

THE DEAD MOTHER.

How still the house! The light peering between
The close knit vines that o'er the casement lean,
Falls faint and low—fearing to touch the bed
Where I lie cold and dead!

The bird whose song awoke me with the dawn,
And filled with melody the fragrant lawn,
This morning sang a faltering, plaintive lay,
And then flew swift away!

Fond, weeping friends caress my marble brow
And tell my deeds of good, as they, somehow
Would faint, sit out in tender words and tears
The love of mortal years!

And kindred hands, for many a year estranged,
Have o'er my form the friendly clasp exchanged.

And I, in death, have healed the bitter strife
I sorely wept in life!

The conscious door opens noiselessly, and he
Who had few words of tenderness for me
Kneels at my side and cries: 'Couldest thou but
live!

'Forgive, sweet wife, forgive!'

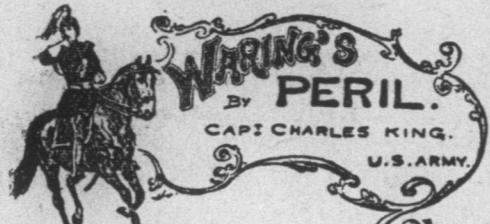
Yet I am calm with calmness of the dead
Who by the love of God are comforted;
My peace doth like a mighty river roll,
And rest unto my soul!

But hark! a voice—a cry—so small so faint!
My child!—In Paradise, I hear thy plaint!

Oh God!—Grant but to me its steps to guide,

And I ask naught beside.

—Zitella Cocke, in *Youth's Companion*.



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XI.—CONCLUDED.

"How did you trace Philleps?" asked Reynolds.

"Him? Oh, he was too darned musical. It was—what do you call it?—Flure de Tay that did for him. Why, he's the fellow that raised all the money and most of the hell for this old man Lascelles. He'd been sharping him for years."

"Well, when can we bring this thing to a head?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Poco tiempo! Saturday, I reckon."

But it came sooner.

Waring was seated one lovely evening in a low reclining chair on Mrs. Cram's broad gallery, sipping contentedly at the fragrant tea she had handed him. The band was playing, and a number of children were chattering about in noisy glee. The men were at supper, the officers, as a rule, at mess. For several minutes the semi-restored invalid had not spoken a word. In one of his customary day-dreams he had been calmly gazing at the shapely white hand of his hostess, "all queenly with its weight of rings."

"Will you permit me to examine those rings a moment?" he asked.

"Why, certainly. No, you sit still, Mr. Waring," she replied, promptly rising, and pulling them off her fingers, dropped them into his open palm. With the same dreamy expression on his clear-cut, pallid face, he turned them over and over, held them up to the light, finally selected one exquisite gem, and then, half rising, held forth the others. As she took them and still stood beside his chair as though patiently waiting, he glanced up.

"Oh, beg pardon. You want this, I suppose?" and, handing her the dainty teacup, calmly slipped the ring into his waistcoat-pocket and languidly murmured: "Thanks."

"Well, I like that."

"Yes? So do I, rather better than the others."

"May I ask what you' purpose doing with my ring?"

"I was just thinking. I've ordered a new Amidon for Larkin, a new ninety-dollar suit for Ferry, and I shall be decidedly poor this month, even if we recover Merton's watch."

"Oh, well, if it's only to pawn one, why not take a diamond?"

"But isn't?"

"What then, pray?"

"Well, again I was just thinking—whether I could find another to match this up in town, or send this one—to her."

"Mr. Waring! Really?" And now Mrs. Cram's bright eyes are dancing with eagerness and delight.

For all answer, though his own eyes begin to moisten and swim, he draws from an inner pocket a dainty letter, postmarked from a far, far city to the northeast.

"You dear fellow! How can I tell you how glad I am! I haven't dared to ask you of her since we met at Washington, but—oh, my heart has been just full of her since—since this trouble came."

"God bless the trouble! it was that that won her to me at last. I have loved her ever since I first saw her—long years ago."

"Oh! oh! oh! if Ned were only here! I'm wild to tell him. I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes, the moment he comes."

But Ned brought a crowd with him when he got back from town a little later. Reynolds was there, and Philippe Lascelles, and Mr. Pepper, and they had a tale to tell that must needs be condensed.

They had all been present by invitation of the civil authorities at a very dramatic affair during the late afternoon—the final lifting of the veil that hid from public view the "strange, eventful history" of the Lascelles tragedy. Cram was the spokesman by common consent. "With the exception of the Dawsons," said he, "none of the parties implicated knew up to the hour of his or her examination that any one of the others was to appear." Mrs. Dawson, eager to save her own pretty neck, had told her story without reservation. Dawson knew nothing.

