POETRY.

TWILIGHT.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.
How often on the western window seat
I leaned my book against the misty pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again,
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the hour;
But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem,
And thus I know that I am growing old.

Oh, granaries of age! Oh, manifold
And royal harvest of the common years!
There are in all thy treasure house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
This is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy lingering rays.
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.

Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng?
When I was young the twilight seemed so long,

A. Mary F. Robinson in the Athenæum.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

"I know it," interrupted Richard; but did he drive them from his cabin morosely? Within a fortnight of his return, this Mr. Edwards appears. They spend whole days in the mountains, pretending to be shooting, but in realty exploring; the frosts prevent their digging at that time, and he avails himself of a lucky accident to get into good quarters. But even now, he is quite half of his time in that hut—many hours every night. They are smelting, 'duke, they are smelting, and as they grow rich, you grow poor."

"How much of this is thine own, Richard, and how much comes from others? I would sift the wheat from the chaff."

"Part is my own, for I saw the jumper, though it was broken up and burnt in a day or two. I have told you that I saw the old man with his spades and picks. Hiram met Natty, as he was crossing the mountain, the night of his arrival with the sled, and very good-naturedly offered to carry up part of his load, for the old man had a heavy pull up the back of the mountain, but he would't listen to the the thing, and repulsed the offer in such a manner that the squire said he had half a mind to swear the peace against him.

Marmaduke did not much like the associates of Richard in this business; still he knew them to be cunning and ready in expedients; and as there was certainly something mysterious, not only in the connection between the old hunters and Edwards, but in what his cousin had just related, he began to revolve the subject in his own mind with more care. On reflection, he remembered various circumstances that tended to corroborate these suspicions, and, as the whole business favored one of his infirmities, he yielded the more readily to their impression.

As the sheriff allowed his cousin full time to reflect on what he had heard, the probability of some pecuniary adventure being the connecting link in the chin that brought Oliver Edwards into the cabin of Leather-Stocking, appeared to him each moment to be stronger. But Marmaduke was too much in the habit of examining both sides of a subject not to perceive the objections, and he reasoned with himself aloud:

"It cannot be so, or the youth would not be driven so near the verge of poverty."

"What so likely to make a man dig for money as being poor?" cried the sheriff.

"Besides, there is an elevation of character about Oliver that proceeds from education, which would forbid so clandestine a proceeding."

"Could an ignorant fellow smelt?" continued Richard.

"Bess hints that he was reduced even to his last shilling when we took him into our dwelling."

"He had been buying tools. And would he spend his last sixpence for a shot at a turkey had he not known where to get more?"

"Can I have possibly been so long a dupe! His manner has been rude to me at times, but I attributed it to his conceiving himself injured, and to his mistaking the forms of the world."

"Haven't you been a dupe all your life, 'duke? and an't what you call ignorance of forms deep cunning, to conceal his real character?"

"If he were bent on deception, he would have concealed his knowledge, and passed with us for an inferior man."

"He cannot. I could no more pass for a fool, myself, than I could fly.

"Richard," said the Judge, turning to his cousin, "there are many reasons against the truth of thy conjectures, but thou hast awakened suspicions which must be satisfied. But why are we traveling here?"

"Jotham, who has been much in the mountain latterly, being kept there by me and Hiram, has made a discovery, which he will not explain, he says, for he is bound by an oath; but the amount is, that he knows where the ore lies, and he has this day begun to dig. I would not consent to the thing, 'duke, without your knowledge, for the land is yours; and now you know the reason of our ride. I call this a countermine, ha!"

"And where is the desirable spot?" asked the Judge, with an air half comical, half serious.

"At hand; and when we have visited that, I will show you one of the places that we have found within a week, where our hunters have been amusing themselves for six months past."

The gentlemen continued to discuss the matter, while their horses picked their way under the branches of the trees, and over the uneven ground of the mountain. They soon arrived at the end of their journey, where, in truth, they found Jotham already buried to his neck in a hole that he had been digging.

