

AUNT DINAH'S HYMN.

De sinner see de mote in de Christian eye,
He can't see de beam in his own;
He had better go home an' keep his house
clean,
An' let God's chillen alone.
I'm gwine home ter glory,
Gwine to de shinin' town,
Gwine to tell my story,
An' wear de golden crown.

De sinner find fault wid he knows not what,
Can't put nuttin' better in de place;
Better go er seekin' on de solitary path,
An' git aboard de old ship o' grace,
For de lightnin' it am flashin',
The thunder loud do roll,
De miley waves am dashin',
Oh, sinner, save you soul!

De sinners stumble on in er great big crowd,
Er gropin' wid de halt an de blind,
Dey makes a heap of noise to keep their
spirits up,
But they're lackin' of de Christian mind.
Don't turn to Satan callin',
But tak de helpin' hand,
'Twill 's'port you in your toilin',
'Long wid de chosen band.

Dey had better keep time to de music of de
just,
An' jine in de singin' wid de band,
An' try malky hard to be among de just
Dat am pushin' on de promised land,
Whar de holy lamps am burnin',
Whar de saints in glory stand,
To meet de soul returnin',
Home to de happy land.

For de gospel's train am comin' on fast,
Sinner, git er ticket while you kin;
It's crowded wid de saints, an' will push on
past,
If you don't hurry up an' git in,
I'm gwine home to glory,
To Casaan's happy land,
I'm gwine to tell my story,
An' wid de blessed stand.
—Augusta Chronicle.

AN APRIL STORY.

BY SUSAN ARBAER WEISS.

The Revere house was not only the most elegant family boarding-house in B—, but as Mrs. Chase, its lady-proprietress, was careful to inform all single gentlemen desirable as boarders, could boast of more attractive young ladies than any other similar establishment in town.

Whether or not from this cause, there was generally a goodly number of eligible unmarried gentlemen to be found at the Revere house—though it must be confessed that they all paled into comparative insignificance upon the arrival of Captain Herbert but lately promoted from a lieutenantcy, and come to spend part of his leave of absence with his married sister, domesticated at Mrs. Chase's establishment.

The beaux upon whom the Revere house belles had lately bestowed their sweetest smiles, now suddenly found themselves neglected, if not positively snubbed, by those fair ones.

How uninteresting they appeared in comparison with a real army officer! How plain and insignificant their dinner and evening suits beside the undress uniform of the captain, not to mention his personal attractions!

"Such a lovely moustache!" lisped Miss Lily Blanchard, in the ladies' parlor after dinner—"only a little too drooping and trieste, hehahs."

"And his eyes!" said Miss Rosa Pinkney. "Did you ever see such a deep, clear steel-blue? They positively seem to look through one, and to read one's thoughts."
"Look through mine eyes with thine, my love—"

Look through my very soul with thine!" sarcastically hummed Miss Keane, of whose ready wit, not unfrequently flavored with a spice of malice, most persons stood in awe.

"For my part languidly observed Miss Leffington, the beauty par excellence of the party—"for my part," I have not particularly noticed his features, but his manners are just perfect. It requires just such a proud, cold style to win me!"

"So you design to be won?" sneered Miss Keane.

"Unless it will interfere with the similar designs of other people," replied Miss Leffington, carelessly.

She and Miss Keane were very intimate, and, as they often mutually remarked, "un-tend each other perfectly."

Miss Pinkney came to the rescue.

"Suppose we each try our best to captivate him?" she suggested archly. "Surely among four young ladies, each representing a different type of female loveliness, as the ball-reporters say in the papers—from Lily Blanchard's blond beauty to Miss Leffington's Oriental splendor—Captain Herbert must find something to please his taste, whatsoever it may be."

"You forget Miss Latane," said the fair Lily, glancing at a young lady who was seated at a window near, with her face half averted as she looked out. "Pray, Miss Latane, will you enter the lists with us?"

Miss Latane turned around—a fair girl with delicate features and large, soft, brown eyes.

"By no means," she answered quietly. "I should not presume to compete with those so much better skilled than myself in the art of captivating."