The story had been wrung from her piecemeal, but was finally told in full, and in the presence of the officers and civilians indicated. She had married in April, '65, to the scorn of her people, a young Yankee officer attached to the commissary department. She had starved all through the war. She longed for life, luxury, comforts. She had nothing but her beauty, he nothing but his pay. The extravagances

of a month swamped him; the drink and desperation for the next ruined him. He maintained her in luxury at the best hotel only a few weeks, then all of his own and much of Uncle Sam's money was gone. Inspection proved him a thief and embezzler. He fled, and she was abandoned to her own resources. She had none but her beauty and a gift of penmanship which covered the many sins of her orthography. She was given a clerkship, but wanted more money, and took it, blackmailing a quartermaster. She imposed on Waring, but he quickly found her out and absolutely refused afterwards to see her at all. She was piqued and angered, "a woman scorned," but not until he joined Battery "X" did opportunity present itself for revenge. She had secured a room under Mrs. Doyle's reputable roof, to be near the barracks, where she could support herself by writing for Mrs. Doyle and blackmailing those whom she lured, and where she could watch him, and, to her eager delight, she noted and prepared to make much of his attentions to Mme. Lascelles. Incidentally, too, she might inveigle the susceptible Lascelles himself, on the principle that there's no fool like an old fool. Mrs. Doyle lent herself eagerly to the scheme. The letters began to pass and fro again. Lascelles was fool enough to answer, and when, all on a sudden, Mrs. Doyle's "long-missing relative," as she called him, turned up, a pensioner on her charity, it was through the united efforts of the two women he got a situation as cab-driver at the stable up at the eastern skirt of the town. Dawson had enlisted to keep from starving, and, though she had no use for him as a husband, he would do to fetch and carry, and he dare not disobey. Twice when Doyle was battery officer of the day did this strangely-assorted pair of women entertain Lascelles at supper and fleece him out of what

knowing that investigation would follow and she and her sins be brought to light, she fled, for she had enough of his money in her possession, and poor demented Dawson, finding her gone, followed.

Philleps' story corroborated this in every particular. The last he saw of the cab or of the cabman was near the house of the hook and ladder company east of the French market. The driver there said his horse was dead beat and could do no more, so Philleps went into the market, succeeded in getting another cab by paying a big price, slept at Cassidy's, waited all the morning about Lascelles' place, and finally, having to return to the northeast at once, he took the evening train on the Jackson road and never heard of the murderer until ten days after. He was amazed at his arrest.

And then came before his examiners a mere physical wreck—the shadow of his former self—caught at the high tide of a career of crime and debauchery, a much less bulky party than the truculent Jehu of Mme. Lascelles. Incidentally, too, she might inveigle the susceptible Lascelles himself, on the principle that there's no fool like an old fool. Mrs. Doyle lent herself eagerly to the scheme. The letters began to pass and fro again. Lascelles was fool enough to answer, and when, all on a sudden, Mrs. Doyle's "long-missing relative," as she called him, turned up, a pensioner on her charity, it was through the united efforts of the two women he got a situation as cab-driver at the stable up at the eastern skirt of the town. Dawson had enlisted to keep from starving, and, though she had no use for him as a husband, he would do to fetch and carry, and he dare not disobey. Twice when Doyle was battery officer of the day did this strangely-assorted pair of women entertain Lascelles at supper and fleece him out of what

night. One quick, furtive look at that, one glance at her trembling, shaking, cowering kinsman, and, with an Irish howl of despair, a loud wail of "Mike, Mike, you've sworn your sister's life away!" she threw herself upon the floor, tearing madly at her hair. And so ended the mystery of Beau Rivage.

There was silence a moment in Cram's pretty parlor when the captain had finished his story. Waring was the first to speak:

"There is one point I wish they'd clear up."

"What's that?" said Cram.

"Who's got Merton's watch?"

"Oh, by Jove! I quite forgot. It's all right, Waring. Anatole's place was 'pulled' last night, and he had his valuables all done up in a box. To pay for his boat," he said.

