

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence guides.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest, and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to aid fro—  
Down lowliest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Careless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

## NAMESAKES.

"Close the shutters, Kitty. What a wild night it is to be sure."

"The rain is coming down in floods," said a young girl, peering out into the pitchy darkness.

A barrack ground (stiff and ugly under the most favorable circumstances), looking like some desert waste in the howling wind and driving rain, was just visible.

"Why, Aunt Bell," she continued, pausing with one hand on the shutter, "here is a name scratched on this pane of glass. I never noticed it till this minute."

"What is the name?" asked the old lady, indifferently, half asleep in her cosy arm-chair by the fireside.

"K-i-n-l-o-c-h—'Kinloch, Scots, Greys 1816,'" read the girl; "and then 'Kitty written very badly just below.'"

"Kinloch! Kitty!" said Aunt Bell, starting up with sudden interest. "Why, that must be the same man! Then she sank back again, murmuring: "Ah, Kitty! there was love in those days, and romance, too!"

"Is there no love now?" asked her niece, coming to her aunt's side and kneeling down on the hearth rug.

The ruddy flames and glow from the fire lit up the girl's chestnut hair, fair complexion and bright hazel eyes.

Aunt Bell looked lovingly down at the piquant little face held up to her, and said: "Now and again we meet some of the right kind; but would you like to hear the story of that namesake of yours, Kitty?"

"Very much."

"Well, fifty years ago, as you can easily reckon, I was a girl of 16 and was invited to spend the summer months with my aunt, who then had one of the finest houses in this county of Kildare.

"Several regiments were stationed at the camp and at a neighboring village, so you may imagine the girls of the party and I looked forward to having a gay time. Oh! those few short summer months, Kitty! I grow young again when I think of them! The rides across the Carragh in the fresh morning air, when in parties of ten or twelve we would gallop for miles on those breezy stretches of emerald turf; the handsome officers who enjoyed having hide and seek in the dusky evening hours all over the old-fashioned house, starting out of the corners and from behind doors and chasing us breathless down the slippery oaken corridors. Then, tired out, we would stroll into the garden, and under the trees there would be songs, flirtations and whispered confidences and promises made by the score and never fulfilled.

"What a mad, merry time it was! And the maddest, merriest, the handsomest of all, was a young Scotch lieutenant, Kinloch. His mother was Irish, and had bequeathed her good looks and propensity for joking. And now for Kitty, the heroine. She was the daughter of an old gardener who lived about a mile away from my aunt's house, and of all the distractingly pretty women that have made men do foolish things, I am sure Kitty was one of the prettiest."

"What was she like?"

"No description could come up to the original; but I can tell you she had Irish blue eyes, a complexion like milk, hair of the brightest and silkiest chestnut, curling in rings all over her brow and neck, and a slender, upright figure, the envy of half the girls. One day as a large party of us were standing chattering under the trees, Kitty passed us with a basket of fruit:

"Kinloch for the first time noticed the girl and seemed struck dumb with amazement.

"He stood at a little distance and kept his eyes fixed on her.

"It was love from that very moment and everyone noticed it.

"All the other young fellows of course immediately swarmed round the girl's basket, and began helping themselves with not so much as a 'by your leave.'"

"Kitty began expostulating, but they put her off.

"Sure, Kitty," said one, "and you would like us to have the best, 'I'll be bound.'"

"And another, 'Mahone, one kiss from that cheek with the bloom of the peach upon it will save you from these rascally thieves, for I will fight them all for such a favor.

"But Kitty would not be bribed and

seemed about to resign herself to the loss of her fruit when Kinloch shouldered his way into the group, and giving the last speaker a friendly push, cried, "Leave the girl alone, Grant!" And then, turning to Kitty, took the basket out of her hands, saying, "It is too heavy for your little arms and there will come no one stealing your fruit now, I'm thinking!"

"Thank you," said Kitty gratefully, and walked along by his side.