There was not a shadow of sarcasm in her manner, yet the four young ladies looked doubtfully at each other.

As for Miss Latane, she arose, and after idly turning over some music on the piano, quietly left the room.

"She must have intended that as a cut at us," said Miss Leffington, as the door closed on the retreating figure. "I shouldn't have thought her capable of it, unsophisticated little country maiden that she is."

"From the country, is she? Well, I might have guessed as much," sneered Miss Keane. A ripple of laughter rewarded this rally, and the young lady resumed:

"There's not one of you, besides myself, who could discern the true inwardness of that little speech of our pretty milkmaid. Why, I've seen all along that she is jealous of us, and is herself more than half in love with Captain Herbert."

"Absurd! Why, he never notices her," said Rosa.

"Certainly not, beyond necessary attention," chimed in Lily.

"But that doesn't prevent her cherishing a secret devotion for him. I've seen her blush when he offered her lobster-salad; and when, yesterday, Mrs. Hughes got off that stupid joke about chicken-heart, and requested Captain Herbert to pass it to Miss Latane, she couldn't have looked more conscious had it have been his own heart that he was offering to her acceptance on that blue china plate."

"What fun!" said Miss Pinkney. "If we could only get her to think that he admires her. Suppose we try."

Miss Pinkney seemed intended by nature for a plotter and intrigante. With a broader sphere of action she might, like some famous ladies of history, have revolutionized, by her little arts, a court or a kingdom; and even in the narrow circle of Mrs. Chase's boarding-house, she had been the cause of more, than one inexplicable denouement among the inmates. She liked to amuse herself in this way. It was, as she had just observed, "such fun!"

As for Miss Latane, she was not popular at the Revere house, except among the elder people. She had been there some two or three weeks, having accompanied her aunt on a periodical visit to the city; but none of the young people felt much better acquainted with her than on the day of her arrival. The gentlemen pronounced her "pretty—ra-t-b-e-r—but not amoozing," and, in consequence paid her no particular attention; while the young ladies felt, rather than said, that somehow she did not fraternize with them.

She seemed, after the first few days, to hold aloof, as it were; and once, when they had been discussing with great zest a bit of social scandal, and not being able to agree upon the point of what party therein was most to blame, had referred the question to her, she had turned with a blush, and replied, gravely, "Excuse me, ladies; I have no opinion to offer on such a subject," and had thenceforth held herself more aloof than ever.

Of course the ladies resented this presumption on the part of the "little country maiden," though she always being gentle and ladylike, it was difficult even for the maliciously disposed to find a point of attack against her, until the invention of Miss Pinkney's brilliant and amiable plan, just mentioned.

The fair Rosa's address was well known to her three friends; wherefore on the following day, they looked on with some interest, as carelessly reclining on the same tete-a-tete with her proposed victim; she commenced the attack.

"Do you know, Miss Latane, that I suspect you of having quite spoiled our little plan in regard to our handsome captain? It is you, and not me, who have made an impression on him."

Miss Latane looked up from her silk-netting with an expression of such genuine surprise that the three ladies bit their lips to suppress a smile, and then laughed at some trifling remark made by one of them.

"I dare say you think me impertinent," resumed Miss Rosa, with charming naivete, "but I can't help seeing it, you know. Indeed, I'm sure he's desperately smitten!"

A vivid color rushed to Eva Latane's brow.

"I think you are mistaken," she said. "I am nothing to Captain Herbert, or he to me. I should think any one might see that."

"Oh, my dear, you may not be able to see what others can—not while you have that pretty way of casting down your eyes, with their long lashes, in the presence of gentlemen, but, if you could see how he looks at you when he imagines himself unobserved, and how quick he is to catch the sound of your step! Pray, don't be angry with me," she added, coaxingly seeing the color flush vividly into Eva's face; "but you know I couldn't help seeing it, and it really seems cruel in you, not to give him some encouragement."

It was at this moment Captain Herbert himself entered the drawing-room, followed by one or two gentlemen. His glance fell upon Miss Latane, who sat facing the door. Her cheeks were still crimson, and in her embarrassment the ball of silk fell from her lap and rolled to the captain's feet.