A quarter of a century has passed away since the scarlet plumes of Light Battery "X" were last seen dancing along the levee below New Orleans. Beau Rivage, old and moss-grown at the close of the war, fell into rapid decline after the tragedy of that April night. Heavily mortgaged, the property passed into other hands, but for years never found a tenant. Far and near the negroes spoke of the home as haunted, and none of their race could be induced to set foot within its gates. One night the sentry at the guardhouse saw sudden light on the westward sky, and then a column of flame. Again the fire alarm resounded among the echoing walls of the barracks; but when the soldiers reached the scene, a seething ruin was all that was left of the old southern home. Somebody sent Cram a marked copy of a New Orleans paper, and in their cozy quarters at Fort Hamilton the captain read it aloud to his devoted Nell: "The old house has been vacant an object of almost superstitious dread to the neighborhood," said the Times, "ever since the tragic death of Armand Lascelles in the spring of 1868. In police annals the affair was remarkable because of the extraordinary chain of circumstantial evidence which for a time seemed to fasten the murder upon an officer of the army then stationed at Jackson barracks, but whose innocence was triumphantly established. Mme. Lascelles, it is understood, is now educating her daughter in Paris, whether she removed immediately after her marriage, a few months ago, to Capt. Philippe Lascelles, formerly of the confederate army, a younger brother of her first husband."

"Well," said Cram, "I'll have to send that to Waring. They're in Vienna by this time, I suppose. Look here, Nell, how was it that when we fellows were fretting about Waring's attentions to madame, you should have been so serenely superior to it all, even when, as I know, the stories reached you?"

"Ah, Ned, I knew a story worth two of those. He was in love with Natalie Maitland all the time."

[THE END.]

MEN WHO NEVER MARRY.

Confirmed Bachelors Exposed for the Benefit of the Fair Sex.

The men who never marry are too often only sons who are made too comfortable at home by their adoring female relatives.

Here is a case in point, says the Boston Globe. He lived with an old widowed mother and three devoted sisters in various stages of spinsterhood, and if ever a man was regularly spoiled that man was he.

They would, when he was dining out, put on his gloves and socks for him, perfume his pocket handkerchief, and leave a buttonhole in a specimen vase on his dressing table. He was not allowed to pin it in for himself, though; they did that. Last thing of all, they would run downstairs and tie a silk muffler round his neck for fear he should take a chill.

When he came home one of them would be waiting for him, and run to the door to open it. Dinner was ordered with an eye to his special tastes and likings, and the whole house was ordered to please him.

Now, that man would never marry. That was a foregone conclusion. Nobody else could ever make him so comfortable; one wife couldn't vie with three maiden sisters and a mother in petting and spoiling; he knew that he was a great deal too well off to ever change his state.

Another kind of man never marries—the man who is overcautious. He thinks he will be quite sure before he asks a girl to marry him that he won't see another girl he likes better. Then he considers that he isn't, perhaps, quite in a position safely to marry just yet.

So he waits and waits till old age comes upon him, and then he thinks he will marry and provide himself with a nurse. But still he can't decide whom to have. A young wife wouldn't show him enough care and an old wife would soon want taking care of herself.

Finally he drops out of the world, a lonely, unregretted old bachelor, and no woman weeps for his loss.

You can generally pick out the men who will never marry by one or two pretty certain signs. Selfish men marry. Women haters marry.

Confirmed bachelors marry pretty often, and so do the men people call most unlikely. But the spoiled man's name never figures in the list of marriages in the daily paper, nor that of the man who is overcautious.

Always in Mischief.

As every season has its boyish games, so it has also its boyish dangers. Says Mr. Grogan as reported by the Indianapolis Journal: "I see by the papers that the small boys that was gittin' themselves drown't last summer is now a-fallin' out o' hickory trees an' breakin' in their necks."

The great English Almanac appeared in 1847, brought out at Trinity College, Cambridge; and the first printed almanac was "Shepherd's Kalendar," 1497.

The first dictionary was compiled by a Chinaman, Pa-ont-she, who lived about 1100 B.C.

CONSTITUTIONAL MONEY.

The Use of Silver as Money Is a Constitutional Right of Which Congress Cannot Deprive the People.

As King Saul towered above his fellows in physical stature, so does Senator Morgan rise above his associates in the senate as an exponent of the constitution. It is conceded by democrats and republicans alike that Senator Morgan is the ablest constitutional lawyer in the senate or that has held a seat in that body since the days of Daniel Webster. Hence when he speaks upon any subject involving a constitutional principle he commands the respect of the senate and arrests the attention of the whole country.

In his speech before the senate Mr. Morgan took the broad ground that the use of silver as money was a constitutional right of which congress could not deprive the people. In most explicit language the constitution recognizes gold and silver as the money of this country, and grants to congress the power to regulate the coinage of the two metals on equal terms. There is nowhere in the constitution even the suspicion of authority for congress to discriminate between the two metals, much less to demonetize either. A fair construction of the constitution is that if there is unlimited coinage for one metal there must be for both. There can be no separation of the terms or conditions upon which the two metals shall be coined. But if by strained construction it should be held that congress did have this power, this would not carry with it the right or power to strip either of its money quality with which it is invested by the constitution in language as plain as it is possible to make it.

