

The News and Herald.

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"GONE."

Boons in a London railway station—departure of emigrants for Liverpool.
Ay! mark ye well the anguish of the parting:
That cry of "Gone!"
Is wrung from hearts through which fierce pain is darting.
All hope withdrawn;
The souls of women and of children smiting
White life drains on.

Childrens!—but not through heaven's divine affliction.
In helpless age;
And husbandless!—oh! sorrow beyond fret on,
Words cannot gauge!
And fatherless!—where lies the benediction
That can assuage.

Speak not to them. The words of consolation
No help reveal.
Within that hour of awful separation
Think what they feel,
Bearing the pain with lowly resignation,
That gold might heal.

Their lips are dumb. The instincts of impression,
They know it not.
To bear the woes that fall in quick succession
Is all their lot;
They form no scheme that leads them towards
redemption,
While tears fall hot.

Then gaze with coldness on their voiceless
wailing,
Ay! if you can;
Think of the wanderer on the ocean sailing;
Thou richer man!
Couldst thou not bear his anguish without
quailing?
Then find some plan.

Such misery is not of heaven's sending,
For gold can cure;
The sorrows that are not beyond earth's mending
Let none endure.
"With you," cries One in clouds of light ascending,
"I leave My poor!"

Margery's Secret.

Henry Fleet, the blacksmith, had a cosy little house in Newburg, which he called his bird's nest. It, with ten good acres attached, had been in the Fleet family for three generations. The one son had always followed the occupation of the sire, as though they were born to the business. Harry had a pride in his work, and to those friends who had a large ambition for him, he was wont to say "I was born a blacksmith; I like it, and will remain one."

In his bird's nest lived his wife, Margery and his little son. They were the joy and light of his work-a-day life.

For a number of years Harry had been a very happy man; but a cloud had gathered in the sky, and at last it had moved along just over his cottage, and there it obstinately stood. He had stood as long for an old friend who was in danger of losing his liberty in consideration of certain liabilities. The friend had turned him.

Margery knew something had gone wrong. He tried to keep the whole story to himself, but the shrewd little woman managed to ascertain his secret trouble.

"You see, Margery, I don't mind, I can work for you and the boy well enough, but the homestead, there is no help for it; that must go, and it has been in the Fleet family ever since it was a wilderness."

Harry told her the responsibility. Said he: "Old Squire Mitchell has it, and I have mortgaged the place. He has given me several months in which to redeem it, but he might as well take it now, Margery, I shall be no better prepared to pay it then."

Harry went to work, and Margery to rummaging. She had always been able to adapt means to ends, and supply the means too, if necessary, for a wise little thinking cap she was in possession of. But this time she was sorely puzzled. She spent the afternoon in endeavoring to plan a method of relief, but it crept away and she felt tired and defeated.

It was supper time. She heard her husband's foot strike the gravelled walk at the same time she was struck with an idea. She put his supper on the table without a word, and instead of sitting down with him as usual, said: "Do you mind looking after the baby awhile? I want to run out."

A neighbor came in soon after and inquired for Mrs. Fleet.

"She has gone out," he replied.

"It must have been her I saw going into Lawyer Knowles' office a moment ago," said the neighbor.

Harry did not reply, but he did not like it. Young Knowles had once been a suitor of Margery's. A little wavering, at first, his attention, for he was a shrewd young fellow, acute in his profession, and his personal matters looking always to the main chance, and Margery had no fortune but her face; though there was a rumor about the time of her marriage that an uncle in a distant part of the country had left her property, more or less and her relatives there had made it appear that she died in childhood, and taken possession of it themselves. But Knowles had lost his heart to her so effectually, before this report that he proposed, and had been unhesitatingly rejected, greatly to the astonishment of himself and Harry Fleet.

Margery was an orphan, and had been reared by Harry's kind parents, and from continued association with him had learned to read his big heart so well that she knew who reigned queen in it long before he had courage to tell her. He, really, never could see why she had preferred a plain man like himself to one whom he considered so finished in worldly graces as young Knowles. Harry did not like what transpired, and though too sensible a man to get jealous at a wife, he was not a little perplexed when his wife made no mention of her

business out, on returning. As the weeks went by he came to know of her calling there at other times, and once, on coming home earlier than usual, he met Knowles at his gate coming out. At heart he had perfect faith in his wife, but fortune had begun to rack him on her wheel and a matter that he would have thought little of a few weeks before, now had the power to torture him.

