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THE TRUE I LOVE.

In the house of my Old mother there were sons,
On the hills of the Highland Heather,
Fairest of Lochnaw, fair and gay,
The Star of Life, where Broad Solway
The Lochnaw Castle, and Cairn-ton-Tay,
Were crowned by Truth, are by Truth made
here.

But the true I love in the world of
On the shores of the Beautiful Solway,
In the true where the Scottish Heather
Grows
In his heart's truth, with such a fervor—
In the green shores on the Solway
And I swear in His name I love and
—Sir Lee Bell in Arizona Constitution.

A NONCONDUCTOR.

They had told me that she was a nervous creature, frivolous and light; that the sole preoccupation, the raison d'etre of her life was pleasure. In fact I had made her acquaintance at a ball, surrounded by an infinite variety of admirers, smiling, disdainful, allowing herself to be worshiped, completely indifferent. Naturally, after a turn of the waltz, in which she fluted, light and airy, I remained an admirer in regard to her, and since the reputation of a coquette, given me by my friends, was not well merited, I joined the crowd of her worshipers that surrounded the goddess. Did she notice my devotion? I do not know! I know that sometimes the proud gaze of her large black eyes, resting upon me, seemed to become melancholy, thoughtful. But it was momentary, for then that expression disappeared under her customary smile. That repeated evening, leaning her arm on the rail of her theater box, she had turned toward me one of her unquantified glances, accompanied by a slight bending of the head.

I confess that I neared, and that a thousand thoughts flashed into my mind. Was the ice melted, perhaps? Had that accepted heart begun to beat? I did not delude myself. I might be her father; she was twenty-six years of age, I almost fifty, although I trust not to show them.

Yet I could not resist, and soon after my hand pushed open the door of her No. 4.

"Finally!" exclaimed the countess. "You really have people to wait for your company."

"Signora," I replied, "you are pleased to flatter me."

"I never flatter my friends, and I regard you as one of them. It is so long that we have known each other."

So long! It was not even a month; not knowing what to reply, I silently assented with a smile. She did not appear satisfied with my manner, and, bantering into one of her gay laughs, she said:

"But do not you remember At Venice, on the Lido, I came with my cousin, Simona Lisi, and you with Giorgio Rigoli. Have you forgotten me? I am sorry, because I wished this evening, recalling those memories, that you should pay a little court to me!"

Decidedly. She was a coquette, I an imbecile. But as a gallant squire of dames, was I to remain in default?

"Countess!" I exclaimed, "if I were to take your words seriously, he warned that you would have assumed a terrible responsibility."

"I am not afraid; I believe that my signature is still negotiable."

"Take care countess, you are always playing with dangers; are you sure of escaping them?"

"If there were no obstacles victory would have no value."

"Well, you always succeed."

"Certainly. When I set about an undertaking I never draw back."

"And now you have undertaken to make me lose my head."

"Why, indeed. Would you be sorry to devote it to me?"

"For you, countess, I would sacrifice myself."

"For pity's sake, do not let us go into the usual commonplace phrases of society; I like eccentricity, do you know? I wish to find in you an exception; then do not try to pay court to me, leave that privilege to the boys but just A serious man, skeptical, almost a philosopher! To care for an aged Tiad would be an antithesis."

She was laughing at me. I rose to take leave.

"Wait a moment, I beg of you. I have something to ask you," and her voice trembled slightly.

"Countess, I am at your orders!"

"Are you a friend to me—a friend in the true sense of the word?"

"I hope so!" I replied.

"Well, tell me, may there in Africa, is Giorgio Rigoli?"

"What! You still remember him, poor savage!"

"Was I speak upon me," she added earnestly. "He do not be so speak of him! It is of this that I wish to speak. I have wanted so long to hear from him."

What was I to tell her? That he lived there alone, abominable, with his memory stamped upon his heart? Impossible. My silence, stopping, had to speak. Tell her that in every letter of his, overflowing with bitterness, Giorgio cursed after her, but that, believing himself forgotten, he had taken leave to see her again? She said nothing, I resumed:

"Happiness is a chimera, sometimes but to been tranquil, surrounded by affection and good will."

"But is the life in peril, does he run risks out upon land?"

