

BEULAH.

JOHN ARENT.

When the autumn winds are roaring,
And the autumn rains are pouring
Upon the glass against the pane,
Beside these set the fire;
When the fire is burning dimly,
And the shadows wave grimly
Along the chamber wall,
Then on my heart dark shadows fall,
All my joy to sorrow turning,
All my life to flame burning,
While my throbbing heart and brain
Throb unto the sad refrain
Of the rain.

Against the pane,
For my darling, sainted health,
Whom I loved—who loved me truly
With a love that ne'er can die,
And is gone from me forever,
Ere the last fond word was spoken,
The thread of life was broken,
And in the misty, haunted twilight,
Between the light and the starlight,
He laid his head to sleep,
To the regions which are light,
To be seen no more by mortals,
Yet still stands within the portals
Of that far-off silent land,
Beckoning with her slender hand.

THE RED FLAG AT NO. 64.

Cousin Ned, from California, Nevada, New Mexico, and all other places beyond the Rocky Mountains, has been paying us a visit. You know what a jolly good soul Ned always was and he is just as jolly now—as why should he not be with an income of six or seven thousand a year? Beside that, my poor George's eighteen hundred hides its diminished head. He is handsomer than ever, too—the same merry brown eyes and chestnut hair; but, in addition an appearance, an air so altogether distinctive, that our neighbors all go to their windows to gaze after him. Well, do you know, the moment he appeared I set my heart on him for our dear old friend Adelaide, who shall not waste her sweethearts on the desert air if I can help it. You know I always had a fancy for making matches, though to confess the truth I have never yet scored a success in that line; my two predestined affinities always fly off at a tangent just as I flatter myself matters are progressing beautifully.

But Adelaide and Ned have been corresponding a year or two; he speaks of her with great respect—as how could he otherwise, of course?—and I have fondly hoped that his mission to the east may have more relation to the affairs of the heart than to mining stock as he pretends.

Well, soon after his arrival, three weeks ago, Ned and I were sitting in the dining room alone; the children had started for school, and George had kissed me and gone down town, after an hours' talk about ranches, burros, gulches, and canyons. Now that I was alone with our visitor, the conversation took a confidential turn, bordering on the sentimental, and in pursuance of the idea, uppermost in my mind I told him I thought it mysterious, providential, that he had not fallen a victim to some bonanza princess, or some bewitching senorita with no dowry but her beauty.

"And by the way," I went on, "what was ever the trouble between you and the captain's daughter, Ned?"

You remember, of course Julia, how much we heard at that time about that affair—how during the war I used to read to you, even during study hours, the letters I had received from brother Jim, stationed at Fortress Monroe, giving the details in Jim's rather satirical style, of the serious flirtation in progress between Lieut. Ned, of Company C, and Captain Darrington's pretty daughter, of the regulars? And afterward, how some way a shadow came between them—nobody could tell how, only that Ned was hasty, and had exaggerated ideas of a man's prerogatives perhaps, and Miss Darrington was proud and shy. So it was forgotten.

And now this same lieutenant, after hair-breadth escapes from shot and shell, and scalping Apaches, sat there in an easy chair by my Baltimore heater, and actually turned pale because I mentioned the captain's daughter!

He had nothing to communicate, however; had me consider that we were always great fools at 27, and likewise at that time to get caught in a trap, or, on the other hand, to throw our chances of happiness away, just as it chanced to be; he became silent, and I had not the heart to rally him as he sat there watching the floating smoke of his cigar with a far-off look in his eyes—knowing as I did that he had gone back fifteen years, and that he was walking the moon-light beach with pretty Lottie Darrington, while the band of the regiment played in the distance.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—it is always my fate, dear Julia, Barney, the factotum of the neighborhood, tapped at the window, and as I raised the sash, said:

"A foine morning, mum; there's a red flag out an number 54, and I thought I'd be after coming to tell ye. 'Tis a foine house, and foine leddy, more's the pity."

You see Barney knows my weakness, and he had seen me a few days before an animated bidder at an auction in the neighborhood.