Marmaduke questioned the miner very closely as to his reasons for believing in the existence of the precious metals near that particular spot; but the fellow maintained an obstinate mystery in his answers. He asserted that he had the best of reasons for what he did, and inquired of the Judge what portion of the profits would fall to his own share, in the event of success, with an earnestness that proved his faith. After spending an hour near the place, examining the stones, and searching for the usual indications of the proximity of ore, the Judge remounted, and suffered his cousin to lead the way to the place where the mysterious trio had been making their excavation.

The spot chosen by Jotham was on the back of the mountain that overhung the hut of Leather-Stocking, and the place selected by Natty and his companions was on the other side of the same hill, but above the road, and, of course, in an opposite direction to the route taken by the ladies in their walk.

"We shall be safe in approaching the place now," said Richard, while they dismounted and fastened their horses; "for I took a look with the glass, and saw John and Leather-Stocking in their canoe fishing before we left home, and Oliver is in the same pursuit; but these may be nothing but shams to blind our eyes, so we will be expeditious, for it would not be pleasant to be caught here by them."

"Not on my own land?" said Marmaduke, sternly. "If it be as you suspect, I will know their reasons for making this excavation."

"Mum," said Richard, laying a finger on his lip, and leading the way down a very difficult descent to a sort of natural cavern, which was found in the face of the rock, and was not unlike a fire-place in shape. In front of this place lay a pile of earth, which had evidently been taken from the recess, and part of which was yet fresh. An examination of the exterior of the cavern left the Judge in doubt whether it was one of Nature's frolics that had thrown it into that shape, or whether it had been wrought by the hands of man, at some earlier period. But there could be no doubt that the whole of the interior was of recent formation, and the marks of the pick were still visible where the soft, lead-colored rock had opposed itself to the progress of the miners. The whole formed an excavation of about twenty feet in width, and nearly twice that distance in depth. The height was much greater than was required for the ordinary purposes of experiment, but this was evidently the effect of chance, as the roof of the cavern was a natural stratum of rock that projected many feet beyond the base of the pile. Immediately in front of the recess, or cave, was a little terrace, partly formed by nature, and partly by the earth that had been carelessly thrown aside by the laborers. The mountain fell off precipitously in front of the terrace, and the approach by its sides, under the ridge of the rocks, was difficult and a little dangerous. The whole was wild, rude, and apparently incomplete; for, while looking among the bushes, the sheriff found the very implements that has been used in the work.

When the sheriff thought that his cousin had examined the spot sufficiently, he asked, solemnly:

"Judge Temple, are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, that there is something mysterious and perplexing in this business. It is a secret spot, and cunningly devised, Richard; yet I see no symptoms of ore."

"Do you expect, sir, to find gold and silver lying like pebbles on the surface of the earth?—dollars and dimes ready coined to your hands? No, no—the treasure must be sought after to be won. But let them mine; I shall countermine."

The Judge took an accurate survey of the place, and noted in his memorandum-book such marks as were necessary to find it again in the event of Richard's absence; when the cousins returned to their horses.

On reaching the highway they separated, the sheriff to summon twenty-four "good men and true," to attend as the inquest of the county, on the succeeding Monday, when Marmaduke held his stated court of "common pleas and general sessions of the peace," and the Judge to return, musing deeply on what he had seen and heard in the course of the morning.

When the horse of the latter reached the spot where the highway fell toward the valley, the eye of Marmaduke rested, it is true, on the same scene that had, ten minutes before, been so soothing to the feelings of his daughter and her friend, as they emerged from the forest; but it rested in vacancy. He threw the reins to his sure-footed beast, and suffered the animal to travel at his own gait, while he soliloquized as follows:

"There may be more in this than I at first supposed. I have suffered my feeling to blind my reason, in admitting an unknown youth in this manner to my dwelling; yet this is not the land of suspicion. I will have Leather-Stocking before me, and, by a few direct questions, extract the truth from the simple old man."

