

### COMPENSATION.

Not faithful heart nor valiant hand  
Wins always honour's guard;  
Uncrowned, full many a hero falls,  
Before the encircling cordon.  
The patient actor in the mine  
His wealth may not discover,  
And beauty's grace and tenderness  
Repay not fondest lover.

Yet still the level balance waits,  
Poised true by fate unswerving;  
No perfect gift of heaven rewards  
The recreant undeserving.  
The tinsel'd baubles fame bestows  
Are tarnished in the winning;  
The goal attained through tears and pain  
But mocks the grand beginning.

O soul that seest thy longed-for prize  
Bestowed upon another,  
Be brave to bear thy sore defeat,  
Thy grief and anger smother,  
Nor back upon thy foiling roars  
Look with regret forever;  
Thou hast the best that life can give—  
The rapture of endeavour.

### HIS LITTLE LOVE.

A snowy January afternoon.  
Through the little window of the warm  
waiting-room we travelers saw the snow  
blowing across the whitened fields, and  
heard the sweep of the wind among the  
leafless branches and against the win-  
dow panes.

A gentleman of about 30 stood at the  
window, one arm resting on a little shelf,  
and eyes bent on the girlish face be-  
side him. He was not handsome, yet  
his was a face one would look at with  
as much or with more interest than if  
the features were as perfect as Apollo's  
own.

The eyes and mouth were full of power,  
the former very expressive, and, as  
he spoke now, full of easy quizzical re-  
gard.

"Are you afraid of me, Miss Marion?  
Do you think I shall prove a tyrannical  
or lenient guardian?"

"I am not the least bit afraid of you,  
sir!" the young lady called Marion an-  
swered in a cold, business-like voice,  
looking him in the eye.

"Not afraid? How strange!" he said,  
the smile around his mouth deepening.

"Do you generally inspire those who  
meet you, with awe, Mr. Vann?"

"I am a lawyer," he replied, "there-  
fore blessed with second sight, of  
course. Not only do we judge by the  
outward evidence of the thoughts in a  
client's heart, but the inner working of  
the vital organ is an open book to us.  
Your thoughts now—"

He paused.

"Well," she asked impatiently.

"Are not flattering to me, You con-  
sider me an unmitigated bore, very  
cold and professional—not good look-  
ing. You long for school left behind  
in the south, where days like this were  
unheard of, and where the college stu-  
dents serenaded you and dedicated  
flowery sonnets to your beauty."

The girl flushed and darted a quick,  
angry glance at him from the dark eyes  
under the little tissue veil strapped  
across her nose.

"You are pleased to be sarcastic,"  
she said, with a little sneer and shrug;  
"but of what matter is it? If it amuses  
you, sir, it amuses me infinitely more.  
I am not afraid of your satire, neither  
do I like you!"

Jerome Vann raised his brows in un-  
feigned surprise.

She was so petite, so childish in ap-  
pearance in spite of her 18 years, and  
the open animosity she so novel. It  
was all refreshing and he watched her  
amusedly as she went to a distant cor-  
ner and buried herself in a novel, to  
the complete exclusion of himself.

All he could see beneath the book  
was a pair of extremely lovely red lips,  
and these he watched steadily, scarcely  
aware of it. Five minutes passed, tick-  
ed slowly off by the clock in the empty  
waiting room, and a brown curtain ap-  
peared above the rim of the book, then  
one curious and brightly angry eye, which  
met his gaze and disappeared like a  
flash.

Jerome laughed. He knew that by  
that outburst of mirth he totally lost  
all advantage ground with her, but he  
could not help it.

Still smiling, he walked slowly to her  
side.

"Do not freeze me!" he said, patheti-  
cally, holding out his hand; "we must  
be friends, you know."

"Not at all," she said, coldly. "I am  
absolutely sure that we shall never  
agree. Better begin as we shall surely  
end!"

"You dislike me?"

"I have said so," she answered, turn-  
ing the leaf.

"And why? Because I have been un-  
fortunate enough to have unwillingly  
offended you?"