He picked it up and politely returned it. She thanked him shyly, with yet a deeper blush, and without raising her eyes.

He looked at her with a sort of inquiring surprise, and the young ladies exchanged amused glances.

"It's too bad of you to go on so, Rosa," remonstrated Lily, a day or two after. "I am now convinced that the poor thing really does like him; and if you lead her to imagine that he cares for her, nobody knows what the consequences to her may be."

"She doesn't imagine that he likes her. If she did, she would not hesitate to give him encouragement; but you see how cold and distant to him she is."

"That indifference is put on for our benefit," said Miss Keane. "She is determined not to commit herself, and imagines that we don't see that she is pining in love with him. I should like to undeceive her, and administer a little wholesome mortification. She's so ridiculously prudish!"

Miss Pinkney suddenly clasped her hands.

"Oh, girls, I've thought of something! To-morrow's the first of April!"

"Well?" said Miss Leffington, composedly.

"Well!" repeated Rosa, with emphasis, "we will play Miss Eva an innocent little joke, which will certainly reveal whether or not she's in love with Captain Herbert, and if she is, will lead her into betraying herself to us all."

And then the four put their heads together, and after some animated discussion, mingled with little ripples of laughter, produced pen and paper, and in disguised hand wrote the following note:

"Miss Eva Latane: I hear that, like myself, you leave town in a few days. Forgive me therefore, if I avail myself of an

opportunity which may not shortly again present, to tell you how dearly your image is cherished in my heart. You are forever in my thoughts, nor can I longer remain silent while longing for an opportunity of saying in person what I am compelled thus to commit to paper.

"May I see you alone for a few moments this evening, in the little room adjoining the ladies' parlor? If so, may I also beg of you to wear the enclosed token, as something that I may be sure is intended for me?"

"MAXWELL HERBERT."

"The enclosed token" was a little silken Union flag, about three inches long.

"I think this will do," said Miss Keane, glancing critically over the note. "But how are we to let her know that we understand the significance of the little flag, and not betray ourselves?"

"That is easily arranged," answered the ever-ready Bosa. "We will write four duplicates to each other, each enclosing a flag, and when she makes her appearance in public with the patriotic, sentimental token conspicuously displayed—hel hel—we will show ours and compare notes, and then suddenly recollect that it is the first of April. Imagine her chagrin and mortification!"

"But we must let the lovers' interview come off first," amiably suggested Miss Keane. "Imagine the captain's look of wonder when he beholds her walk into his presence with her conscious, expectant look, and then—walk out again! Of course he will never know anything about our little joke."

It was, as the young ladies well knew, the habit of Captain Herbert to pass an hour or so of lazy lounging after dinner in the little room adjoining the ladies' parlor. No one was about then, and the tiny apartment was an attractive retreat, with its luxurious lounging-chairs, blossoming roses, and newspapers and magazines strewn about.

On this particular evening Captain Herbert might or might not be there. They would have to take the chances.

At dinner, Mrs. Chase's boarders were, as usual, all punctually in their places. Four pairs of bright eyes curiously sought out Miss Latane, and then four glances met in an eloquence more expressive than words. Their bait had taken, and the unsuspecting victim was caught. For there sat Eva, with a flushed cheek and long eyelashes drooping, and the little blue-and-red flag pinned on her dress in place of a bouquet.

Her seat was nearly opposite Captain Herbert, yet she never raised her eyes to him. She looked very pretty; perhaps he thought so, for he glanced at her curiously more than once. He noticed the unique ornament she wore, and he thought, as others did, that it was an odd taste.

As to Eva, she knew they were laughing at her singular choice of a decoration; but what did it matter when he understood it? And oh, to her, how much, unguessed by others, depended upon the wearing of that little flag!

A few minutes chat in the parlor after dinner, and the gentlemen departed to their business and the ladies to their rooms.