At that instant the Judge caught a glimpse of the figures of Elizabeth and Louisa, who were slowly descending the mountain, a short distance before him. He put spurs to his horse, and riding up to them, dismounted, and drove his steed along the narrow path. While the agitated parent was listening to the vivid description that his daughter gave of her recent danger, and her unexpected escape, all thoughts of mines, vested rights, and examinations were absorbed in emotion; and when the image of Natty again crossed his recollection, it was not as a lawless and depredating squatter, but as the preserver of his child.

CHAPTER XXX.

"The court awards it, and the law doth give it."—Merchant of Venice.

Remarkable Pettibone, was dispatch-to the humble dwelling which Richard already styled "The Rectory," in attendance on Louisa, who was soon consigned to the arms of her father.

In the meantime, Marmaduke and his daughter were closeted for more than an hour, nor shall we invade the sanctuary of parental love, by relating the conversation.

"It was a timely rescue! it was, indeed, a timely rescue, my child!" cried the Judge. "Then thou didst not desert thy friend, my noble Bess?"

"I believe I may as well take the credit of fortitude," said Elizabeth, "though I much doubt if flight would have availed me anything, had I even courage to execute such an intention. But I thought not of the expedient."

"Of what didst thou think, love? where did thy thoughts dwell most, at that fearful moment?"

"The beast! the beast!" cried Elizabeth veiling her face with her hand. "Oh! I saw nothing, I thought of nothing but the beast. I tried to think of better things, but the horror was too glaring, the danger too much before my eyes."

"Well, well, thou art safe, and we will converse no more on the unpleasant subject. I did not think such an animal yet remained in our forests; but they will stray far from their haunts when pressed by hunger, and ——"

A loud knocking at the door of the apartment interrupted what he was about to utter, and he bid the applicant enter. The door was opened by Benjamin, who came in with a discontented air, as if he felt that he had a communication to make that would be out of season.

"Here is Squire Doolittle below, sir," commenced the major-domo. "He has been standing off and on in the door-yard for the matter of a glass; and he has summat on his mind that he wants to have up, d'ye see; but I tells him, says I, man, would you be coming aboard with your complaints, said I, when the Judge has gotten his own child, as it were, out of the jaws of a lion? But damn the bit of manners has the fellow, any more than if he was one of them Guineas down in the kitchen there; and so as he was sheering nearer, every stretch he made toward the house, I could do no better than to let your honor know that the chap was in the offing."

"He must have business of importance," said Marmaduke; "something in relation to his office, most probably, as the court sits so shortly."

"Ay, ay, you have it, sir," cried Benjamin; "it's summat about a complaint that he has to make of the old Leather-Stocking, who, to my judgment, is the better man of the two. It's a very good sort of a man is this Master Bumppo, and he has a way with a spear, all the same as if he was brought up at the bow-oar of the captain's barge, or was born with a boat-hook in his hand."

"Against the Leather-Stocking!" cried Elizabeth, rising from her reclining posture.

"Rest easy, my child; some trifle, I pledge you; I believe I am already acquainted with its import. Trust me, Bess, your champion shall be safe in my care. Show Mr. Doolittle in, Benjamin."

Miss Temple appeared satisfied with this assurance, but fastened her dark eyes on the person of the architect, who profited by the permission, and instantly made his appearance.

All the impatience of Hiram seemed to vanish the instant he entered the apartment. After saluting the Judge and his daughter, he took the chair to which Marmaduke pointed, and sat for a minute, composing his straight black hair, with a gravity of demeanor that was intended to do honor to his official station. At length he said:

"It's likely, from what I hear, that Miss Temple had a narrow chance with the painters, on the mountain."

Marmaduke made a gentle inclination of his head, by way of assent, but continued silent.

"I s'pose the law gives a bounty on the scalps," continued Hiram, "in which case the Leather-Stocking will make a good job on't."

"It shall be my care to see that he is rewarded," returned the Judge.

"Yes, yes, I rather guess that nobody hearabouts doubts the Judge's generosity. Does he know whether the sheriff has fairly made up his mind to have a reading-desk or a deacon's pew under the pulpit?"