"That is the first time I have seen 'my lady' allow anyone to fetch or carry for her," said my brother.

"There is no gainsaying Kinloch, then, as I can tell you, Harry!" I cried: "for he always gets his own way in what he wants."

"Especially when it has to do with pretty girls!" sneered Grant.

"Treason!" we all shouted, in a breath. "Kinloch is the same to us all, to everybody."

"Of course," said Grant, recovering his temper; "but are you not all pretty girls?"

"We laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment; so the momentary breach was healed.

"That was the last time we noticed Kitty coming up to our house with her fruit."

"We knew nothing we could have said or done would have prevented her, but we were not quite so sure about Kinloch, who ever since that little episode had wandered about like a distressed lover."

"One day we met Kitty in one of the lanes, and said to her, 'How is it you never come our way now?'"

"The girl blushed.

"Father prefers to take up the things himself," she murmured; "for which painfully apparent sin we instantly forgave her."

"The days passed on, and Kinloch, who had before been the life of our expeditions, was now generally absent.

"Where he had been was evident, for we often caught a glimpse of chestnut hair shining through the trees, or the old picturesque shawl draped over Kitty's head and shoulders, with her round dimpled arms appearing just below."

"Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland; and one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company to a picnic we had arranged to have with one or two other families."

"Thanks very much," he said; "but I am afraid I shall be too busy."

"Oh, but you must come!" we all cried. "We counted upon you."

"But I—I have so many things to do to-day."

Here he stopped and blushed.

"We girls were looking very inquisitive, and some of the men had a perceptible sneer on their faces."

"He has got his lady-love to bid goodbye to I dare say," suggested Philip Grant.

"Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were like globes of fire."

"Confound it, sir," he cried, "and suppose I have! what is that to you?"

"We all looked at Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders indifferently and wisely forebore to answer."

"Kinloch's temper cooled down as rapidly as it had arisen.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, girls," he said gently; "but you will have to excuse me." And bowing, he walked off.

"We watched his upright, manly figure striding along till he disappeared and then we all looked at each other and sighed."

"A clear case," said one girl.

"Head over heels."

"What will he do?"

"How can he marry her?"

"Kitty can look after herself."

"But I am sure she is in love; she never has been before."

"He will go away and forget her—"

"He gave the bridal rein a shake, said, 'Adieu! forever more, My love!'"

"And adieu forever more."

"Never said I; nothing of the kind will happen. I am sure he will marry her."

"That evening Kinloch made his way to the old gardener's cottage. His face was pale, but he had a determined look in the corners of his mouth, and he carried his head well thrown back and stepped lightly along."

"The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to rest in the garden and watch the still beauties of the night."

"The air was fresh, and in the heavens the full moon was hurrying through its starspangled course. The reeds in a neighboring stream rustled and shivered in the breeze, and a large, night-moth or two came sailing up and bumped against Kitty's white kerchief on their way to the fatal candle shining in the window."

"The girl looked up to the sky and tears filled her eyes."

"Was it the brightness of the moon?"

"Why do you weep, Kitty?" said a voice at her side.

"No need to turn to look for the speaker! The girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed afresh."

"You are going away?" she said.

"Yes, I am going away," said Kinloch; "but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me."

"I love you, but I shall not accompany you."

"But you must. I have spoken to the old priest and he is ready to marry us."

"Kinloch," she said, looking up into her lover's face with a sweet, serious smile, "you have made me love you, for I could not help it; but you cannot make me marry you."

"Oh, but you will, darling, won't you, Kitty?" he went on, eagerly. "You

know I can marry now, because I came of age the other day, and I have much more than my pay now. Is that what you are thinking of?"

"How could I think about that? Why will you not understand, Kinloch? Your proud old father and your silver-haired, stately mother, how could they bear for one of their sons to marry an Irish peasant girl?"

"You have nothing to learn from the highest lady in the land, my darling," he said, fondly; "and younger sons are not expected to marry heiresses."

