

FEMININE NAMES AND THEIR MEANING.

Frances is truly fair,
Bertha is purely bright,
Clara is clear to see,
Lucy is a star of light,
Felicia is happy as happy can be;
Catharine is pure,
Barbara, from afar,
Mabel is very fair,
Henrietta is a star,
Margaret a pearl thrown up from the sea.

Muriel is sweetest myrrh,
Amelia is sincere,
Agatha is very good,
Bridget is shining here,
Matilda is a lady of honor true;
Susan is a lily,
Celia, dim of sight,
Jane, a graceful willow,
Beatrice gives delight,
Elizabeth an oath, pure as morning dew.

Sophia is wisdom,
Letitia is a joy,
Edeline a princess,
Julia a jewel joy,
Rebecca is faithful as the light of day;
Constance is resolute,
Grace is favor meet,
Charlotte is nobility,
Harriet an odor sweet,
Abigail is joyful as the robin's lay.

Sarah is a lady,
Isabel is fair,
Lucinda is constant,
Jemima sounds in air,
Caroline is noble spirited and brave;
Lydia is well,
Judith a song of praise,
Cornelia a harmony,
Priscilla ancient of days,
Selina a nightingale where branches wave.

THE ONE-DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of opening floods.

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casement and drew his snug easy-chair a little closer to the fire—a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bearded rolled into a drowsy bale of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire. "I'm glad I had that leaky spot fixed in the barn roof last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing particular to be done, Mary."

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was flitting about between kitchen and sitting room with a blue check apron tied around her waist. "I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder," sotto voce, "if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little rush of the wind and rain?"

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterward she went to her husband's chair.

"Jo, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said, half apprehensively. The squire never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern is on the corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar," said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldn't you have told him no without the preliminary ceremony of coming in here to ask me? Is it likely that I shall lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it in among yonder red coals! no—of course no!"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated. "He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the squire. "If it had come to that pitch half a dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have been the miserable man he is now."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the squire. "But it don't alter the fact that he's a poor drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Polly, and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know that he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was definitely decided.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor, thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he were a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke," said she, "I thought he wouldn't."

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!" said Luke Ruddilove, turning away moodily. "And, after all, I don't suppose it makes any difference whether I shuffle out of the world to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Luke, not to your wife!"

"She'd be better off without me," said Luke, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night! I ain't going to the tavern, though I'll wager something the squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so, Luke?"

"Yes, yes, Mary, I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

"Stay!" Mrs. Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door-latch, in a low voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke, Mr. Partlet gave me for a new piece of oil-cloth in front of the dining-room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife, will you do better?"

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the fresh new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen, into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public house, and I shall do without my oilcloth, that will be the end of it all."

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the squire in the sitting-room.

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that ne'er-do-well gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stoke's tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah."

"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain to be sure."

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the squire came into the room where his wife was preserving some great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Gone where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't touched a drop in six months."

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet. "It won't last long," said the Squire despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know; I hav'n't any faith in those sudden reforms."

Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar bill in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along, in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had gone back to Sequosset.

Luke had made his fortune, as the story went, in the far away El Dorado, vaguely phrased "Out West" by the simple Sequosseters.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he's bought that 'ere lot down opposite the Court-house, and is going to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," said the gentle Mrs. Partlet.

"And his wife wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham; "I can remember when Luke Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creature."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Partlet, emphatically.

"It's to be all o' stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marble mantels and inlaid doors; and he's put a lot of papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet, laughingly. "Floor or mantel?"

"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham. "Like they do in public buildings, you know."

"That is natural enough."

"Well, it's a kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wan't like nobody else. Folks think it's dreadful he should put a one dollar bill in with the other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheeks flush scarlet; she glanced up to where the squire

was checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But he never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit-chat, and so the color died away in her cheek. After all the money had been her own to give, and the oil cloth in front of the dining room stove had answered very well.

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequosset—Luke himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and its better, nobler element triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, as he held out his hand.

"Mary."

"I am glad to see you back here again, Luke," she said tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember the night you gave me the dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted me when all other faces were averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it and it alone. I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he added smilingly, "the luck would go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary; I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretch as you gave to me."

And Squire Partlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to buy a new piece of oil cloth.

THE MARKS OF WALL STREET.

ARE THEY PIRATES, ROBBERS OR CHRISTIANS?

Let us suppose a little community living by itself. It is composed of merchants, mechanics, farmers, and laborers, in all the variety of the humbler callings. Among these are three men of great wealth which has been acquired in fortunate ventures and sharp business transactions—wealth so great that they can command so much ready money that, upon the way in which they handle it, depends the prosperity of the community. They can lock it up, and so take out of circulation the medium by which exchanges are made and business facilitated between the other members of the community, or they can loan it at remunerative rates of interest. If they are good citizens and friendly neighbors, the merchant can borrow money of them so that he can supply his customers with goods and wait for his returns from the consumers. The manufacturer can borrow money of them by which he can buy his raw material and pay his hands, and so bridge over the time that he must wait for returns from his market. The employes, being punctually paid for their labor, can pay the farmers for their produce, and in this way and in a thousand other ways the facilities of exchange are furnished, so that the whole community goes along prosperously.