Captain Herbert, having no business, sauntered into the little reception-room, seated himself comfortably in the most luxurious of the cushioned arm-chairs, and took up a new magazine. The door opening into the hall stood half-open. He had not a suspicion that just within the opposite door, across the hall, stood a pretty group of girls, listening and watching for something apparently.

A light step on the stair—a step that grew fainter and slower as it approached the door of the little room where the captain idly sat; a faint stir of a silken dress—a slow opening of the door—and he looked up, to see a slight figure standing there, doubtful, hesitating, trembling, and with eyes fixed upon him in mute appeal.

Captain Herbert arose, and stood for one minute gazing in surprised inquiry at his unexpected visitor.

Then his whole face suddenly brightened. He came eagerly forward and held out both his hands.

Neither of them observed that the door was open—that they could be seen as well as heard.

"Eva, darling, have you come to say that you forgive me at last?"

She looked up, with her soft, brown eyes full of tears.

"It was my fault, Max. Will you forgive me?"

And then he took her in his arms, and she hid her face on his shoulder; and those in the opposite door instinctively drew back and blankly stared at each other.

"Did you ever!" gasped Miss Pinkney.

"Well, I declare!" feebly murmured Miss Leffington.

"What can it mean?" queried Miss Keane.

"It means," said Lily Blanchard slowly,—"it means that they've been engaged before and had a misunderstanding, now happily made up. And it means, too, young ladies, that we've made April fools of ourselves—that's all."

And she deliberately lighted her "duplicate" at the gas-jet, and walked off.

"Well, I am not so much surprised, after all," said Miss Keane, philosophically, "for I always said she was a sly one."

And if either Eva or Captain Herbert suspected the authorship of that note, they overlooked it in consideration of the happiness it had unintentionally secured them.

Last Hours of a Rhinoceros.

The largest rhinoceros in Barnum's menagerie died in New York on Thursday. It had not even been whispered that he was not well, so that his taking off was the more startling. He arose at his usual hour and eat a hearty breakfast, quenching his thirst with eight tanks of well water. Then he lay down for a nap and was shortly afterward snoring healthily. But when his lunch time came, and several wagon-loads of potatoes and other light food were backed up to his cage, the side of which was taken out to admit the lunch, his keeper noticed an unusual paleness of the face and coldness of the extremities. Dropping the potatoes, the man said,

"He is dead!" The keeper was right. He was as dead as Julius Caesar. It was obvious to all present that an inquest should be held, and as there was plenty of room, it was thought advisable to have all the coroners in this and Kings county sit on the deceased. Dropsy was the cause of death. The body was removed by twelve men, eight horses and a circus wagon.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FORTUNE

What Royalty Costs England—The Queen and Her Rich Servant.

London Correspondence Chicago News.

Mr. Gladstone is soon to retire from active life. The development of his successor has begun long ago in the person of Sir Charles Dilke, a Liberal of the Liberals, and no friend to an expensive royalty. He has even publicly criticised the actions of his sovereign, and protested against the enormous grants of money that are allowed her and her family. Perhaps you don't know how much money is paid to the royal family every year; well, I will tell you.

Her Majesty, the Queen—
Privy purse.....£60,000
Salaries of household.....131,280
Expenses of household.....172,500
Royal bounty, &c.....13,200
Misappropriated.....8,040—£385,000
Prince of Wales.....40,000
Princess of Wales.....10,000
Crown Princess of Prussia.....8,000
Duke of Edinburgh.....25,000
Princess Christian, of Schleswig.....
Holstein.....6,000
Princess Louise (marchioness of Lorne).....6,000
Duke of Connaught.....25,000
Duke of Albany.....25,000
Duchess of Cambridge.....6,000
Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.....3,000
Duke of Cambridge.....12,000
Duchess of Teck.....5,000

Total.....£556,000

The Queen's own purse, holding something over \$250,000 a year, is not much used, and as the sums it has had have been accumulating for years, and she has herself speculated not a little, the result is evident, and her wealth is always growing. She never pays for travelling. No matter how numerous her suite, she receives the free pass from the obsequious railway men with open hand.

