

"I tell thee, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts of milk,
And isn't yet five years old.

"I saw young White an' greenin' now;
His wife's here, I know that.
So careful, girl, you're spinnin' it;
An' have some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right up!"

"I guess I couldn't, sir,
You just come down!" "I know it, Dick.
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb;
Just where I go she follows;
And though it's cheap I'll let her go;
She'll know you for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white steers;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But just let her have.

"Then, when you've own'd her, say a month,
And decent her, as it were,
I'll let—why, what's the matter, Dick?"

"Don't her I want—it's her!"

"What not the girl! well, I'll be blessed!

There, Kate, don't drop that pen.

You've took me mighty slack;

But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;

Kate's gentle as a dove;

She'll follow you the whole world round,

For nothing else but love.

"But never try to drive the hoss;

Her master's her ma."

I've aliv' found it worked the best,

To let 'em down the barn."

—*Scratches Monthly for August.*

SONG.

To dream, and then to sleep
Until the morn returns;

In love of watch to keep,
A little lamp to burn.

To wave but make no end,

To sing an' live the song,

Whose long footstools went

Among the world's gay throng.

To see that spring has gone,

And summer's death is near—

And still the hours roll on.

We fall, we fall, we die,

Yet once, 'twixt death and birth,

To know love's kin, love's sigh,

Is light of heaven on earth.

My God! Thy sun is sweet,

If ever the twilight comes,

Love walks with sacred feet

Across our naked room.

IN PARADISE.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"Hark!"

She held up her hand to keep us silent, and listened. Suddenly a spasm of pain crossed her face, and the eyes that had such a haunted look in them were full of terror.

"You hear the guns?" she cried, and her voice had a sound of anguish in it that matched the look in her eyes. "They have shot them! My God! what have I done?"

The woman, whose years were not more than 33 or 34, but whose hair was full of the gray of 60, shuddered and hid her face in her hands, rocking and fro in a sorrow that was full of keen, unavailing remorse.

I looked at her wonderingly. She saw my questioning look.

"Perhaps you didn't hear them," she said. "It's very strange, but most of the people I meet say they can't. Are you sure you did not hear the sound of guns just now?"

"I heard nothing," I answered.

"I cannot account for it," she said, with a shiver. "They sound as loud to me as the trump of doom. The world echoes with them. I hear the sound now, like distant thunder, dying away. Can't you hear it?"

"I hear nothing but the wind in the pines," I answered.

"Ah! it's my punishment!" she cried, and the wan, haggard face dropped in the thin hands, and there was a little silence in the room, broken only by the low, solemn sound of the wind moaning in the trees outside, like the far-off sound of waves upon a lonely shore.

"Would you like to hear my story?" she said, turning suddenly to me.

"Very much," I answered, truthfully. "Sit down, please." She motioned me to a seat beside her. I took it silently. For several moments she seemed lost in thought. I sat and watched her pale, thin face, aged with sorrow in what should have been the very prime of womanhood. The gray hair about it gave her a weird look—the look I had always imagined belonging to those who were spectral visitants and haunts unearthly things.

"A dozen years ago I called this valley paradise," she said, suddenly. "Such a thing as sorrow was unknown in it, at least by me. I knew what sorrow was only by what others had told me of it. It was something vague, unreal, far off. It might come into other lives, but mine it would pass by—such a myth to me as sin must have been to those who lived in that other paradise we read about!"

"I was so happy!—so very happy! I had a lover, and he was the bravest, truest man I ever knew. I have his picture here. I wear it on my heart always. It was for his sake—for love of him, and for loss of him—that I did what I did. For love of him I lost my soul."

Again the wan face, from which her dark eyes shone in feverish restlessness now, dropped into her shaking hands, and she rocked back and forth in that fashion common to many women when shaken by some strong grief.

"Perhaps you would like to look at my picture," she said. She unclamped a little, worn locket from the chain about her neck, opened and handed it to me. A dark, handsome face, full of Southern dash and fire, smiled up at me with a frank, winning look in the eyes—a brave face, with the traces of still lingering youth breaking through the dignity of growing manhood. It held a strange fascination for me.

"One day I was sitting at that window, looking down the valley. Suddenly I started, for I saw two men creep from behind a clump of bushes and make their way to the old house you see there. I knew who they were—the old men's sons from the Southern army.

"Oh, my Roy!" she cried, when I handed the picture back to her, and a sudden dash of tears broke over the fire in her restless eyes. "I think there never was any one like him—because I loved him."

PAOLI WEEKLY NEWS.

VOLUME VI.

PAOLI, ORANGE CO., INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1878.

NUMBER 46.

Abi! there spoke the soul of woman, and the whole philosophy of her heart and life was comprehended in the brief sentence. Because they love explains a thousand things in their lives which we find unexplainable by any system of judgment which will apply to our lives.