The ability of these capitalists to secure good interest for all their loose funds is undoubted. They could lend all they have and more too, but they are not content with this. So they have put their wicked heads together and agree to withdraw from circulation all the ready money in their hands and all they can get, for the simple purpose of producing public distress, in order that out of it they may increase their profits. The merchant can get nothing with which to pay his maturing liabilities. The manufacturer can get nothing with which to purchase raw material and reward his laborers. The farmers and the laborers, dependent upon the prosperity of the larger industries, are deprived of the means of living, for they have nothing with which to pay the necessities of life. Everybody in the community is in distress. The farmer, whose farm is mortgaged to one of these capitalists, fails to pay his interest or to make his stipulated payments on the principal, and the mortgage is foreclosed. The merchant, who has laid by a few thousand dollars of valuable stocks, is compelled to sell them at a ruinous discount from their real value, in order to save himself from failure. Here and there one who is too weak to bear the strain goes under, and loses entirely that which should have

been the nucleus of a fortune. Honest men and women are distressed to provide bread and clothing for their innocent children. There are but three houses in the whole community into which the trouble does not enter. In these there is laughing and feasting and congratulation, for into these pours the wealth wrung from the very heart's-blood of the people. They eat and drink that which other hands have earned. They glory in the power of blasting all the hopes and ruining the peace and prosperity of all the homes around them. They fatten on the public calamity which they voluntarily and of deliberate purpose produce.

Are these men public enemies, or are they good citizens? Are they men who should be greeted by the courtesies of the community, or are they rascals whom no Christian gentleman can recognize without personal degradation and disgrace? Are they honorable business men, or are they robbers so base that they should be hooted out of the community? Is their deed one whit whiter or their motive one whit better than that of the midnight burglar or the sly pickpocket? Not at all. They could not frame and execute an act in the whole range of possible immorality more selfish, more cruel, more base, more cowardly, more unpatriotic, more un-Christian, more inhuman than this. It is tyranny against the weak, cruelty toward the innocent, oppression of the helpless, robbery of the defenseless, and all for the base purpose of increasing wealth already too large.

We have supposed this simple case in order to illustrate to the people the measures that have been instituted and executed in Wall street recently. There probably never was a finer harvest in America than that which has rewarded the husbandman during the past year. All kinds of business have been in a fair state of prosperity. Money has been sufficiently plenty. Building has been going on everywhere. The farmers have been paid, the laborers have been paid, manufacturers have been prosperous, and merchants have been doing well. The public debt has been diminishing every month by millions. The public funds have been in demand at good prices, at home and abroad. We have been at peace with all the world, and we are likely to remain so. There has not been a single cloud upon the financial horizon. In the midst of all this prosperity and peace and popular comfort, a group of unprincipled men organized a gigantic scheme for withdrawing from circulation, and locking up, an immense sum of money, with which the country had been doing its business. The consequence was, immediate stringency of the money market, and immediate distress. Stocks were sacrificed. Feeble houses went by the board. Every bank throughout the whole country felt the shock, and tightened up its credits. Country banks that had been in the habit of drawing against deposits of New York bills not matured, were shut off from that resort and privilege. Every interest was depressed in the exact degree in which the facilities for doing business had been withdrawn. All this trouble, let it be remembered, was produced by a few men for the simple purpose of making money out of it. This distress was precisely what they aimed at. Their project would have miscarried entirely if they had not produced it. Not one dollar have they made out of it that was not forced from unwilling hands without an equivalent. If they had presented a pistol at the heads of their victims and said, "Your money or your life," and secured their booty in that way, they would not have compelled the surrender of what was not theirs any more truly than they did by the mode of compulsion which they deliberately and in cold blood selected.

Now what are we to say of these men, and how are they to be regarded? That they have committed a great and unprovoked outrage upon the community, there is no question. They have robbed the rich, they have destroyed the weak, they have distressed the poor, they have obstructed the public prosperity, they have clogged the wheels of the public industry, and all for the purpose of forcing an unearned current of profit into their own pockets, already gorged by gains questionably gotten. If this is not outrage and robbery in the eyes of the law, it is not because it is not both of these in the eyes of all honest men through whose pure, clear vision God sends his own look through the world.

In a community where tricks of this sort are not uncommon, the tendency is to become blind to their moral aspects. Indeed there is a kind of admiration of these gigantic swindles and the bold men who stand behind them. Instead