"Thank you Barney, I think I'll be on hand," I replied, closing the window.

"A foine leddy," to be sure; I had often met her—a fair-faced woman, plainly and tastefully dressed, walking with two children. Her house seemed the abode of peace and comfort, so far as the passer-by could judge, and what could have compelled the breaking up of so fine an establishment? At all events I would not stop to speculate—it was possible here was my opportunity to secure a handsome sideboard at a bargain. As I wished to be on hand in time to look through the house before the sale began, I asked Ned to have the goodness to excuse me for an hour or so.

"Oh, I will go with you, Mrs. Toodles," he said, quite gayly, and ran up-stairs for his hat and cane.

So off we went to 54, where the flaming flag announced the desecration of household goods. We were admitted by the men in charge of the sale; and such a charming abode! Not a down-right curiosity shop, the effect of decorative art run mad, but such taste and ingenuity every where visible. People with shrewd, hard faces, boarding-house keepers, "second-hand men," eying the engravings and pretty water-colors on the parlor wall, running their greasy fingers over the keys of the piano, turning chairs topsy-turvy, and shaking tables to see how firm on their legs they might be. Sitting by a window I discovered old Mrs.

Wiggan, with whom I had a little acquaintance.

"Such a charming house!" said I. "Is it not a pity to break up this charming nest. Do you know the family?"

"Poor Mrs. Graham! She lived here with her children so comfortably and happily, two or three lodgers on her upper floor, until a few months ago she lost everything by the failure of a banking-house. She had no relatives in the city; has struggled on, tried to get boarders, but the location is too remote; she sees no way but to give it up, place her children with friends in the country, and try to earn a livelihood by painting."

My eyes were dim, and I would gladly at that moment have relinquished the best bargain in sideboards. Ned, too, looked awful sorry, as he gazed meditatively out of the window where the bright-eyed little girl and boy were loading dirt into a tiny cart with a miniature shovel. From the floor above came the sharp ring of the auctioneer's voice.

"How much—how much? Six dollars—did you say \$7—gone at \$7!"

The auctioneer descended with his followers into the front chamber. Before I knew it Ned was there, and, in his impetuous way, was bidding in a fashion to astonish the "second-hand men." "Was there insanity in his mind?" I asked myself. He made a brave stand for the sideboard, but it was of no avail. Every article from the second floor down was purchased that morning by the distinguished stranger.

All had gone but Ned, myself, and the auctioneer. The latter knocked at the door of the back parlor. "Come in," said a voice, and the burly man swung the doors aside. The mother was making an effort to rise, but the little boy was clinging so closely about her neck that she could not readily free herself. As she arose and came forward we saw the traces of tears, the paleness of her face, the tremulousness of her whole form.

From Ned, who was standing just behind me, I suddenly heard the words:

"My God! is it possible!"

Turning, I saw him with a face most indescribable in expression. Of course there was no doubt about his being out of his mind—too much auction had made him mad. The auctioneer, after opening the doors, had been called suddenly away, and we three now stood there—those two gazing at each other, and I at both.

"Edwin!" at last said Mrs. Graham; "Edwin!" with voice and smile so sweet and sad that I did not wonder at what followed.

Ned's ashéen face suddenly flushed all over.

"Lottie!" he cried, stretching his arms toward her. "Lottie, my beloved, have I found you again?" and he clasped her to his heart.

The queerest termination to an auction! I have seen many in my capacity as housewife, but never one like this. Mrs. Graham was the "captain's daughter," and the generous impulse of the honest Californian had restored his old sweetheart her home—yes, and the heart of her faithful lover.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, shyly, "is this gentleman the auctioneer, and will he take away all our pretty things?"

"No, my darling," said Ned, lifting the child far above his head, and then bringing the round cheek to a level with his own lips, "all your pretty things will remain—you and mamma, too."

"And you, too?" said Bertie, cordially. "I like you."