Her personal servant, John Brown, was very rich, too. He had a bank account in London alone of nearly £1,000,000. He is the principal depositor both at Coutts' and at Gosling's, and he held several handsome properties in his own name. Her Majesty has been very generous to him, and giving him money and lands with great liberality. I have often seen Mr. Brown. When from time to time officers of the late campaign were decorated at Windsor, only journalists who have served as war correspondents have been admitted to the ceremony. I have, therefore, had several opportunities to witness the investiture of most unheroic soldiers with unwon honors at the hands of their sovereign. John Brown always accompanies her, standing a little behind and to the left. Tall, square, sharp-featured, with fine blue eyes, and really a good head, with a pleasant demeanor, and very thin legs, he stands serious and attentive behind the chair which he has watched and guarded over for nearly forty-five years. Mr. Brown was credited with great personal bravery. On three occasions when her majesty's life has been attempted he has distinguished himself by his well-directed efforts to protect the queen, and on one occasion a successful endeavor to hold the would-be assassin. With the household servants Brown is naturally enough unpopular. He enjoys the confidence of the queen, and rules the household with a rod of iron so far as he may. He was an authority on court etiquette, a linguist, speaking half a dozen languages fluently, a classical scholar as well, and a student of politics. I have never heard what his origin was, beyond the fact that he is Scotch beyond a doubt, and has been in the service of the royal family since boyhood. Rumor gives it that the prince of Wales hates him like poison, and declines to meet him except when forced to do so by royal command. There are stories afloat which I advise you not to believe.

The Sherman Diamonds.
Washington Letter to Philadelphia Press.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, what has become of the peck of diamonds that was presented to Miss Sherman now Mrs. Fitch, by the khedive of Egypt several years ago, when Gen. Sherman and his daughter visited the glorious east? You may remember the then khedive was one of the wisest and best informed rulers of the world, and he watched our civil war with the eye of a soldier and statesman. Therefore he knew Sherman, the simple, modest old soldier, who knew what was in him and what he had done. The khedive paid our old warrior unprecedented attention, and, to more properly show his liking for him, the ruler of the nation sent the warrior's daughter diamonds enough to decorate a queen's drawing room. What has become of them? I will tell you. They were kept locked up in the custom house or some other safe place until they became a nuisance to everybody. Mrs. Fitch could not wear them because they were more showy than any lady in the United States could produce, and besides they invited thieves and robbers. But, above all, the Shermans took no pride in them. The Sherman family is not a diamond family. They are by no means poor, but they hate display, and do not care to masquerade in diamonds. They stand on their own families—the Shermans and the Ewings—and they are worth all the diamonds of the world. But I started to tell you what became of the diamonds, and I will resume. After many years of anxiety and annoyance, the family not knowing what to do with them, the diamonds were sent to Tiffany. The stones were taken from their crude Egyptian setting and examined. Many of them were not the gems that they were taken for, I can tell you. However, Tiffany fixed them up and they were found to be very valuable—worth probably \$30,000 or more. Gen. Sherman has four daughters—Miss Lizette, Mrs. Fitch, Mrs.

Thackara, and Miss Rachel. The diamonds were divided by Tiffany equally among the daughters—four sets of solitaire ear rings and four necklets. Nothing so strong can be said about the simplicity of the Sherman family as to record the fact that none of the khedive's diamonds have yet been worn; and that they are yet more of a burden than a pleasure, notwithstanding the fact that they are more beautiful than you will see in almost any drawing-room.

Curious Facts About Precious Metals.