"But she shook her head resolutely.

"And is this how you lightly fling away a man's happiness for life?"

"A few days' pain now, to save you years of regret in the future."

"The young man looked at the girl perplexed. Where could she have learnt such sentiments?—where had she gained the strength to express them so freely?"

"He then said slowly and solemnly, as if taking an oath: 'Look, yonder, Kitty! That is the evening star. So surely as it will shine in the heavens five ten or twenty years, as surely will my love remain unchanged for you. Bid me come back when you will, Kitty, and if I have breath in my body and strength to do it, I will come.'"

"Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you and wait till then. I will try and improve myself—make myself more worthy of your love."

"Keep as you are, Kitty—remain unchanged," said the young man, jealously, "lest when I come again I shall not see in you the last look I took away with me, my life, my love!" he murmured passionately; and kissing her sweet brow and mouth, folding her in one last embrace, he sighed and left her.

"She turned to go into the cottage. A large, downy moth which had been bumping against the little window sailed in before her, circled thrice round the candle and flew up into its alluring brightness. The candle flickered and went out; the moth dropped down with a thud upon the table, dead."

"Kitty, with eyes blinded by tears and with shaking hands, relit, though somewhat tardily, the light."

"Kitty, my girl," said the old man, pointing significantly to the singed insect, "don't be as foolish as that silly thing. Its eyes were dazzled, and it had no strength to resist the fatal fascination."

"Father," said the girl, stooping down and kissing his gray locks, "you may trust me."

Here Aunt Bell stopped.

"Is it interesting? Shall I go on?"

"Oh, do! Did he come back?" said her niece.

"Well, the years passed on, and the girl was joked and teased, and had many offers of marriage; but she was firm and would listen to none."

"At last the young fellows grew weary of their fruitless attempts at love-making and the greater part left her alone."

"A few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting speeches and insinuations."

"Nine years went by, and then there came the battle of Waterloo, when officers and men went down in hundreds together."

"Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which had never failed in its lightness, nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time."

"Early in the next year—in fact, on New Year's night—the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around was invited."

"Girls were in great demand, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night."

"I was anxious to see Kitty myself, and to find out how the years had passed over her head."

"You think, perhaps, twenty-six was rather old to be called a girl—do you, Kitty?"

"Well, I felt almost the same as I did when I was sixteen, and quite as ready to enjoy a dance or flirtation, I can assure you."

"Kate Daly—that was her name—went to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when an unhappy damsel with torn skirt or flounce should require her assistance."

"She was then twenty-eight, and the young girl's beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only when her face was at rest, and you caught the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it, would you have guessed her age."

"She wore a pale tea-rose-tinted gown, with ruffles of lace of her own making at the neck and sleeves."

"It was a wild and stormy night without, just such a one as this, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within."

"The dancing of the high-heeled shoes and the silvery laughter rose higher than the wail of the wind; and the tinkling wine-cups drowned all sound of rain."

"Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped in our dances; a chill blast seemed to have entered the room; we turned and saw a silent, dark figure standing in the doorway."

"He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carefully flung over his shoulder, was dripping with the rain and making large pools on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were mud up to the hips."

"Just at that moment the clock struck 12 and the year 1816 had broken. Some of the more excitable girls screamed and ran behind their partners."

"Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year?"

"I seem to frighten you, good people. Does nobody know me?"

"Kitty at that moment was bringing

in a jug of iced claret at another door.

"She turned round, tremblingly, with a wild cry, 'Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back!' And amid a crash of breaking glass—for she let the vessel slip from her hands—she bounded to his side and then disappeared in the folds of the great cloak."

"How splendid, Aunt Bell?" said her niece, drawing a deep breath; "but if she married him then, I do not see why she should not have done so before."

"Ah, but she was a wise girl, little one; she knew it would test his constancy and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at 21 (as she knew very well) would not be his choice at 31."

