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THE DESERTED FARM.

A dust worn traveller drew his rein
At sunset's crimson hour;
With lingering look what fold and plain
Stretch away to memory's power.
Long years have passed since last he viewed
His native south and west,
And silence now with shadowy mood
Midst cabins possessed.
There stands the homestead of his youth,
And mantling round its door
Wild roses bright of forty years gone by
Bloom as of yore.
From memory's endless store.

He sees again his father's form
Within the doorway stand,
His form, with silver hair to the storm,
Its passing to some transport,
Neatly and clean, kindness, there
Beaming from weather worn face,
And lost on this in comes as fair
He sees each loving face.
Fled vanished from the (illegible) dream
The past returns to memory,
Alone he stands with mother's gleam
Chase shadows on the floor.

Deserted now the window block
Share at the pasturey,
And weeds and grass, pale and rank,
In wind creep down the.
He turns from pastures green, at night,
To fancied scene the blue,
Nor longer cares with hearts to light
The hero of "auld lang syne."
He neighing steed from yonder stall
Impatient calls his master;
The shadow of night around him fall,
And all is desolate.

He turns again—with lingering look
Surveys the old domain,
He hears the murmuring of the brook
Which sparkled near the plain;
He old New England hamlet notes
Amid the gathering gloom—
The wanderer turns each more to roam
And leaves it to its doom.
The sighing winds a requiem sing
Amid the deserted cabin,
A sentinel memory still to bring
The old "deserted farm."

—W. H. Rogers in Boston Transcript.

A FAMOUS GEM.

"Pfui" said Uncle Venable. "You—want—to—get—married!"

"If you don't mind, sir," said Verbena, dropping her pretty head, while a blush like the lining of a pink sea shell crept over her face.

"But what nonsense that is!" said Mr. Venable, strutting his calmest drawers, leaning back in his chair and looking at Verbena with eyes like gimlets. "Who is the young man?"

"Please, uncle, it's Fritz," whispered Verbena, half inclined to run away and hide herself.

"Fritz!" roared Mr. Venable. "That farmer fellow!"

"He's a farmer," admitted Verbena, "but he owns his own farm, sir, and his mother is very anxious for me to come there, because—"

"Oh, I can imagine that!" said Mr. Venable with a sneer. "Yes, a Venable, talking about marrying a farmer! You, the heiress of the Malmaison emerald! You, that might take any place in society that you wish when once the value of the gem is known, to talk of allying yourself to a clodhopper like that, who doesn't know an opal from a moonstone!"

Verbena burst into tears.

"He isn't a clodhopper," said she. "And I wish there wasn't any such thing as the Malmaison emerald."

Mr. Venable transfixed his niece through his spectacles with a glare that might have paralyzed her.

"Silence, miss!" said he; "do you know it is on the reputation of the Malmaison emerald that the Venables will go down to fame? 'The Empress Josephine'—"

"I don't care for the Empress Josephine," said Verbena, who, having drawn the sword, was now minded to cast the scabbard away. "And I'm not particular about fame, and I don't suppose I shall be a Venable forever."

"This sort of talk won't do, Verbena," said the old gentleman, solemnly. "Where would society be if every one refused to bear the responsibilities and shoulder the cares of his station? You are not merely my niece, Verbena. You are the representative—the last surviving representative—of the Venables. To you in my will is left the guardianship of the Malmaison emerald."——

"I'm sick of hearing of it," vehemently protested Verbena.

"And," went on Mr. Venable, "I desire you to give up all idea of marrying this young man. It's entirely out of the question—entirely.

* * * * *

"But what is this about the Malmaison emerald?" asked Fritz Blomhie, in a bewildered way, when he found Verbena crying by the sitting room window a few hours later. Her blue eyes sparkled through their veil of tears.

"Does Mr. Venable think, sir, that you have never heard of the famous Malmaison emerald?"

"That's my meaning exactly," admitted Fritz. "Do consider in my behalf that I've only been here a year, and have much still to learn."

"Well, listen," said Verbena, half crying, half angry. "It's a famous uncut gem."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"And it used to belong to the Empress Josephine."

"Did it, indeed?"

"And she wore it in those days at Malmaison."

"Hence the name, eh?"

"I suppose so. And Queen Hortense gave it to some one who sold it to some lady clerk, and it was finally given to one of the Venables who was a surgeon in the English army by a dying officer out in Hindostan, to whom he had been able to render kind offices, and so it has come down to us. It really is a wonderful stone."

"I should suppose so," politely intended Fritz.