"He is very much filled, and is persuaded by the result he lives in that family as if he were a member of it."

"And are there many Europeans frequent there?" and she fixed her great eyes with jealous curiosity upon my face.

"Many. I should not be surprised, indeed, to hear some day that Giorgio would settle permanently in Africa, marrying himself a lassie of his own blood."

I was silent. Some people were near the box. I withdrew to the back of it. The conclusion had terminate very soon, tears were trembling in her eyes. With a peculiar gesture, as if to arrester from inward question, she turned her dark head toward the parquette. When she turned it toward me again, her tears was serene, the mind on the curved lips.

"Then, gentle sir," she said to me frankly, "be sure, as, rarely, for I hope, despite the great difference of our artistic opinions, that you will remain a friend to me."

And extending her hand: "I receive you Friday evening. I hope to see you there."

I bowed and went out slowly, while, also, painfully was with extreme sensibility, interrupted the mechanical sound of the tinge of the bell.

* * * * * *

The next day a letter was sent to Giorgio. "Do not return, my friend," I said also, "you would have a disappointment. He has treated me as happy but which we are now walking you, friend me, no more walking me."

To these lines to friend. As for the moment, he may not return. Not with the enjoyment of the society of his early love, will forgotten the bitter, the Mr. Gladstone from the Tories of 1874 lost by E. Cousins for Oxford.

How the Mormon Scale Was Invented.

How was the mormon scale first invented? That query, which has troubled the theorists of all lands, and has led to numerous hypothetic early in superstitious speculations and unintelligible theories the Chinese will reply to by a legend more ingenious and more apropos, within their field, of a complete explanation of the mystery. In the reign of Hoang ty, they say, there was made a palace called Long-lun, who was the most beautiful man and at the same time the most profound musician in China. He, being pass of a crime penalty by the order prince emperor, was commanded to go range and regulate Chinese music on the same principle wherein Hoang-ti had arranged law and politics throughout the Chinese empire.

Full of thought Long-lun wandered in the land of its peace, where the bamboos grow. Having taken one of them to cut it off between two of the knots, and pulling out the pith from into the hollow. The bamboo without a sound breathed note, as Long-lun's tender emotion. Simultaneously the river Hoang-ho, which run hissing by, mixed with its waves, and the noise was in unison with the notes of the bamboo. "Behold," cried Long-lun, "the fundamental sound of nature!" Two magical birds then came and perched themselves upon some trees near, and sang one after the other six seven notes of the scale, starting from the tone which had been caused by the Hoang-ho and watched by the bamboo.

Here is a scale, say the Chinese, at once intelligible, remarkable and easily recalled. Long-lun had merely to set seven more bamboos and tune them to the pitches he had heard, and the scale was made. This he did, and from was the set of seven hungarmed and formed by Hoang-ti's court musicians on a firm and unalterable basis.—Chambers' Journal.

The Judge and the Witness.

From the dignity which Judges round the judicial bench is not always safe protection from questions or insinuations persons of his black witnesses. A certain judge who, when dismissed of his official wig, was so bald as a billiard ball, had before him, by a strange irony of fate, a dispute as to the real proprietorship of a patent hair restorer. During the progress of the case the judge, who sometimes indulged in a little sarcasm at the expense of a witness, asked blandly whether the restorer had ever been known to restore moment knowledge to their previous condition of idiocy by tenacious, or the lost intellects of children lessons.

Of course there was a laugh, and the judge's wit was rewarded with looks of satisfaction. But the witness, to show that he had every faith in its being a sure hope for human baldness at least, replied very reasonably that, "If I didn't know it was necessary for your lordship to always wear a wig in the court, I should have declared that you had experimented with my hair restorer on yourself."—London Tit-Bits.

Sight Drafts.

The sight draft is an institution almost, if not entirely, peculiar to this country, and I think myself it is one of the most interesting of commercial customs. I know no bank whose signature is good for almost any amount, but who will never honor a sight draft.

If he is notified that one has been drawn on him he promptly remits by certified check or banker's draft and lets the sight draft go to protest. As a result his credit has been raised at our banks and his rating is comparatively low.

It is nearly safe to embrace a man for refusing to honor one of these horrible drafts, as they are drawn upon with out any reason whatever, and without the slightest evidence of indebtedness.