And so these two, after years of separation were brought together again. And in such an odd manner, too! I couldn't help thinking how differently I should have managed it, had I been writing a story instead of acting a part in real life. I should have found Mrs. Graham first, and sympathizingly got her to tell me the history of her troubles. Of course she would have mentioned Ned, and of course I should have seen at a glance that she loved him still. And then I should have seen the good angel to bring them together, and merit and receive their life-long thanks; but instead of that, here was Barne acting the part of the angel without knowing it, and my one chance for a romantic adventure spoiled for ever. It is shameful, abominable! And then my plans for Adelaide and Ned—of course it was clear they never could succeed now. And yet I felt delighted.

I went home, leaving Ned at No. 54. What a heavenly change for Mrs. Graham! How different from that of the morning looked the sunlight of this afternoon! Her home intact—her little ones safely near—the prospect of the lonely garret faded away like a frightful dream. And Ned was as happy as a clam for having remembered the widow and the fatherless. I had them all to dinner that night. Mrs. Graham is charming; I will say it, even if Adelaide dies an old maid.

There will be a wedding soon at No. 54. I have already received as a present a sideboard much handsomer than Mrs. Graham's. Barney will be provided for, and we shall all bless the day that Cousin Ned went to the auction and bought up the entire establishment—including a widow and two children not on the list.

It is time, my dear Julia, for me to look after the dinner; but I thought I must write to you this little romance of my humdrum life.

The Painted Caves of Texas.

Mr. J. Van Wie informs the reporter of the San Antonio Express that his grading forces on the Mexican extension of the Sunset Railway are now at Painted Cave, on Devil's River, or about two miles beyond. There are three caves at this locality, all of which are painted, the figures being buffaloes, bears, Indians with bows and arrows in warlike attitudes, Indians mounted on the chase, squaws, etc. The caves have been tattooed entirely within, and many of these figures are still in a good state of preservation. This work was done by the red men in years long gone by, as the oldest white citizens remember these paintings, and say they look very much now as they appear thirty and forty years ago indicating the great age of the paintings.

Mr. Van Wie has occupied one of these caves for kitchen and dining-room purposes. It is about forty feet long and ten feet wide. It is approached by climbing a hill, when the cave is entered by the side of the hill. Its mouth is covered by clusters of vines pendant from the branches and boughs

of a clump of blackberry trees. In the top of this cave is a hole, extending to the surface, through which Mr. Van Wie has run two stove-pipes. Another cave still, its shape being round, and of capacity to hold seventy or eighty persons, is used for storage purposes. The third cave opens in a solid rock bluff, being about six feet in diameter at the mouth, and extends backward a distance of about 150 feet.

Selected Miscellany.

The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.

We carry all our neighbors' crimes in the light and throw all our own over our shoulder.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

No life can be utterly miserable that is heightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow and remorse.

The praises of others may be of use in tricking us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Though avarice will preserve a man from being needlessly poor, it generally makes him too poor to be healthy.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a life-time is unraveled.

A great many people's lives are like the blunderbuss that had a rusted load in it. At the discharge the owner is himself kicked over.

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of "standing up," as people call it, for their little slights, is one of most disagreeable and undignified in the world.

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a penny because it is not a dollar.

The bad and vicious may be boisterously gay, and vulgarly humorous but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

Health is the bed-plate, on which the whole mental machinery must rest and work. If this is cracked, or displaced, all the mechanism that stands on it will be jarred and disturbed, and made ineffective.

The victory in a debate lies not in lowering an opponent, but in raising the subject in public estimation. Controversial wisdom lies not in destroying his error; not in making him ridiculous, so much as in making the audience wise.

Cold is not kept out with "For God's sake!" or "For the prophet's sake!" but with four seers of cotton—Aigan. A learned man without works is a cloud without rain.—Arable. Worship without faith is a waste of flowers.—Telugu.

He who lives happily through the short rosy days of his youth, and, far from envy and complaining, strives to be good, still enjoys the days of his youth when the winter of life approaches, and contentment and virtue scatter flowers along his path. Without fear, he can look before and behind.

Playing Euchre For Kisses.

Kingston, N.Y., Freeman.