"They say," went on Verbena, "that when uncle kept it in the little iron safe let into the great chamber wall, whoever slept there used to dream of a beautiful, sad faced lady, who walked up and down in a marble terrace under the trees and wrung her hands. Visit was Empress Josephine, of course."

"Of course," still more incredulously.

"And my uncle believes that the color in the stone is always dim and turbid when the anniversary of the poor lady's death comes around," further added Verbena.

"Yes, that is exceedingly probable," dryly observes Mr. Blomhie.

"My uncle has been offered a great deal of money for the gem," said Verbena, with a sigh, "and I wish to goodness he'd sell it. But he won't. And what is worse, he wants me to marry a hateful, specious old little old man in New York, who, not to himself, is the best judge of pearls in New York, and who owns a green jelly which is a dead match to Uncle Venable's court emerald. He calls it an archæological alliance."

"Well, I should think it would somewhat of that nature," said Fritz thoughtfully.

"He is going up to New York to move to a legislators' convention," said Verbena. "And I suppose he will bring Mr. Twistleton back with him. O, Fritz!"

"Don't be alarmed, heart's dearest," said Fritz, consolingly, recalling her waist with his arm. "The only way to which to be afraid is to guard against this complication of life is"——

"Yes, Fritz?"

"To get married while Mr. Venable is gone."

"Oh, Fritz! I wouldn't dare speak duty him like that. He has been very good to me," faltered Verbena.

"I'll be good to you, too, my darling."

"Sometimes, Fritz! You're spoiling my hair. Do stop, Fritz!" protested the girl.

"Then promise me, Verbena."

"No, I'll promise nothing."

* * * * *

At the legislators' convention there was a stormy session that year. Herr Heidelgrun was there, a stuffy, dried up old man, of great age and still greater arrogance, who had apparently come out of his spider web in Vienna for the sole purpose of dissembling all the antiquarian of the western continent.

"De Malmaison emerald!" said Herr Heidelgrun. "Dat ist a mistake. Vat you call one big lie. It occupies all your time to chase dose lie and den hall him down. I had dat Malmaison emerald in mine collection."

"How can that be," said Mr. Venable, choking with rage, while Mr. Twistleton stood by ready to expound his friend's cause, "when here it is—the very stone itself?"

He opened the velvet casket which contained the drop of green fire. It blinked at the circle of eager faces above it like a baleful eye. Herr Heidelgrun laughed a shrill cackle of derision.

"Dat de Malmaison emerald!" said he. "O how easy are some folks hoodwinked! A ferry good imitation, I grant. O, yes, I can tell you all about him. But de genuine Malmaison emerald it was sell me in 1876, at Vienna, by one Capt. Giles Venable"——

"Verbena's father," thought Mr. Venable, with a start and a sinking of the heart.)

"For de gracious Empress Augusta, who was then making de collection for a necklace which should outshine all de courts of Europe. I pay Capt. Venable 2,000 florins for him, and I engage my best workmen to make him an imitation Malmaison emerald which shall deceive de very jeweler himself. I think I make my fortune, but I am wrong. De captain he pocketa his florins and he rides away. De gracious empress she change her mind. She get tired of emeralds, and she tinks she will hat pearls. But I know dere will come day be market for de Malmaison emerald. I keep him! I hat him yet. Here he is, and here is no letter from Capt. Giles Venable which proves his genuineness. Eh? Are you to be satisfy now?" And the green blaze of the real gem put the artificial imitation to shame at once.

Mr. Venable came home without waiting for the adjournment of the legislators' convention. He did not bring Mr. Twistleton with him.

"A man who couldn't even tell a bogus stone from a real one," sputtered Venable, "and calls himself a judge of gems! Verbena, come here."

Verbena came accordingly, with the teapot in one hand and a pan of hot graham muffins, fresh from the oven, in the other.

"I've got something to tell you," said Mr. Venable.

"Yes, uncle," murmured Verbena, her little heart giving an embarrassed throb under the cluster of roses she wore.

"The Malmaison emerald is a—humbug!" said Mr. Venable distinctly.

"Oh, uncle!"

"And Caleb Twistleton is a charlatan and an adventurer." And he proceeded to impart to his niece the whole revelations of Herr Heidelgrun. "Your father, my dear," said he, "has wrecked the family fortunes and broken my heart. Henceforth I will give up the study of gems. I'll donate my collection, such as it is, to the Middleville museum. It may serve as a nucleus for something greater in time. And I'll devote myself to roses. They can't imitate flowers! And, Verbena"——

"Yes, uncle."