He was grieved to see his wife's manner toward him, was changed. It was not trouble; she never spoke of their approaching loss, and he often found her anguished, moody as a lark, but there was no longer perfect confidence between them. There was something she was keeping hid, he thought. And Margery did have a secret, and kept it—the old adage notwithstanding.

Finally the day arrived on which the date of the mortgage expired. Harry's face had a set look. Always in the way he thought, when around the house, watching Margery while deftly clearing up things. Everything she touched yielded like magic. This morning she was unusually skilful, and not a trace of regret was there in that sparkling face of hers.

Harry was woefully cast down. His clouded face seemed a reproach to her. He had not raised the money, and could not be said. The squire offered him an extension of time; he would not have it.

"It is of no use," said he, "and we may as well be over with it at once. The little place is not worth more than the money you loaned me. I will make you a deed of it, and you may write that the mortgage is satisfied."

He produced pen and ink, looking all the time like a man about to sign his own death warrant. Then baby was huddled unceremoniously into its cradle, and Margery unlocked a little drawer in her husband's desk, producing a package, and placing it before the Squire, asked him to count its contents. It was found to cover the whole amount for which her husband had given the mortgage.

"It was left to me by my uncle Heath," explained Margery. "Lawyer Knowles was in need of all his shrewdness to straighten the matter out, and I paid him a round sum for his services."

Harry called himself a slow man, and it did take him some time to get the better of his amazement. He had barely succeeded in comprehending the whole, as his wife turned from the door, from which the squire had made his exit. Then, for the first time, the little woman broke down. She threw herself into the strong arms that were ready to receive her.

"Oh, Harry! how could you—how could you be so jealous of me!"

He answered not at all, but held her as if in one of his own iron vises. Presently he fell to kissing her hair, forehead, cheeks and lips; and looking up, she saw what she had never seen before; on the cheeks of her Vulcan were two round, big tears.

Harry did not go to the shop that day, and the baby was sadly neglected.

It was several years ago that this event occurred, and Harry's bird nest is now called "The Dove Cot" by the observing neighbors.

The Grace Cup.

The origin of the grace cup, or, as it is sometimes called, the "loving cup," passed round from guest to guest at state banquets and city feasts, is thus accounted for: "The grace cup derives its name and use from an amusing little fact illustrative of the manners and customs of the Scotch nobles in the eleventh century. That royal Christianizer, Margaret Atheling, the consort of Malcolm Kenmore, observing that they had an irreverent habit of rising before the table before grace could be pronounced by her chaplain, promised to reward all who could be induced to tarry for that ceremony with a draught of *libitum* from a large gold cup of the choicest wine, which was passed from hand to hand round the board, after the thanksgiving for the meal had been duly said. The bribe offered by the beautiful young queen was too agreeable to be resisted by the lithero graces of northern magnates; each was eager to claim his share of the grace cup, as this social goblet was called; and the custom instituted in the palace became so popular that it was observed in the Baron's halls, and wherever festive cheer was to be found throughout the land. The fashion of the grace cup was of course introduced in England by all degrees who could afford to honor a custom so much in unison with national taste. Every person of consequence could boast of a grace cup in the Middle Ages, and even at the period of the Reformation they are occasionally enumerated and described in inventories of plate and jewels, and bequeathed in wills."

Why There is no Rain in Peru.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southwest trade winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great southeast boiler, yet it never rains there. The southeast trade winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the northeast they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and other tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes; here is wrong from them the last particle of moisture that a very low temperature can attract. Reaching the summit of that range they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slope beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean. Thus we see how the tops of the Andes became the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.

Bubble's Learned Cat.

Mr. Bubble was a well-to-do old gent, and if he had any particular weakness it was for training his pets. His house and barn were filled with them, greatly to the disgust of Mrs. Bubble, who hated everything of the kind. He had a learned pig, a precocious rooster, a trick dog, a comprehending cow, a marvelous horse, an educated rat, and the Lord knows how many other things. But as yet he had no learned cat, and his heart yearned for one. He had tried to train two or three different ones, but his trick dog had a trick of worrying them out of existence, or out of the neighborhood, and so Bubble was still under a cloud. If he only had a learned cat he would be complete.