"The first shadow in paradise came when the war broke out. It stirred everybody to feverish excitement in our hitherto-peaceful valley—everybody but me. I knew nothing of war. I hardly comprehended what the war meant. Something which might affect other lives, perhaps, but certainly not mine; and so, at first, I cared but little for the vague signs of trouble which hovered over us. But, when Roy came, full of a passionate enthusiasm, and told me that danger was in the air I began to feel that a change was at hand. Then there were long, stubborn arguments about the North and the South. I knew little about it, but Roy was full of love for the land he was born in, and, of course, I believed as he did. He knew best. I don't know now whether he was right or not. I don't know whether the South or the North was wrong, but I thought as he did then, because I loved him, you know.

"The shadow in paradise grew awfully deep and black when Roy enlisted. It hid every ray of sunshine, and I remember that I told him that I believed it would never lift again; for I felt, in some strange way that I cannot explain, that I was going to lose him. How brave and grand he looked in his army gray!

"When I come back there will be none happier in the wide world than we are," he said.

"Yes, when you come back!" I cried, all white and trembling with that swift presentiment of what the end would be. For answer, he bent and kissed me, and I knew by the look in his face that he was not sure that he would ever come back to me. Something told him that my fear was a fear of what would be!

"Well, he went away to fight for the South, and the days were long, and oh! such lonely ones! Perhaps you had friends in the army. If you had, there's no use in my trying to tell you how long or lonely they were. You know.

"The battle-storm swept over our hills and valleys for long months. Now, the wind would sweep down from the north in a wild, resistless way that carried everything before it. Then the wind from the south would gather its strength and drive the north wind back. So to and fro the armies of the blue and the grey kept tramping, tramping, tramping, until by and by it began to seem that I should never be able to get the sound of that mighty tramp out of my ears.

"One day the news came to us that the Northern army was on one side of us and the Southern on the other. We, of the Paradise valley, held our breath in fear. I had begun to realize what war meant by this time.

"That night Roy came to me. Oh, my lover, my king! I clung to him in such wild, speechless rapture! I had supposed him hundreds of miles away.

"He told me that he was on a dangerous mission. He was a spy from the Southern army. It was a difficult task that he had undertaken to perform, but he had courage and a will to do it.

"Maybe it's for the last time," he said, when he kissed me at parting. "But, if I die, remember, Margery, that, right or wrong, I died like a man who believes he was right." And I do! I do! Oh, my Roy!

"The next day he came back to me, never to go away again—came back in awful dignity and state, cold to the touch of my hand, silent to the sound of my voice. There was great red stain on his gray coat! Roy was dead! dead! dead!

"I remember nothing for days after that. The future seemed to be to me an open grave. Roy was dead! dead! dead!

"By and by I found out how he had come to his death. You see that old house down the valley? Well, an old man lived there who had two sons, and they had been drafted into the Southern army. He hated the South, and never let a chance go by to help the side he sympathized with. In some way he had found out Roy's mission. He went to those whom he could trust, and they planned to capture my lover. And they did, but the fates they bound him with were those of death. He chose to sell his life dearly, and he did.

"When I heard that, I swore to be revenged on this old man. I made a hard and bitter oath, and I meant every word of it. And, God pity me, I kept it!

"One day I was sitting at that window, looking down the valley. Suddenly I started, for I saw two men creep from behind a clump of bushes and make their way to the old house you see there. I knew who they were—the old men's sons from the Southern army.

"A wild thought of revenge came to

me. They were most likely deserters. If I could give them up to the army they had deserted from it would be a glorious revenge!

"While I sat there, thinking what to do, I heard a knocking at the door, and opened it to find some Confederate soldiers there. I knew what their mission was. They were looking for the men I had seen. I told them where they would find them with a wild, awful execration at heart. What a sweet revenge double would be mine!

"They went away, and I came here to this window to watch and wait. How my heart leaped with triumph when I saw them come out of the old man's house with his sons prisoners. I think I cried out in fierce, glad joy. The old man had given Roy up to death. I had given his sons to the punishment their offense demanded. I had made my revenge double in its force!

"I saw the soldiers going down the valley with their prisoners, and the old, gray-haired man following. Then my heart was filled with the gems that come from the artist's brush which call for our admiration. Their deeds of mercy and loving kindness, of patience and endurance through trials, of thoughtfulness for others and sympathy in the hours of need, should be printed on the heart in characters that will never grow illegible.

"If their hearts have been full of kind humanity and sweet friendliness and generous acts, then the coming night should be gemmed with the stars of affection and devotion. Would they drift back with the tide, we often ask? Perhaps, if they could only redeem the errors of youth, could only stem the breakers more courageously and nobly, and make of life a richer poem. If their lives all the way through have been set to the music of high thoughts, noble aspirations and brave deeds, then the blossoms of admiration and honor should be laid daily at their feet by kindly hands.