"You have laughed at me. I do not  
know what name they give that in the  
North; but, in Virginia, we should call  
that unmannerly."

"If I have been so, Miss Romero, I  
sincerely beg your pardon," Jerome  
said, stiffly, and retired to the window,  
to whistle the "Exile of Erin," in most  
distracting discord, until the train pulled  
in.

Jerome sat by the library fire, a cigar  
between his lips, his hands clasped idly,  
his eyes almost closed.

He was listening to a story which in-  
terested him.

A younger man was sitting by the  
fire, a cane in his hand, and his chin

resting on the top of it. He was a very  
handsome young fellow, and the fire-  
light, playing on his head, turned his  
hair to gold, and made the intense, earn-  
est blue eyes seem black.

"I have loved her from the begin-  
ning," he said, slowly. "Through all  
the past months I have loved Marion  
silently; now I will tell her of it, with  
your permission, and learn my fate.  
Better ultimate rejection than this sus-  
pense"

"Ned Buffington, you love my ward?"  
Jerome asked, calmly, and no evidence  
that his heart was beating like a boy's  
could be seen in his face.

"You love her truly, you say?"

"I do! Upon my honor! Ned re-  
plied. "That, surely, is not strange.  
Could a man, seeing her constantly, as  
I have done, not lose his heart to her?"

"You know, of course, that she was  
left a fortune?" Jerome asked again, in  
the same quiet way.

"I have heard so. Perhaps, indeed,  
it is the only thing to be regretted, for  
I love her and have abundance for  
both," Ned answered regretfully.

Her guardian stood up, and his face  
was very pale.

"It is no longer to be regretted,  
Marion has nothing! In the recent  
failure she lost it all!"

"All!" the young fellow echoed, and  
there was silence.

"Marion is very proud," Jerome con-  
tinued.

"If she knew that she was not abso-  
lutely independent of my lonely bonny I  
believe she would not stay an hour  
longer beneath this roof. But, poor  
child, she need never know; at least,  
until after she has been married."

The deep, expressive voice ceased  
with a regretful ring, and then he con-  
cluded, more cheerfully.

"Go, and I wish you success in your  
wooing."

Ned wrung his hand and left the  
room, and in a very few moments Jer-  
ome followed.

For a while the fire glowed on noisily  
in the grate, the wind howled and the  
quiet remained unbroken; then the  
heavy velvet curtains were drawn back,  
and Marion stepped out from behind.

Her face was as pallid as a ghost's,  
her dark eyes were burning with fierce  
pride, and very angry her lips trem-  
bling with excitement and suppressed  
resentment.

A prettier picture of enraged pride  
could not be seen.

"Great heaven!" she cried, with a pas-  
sionate stamp. "What deceit! How of-  
ten have I hurled the fact in his face  
that I was glad, infinitely, that I owed  
him nothing. He calmly heard me,  
knowing that it was a beggar's delusion  
he was listening to!" She paused and  
her flashing eyes turned on the chair he  
had lately occupied. "How he detests  
me, too," she said. "I have never tried  
to win his favor—we have never been  
friendly, and to think that for weeks  
past, or perhaps months, I have eaten  
his bread and spent his money, thinking  
it entirely my own. But it is over—I  
shall not stay. In the wide world there  
is surely room for me to earn my bread!"

She drew back the curtain and look-  
ed out. The stars were shining frostily,  
but the wild March wind was making  
havoc of every stray leaf and fragment  
in its path.

The streets were deserted. It was an  
unusually bitter night of that bulster-  
ous month, a night when humanity  
keeps its head snail-like, in-doors, when  
the crackle of a good fire is the sweet-  
est sound on earth.

Marion, with a little shiver turns  
away.

"I must go!" she muttered; "not an-  
other night will I stay here a beggar on  
his bounty. Old Mrs. Chaplin, though  
she is poor, will keep me for my moth-  
er's sake until I get something to do  
and pay her back." She paused a sec-  
ond by Jerome's arm-chair, and leaned  
her arm on the back of it. "I wish—I  
wish he did not dislike me so," she whis-  
pered, and the tears tempted the luster  
of her eyes. "It was my abominable tem-  
per at first, and now he is tired of me,  
and would gladly marry me to the first  
coxcomb that asks."