"What became of them, aunt?"

"Oh, they married and traveled about a good deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other. There was one son, and I believe he is in the army also. Come, Kitty, I shall go to bed, and not wait any longer for your father."

"There is a new lieutenant coming in Mr. Perry's place," said her niece as she bade her good night.

"The young men are not what they used to be," sighed the old lady. "Some little whippersnapper, I'll be bound, with feet that would go in your slippers. Good night, childie!"

Kitty went slowly down stairs and pondered over in her mind the story of the beautiful Kate Daly and the faithful Kinloch. She went to the window and undid the shutter. She pictured to herself the young man coming to the window and scratching his name on the glass, and then taking the girl's hand in his own, slowly guiding it just below.

She leant in the deep shadow of the window-seat and strove to realize each scene in the little drama. There, under the very door, stood the black-robed figure they had all shrunk away from in the midst of their mirth. What? Was she dreaming? What stood there at that very moment?

A figure darker than the gloom of the room. The rain poured in floods outside, and the wind whistled and moaned round the corners of the house.

The figure came a little further into the room. She saw, by the misty light he was a tall man with a dark cloak over his shoulders, booted and spurred, with mud up to his hips.

She felt as if the whole scene was to be played again before her very eyes; but she looked in vain for the pretty girls and ladies in their puffed sleeves and short waists, their flowing curls and high-heeled shoes. Kitty—where was she?

And here she blushed to herself in the darkness.

There was a Kitty; but not the one. The man came up to the window, evidently thinking no one was in the room.

The girl shrank back as the wet cloak brushed against her cheek.

"Kinloch!" she said, half doubting whether the figure would answer, for she could hardly tell yet if she was dreaming or no.

"Who spoke my name?" he called out, startled and looking around.

"I did," said Kitty, feeling very abashed, almost at his elbow.

"I am sure I beg your pardon. I thought the room was empty. I must have come into the wrong quarters; arriving so late I must have mistaken the block. I hope you will forgive such an intrusion?"

Kitty's grand castles in the air all fell to the ground with a crash. How commonplace! He was only the new lieutenant, after all; but he did not look the whippersnapper her aunt had prophesied.

"Then you are not Kinloch?" she said, in a disappointed tone.

"My name is Kinloch," he answered, with a pleasant smile.

"My name was telling me about this Kinloch." And Kitty tapped the frame with her finger. "I will tell you the story some day, if you like; but you came into the room just as she said your namesake did, dressed in the same way and everything. But, there! I suppose you are not even a relation?"

"He was my father," said the young man, quietly. "So no wonder we are something alike."

It was now his turn to say, in a disappointed tone, "But your name is not Kitty, I am sure."

"Yes, it is," said Kitty, eagerly. Then she stopped; a sudden rosy flush rushed over her face. "At least, no—it is"—

But she could not deny it, for it was Kitty.

"These are our namesakes; shall we write our names below them, Kitty?"

"Some day—perhaps."

## Sport For English Nobles.

A number of young English nobles, including the Earl of Mayo and Lord Ronald Gowen have been hunting wild elephants in the Terai, a forest preserved for the purpose at the foot of the Himalayas. When the hunters have found a herd of a hundred or so of wild elephants, 200 coolies are telegraphed for to do the "beating."

They surround the herd, and by gradually narrowing the circle and making all sorts of frightful noises, frighten the elephants into a narrow space in the center, where a stockade has been built and an intrenchment dug, so that they cannot get away. The difficulty is in getting the elephants tied down, as they are very wild and dangerous at first.

The hunting party have about fifty tame elephants with them, and these play a prominent part in forcibly civilizing their wild brethren. The poor coolies often get killed in this work, and are always reluctant to go.