To the old, the rush of early memories comes back like the lost notes of a song they once loved. They delight to live over the past; for them the meadow daisies grow again, the yellow dandelions are plucked with fearless fingers, the running brook murmurs no music sweeter than that they once knew in their hearts, and the fragrant clover-blossom breathes only the perfume of a vanished June. They carry with them always the poetry and fragrance of remembrance.

About those who grow old gracefully there lingers forever the freshness and tenderness of youth. The silver hair wears "Time's gathered snows." The foolish, baffled hopes of mere worldly ambition fade away before the infinite longing for things higher and holier, and to those upon whom they depend there come verses which never can be written, of sympathy with sorrow, resignation in affliction, cheerfulness in disappointment, and the sweet faith that helped to overcome all obstacles. We oftentimes smile at their odd fancies, and wonder why they cling so closely to little keepsakes and treasures of the past; they may be but links on the chain of Time that carry them back to a more golden dawn.

Old age is full of study. It has battled with life so long, and grown weary so often over its broken ambitions, its repeated failures, its vain hopes. They often forget the world once held for them so many aspirations; as they drift silently toward that unknown shore the rapture of that "strange, beautiful song" of youth seems only a dim reality, half-forgotten.

The sunset hours of old age are filled with gleams of fading pictures, tinted with roseate clouds or shadowed with tears; but if it be a season of contentment, restful and cheerful, it always wears a gracious coloring, the dew of its sweet influence rests upon our hearts, and we insensibly yield admiration, reverence and love to the unconscious charm of peace, repose and serenity that crowns beautiful, graceful old age and gives it a poetry grand and tender and sweet.

There are eleven banks in Scotland, with their branches, under special charters; capital, \$50,000,000; circulation, \$20,000,000; deposits, \$34,000,000; gold held, \$17,000,000; silver, \$3,000,000.

The circulation of each bank is unrestricted. It is only required to redeem its issues in coin, and to hold a certain proportion of coin in reserve. Only about 5 per cent of the currency is coin, four-fifths of which is silver. Paper is universally preferred to coin, which is preferred because of its smaller denominations. A pound note is the smallest issued.

FIVE CHILDREN AT ONE BIRTH.

The most remarkable birth ever known in the history of accouchements occurred at near Salisville, Ohio, on last Monday night. Mrs. McCormick gave birth to five healthy children, four boys and one girl. The medical works have but few instances of such wonderful births, and when they do occur the children have scarcely ever been known to live. In this case the mother and children, in the common language on such occasions, are "doing well."

The community there is excited, and the famous father is the hero of all the country round about, and they planned to capture my lover. And they did, but the fates they bound him with were those of death. He chose to sell his life dearly, and he did.

"When I heard that, I swore to be revenged on this old man. I made a hard and bitter oath, and I meant every word of it. And, God pity me, I kept it!

"One day I was sitting at that window, looking down the valley. Suddenly I started, for I saw two men creep from behind a clump of bushes and make their way to the old house you see there. I knew who they were—the old men's sons from the Southern army.

"A wild thought of revenge came to

OLD AGE.

BY H. B. W.

GROWING old gracefully is an art in which few study to acquire perfection, and yet how beautiful is age with the grace and tenderness that properly belong to the autumn and winter of life. There is a poetry that should linger about and crown it with respect, reverence and admiration. The later days should be set to quick, pleasant music, and only soft, sweet notes should ripple from the heart, where it is yet springtime, with all its cherished associations.

Old people deserve a sweet niche in the household; their loving faces should be framed in the memory, dearer and clearer than the gems that come from the artist's brush which call for our admiration. Their deeds of mercy and loving kindness, of patience and endurance through trials, of thoughtfulness for others and sympathy in the hours of need, should be printed on the heart in characters that will never grow illegible.

If their hearts have been full of kind humanity and sweet friendliness and generous acts, then the coming night should be gemmed with the stars of affection and devotion. Would they drift back with the tide, we often ask? Perhaps, if they could only redeem the errors of youth, could only stem the breakers more courageously and nobly, and make of life a richer poem. If their lives all the way through have been set to the music of high thoughts, noble aspirations and brave deeds, then the blossoms of admiration and honor should be laid daily at their feet by kindly hands.

overweight all the grumblings of all the grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let me be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody isn't a rascal. Our neighbors are not trying to cheat us. Even the growlers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

LOATHSOME LEPROS.

Two genuine cases of leprosy have

been brought from Cuba, and are now

under treatment on Blockwell's island.

The discolored features, swollen limbs,

and bandaged feet of the patients show

that they are affected with a disease

happily not often met with here.