This mood only lasted a second, and  
all the old fierceness returned.

"But what am I doing?" she said,  
dashing away the tears and trying to  
control her quivering lips. "Do I not  
hate this man—this superior being who  
treats me as a child? Am I not glad by  
accident I learned the truth of my posi-  
tion? Certainly! Am I not delighted  
at the possibility of feeling independent,  
away from his benevolent smile? I am;  
and the time will come when Jerome  
Vann will wonder that he ever laughed  
at me or my vagaries."

All the warm Southern nature arou-  
sed, she went to the desk and began to  
write a note to this detested guardian.

"Sir," it dashed off, "ten minutes  
since I learned my position in your  
house, and it is such an undesirable one  
that I renounce it this night. You, who  
have disapproved of me so strongly,  
will no doubt be glad to learn that I  
have broken from your reins and fled.  
Good night and good by to you, sir.

MARION.  
"P. S.—I distinctly and emphatically  
refuse to marry Mr. Buffington."

An hour later she was on the street,  
the wind blowing her cloak, and twist-  
ing her veil till it looked like a signal of  
distress.

There was nothing of the heroine  
about her as she hurried along, keep-  
ing on the darkest side of the street,  
her head lowered, and her tears drop-  
ping thick and fast. Poor Marion!  
The first touch of the world in which  
she stood alone, was cold and blustery.  
The weeks passed on by leaden feet.  
Advertisements and detectives were both  
of no avail, and Jerome Vann's face

grew strangely old and sad, for Marion's  
whereabouts still remained a mystery.

He loved her far more than he ever  
realized. He longed to see that spir-  
ited, magnetic face again, and to hear  
the pert, merry voice which had made  
such drollery of his well-meant advice.

Day after day passed, each one an  
exact repetition of the preceding one,  
and all very weary, sickening blanks to  
the rich lawyer in his stately home.

It was June. Sunny, soft weather  
reigned in the city. Roses bloomed ev-  
erywhere, in florists' windows, in mar-  
ket carts, in wealthy gardens—every-  
where the fragrant bunches of different  
hued flowers waved in the breeze.

Jerome was standing at his library  
window, looking out at the throng of  
promenaders and open carriages dash-  
ing along. His eyes were no longer  
filled with suspense, they were far  
worse—they were calm and hopeless.

He had left nothing untried to dis-  
cover her whereabouts, and it had all  
been worse than useless. He had been  
beating his heart out with pain, in al-  
ternate hope and failure, in passionate  
longing; and now all was over. With-  
out any renewed vigor he was still deep  
in professional duties, trying, but vain-  
ly, to take up the thread of existence as  
though Marion had never been known  
and dearly loved.

He took up his hat and cane and went  
out. His steps led him to Broadway.  
The thoroughfare was crowded and he  
walked slowly along, his moody face,  
with its quietly bitter expression, in  
marked contrast to those around him.

Many saw and envied the rich and  
successful lawyer. Could they but  
have read that rich man's heart! And  
so, in the supreme blindness of our  
egregious vanity, do we judge one an-  
other.

He paused to look at a picture which  
attracted a number of people. It was a  
quaint design in water colors, in the  
shape of a small scene.

The picture showed the sea on a  
stormy day, with the floating spars and  
masts of a wrecked ship appearing above  
the angry waves in the distance. All  
the coloring of the picture is centered  
in two figures on the shore.

One, the dead body of a drowned  
sailor, curls lying on his forehead, his  
eyes closed, and his blue jacket torn  
showing the powerful chest in which the  
heart would never beat again. The  
other, a young girl with a face of ex-  
treme loveliness, though convulsed with  
anguish.

Her dress denoted that she was a  
fisher lass, and as she bent over the  
body of her lover, one hand over his  
heart, the other holding on the little  
black hood she wore, the expression of  
her eyes was strangely real and touch-  
ing. The subject was an old one, yet  
this little water-color sketch held a  
quaint, original power of its own.