Banks have spent and again spent the money of refusing to accept a draft for collection without prepayment of charges, but this has not been done, and at the present time money is actually lost in the branch of the business.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tennyson and His City Flats.

Alfred Tennyson, the greatest living poet, has shown his appreciation of honors in deeds rather than in words. For nearly fifty years he has been a lonely resident. The Queen Tennyson have come to visit cast the ceiling wonder of his pipe. For a pipe and not the paper in his hand. Perhaps, napkins and cabinet have no charm for him. Of all the poets in the world, the company the pipe in his chair. He does it at the top of his house. When in the morning he sets down to write, the romantic mood is before him to be one very large enough to contain the bright and the character of the manuscript, and darkly enough to be a mirror for Cinderella's jewels.

A lean fill of white clay pipe is at his side, filling one of these immense mind in every, because he knows and thinks the tobacco, and the pipe has prepared for that reception. You see, poets are a truly gay, like to be one that destroy it as before. He will not smoke a pipe present time.—New York Sun.

When you wish scarce and fine they forever very acceptable gifts to the fair sex, we know of no line and this money can be invested to the value of pots in fine tobacco, and a few pieces known to have that the pots pie money originated from that tobacco.

PATRONAGE IN ENGLAND.

How Are Many Big Salaried Offices at the Prime Minister's Disposal.

The patronage of the prime minister is extensive and precious. The premier can not remove himself with post offices and custom houses and such small fry, he has neither the power nor the desire to do so. The civil service system takes care of the offices which in the United States gladden the heart of the politician. All that Lord Rosebery has to do with the patronage is to appoint the postmaster general, who, in his turn, has to attend to civil service reformers which would bring tears to the eyes of an Jeffries pill-boxes.

What the prime minister has to be—this is certainly worth bestowing and worth considering. The patronage he has, I have said, is not negligible. The act seems to supposed to be the head of the church, but the premier is practically the head. It is he who fills the archbishoprics, the bishoprics and the deaneries. For ecclesiastical purposes England is divided into two "provinces"—Canterbury and York—and each province has an archbishop who takes from it his title. The archbishop of Canterbury is the primate of all England. He has the first place in the table of precedency, the queen having the first, the Prince of Wales the second, the queen's younger son the third and her grandson the fourth.

The dignity or bishops of the church, twenty-four of which have seats in the house of peers, are appointed on the prime minister's advice. The salaries of the church dignitaries range from $75,000 per annum (for the archbishop of Canterbury) to $10,000 (for the bishop of Sodor and Man). There are many little deaneries. These are also filled by the premier when a vacancy occurs by death or promotion. A dean's income ranges all the way from $5,000, which is the sum received by the dean of Peterborough, to $35,000, received by the dean of Durham. The dean of Westminster has $10,000 annually.

But it is not in these figures alone that you will find expressed the full wealth of the ecclesiastical patronage, for there are livings and kinds and other titles that go with them usually from the appointments.

The lord chancellorship is one of the treasures within the gift of the premier. For even more than the emoluments of the position its dignities are to be desired. The lord chancellor is the principal legal adviser of the crown, he is speaker of the house of lords, and he takes precedence of all but royal dukes and the archbishop of Canterbury; he has an extensive patronage, both in the courts and in the church, leading to the latter respect to appoint twelve canons. To say nothing of awarding over 400 livings. He receives $50,000 a year, and upon his retirement takes an annual pension of half that sum.

There are three kinds of appointments, having $20,000 a year each, there is the lord chief justiceship at $20,000; there are many high judgeships at $25,000. And so the list runs on, carrying a train of titles as well as of pecuniary stirring. There are also awards for services in the past, rewards which demand no of field duties in the present or the future. Commissions are made peers, and peers are raised in rank. There are knighthoods to be conferred, and baronetcies and orders of the garter.

It may happen that during his administration the premier is called upon to appoint a viceroy of India. The post is a prize of the first degree, being indeed, a vice kingship. The viceroy holds his appointment for five years only. The lord lieutenancy of Ireland, and of the English counties, and the colonial governorships are within the premier's gift. The governor of the colonies have $25,000 a year each and besides these there are thirty or more positions in the ministry as from $7,500 upward, and each with member power and privileges.

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