then, and we talk of what might be if I could grow stronger. Talk is cheap, smelt the invalid.

"I don't think I could do this before Wednesday. Will that answer, Miss Strong?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, carelessly, "it does not matter at all. But tell me, Mrs. Smith, have you ever consulted a good physician about your daughter?"

"I have often wished to do so, but could not afford it."

Just then a little tow-headed, dirty-faced girl of five or six years thrust her head in the doorway.

"Please, Miss Smith, the baby's wosher. Mother thinks it's dyin'."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nellie, "whose baby?"

"An Irish woman's down stairs. An attack of croup; the weather has been cool, and the little fellow caught cold. Yes, Mary, I'll come. You'll excuse me a moment, Miss Strong."

"Yes; but may not I go, too—poor little baby?"

And timidly drawing her silken skirts about her, she followed Mrs. Smith into the room of the Irish washerwoman, where upon a straw bed lay a little six-month-old baby dying, as was evident at a glance.

"He's the third one," sobbed the poor mother. "I've only four left, and his father couldn't stop work long enough to see him die, his boss is that hard on him. My baby! oh my baby!"

Nellie drew out a bill from her purse and placed it in the poor mother's hand.

"You'll need things for—the funeral," she said, softly; "take it. I'll come and see you again."

"Lord love your sweet face," cried the woman, with a wild fit of weeping. "You're that kind, m'm, I don't know how to thank you. It'll be the first dead child that I could ever pay for its coffin. Oh, how sweet he'll look all in white!"

As they passed out of the room of death a party of men came up the stairs bearing a limp form between them.

"What is it?" asked Nellie, of Mrs. Smith, drawing closer to her.

"Some accident, evidently. What has happened, Pete?" she inquired of one of the men.

"Mr. Swasher fell from the building, a matter of twenty feet, and we think both

his legs are broken. There comes the doctor."

"Poor man," sighed Mrs. Smith. "I don't know what will become of his family; he was their only support. You look inex-pressibly pained. These things are common enough to all large tenements. We see sorrow and suffering around us continually."

And she wondered why the lady followed her up to the room again.

"I wish," said Nellie to the invalid girl, "you would allow me to send you our family physician; he is one of the best in the city. I think he can help you."

"Oh, if you only would!" exclaimed the mother. "Lulu might be helped, I have always believed."

"Yes; and, Mrs. Smith, you need not hurry about the lace. I don't think I'll need it, but I'll pay for the work now. And—you ought to have a fire—good-day."

Before Mrs. Smith could get her glasses on to examine the bill in her lap, her visitor had gone.

"Oh, Lulu!" she exclaimed, "it's a twenty-dollar bill; she's made a mistake."

But Lulu wiped away a tear from her wan cheek, and smiled up in her mother's face.

"No mistake, mother; the beautiful lady meant it for us. I saw her eyes were full of tears. Heaven bless her tender heart!"

"I presume the birthday party and so on is being rushed along," said Mr. Strong, as his daughter entered the dining-room. "How big a check is to be called for, pet? Don't be too hard on your old father."

Nellie did not reply at once; she took her place at the table, glanced over the dainty appointments, the snowy damask, silk fine, the costly silver, the beautiful flowers, the rare fruits, and all the luxuries that wealth can give. Then her eyes wandered to her two fair young sisters, and her mother's face behind the tray, and lastly to her father's face, who just now was regarding her with smiling, quizzical eyes.

"Papa," she said, flushing slightly, "I want a generous check, true enough, but I think I'll rearrange my programme."

"I thought so," smiled her father. "What a tell-tale face you possess. What's the latest freak? out with it."

"Oh, Nellie, everything was perfect; invitations all ready to send out. You're not going to spoil our party," cried her sisters.

"I hope not," said Nellie; "but first I want to tell you all about my visit to Thimble Alley."

She told it as it was, and at its close the youngest of the girls exclaimed:

"I know now, Nellie; you thought what a big sensation your party would make in Thimble Alley."

"Yes," said Nellie, "if papa is willing."