"I have not heard my cousin speak on that subject, lately," replied Marmaduke.

"I think it's likely that we will have a pretty dull court on't, from what I can gather. I hear that Jotham Riddel and the man who brought his betterments, have agreed to leave their difference to men, and I don't think there'll be more than two civil cases in the calendar."

"I am glad of it," said the Judge; "nothing gives me more pain than to see my settlers wasting their time and substance in the unprofitable struggles of the law. I hope it may prove true, sir."

"I rather guess 'twill be left out to men," added Hiram, with an air equally balanced between doubt and assurance, but which Judge Temple understood to mean certainty; "I some think that I am appointed a referee in the case myself; Jotham as much as told me that he should take me. The defendant, I guess, means to take Captain Hollister, and we two have partly agreed on Squire Jones for the third man."

"Are there any criminals to be tried?" asked Marmaduke.

"There's the counterfeiters," returned the magistrate; "as they were caught in the fact, I think it likely that they'll be tried."

"Certainly, sir; I had forgotten those men. There are no more, I hope."

"Why, there is a threaten to come forrard with an assault that happened at the last independence day; but I'm not sartain that the law'll take hold on't. There was plaguey hard words passed, but whether they struck or not I haven't heard. There's some folks talk of a deer or two being killed out of season, over on the 'Fractions.'"

"Let a complaint be made, by all means," said the Judge; "I am determined to see the law executed to the latter, on all such depredators."

"Why, yes, I thought the Judge was of that mind; I came partly on such a business myself."

"You!" exclaimed Marmaduke, comprehending in an instant how completely he had been caught by the other's cunning; "and what have you to say, sir?"

"I some think that Natty Bumppo has the carcass of a deer in his hut at this moment, and a considerable part of my business was to get a search-warrant to examine."

"You think, sir! do you know that the law exacts an oath, before I can issue such a precept? The habitation of a citizen is not to be idly invaded on light suspicion."

"I rather think I can swear to it myself," returned the immovable Hiram; "and Jotham is in the street, and as good as ready to come in and make oath to the same thing."

"Then issue the warrant thyself; thou art a magistrate, Mr. Doolittle; why trouble me with the matter?"

"Why, seeing it's the first complaint under the law, and knowing the Judge set his heart on the thing, I thought it best that the authority to search should come from himself. Besides, as I'm much in the woods, among the timber, I don't altogether like making an enemy of the Leather-Stocking. Now, the Judge has a weight in the county that puts him above fear."

Miss Temple turned her face to the callous architect, as she said:

"And what has any honest person to dread from so kind a man as Bumppo?"

"Why, it's as easy, miss, to pull a rifle-trigger on a magistrate as on a painter. But if the Judge don't conclude to issue the warrant, I must go home and make it out myself."

"I have not refused your application, sir," said Marmaduke, perceiving at once that his reputation for inpartiality was at stake; "go into my office, Mr. Doolittle, where I will join you, and sign the warrant."

Judge Temple stopped the remonstrances which Elizabeih was about to utter, after Hiram had withdrawn, by laying his hand on her mouth, and saying:

"It is more terrible in sound than frightful in reality, my chiid. I suppose that the Leather-Stocking has shot a deer, for the season is nearly over, and you say that he was hunting with his dogs when he came so timely to your assistance. But it will be only to examine his cabin, and find the animal, when you can pay the penalty out of your own pocket, Bess. Nothing short of the twelve dollars and a half will satisfy this harpy, I perceive; and surely my reputation as Judge is worth that trifle."

Elizabeth was a good deal pacified with this assurance, and suffered her father to leave her, to fulfil his promise to Hiram.