Jerome looked at it, puzzled and fas-  
cinated. There was a strange resem-  
blance in the man to some one he had  
known; nay, more. With wondering  
eyes he realized that it was a perfect  
likeness of himself.

He went into the store and bought it,  
at the same time obtaining the artist's  
address, and following the direction  
with feverish haste.

The house was a small one, in a  
street which the word "genteel" de-  
scribes. On inquiring at the door for  
the artist who resides there, he was  
told to knock at the door at the end of  
the passage.

He did so, but, receiving no answer,  
opened the door, and found himself in  
a shabby, clean, unoccupied room.  
Jerome advanced hesitatingly, and stood  
on the threshold looking in as though  
his hungry eyes would never be tired  
gazing at the picture he saw there.

Marion, in a plain black dress, was  
sitting at an easel, the brush lying idle  
in her lap, and her eyes turned lan-  
guidly toward the open window, through  
which the sunbeams were straying.

Her figure looked very slight, and  
out of the pale face her eyes shone with  
unhealthy luster.

She turned her head and saw him  
standing in the doorway. Without a  
start or a sound, or any change of feature  
except the tightening of her lips, she  
rose to her feet.

Jerome came forward and took the  
feverish, unresisting hand in his.

"What would he say? In what words  
express the suffering of the past weary  
months? She was before him now, and  
the wild, impassioned torrent he had  
imagined bursting from his lips at this  
happy moment had completely deserted  
him.

When he spoke at last, the words  
were commonplace enough, but they  
covered the entire ground.

"I never thought to see you again,  
Marion; but I have found you."

"And you remember me so long?"  
she asked, with a flash of something  
like the old defiance.

The expression which came into his  
eyes answered her, and he took the  
picture from its wrappings.

"This led me to you," he said, with  
impressive tenderness, "and it also told  
me that you had remembered me so  
long."

Marion flushed and turned away, but  
she could not deny it. The proof was  
there.

Jerome drew her to his faithful heart,  
which had suffered many a bitter thro-  
t for his little love, and kissed her with  
solemn, heartfelt earnestness.

Thus peace was declared between  
them forever.

A week later they were married in  
Mrs. Chaplin's little front room, and after  
a Canadian tour, Marion settled in the  
old house in a new character.

Henry Worot of Fort Yates, who was found  
frozen a few days ago, died soon after. He  
was unconscious until death. He had relatives  
in St. Paul, who have been notified.

### MAKING ELOQUENCE TO ORDER.

How Some Speeches That Have Electrified  
Congress Have Been Made.

"It's a mistaken idea that Senator's  
and members' speeches are written by  
their private secretaries," said an old  
attache of the Capitol the other day,  
turning slowly to a Star man after a  
long study of the vacant chairs and bare  
galleries. "As a general thing, their  
private secretaries don't know any more  
than they do. Then he stopped for a  
little, and drummed his stick against  
the marble flags, while he dropped  
off again into a study. "No, sir," he  
added leaning his chin on his cane and  
looking the scribe straight in the eye;  
"they don't. I've been trying to make  
out the composition of a private secre-  
tary. I can't do it. I don't see what  
congressman want them for, unless it's  
on account of a kind of feeling that  
they ought to have some one around  
that knows less than they do.

But as I was saying, it don't make  
any difference about the secretaries;  
they don't write the speeches. And, to  
tell you the truth, I think the most of the  
Congressmen in both Houses now write  
their own speeches; but some of 'em  
don't. What! You ain't surprised at  
that? Why, how long have you been  
about? Why, as long as I can remem-  
ber there's been men hanging about the  
Capitol to write speeches for so much  
a line. Some of them read mighty  
nice in the Record, and I tell you they  
surprise a rural constituency. Year-  
ago these men used to make lots of  
money."

"Is there much of that done now?"  
asked the Star.