## British and American Frauds.

An English grocer was fined heavily and severely scolded by the court the other day. If he ever is summoned back on the same charge, he will not only pay a fine, but will go to jail. And what do you suppose this English grocer did? He sold raspberry jam largely composed of apple sauce. The bottle was marked "raspberry flavor," but it was shown that the person who made the purchase asked for "raspberry jam." The grocer did not make the jam. It was a well-known brand from a reputable manufacturer. But that was no excuse for the dealer, and he was fined. Now, what do you suppose would be done with the case of an American grocer caught selling flavored apple sauce for raspberry jam? It would be laughed at as an innocent joke; and the next time he will sell something worse than apple sauce for raspberry jam. Why, that is no trick at all for an American grocer, who every day sells deodorized grease for butter, white sand for sugar, glucose for maple molasses, glue factory jellies, second-hand tea, artificially-colored coffee, kaolin candy, and other delicacies of the season. Seldom, however, does he sell apple sauce for raspberry jam. His jams are made of ground turnips.

## Exploration of New Guinea.

"In connexion with the Waltham Watch company, it may be stated that when the proprietors of The Age desired to present Mr. G. E. Morrison (the explorer of New Guinea) with a reliable chronometer, acting upon the advice of Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, the Government Astronomer, two Waltham were, however, procured for Mr. Morrison instead. These were kept at the Melbourne Observatory for a fortnight, and thoroughly and carefully tested, and were pronounced by Mr. Ellery, at the end of that time, to be better suited for Mr. Morrison's requirements than any chronometer."—Extract from the Melbourne Age.

## Pacific Love Charms.

Miss Hill, who was very anxious to make Senator Sharon love her, went to a woman who had learned how to make charms from her father, who had been a famous astrologer in his day, and got a receipt that was warranted to bring the hard-hearted millionaire to her feet. It was to mix nine drops of molasses, nine pinches of sugar and half a cupful of cold, black tea, to be given in teaspoonful doses three times a day, or oftener—the more she could get down him the more he would love her. It didn't work. The next one was for her to steal one of his socks, dip the toe of it in whisky and wear it pinned around her left knee, which she did for nine days. Still he didn't love her. She then resorted to the master charm, which consisted in placing a suit of under garments in the bottom of a newly-made grave. By the aid of the sexton of the Masonic cemetery she worked it through, but with no better results. Then she sued him and got left.

## More Grecian Discoveries.

The London Athenaeum publishes the following extract from a letter from Dr. Schliemann, dated Tiryns, April 11, 1884: "Three cheers to Pallas Athena! In fact I have succeeded here in a wonderful way, having brought to light an immense palace with innumerable columns, which occupies the entire upper Acropolis of Tiryns, and of which the floor and all the walls are well preserved. Of paramount interest are the wall paintings, which my architect and collaborator, Dr. Dorpfeld, is now copying with the same colors. Of the very highest interest are also the vase-paintings with the most primitive representations of men and animals. The plan of this wonderful prehistoric palace can be made with great accuracy, and it will excite universal amazement, for nothing like this has ever turned up. The capital found is of the most ancient Doric order ever discovered."

## A Narrow Negro Escape.

A few mornings ago Clem Davis, a colored man, residing in the lower part of Richland county, S. C., apparently fell dead, and was prepared for burial. As no undertaker was close at hand, the supposed corpse was laid out on the bed while a messenger was sent in a wagon to Columbia for a coffin. That night as is customary with the negroes, they gathered at the house in large numbers, and were alternately engaged in praying, preaching and singing until a little after midnight, when the corpse rose up and sat erect in the bed. The negroes fled in terror, and the corpse himself was badly frightened, but one after another the mourners were induced to return and view the dead who had come to life. The negroes are wild with joy over the miracle. Davis had a narrow escape from being buried alive. He had been in a comatose state for nearly 24 hours.

## Pensions.

Soldiers, Dependent Fathers, Minors, Mothers and Widows, if you are in doubt as to whether you have received all that is due you from the U. S. Government, send to us for blanks and instructions. Stoddard & Co., 413 G. Street, Washington, D. C.