Congress has not the constitutional power to demonetize silver or gold. Both are coupled together so inseparably by the terms of the constitution that the right to destroy one would carry with it the right to destroy both; and if gold and silver were both demonetized the country would be left without any money. Surely there is no one, not even the hard-faced gold champion, who would have the temerity to contend that congress has the right to destroy the whole money supply of the nation. Then the converse must be true. If both cannot be destroyed, then neither one can be singled out for destruction.

The use of silver as money is a right guaranteed by the organic law, and it is as sacred a right as any guaranteed by that instrument which is the palladium of our liberties. If silver can be stricken down, then any other provision of the constitution can be violated with equal impunity. The people of this country will not permit an invasion of their constitutional rights by either congress or the executive. This is a government of constitutional limitations, and it is necessary to maintain it as such in order to preserve the liberties of the people. If any branch of the government attempts to usurp authority not delegated by the constitution, the people will rise in their might and overthrow the usurper. The goldolaters are treading on dangerous ground when they attempt to deprive the people of their constitutional right to use silver as a part of the money of the country. The people will not submit to it. They will not be robbed of their constitutional rights. As long as American manhood and American patriotism exist, the constitution shall be preserved intact, and the people shall have full enjoyment of all the rights guaranteed by that instrument.

A TRUMP CARD.

Friends of Silver Should Use the Sherman Law to Force from the Gold-Bugs a Reasonable Compromise.

To repeat this "cowardly makeshift" (the Sherman law)—the whole of it—and stop there would be to revive the Sherman law of 1873, which closes the mints to silver and demonetizes the silver dollar. To repeat the law and stop there would be to destroy the legal tender quality of our silver currency. To repeat merely the purchasing clause and stop there would be to take a step that the platform does not even suggest, much less warrant.

What then is the plain meaning of the platform that cannot be disguised or covered up? It is this—that the Sherman law is a "cowardly makeshift" which should give way to currency legislation in accordance with the further declarations of the platform. The republicans and John Sherman are called on by the democratic platform to repeal the Sherman law, but, speaking for itself, the party goes on to make this significant declaration: "We hold to both the use of gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage."

To hold to anything is not to turn it loose or to drop it. That much, we think, will be conceded even by those who are trying to interpret the platform in the interest of the gold sharks and money lenders. This being so, how can the democratic party hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country by repealing the Sherman law? Such action will revive the act of demonetization of 1873, and while we shall still have silver in our currency, it will be a liability instead of an asset; it will be redeemable in gold instead of being employed as the money of final redemption. In short, with the unconditional repeal, silver would no longer be a money standard, and thus one of the vital pledges of the party platform would be defeated.

The Constitution has not opposed unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. It has thought and hoped that after this law was out of the way President Cleveland would consent to legislation calculated to satisfy the people that they had not been deceived or misled by the party platform. But that hope has been destroyed. If anything is clear in Mr. Cleveland's letter to Gov. Norther it is the fact that he will not endorse legislation making silver, along with gold, the standard money of the country. He cuts the ground from under the feet of those democratic sena-

tors who have declared for unconditional repeal in order that the way might be made clear for silver legislation. They no longer have that argument to stand on and their position now becomes untenable. The best they can now do for their party and the people is to take their stand once more on the democratic platform, and use the Sherman law to force from the gold-bugs of the east a reasonable and an honorable compromise. —Atlanta Constitution (Dem.).

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

Its Work Is Acceptable to the Friends of Silver.

The resolutions adopted by the bimetallic convention at St. Louis will be generally acceptable to the friends of silver. They were moderate in tone, comprehensive in detail and plain in language. The delegates let the country know where they stand.

While calling for a closer commercial and political alliance between the west and south the resolutions were not radical in tone, as some who are unacquainted with western and southern people feared they would be. Mutual protection and advancement is demanded along all legitimate lines.

The attention of the north and east is called to the fact that the manufacturers of those sections cannot have prosperity while the south and west are depressed and without sufficient money to move their crops, develop new industries and purchase manufactured products. This is directly in line with the awakening that is now taking place in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in the east.

The demand for the free and unlimited coinage of silver cannot be misinterpreted nor misunderstood. Closer commercial relations for all countries favorable to free coinage is properly suggested. It would be folly to ask an alliance with the gold-bug countries while the silver nations are disorganized and totally independent of each other in their course and policy on the silver question.

It was well enough to declare against a further issue of government bonds as contrary to the best