"Well, it's hard to say. There's  
probably not so much as formerly, but  
you can't tell. It's only when a mistake  
occurs, and two men get the same  
speech, or something like that, that  
you can discover it, though I can gener-  
ally pick out my man. Now, there's  
the case Mr. Vest spoke of, where Allen  
and Nugen both printed the same  
speech. Such instances have occurred  
frequently. But generally when a man  
delivers an old speech, he goes far  
enough back in the Record after it not  
to double up in that way. Some years  
ago, I remember, a very brilliant speech  
was printed by a very slow ordinary  
man in the House, and created quite a  
sensation, the member's district being  
flooded with the Globe of that date.  
But one of the members discovered that  
the same speech had been made by a  
very distinguished statesman in the  
House two or three terms previous.  
Along about the Forty-second or For-  
ty-third Congress—or maybe it was the  
Forty-fourth, I don't just remember—  
there was a very ordinary man in the  
House from Tennessee named Coldwell.  
He had never done anything in particu-  
lar and never said much, until one day he  
came out with a very brilliant speech  
that set all the house in commotion,  
and made him quite famous. But in  
the Forty-fifth congress he was suc-  
ceeded by another Coldwell, who was  
really a brilliant fellow. One day he  
was thus accosted in one of the com-  
mittee rooms:

"I met Bill Blank the other day."

"Ah," replied Coldwell, vaguely, not  
knowing the name.

"You know Bill?"

"No; I don't remember him."

"Why, don't you know, he's the fel-  
low who wrote your great speech on—  
a year or so ago. Leastwise, he told  
me so the other day."

"The congressman smiled grimly.  
"I guess it was my predecessor he  
know," and the mystery of the wonder-  
ful oratorical development was ex-  
plained.

"There are lots of these cases, but  
they don't all come out. If they did  
—! Well, I guess there'd be some  
suicides. You remember the case of  
White? No? Why, Speaker White,  
of Ky., it is thought, killed himself on  
account of an exposure of this sort.  
White was a very able man, but he got  
caught in a bad fix. He was speaker  
of the House in the 27th Congress, you  
know, and as I have said, he was an  
able man, but he was so pressed with  
business that when he had to deliver his  
valedictory he got one of those men,  
who are always on hand to make a little  
money, to write his address. It was  
handed him just a little while before  
the time he had to deliver it, and he  
put it in his pocket without reading.  
When the time came he rose and, slow-  
ly unfolding the manuscript, read the  
address. It was very brilliant—but it  
was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to  
the Senate. The Speaker never recovered  
from the shock. He went home,  
was taken very ill, and it is supposed he  
killed himself for shame."

"In former days," the old man added,  
after waiting a little while for his dis-  
closures to sink deeply into the report-  
er, "in former days these speech-writers  
used to make lots of money. I don't  
know whether they do as well now or  
not. They used to get \$100, \$150, and  
\$200 for a good speech, and I know of  
one speech that was sold for \$350. No;  
I never heard of Clay or Webster hiring  
any speeches written, but I know that  
some of their speeches, which were  
thought to be impromptu, were carefully  
prepared before being delivered."

Washington Star.

Ex-Vice President William A. Wheel-  
er is living at his old home at Malone,  
Franklin county. He is wifeless, child-  
less and sleepless, and said to be fast  
nearing his end.

### EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

That Remarkable Experience of a Roch-  
ester Physician Fully Authenticated.  
Cleveland, O., Herald.

Yesterday and the day before we cop-  
ied into our columns from the Roch-  
ester, N. Y., Democrat an Chronicle, a  
remarkable statement made by J. B.  
Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is  
well known in this city. In that article  
Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful ex-  
perience which befell him, and the  
next day we published from the same  
paper a second article, giving an account  
of the "Excitement in Rochester," caus-  
ed by Dr. Henion's statement. It is  
doubtful if any two articles were ever  
published which caused greater com-  
motion both among professional peo-  
ple and laymen.