An up town young lady and gentleman play games of euchre nights in the young lady's parlor, under the agreement that when he wins he is to kiss her and when she wins she is to kiss him. The arrangement seems to have been very satisfactory, and it has astonished the rest of the folks who are not in the secret why it is that they do so love to play euchre. If one of the members of the family happens to be in the room when games are won or lost why the fulfillment of the contract is put off until a kissing opportunity occurs, and it is said that in some instances when a large number of forfeits become due it requires almost a continual kiss and return for half an hour or more to finish up. This practice a person would suppose to be quite wearisome and exhaustive, but the young people bear up under it wonderfully and seem quite cheerful and happy. Had it not been for some jealous chaps that secret compact between the two probably would never have been known to the world and thus other couples deprived of the chance to test it themselves. The jealous youths, while looking at the window one night, saw the form of the coupleashedow on the window shades, and as they could see them play cards, and then, as the last card was slapped down, hear one or other say, "Oh glory, it's my turn!" or, "Oh cream and peaches, I will try it this time!" and could see the shadowy motions as they and told it as big joke, when they were only sighing that they couldn't have part in the contract.

He Did Not Advertise.

Bonfort's Circular.

A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked if there was anything she could do for him. He said no; he didn't want anything. She went away, and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just wanted to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says, above all things, I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise any in the newspapers, I thought it would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I dropped in for a few hours of complete isolation."

The merchant picked up a box of cambric to brain him, but the man went on. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.

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A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

The Heroine a Daughter of Anti-Bellum Cabinet Officer.

New Orleans Democrat.

Toward the close of Pierce's administration society in Washington was much agitated and interested by a brilliant marriage of the daughter of a member of the cabinet who then enjoyed a world-wide fame as a financier and political economist.

This was Robert J. Walker, a man of remarkable intellectual acuteness, great research and indefatigable industry.

There was no lovelier or more attractive young woman than his daughter. Her mother, a lineal descendant from Benjamin Franklin, had contributed to her talents and charms, largely to the success of her husband in politics, law and social advancement. The happy bridegroom on the occasion was a naval officer of one of the oldest creole families of Louisiana.

The marriage ceremonies were of the most brilliant character. The President, every member of the cabinet, the foreign ministers, the senators, in fine, all the notabilities of Washington, attended, blessed and were enthused by the happy scene of a marriage that seemed so congenial, suitable and felicitous.

After their marriage the young couple went on the grand tour to Europe, and took up their residence in Paris, where they sojourned for some months. Their means were ample and their circle of friends and associates were of the highest social class. And so for many years the course of their marriage life ran smoothly, until disasters, political, sectional and financial, fell upon them and their families. At the breaking out of our civil war, Robert J. Walker attached himself to the fortunes of the North and became a bitter enemy of the Southern struggle. His son-in-law was compelled, by every obligation of honor, State pride and duty to the ancient family of which he was a member, to identify himself with the South.

The consequent alterations and discord led to their permanent separation. The young wife retired with her child to her mother and family in Philadelphia, and there resided for several years in seclusion. In the meantime Mr. Robert J. Walker had lost by the investment in a railroad enterprise the large fortune he had acquired by his professional success, and at his death left a widow in narrow circumstances. His widowed daughter, despite her extreme reserve, could not fail to attract the attention, sympathy and interest of the friends of the father and mother. Many advances were made by gentlemen of wealth and prominence to engage her favorable consideration of proposals of marriage.

She resisted, for some time, all such advances. At last, however, her friends and society were aounded by the report that she had accepted the hand of a gentleman distinguished in the professional and political world, but cursed with a deformity and mutilation as repulsive and revolting as that of the veiled Mokane of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

In boyhood he had fallen into the fire on his face, and so burned it as to present even now, in an advanced age, a most pitiable and hideous aspect.

These who are accustomed to make summer visits and sojourns at Long Branch have not failed to observe in the parlors of the West End Hotel, on the promenades and drives of that delightful resort, the unhappy victim of this cruel misfortune, in a stout gentleman of good figure, of dignified and graceful carriage, but with a face so blured, scarred and distorted