When Marmaduke left his office after executing his disagreeable duty, he met Oliver Edwards, walking up the gravelled walk in front of the mansion-house, with great strides, and with a face agitated by feeling. On seeing Judge Temple, the youth turned aside, and with a warmth in his manner that was not often exhibited to Marmaduke, he cried:

"I congratulate you, sir; from the bottom of my soul, I congratulate you, Judge Temple. Oh! it would have been too horrid to have recollected for a moment! I have just left the hut, where, after showing me his scalps, old Natty told me of the escape of the ladies, as the thing to be mentioned last. Indeed, indeed, sir, no words of mine can express half of what I have felt"—the youth paused a moment, as if suddenly recollecting that he was overstepping prescribed limits, and concluded with a good deal of embarrassment—"what I have felt at this danger to Miss—Grant, and—and your daughter, sir."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REAL ENGLISH GIRL.

Pen Picture of a Typical British Maiden at Home.

I will put on my yankee spectacles and draw a pen picture of the English girl as she is generally described by foreigners.

Behold a tall, ungainly figure, striding along with the gait of a professional pedestrian. Her hair is red and crowned with a hat of simple and uncompromising ugliness. Exposure to the weather has rendered her complexion coarse and florrid, and her teeth are large and prominent, owing to her excessive indulgence in a diet of tough meat. A nondescript garment, half way between a mackintosh and an ulster, envelopes her figure, which is angular, bony and flat. Her feet, generally incased in galoshes, are of remarkable contour and outrageous proportions. Not an engaging picture, is it? And the worst of it is that the grain of truth in the satire makes it bitter. For English girls, with the best material in the world to work upon, do not make the best of themselves.

RUINS HER COMPLEXION.

Where in the world will you find a natural complexion to equal the pure pink and white of the English maid? And yet she ruins it with hard water and harder towels. Then her teeth—well, she cannot help that; but we must confess that teeth a size or two smaller would serve all the purposes of use and ornament. As to her figure, nature has endowed her with a splendid physique, a body well developed by walking, riding, rowing and tennis; but it is still in the rough. It is marvelous that with her strong, active and healthy form she still lacks that crowning beauty, the "divine grace," which the Greek goddess sheds around her favorites. But she does lack it. The French girl, sallow and even ugly, is always graceful. The English, beautiful and statuesque in repose, is awkward when she begins to move.

Does it all lie in the feet, those feet which the English climate ripens to such astounding size and which their owners persist in reducing by the process of peine forte et dure? It is more probably the result of her whole training. She has never been taught, like the French girl that the chief end of woman is to be beautiful. The high schools do not teach their pupils grace of manners, and the expatriated French noblemen who taught our grandmothers "dancing and deportment" have long since taken down their brass plates and gone forth into the unknown country. The English girl has "fagged" at cricket for her brothers in the holidays, played hockey at Girton, climbed mountains in Switzerland and toured through Normandy on a a tricycle. But all this gives her strength, not grace.

SHE IS JOLLY.

On the whole English girls live a jolly careless sort of life, not so restless as that of the American and not so secluded as that of the French girl. Not all, of course; for we, every one of us, know here and there a motherless girl who brings up a whole family of younger brothers and sisters, and sacrifices her own life to theirs. But these are the exceptions. Generally when they leave school they consider their education complete. They have "learnt" Erench and German at school, but they never look into a French or German book afterward. English literature, outside the "set books" in an Oxford local examination, is a terra incognita to them and this is the more inexcusable because English newspapers and magazines, and in fact all contemporary literature, is written with an eye on the "young person," and there are few libraries where sweet seventeen may not range at will. They have a sweet tooth in books, and devour novels, which is on the whole a good thing; for a certain amount of contemporary thought filters through the circulating libraries in a diluted form in the shape of Robert Elsmeres and Donovans.

Sometimes the English girl goes through a mysterious process called "finishing," which means that she has lessons in music and singing. Why do all girls learn to play the piano? And why do they so seldom learn enough to know that they can't play? Nine out of every ten are either physically or mentally incapable of even moderate proficiency, and yet how rare a pleasure it is to meet a girl who frankly confesses that she cannot play. And the songs she sings! Well, there is nothing that appears more remarkable to the inteligent foreigner than the way in which an English maid will stand up and sing, without turning a hair, an impassioned love song at which Sappho migh! have blushed!—Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

FREEMASONS AT A DRUG STORE.