Since the publication of these two  
articles, having been besieged with let-  
ters of inquiry, we sent a communication  
to Dr. Henion and also one to H. H.  
Warner & Co., asking if any additional  
proof could be given to us as to the  
validity of the statements published.  
In answer thereto we have received the  
following letters, which add interest to  
the entire subject and verify every state-  
ment hitherto made.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received.  
The published statement, over my sig-  
nature, to which you refer is true in  
every respect, and I owe my life and  
present health wholly to the power of  
Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me  
from the very brink of the grave. It is  
not surprising that people should ques-  
tion the statement I made, for my re-  
covery was as great a marvel to myself,  
as to my physicians, and friends.

J. B. Henion, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 21.

SIRS: Acknowledging your favor duly  
received, we would say: The best  
proof we can give you that the state-  
ments made by Dr. Henion are entire-  
ly true, and would not have been pub-  
lished unless strictly so, is the follow-  
ing testimonial from the best citizens of  
Rochester, and a card published by  
Rev. Dr. Foote, which you are at liberty  
to use if you wish.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

To Whom it may Concern:  
In the Rochester Democrat and  
Chronicle of December 31, there ap-  
peared a statement in the form of a  
card from Dr. J. B. Henion, of this  
city, recounting his remarkable re-  
covery from Bright's disease of the kid-  
neys, after several doctors of promi-  
nence had given him up, by the use of  
Warner's Safe Cure. We are person-  
ally or by reputation acquainted with  
Dr. Henion, and we believe he would  
publish no statement not literally true.  
We are also personally or by reputation  
well acquainted with H. H. Warner &  
Co., proprietors of that remedy, whose  
commercial and personal standing in  
this community are of the highest order,  
and we believe that they would not pub-  
lish any statements which were not liter-  
ally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, (Mayor of Rochester.)  
WM. PURCELL, (Editor Union and Ad-  
vertiser.)

W. D. SHUART, (ex-Surrogate Mon-  
roe County.)  
EDWARD A. FROST, (ex-Clerk Monroe  
County.)

E. B. FENNER, (ex-District Attorney  
Monroe County.)  
J. M. DAVY, (ex-Member Congress,  
Rochester.)

JOHN S. MORGAN, (County Judge,  
Monroe Co.)  
HIRAM SIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seeds-  
man.)

W. C. ROWLEY, (ex-County Judge,  
Monroe Co.)  
JOHN VAN VOORHIS, (ex-Member of  
Congress.)

To the Editor of the Democrat and  
Chronicle:  
There was published in the Rochester  
Democrat and Chronicle of the 31st of  
December, a statement made by J. B.  
Henion, M. D., narrating how he had  
been cured of Bright's disease of the  
kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the  
use of Warner's Safe Cure. I was re-  
ferred to in that statement, as having  
recommended and urged Dr. Henion to  
try the remedy, which he did, and was  
cured. The statement of Dr. Henion is  
true, so far as it concerns myself, and I  
believe it to be true in all other re-  
spects. He was a parishioner of mine  
and I visited him in his sickness. I  
urged him to take the medicine and  
would do the same again to any one  
who was troubled with a disease of the  
kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, (D. D.)  
(Late Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal  
Church, Rochester, N. Y.)

While a daughter of Mrs. Eliza  
Thomas, of Brooklyn, was cleaning out  
the pantry, she found an old teapot  
which she threw with other trumpery  
into the ash barrel on the street. Later  
in the day two Italians came along and  
overhauling the barrel found the teapot.  
Examining it, they discovered that it  
contained about \$25 in gold, the hard-earned  
money of Mrs. Thomas, who had put  
it in a teapot for safe keeping. The  
gold was recovered from the Italians.

The marriage of Mr. Stephen Glad-  
stone, one of the Premier's sons, is now  
announced to take place on January 29.  
He is the rector of the parish of Hawar-  
den, and the living is rated at about \$12-  
000 a year. He has five curates to assist  
him in his arduous duties, and, as the liv-  
ing is in the gift of his uncle, he is not  
likely to be disappointed. The lady  
whom he is to marry is Miss Mary Wil-  
son, daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Liver-  
pool, a rich retired physician.