Finally he obtained a fine large specimen, one quite large enough to take his own part, so far as the dog was concerned, and he at once set about educating him. Contrary to his former experience, he found his new delight quite tractable, and in a few weeks he had "Tommy" so well developed that he would perform several tricks wonderfully well, and one afternoon, while entertaining a company of friends to dinner, Bubble had to tell them about his latest animal wonder.

"You would be surprised," said he, "to see what a genius there is in that cat Tommy."

Some one suggested that the wonderful feline be summoned into the presence of the company, and accordingly Tommy was sent for.

"My friends, as the preliminary to my performance I propose to show you how nicely he can walk over this table without disturbing the least thing, or offering to eat whatever may be in his reach."

Mrs. Bubble protested, but he would have his own way, and Tommy was ordered to leap upon the table and walk over it carefully.

But learned cats are quite as unreluctant as any other, and Tommy didn't appear to be ambitious for fame on that occasion. The first thing he did was to turn around and put his hind foot in the butter. Then he started forward a little and in trying to get at that buttered step he knocked over the cream pitcher, the sugar bowl, and becoming more and more demoralized he put one of his fore paws into a cup of hot tea. Then he gave a groan of pain and made a dive to get away, knocking the tea-pot over into Mrs. Bubble's lap, and receiving a cuff which started him in another direction, and caused him to overset a dish of gravy. Into this he stepped, and then jumped upon the head of an old fellow without any hair, and producing a stamp which tipped over the table and produced a regular hurricane.

Bubble was all the while exclaiming: "Come here, Tommy, poor Tommy," but his calls were disregarded by that educated cat, and Mrs. B. seized a stool and sent it flying after poor Tom. The stool and Tommy went through the window together, carrying away the sash and all at one fell swoop.

After comparing quite a long restoration, Bubble tried to convince the company that the cat was a little out of training, but on account of a subsequent conversation held between him and his wife, it is safe to say that he will not exhibit his learned cat again right away.

White House Etiquette.

The ceremonious dinners at the White House are as much matters of course as the reception of the President's wife by day and his own (usually called levees, no one knows why) by night. Custom has made it obligatory on our Chief Magistrate to give several of these dinners during each session of Congress. It is a handsome apartment, forty by thirty feet, known as the "State dining room," is provided for these banquets. There is another smaller room, where the President and his family take their meals, and where they often entertain their friends. Twenty or twenty-five can comfortably dine therein. The "State dining room" adjoins the red parlor and has a door of communication with that and two with the hall. It is carpeted with a red and blue patterned carpet and antique furniture, including a solid mahogany buffet of the largest size, which looks as if it had been in use half a century at least. There are two windows fronting south, reaching from floor to ceiling; there is a mantle-piece and fire-place at one end of the room and side table of marble in the other. The walls are tinted in a pale blue and are decorated with gilt bands. The table is covered with a long and broad enough to seat forty guests and leave abundant space for the servants to pass around it. A mirror about two feet wide and long enough to extend nearly the entire length of the table is one of the heirlooms of the White House, and is always placed horizontally along the center of the table when feasts are given. It has an ornate gilt frame and is given. The foundation for the table decorations. There are other handsome ornaments belonging to the White House, as for example, the *Hiawatha* vase, representing *Hiawatha* in a single-masted vessel on a crystal lake (a mirror) on whose borders are representations of silver of aquatic plants and amphibious animals. This is a handsome piece of the use of the White House by Mrs. Grant at the Centennial Exhibition. The table linen is very fine. The glass is the finest white cut glass, as thin as egg shells. The china is white Sevres, with a colored border. The silver is massive, and for the desert the celebrated gold forks and spoons which were brought down from Van Buren are used. China, glass and linen all have a simple marked "President's House." The dinners are the only official entertainments given at the White House at which refreshments are offered. The custom of offering even the simplest collation at any of the public receptions was long since abandoned, not only because it was impossible to provide food for the multitude which crowded in on such occasions, but also on account of the piggyish way in which the roused and swilled lemonade, throwing as much on the carpets as into the rapacious mouth. Those who are entertained at the State dinners are members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives and the foreign ministers. The wives of all who are married are asked when the husbands are there; these dinners are never "sing-parties." When a foreigner of high rank, who may be regarded as a sovereign representing a foreign nation or a sovereign visits Washington, he is usually dining in state at the White House. It is etiquette not to decline an invitation to one of these feasts for any reason of less magnitude than a death in the family or severe