From a paper by Dr. H. A. Hagen, of the Agassiz museum at Cambridge, Mass., we take the following:

"The newspaper tales of the treasures of Oriental princes contain sometimes enormous accounts of precious metals and jewelry. But even the highest numbers given to-day reach scarcely the treasure mentioned by ancient authorities. King Croesus presented to the temple in Delphi 214 talents, nearly \$2,000,000 of gold; Phidias used for the statue of Minerva in the Parthenon forty talents; and in the treasury of Ptolemaeus Philadelphus 740,000 talents of gold, about \$3,000,000. Verres during his short pretorship in Sicily, appropriated more than \$6,000,000 of costly objects simply by what he called confiscation. About the mines of precious metals and their production before Christ nothing is sufficiently known. But the immense amount of money coined in those times, the costly treasures and implements reported to have been in existence, warrant the supposition of their wealth. The first gold coins, stamped only on one side, belong to Asia Minor, and the stater from Phocasia, with the seal, and emblem of the state, dated 600 years before Christ. It was followed by the Persian gold coins of Darius. Both seem to have been made of gold washed out of the alluvial layers of the Pactolus river. The money of Greece was originally of silver. The money of the Romans was at first copper, later silver; gold coins appear not before Sylla, Pompeius and Caesar, mostly coined for the triumphal honors of those men. Later, in the time of the emperors, large numbers of gold coins appear.

"A greater amount of gold and silver in coins or ware is hidden in the ground in uncertain war times, and afterward forgotten or not found. In Germany, the construction of roads and railways brought many such treasures to the light, which, according to the date of the coins, had been several hundred years in the ground. In eastern Prussia alone, during the first half of this century, were found about one hundred pounds of golden Arabic or Kufic coins, which must have been hidden twelve hundred years and more, which proves that the tradeway in those times passed through Prussia. The well-known Hildesheim silver found in 1867, near the battlefield of Arminius and Varus, has brought to light extremely tasteful silver vessels after twelve centuries.

"Iron or earthen pots, filled with coins during the thirty years' war are, by no means rare. The discoveries, by Schliemann in Troy and Mycenae, and similar findings in Italy, are many centuries older. In Italy, such findings contained sometimes 30,000 coins, but curiously enough, till now no hidden treasure is discovered which antedates the time of Sylla. More than 50,000 denares are quoted by Mommsen in about a dozen different findings. The treasure hidden during the first and second century after Christ contains very large numbers of gold coins, and contrasts obviously with the small amount during the next century. The visitor at the Copenhagen museum will remember the heavy solid Roman gold pieces found in the northern peat swamps.

"The treasures of the Roman Catholic churches and monasteries contain still, in some countries, an immense amount of precious metals, which may be considered as lost forever to circulation, except in extreme calamities."

Race Between Everts and Davis.

A correspondent sends us the following story: "The genial old Senator who is now enjoying his honeymoon takes the jokes of his friends in such good humor that he will excuse me for telling a story that I heard narrated of him in Washington. It goes that while he was dining one day at Wormley's with some friends, among whom was Mr. Everts, the conversation drifted to athletic sports and foot-races. Mr. Everts, with a view to one of his sarcastic jests, turned to the great trunk alongside of him, from which he himself may be supposed to have been whittled off as a silver, and suggested that such sports were something entirely out of his line. 'Well, Everts,' replied Judge Davis, 'perhaps you think I can't run? Now, look here, I'll bet you a case of wine I can beat you in a hundred yards if you will let me choose my ground and will give me five yards start. I'm heavy, you know, and I want solid footing.' Mr. Everts was satisfied that he had a dead sure thing, and as the evening had advanced the dignified company resolved to unbend itself still further for the sport. 'Come on, then,' shouted the senator, 'follow me!' So away they went, down to a narrow alley that runs between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Marching into it for the distance of five yards, while his arms touched the brickwork on each side, he quietly observed: 'Now Everts get in behind me, and take your time. I am going to take mine!'

At Minneapolis the republicans elected their candidate for judge and seven of the ten aldermen. The election of seven republican aldermen gives the republicans majority in the council. The parties are divided as follows: Republicans—Comstock, Andrews, Johnson, Coe, Cleveland, Greenleaf, Pillsbury, Clark, Parker, Haugan, Roberts, Lawrence, Channel—13. Democrats—Glenn Nelson, Waitt, Eichhorn, Halloway, Morse, Walsh, Hoischer, Noeremburg, 9. The general belief is that as now constituted the council will be favorable to high license when the question shall be raised. The park scheme was adopted by a fair majority.

Over \$800,000 a year is spent in this country for dolls.