Scene: Chemist's shop in a temperance town out West, where, among other goods, "soda water" is retailed in pretty considerable qualities. Enter young man, who inquires if there is a vacancy for an assistant.

"Have you the requisite knowledge and experience?" was the proprietor's first question, as he drew the applicant aside.

"I think I may safely say I have," the young man answered in an undertone.

"Been long in the business?"

"Three years."

"Where?"

"In Milwaukee."

"Hump, what would you do if a customer gave you a nod of the head as he went up to the soda fountain?"

"Let him have good old corn brandy and soda."

"A couple of short nods and a clack of the tongue?"

"Fill the glass half full of Jamaica rum."

"Suppose somebody asked for a banana syrup with his forefingers and thumb stuck in his waist coat pocket?"

"He means cognac and ginger."

"Three nods while pointing with his thumb over his left shoulder?"

"Old Holland gin and the same for his friends behind him."

"If somebody said 'Hudson' and expectorated to the left?"

"Old corn with pepermint and wormwood."

"Removes the quid from his mouth with his left hand?"

"Hand made sour mash."

"Very good; that will do. You can start to-morrow. If anything out of the common is wanted, you'll find all things in our cellar. You see, we have to be very careful in making up our prescriptions, as people's lives are at stake."

HE DISCOVERED HER AGE.

Mary Jane—"What did yeh tell Silas Jones when he ast yeh fer me the other night that yeh had set apart a calf for me on my first birthday?"

Her Father—"I thought he'd like teh know it."

Mary Jane—"Well, after yeh told him he went down teh the barnyard an' counted the rings on the ole' cow's horns an' I ain't seen him since."

OLD EATING CUSTOMS.

How They Used to Act at the Table Long Ago.

Three or four men with whom I dined the other night fell to discussing dinner customs and their reasons, says a writer in the New York Star. One recalled the days of two-pronged forks and the old fashion of pouring coffee into the saucer to cool it. Another called attention to the history involved in the word "dip," which is still used in some parts of the country for "sauce," and perpetuates the memory of the days when the sauce was a common dish into which each person at table dipped his bread or meat. It was this custom that led to the indentfication of Judas as the one who should betray Christ, for he dipped his sop in the dish with the Master. From this the talk turned to the habit of pouring a few drops of wine from a freshly opened bottle into the host's glass, before the guests are served. The popular notion is that the object of the custom is to get rid of any bits of cork that may adhere to the mouth of the bottle, but one of my fellow-diners found in a relic of those uncomfortable days when a host first tasted the wine as a guarantee to his guests that it was not poisoned. The old Virginian custom of drinking the first glass of wine standing is a survival of the same sort. The host held his glass up to the light, in presence of all his guests, and then drank its contents, "not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

IT TAKES TWO TO QUARREL.

The Bible says:—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." The Irish Times tells of a case in which a gentle action served the same purpose. "A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady-friend, one day discovered a monkey, belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise and was about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed." There are times when some animals act more sensibly than some people, and this poor organ-grinder's monkey preached an excellent sermon to all who are ready with fists or angry words. It takes two to quarrel always, and if one won't the other can't.

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THE STOVE WENT OUT.

Mistress (during heated term)—Get dinner to-day on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

Bridget—Plaze, mum, I did thry, but the stove went out.

Mistress—Try again, then.

Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint through the roof.—New York Weekly.

The Electric Light.

It is astonishing how rapidly the electric light is coming into general use. It is being employed for publicly lighting our large cities. It dazzles our eyes with its splendor as we pass along our thoroughfares at night. But with all its splendor and utility, it is not as light and beautiful as the biscuit made with Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder.

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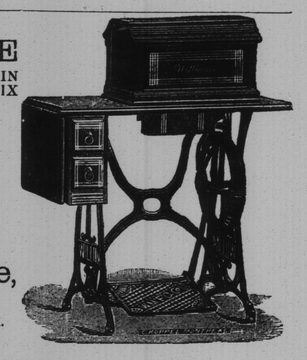

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