illness. Previous engagements, however important, must be canceled when an invitation to dine with the President is received. Once during the last session a member of Congress and his wife, who gave very elegant dinners, invited most of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with them on a certain day. All accepted, and the dinner was in process of preparation, when Mr. President Grant, who had been deputed by his annual diplomatic dinner, thinking that the Russian section of the Emperor did not intend to accept his hospitality, issued invitations to the diplomats to dine with him. Etiquette compelled them to accept, but all had to excuse themselves from their first engagement and the M. C. and his wife were compelled to ask their guests. But all is for the best. With the Representative and his family the one dinner served as a substantial compliment to two sets of guests, those who ate it and those who declined to do so. But dinner is not so nice (unintentionally pleasure by any means). The dinner begins at 7 p. m. and are protracted until ten o'clock or after. Then again there is no elbow-room; the guests are so crowded around the mahogany that it is difficult for those on the same side of the table to lift their arms at the same moment to carry food to their lips. Hence it is sometimes the case that time to hatch, so it was other agree that each shall partake of the contents of turns, one eating while the other keeps the arms down, and vice versa.

Variations in Birds' Nests.

This year we have noticed three curious instances of a departure from the usual habits of birds in building their nests, which seem worth recording. The song-thrush lines her nest with cow-dung and clay; and it is usually considered by ornithologists as not so nice (unintentionally pleasure by any means). The dinner begins at 7 p. m. and are protracted until ten o'clock or after. Then again there is no elbow-room; the guests are so crowded around the mahogany that it is difficult for those on the same side of the table to lift their arms at the same moment to carry food to their lips. Hence it is sometimes the case that time to hatch, so it was other agree that each shall partake of the contents of turns, one eating while the other keeps the arms down, and vice versa.

Tom disappeared in the shaft, Jerry had straightened out one of his hind legs. Tom was taken out very seriously injured. He lingered between life and death for a long time. He had to have one of his legs amputated, and finally got up with a stiff arm. He is making his living as a musician in San Francisco now. A hand organ.

Finally, after he had been in five days, Tom Kerrigan took pity on him. Tom was a bad mule but he ought not to be allowed to starve. Tom rigged ropes, got help and hoisted him out. Then he walked up to Jerry, and patting him affectionately, said: "Had a pretty rough time, didn't you, old boy?"

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Jerry was getting to be prominent in Ivanpaugh. He was a rising mule. His conduct, however, was beginning to tell on his owner. Joe Singleton had come into camp a steady young man, but he was getting a little reckless and dissipated. Trouble on his mind.

Joe was getting poorer and he needed his mule's assistance. He tried Jerry for more, drawing the car in and out of the tunnel, Jerry drew the car out once, in a kicking manner. Just as he returned from the mouth of the tunnel to the face of it a big blast went off prematurely. Outside parties went into the tunnel, peering anxiously through the smoke to see if the fire was extinguished at the face. The blast had made an unexpectedly large hole in the floor of the tunnel. When the smoke grew less dense, Jerry was discovered standing at the bottom of this hole, unharmed, chewing a piece of fusa. Jerry would eat almost anything. He was partial to pieces of bacon rind, wagon covers and colors. He could make a comfortable meal on any grease. At one time he was stealing barley from a sack, there were some giant cartridges mixed in with the barley; he picked up one of the cartridges; a number of men were watching him, expecting to see him die most horrible death; they thought it would be a fit ending of his career. Jerry chewed and the cartridge exploded. His tail made a little tremendous noise—that was all. He spit out the shell and took another cartridge.

A new man from California came into the camp. He recognized Jerry and Joe. He said Joe had not given a hundred dollars for the mules. That Jerry was from the San Joaquin valley, where he had been a prominent leading mule. That there had been mass meetings of the citizens there to determine how to get rid of Jerry. He was thinking out the naming community. "That finally the county court of Merced county gave Joe Singleton, who was passing through the county, ten dollars to take the mule to Arizona. Joe's hundred dollar story was exploded. He was joked about it. He drank harder.

Jerry wandered further and further away from the camp. Joe had despaired of him. Other mules could not associate with him. They felt constrained in his presence. He disappeared.

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