"My eldest born," said her father fondly, "your papa's purse has a long string, still it might be stretched too far. I always did dislike the fuss of a party, and I guess I can trust your prudent head to control your tender heart. Give the Thimble Alleyites a generous dinner on your birthday and what you will. I'll see that Dr. Moore calls upon the lace-mender's daughter."

Not fairy hands, oh, no! but human, loving hands that did the work; some of them rough and black that shoveled in the coal into the empty boxes; some of them small and chapped that helped along their dinner. But when the stars shone out, not one in that large tenement building went to sleep cold or hungry on that holiday night.

"Mother," said Lulu softly, "the doctor says I will soon be well enough to wheel my chair all around, and that possibly, some day, I may walk about with the help of crutches."

"Yes, my darling, I know."

"And when I told him all about Miss Strong's noble deeds, and praised her tender heart, he smiled and looked so pleased I read his secret. May Heaven bless them both."

"Amen," breathed her mother tearfully.

## Short Sermons.

I long ago dun made up my mind dat average humanity expects too much on dis airth, an' dat we am all too selfish to really enjoy ourselves.

If we plan ur a huckleberry excursion we look fur dry weather, no matter how much our naybur's co'n an' aters want rain.

If dar am any danger of spring frosts we expect dey will fly ober our garden light down on somebody else's truck-patch.

We expect cyclones now an' den in de nateral order of fings, but we doan' expect 'em to hit our eand of de county. We am sorry fur sich people as was in de way, but dey orter bin som'ers else, you know.

If we take in a tramp over night we expect him to be honest an' grateful. If anybody else takes in one an' gits beat, our vardict am dat it served 'em right.

We expect to git de big eand of de trade when we swap hosses wid a man, but if we diskiver dat we hay been cheated we want de law to punish him for a swindler.

Moas' of us am willin' to take our chances on matrimony, if de gal am good-lookin' or de young man has cash, but when de rollin' piñs begin to fly we blame our friends dat dey didn't warn us.

If we lose our pocket-book we argy dat de pusson who find it am as bad as a th'f if he doan' return it. If we find some one else's pocket-book we—well, it comes like pullin' teeth to let go.

We respect our naybur, but we want our beets an' cabbage an' onions to keep about a week ahead of his.

We doan' know of any pertickler reason why lightnin' should strike our ba'n, but we kin furnish half a do on reasons why it should burn ba'n's all around us.

We begin in October to predict a mild winter, an' if we happen to git one we kick like steer de nex' summer becase we hev to pay mo' fur ice.

I tell ye, my frens, when I come to realest just what a queer piece of clay we am, an' how much workin' olver we need to come out perfect, I can't wonder ober de shoutin' and hurrahin' in Heaven when one of us grown folks finds his way in.—*Detroit Free Press*.

An exchange tells of a woman so cross-eyed that tears from her left eye fall on her right cheek.

## DEATH OF H. M. HOXIE.

A Man Who, from a Hostler, Came to Be a Power in the Railroad World.

(New York special.)

Mr. H. M. Hoxie died at his rooms in the Metropolitan Opera House in this city on Tuesday. The cause of his death was exhaustion consequent on an operation performed on him at Saratoga in June last by removing stones from his bladder. He had also suffered from kidney disease for the last thirty-five years. Mrs. Hoxie and Capt. Hayes were with him when he expired.

Shortly after the troubles on the Wabash system of railroads and the Southwestern roads last May Mr. Hoxie began to complain of pains in his loins. Finally he became so much worse that he was compelled to give up his work and take a much-needed rest. The trouble with the strikers worried him very much. He left St. Louis in the latter part of May and came East to Saratoga. After consultation with a physician he concluded to have the operation performed which resulted in his death. After the operation Mr. Hoxie was relieved, and felt better for time than he had for years. He hoped that by taking a rest he would regain his health entirely.

Mr. Hoxie, in company with his wife, took a trip to Montreal Aug. 25. From there they went to Quebec and the White Mountains. He came to New York Sept. 10, and took apartments in the Broadway flats in the Metropolitan Opera House block. His physicians, Drs. Metcalfe and Ward, were called. He was still weak from the effects of the operation. Any excitement was deleterious. He failed rapidly.