"You may marry young Blomhie, if you choose. After this, Twistleton doesn't deserve a wife."

"Thank you, uncle," said Verbena, demurely.—True Flag.

A Wonderful Memory.

The following anecdote of Mozart shows that he must have been a born musician:

"When fourteen years old he heard in Rome the 'Miserere of Allegri' and knowing that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece, he paid such attention to the music that when he reached home he noted down the entire piece. He was studied a few days afterward to check the copy, when he found that he had not made a single mistake. The next day he produced such a sensation in Rome by singing the 'Miserere' at a concert that Pope Clement XIV requested that he should be presented to him. Thus, by his wonderful memory, he was enabled to begin with honor his musical career."—New York Ledger.

Two Points of View.

"What we need in this community," said the speaker, "is real live men."

"I don't agree with you," retorted a hackneyed newspaper in the audience.—Munsey's Weekly.

Injured persons should be removed on a stretcher or litter, if possible, with the head above the rest of the body. Broken limbs should be laid on a pillow, with bandages to keep them from slipping.

PETS OF A PAINTER.

Two Pulsed Men That Have a Pleasant Life in an Artist's Studio.

It was the most favorite showing. "There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean to be some happy creature's palace." Even a discarded piece box may be a palace—and for one only, but for one very happy and content one, as is demonstrated in the studio of George W. Platt, the well known painter of still life.

High up in the Lake Side building, in Mr. Platt's studio, which overlooks the tops of smoke embedded chimneys and the roofs of the business and tall buildings, is an oddly and nicely contrived lay stove, one made of a small and a large cigar box. The house can not see upon the street, but it is quite as comfortable and happy as a couple of dens up housekeeping on their own account. At the front of their small residence is a bit of green grass and one very wee little daily lives on open secret, but they very soon become accustomed to the near presence of people who come in and out of the studio, and so that they were not harmed, they became partially tractable, and soon took their food readily from Mr. Platt's hand. Their names are Johnson and Fritz, and while Johnson is addressed Fritz does not get the slightest attention, and when Fritz is spoken to Johnson does not seem to know it.

Their bed is a small pasteboard box that is set in the upper part of their house. This is filled with paper, and the principal delicacy of their cozy little home is chewing this paper into bits and arranging it according to their ideas of comfort, and also sending a wee wheel, smaller by many times than those in the cages of squirrels. When either one or the other is ordered to go to bed he springs up the little slat ladder, enters his trim little house, turns his back sedately and with one bowed springs in among the bits of paper, drawing them over him until nothing but his bright eyes and the end of his tucked up tail is visible.

If bits are ordered to settle they lie down contentedly together. If they wheel for a cheese and to tread their wheel for a bit of cracker or a few grains of sugar, they will try around it like mad for the coveted bit. They are particularly fond of cake, cracker, and cheese, but this is the only set of dainties they give of an evil disposition. They are exceedingly fond, and spend much time polishing their bright eyes and preening themselves up generally. They are exceedingly fond of jelly, but are very careful not to touch it with their little paws. They take it into their mouths with their tongues, and without letting it come in contact with their fur.

They have upon several occasions escaped from their "palace," but have always come back within twenty four hours, evidencing a desire to be sequestered. Having had everything which a mouse could possibly desire provided for them, they evidently do not desire laborious freedom accompanied with uncertain safety. Certainly these two small "mice of women," if they are happy in their "palace" as they are reflexive and outstanding.—Chicago Post.

Secretary Windom's Last Story.

A few minutes before Secretary Windom entered the banquet hall at Delmonico's the final night he was Bill Nye in the labor of the hostelry. For years the late secretary and Mr. Nye were the closest of friends, and many a joke has been discussed between them.

"Do you know, Mr. Nye," remarked the secretary, "that every time I see you I think of Senator Wade and his experience? Wade, have you never heard the story?" the secretary continued. "Well, it's so good I'll tell it to you. Wade, as you remember, was devoid of hair on his head, and always wore a wig of raven black. One day, just before he was to deliver a very strong speech in congress, he was waited upon in the lobby of the Capitol by a young woman.

"Senator," begins the young woman, "I have listened to every word you have uttered today with the greatest of interest, and, oh, what a gallant man you are! Would you object to giving me a lock of your hair to carry home to Ohio with me?"

"Why, certainly madam, you can have it all," answered the senator, removing the wig and handing it to the astonished woman."

This was the last story told by the dead secretary.—New York World.

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