Mr. Hoxie's youth was spent in Polk County, Iowa. He came of a poor family, and his first occupation was that of a hostler in a country hotel. There he became acquainted with many prominent men. At the outbreak of the war he entered politics. In 1864-5 he was chairman of the Iowa Republican State Committee and was afterward appointed United States Marshal. After the war he removed to Palestine, Texas, and became connected with the management of the International Railroad, holding the positions of Superintendent and General Superintendent. When Mr. Gould organized the Wabash system he chose Mr. Hoxie for First Vice President, and his headquarters was established at St. Louis. Mr. Hoxie was Third Vice President of the Missouri Pacific, and for several years General Manager of the road. He was one of Mr. Gould's most trusted lieutenants, and at the time of the recent Southwestern strike so great was Gould's confidence in him that when it was proposed to settle the strike by arbitration the matter was placed in Mr. Hoxie's charge.

## PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Queen Victoria's Newest Grandson.

A cable dispatch from London announces that Prince Beatrice, wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg and youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, has given birth to a son. The mother and son are doing well. Lord

Randolph Churchill was the Minister in attendance at the accouchement. We present an excellent likeness of the Princess, from a photograph taken just before her marriage.

## EDMUND AND BLAINE.

The Vermont Senator Snubbed by the Man from Maine.

(New York telegram.)

Mr. Blaine's refusal to take Senator Edmunds' proffered hand when they met in the house of the dead ex-President has created a sensation in political circles. Many of Mr. Blaine's friends regret the occurrence, and say that it was unfortunate.

Others say that Mr. Blaine acted perfectly right, and that Mr. Edmunds' conduct justified the rebuke. Mr. Blaine refused to be interviewed on the subject, but talked quite freely to several intimate friends. One of them said:

"Mr. Blaine made no response whatever to Mr. Edmunds' greeting. This is what happened: Mr. Edmunds was seated on a sofa when Mr. Blaine entered the parlor. Mr. Blaine bowed to Colonel McMichael, and Mr. Edmunds advanced to greet Mr. Blaine with his right hand extended, saying: 'Good morning, Mr. Blaine.' Mr. Blaine was in the act of drawing off his gloves. He gave the Vermonter a quick glance out of the corners of his eyes, and, without any show of recognition, stepped forward to shake hands with Colonel McMichael. Mr. Edmunds appeared surprised. His face flushed slightly, and he retired to his seat on the sofa. Mr. Blaine expressed his regret at the occurrence to Colonel McMichael, and shortly afterward left the house.

Frank Hutton, who was Mr. Arthur's Postmaster General, in commenting on the affair, said: "Blaine knew perfectly well whom he was likely to meet at Gen. Arthur's house, and if he did not care to meet them he should have remained away. If he had met Mr. Edmunds on the street or at a public reception and refused to speak to him, it would have been another matter; but under the circumstances I think his conduct indefensible from the standpoint of decency."

## THE CURRENCY.

Report of Comptroller Trenholm—Important Changes suggested—Interesting Statistics.

The annual report of the Hon. William L. Trenholm, Comptroller of the Currency, contains suggestions for the amendment of the national-bank laws in about a dozen instances, including the contingent liability of shareholders, requirements as to reserve, the limit of loans to individuals, more thorough examination of banks, and their protection against unequal State taxation. The specific character of these suggestions is withheld for the present. Three thousand five hundred and eighty national banks have been organized in all, of which 2,858 are now in operation. Of these 174 have been organized during the last year, with a capital of \$21,000,000; circulation, \$2,900,000. Twenty-four banks went into voluntary liquidation during the year, one ceased to exist by expiration of charter, and eight failed. Since the beginning of the system in 1863, only 112 national banks have failed. Of these, sixty-three have paid their creditors in full, and twenty have paid interest besides—fifteen in full and five in part. Over 90 percent of all national bank stocks is held by the residents of the State in which the bank is located, more than 91 percent is held by natural persons, and 96 percent of the number of shareholders are natural persons. The total number of shareholders is 223,000; the total number of shares over 7,000,000. The effect of the reduction of the public debt and the high premium on bonds upon the volume of national bank circulation is very fully illustrated in the report. The contraction in national bank circulation during the year exceeds \$56,000,000.