

THE MUSIC OF MY HOME.

The music of the nightingale
That warbles sweet and clear,
His wooing to the dewy flower,
That blooms and blushes near,
Is sweet to hear at eventide
While shadows softly creep,
But sweeter is the lullaby
That my young wife sings tenderly
To soothe our babe to sleep.

I've heard the greatest music
Of every land and clime,
I've heard the prima donnas,
The wonder of their time,
I have listened, all enraptured,
To their music grand and high,
But they never gave such joy to me,
No music half so sweet can be
As mother's lullaby.

I love the music of the brook
That purrs through woods and meads,
The cataraet's wild harmonies,
And the wind among the reeds,
And the carols of the morning birds;
But they're not so sweet to me
As when at even, hand in hand,
My children sing the "Happy Land,"
Beside their mother's knee.

I've heard the grandest choruses
Of old cathedral choirs;
I've heard great oratorios;
I've heard the singing lyres;
But more I love the simple strains
That haunt me while I roam—
The mother's crooning lullaby,
The children's merry roundelay,
The music of my home.

New York Ledger.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.

"There, that's the second time I've met Mrs. Adams within a week, and she has not noticed me," said Mrs. Clark to her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Sumner, as they left the store of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston. "If that's the way she is to treat her husband's parishioners, she'll make herself unpopular, and hurt Dr. Adams' influence besides."

"Which was Mrs. Adams?" inquired Mrs. Sumner, "the lady in brown, who stood at the embroidery counter? I noticed you looking at her several times."

"Yes, that was Mrs. Adams, and I don't understand why in the world she did not speak to me," replied Mrs. Clark in a most emphatic tone.

"Don't be too harsh in your criticisms, suggested Mrs. Sumner. "Isn't it possible she did not see you?"

"Didn't see me?" said Mrs. Clark, sneeringly. "How could she help seeing me? Why could not she see me as readily as I saw her? I have not heard that her eyesight was poor, have you? But I will tell you what I have heard. Mrs. Bates told me that she came of a very aristocratic family in Providence, who think more of books and literary society than of anything else, and she was wondering what sort of a minister's wife she would make. But she will find that it will never do for her to put on such airs here in Boston, that is, unless she does not care whether people like her or not."

"O, you don't mean all that," said Mrs. Sumner, in a quiet way. "I fear you are getting a little excited, and prejudging Mrs. Adams. How do you know but she is an absent-minded person, and was so absorbed in her purchases and her own thoughts as to be oblivious of all about her? or, she may be near-sighted, and I know that near-sighted people are less observing than others, owing, probably, to the fact that they do not expect to recognize friends readily. Now, I am near-sighted myself, and so I have great sympathy for such persons. My son told me once that he should think I would lose all my friends, for I so often failed to recognize them on the street. And then, more than that, I forget names, and am frequently mortified when meeting friends to find I cannot call their names."

"You have plenty of excuses," rejoined her friend, "but I don't believe Mrs. Adams is either absent-minded or near-sighted. I just think Mrs. Bates is right, and she has made up her mind to have a few select friends, and sort of ignore the rest of us, and I will insist that it is not the thing for a minister's wife to do," and Mrs. Clark without being aware of it, had raised her voice so high that two young gentlemen passing them as they walked down Washington street, remarked:

"Hello! there's trouble. Some poor minister's wife is being hauled over the coals, and quite likely her husband will have his resignation sent in to him soon!"

"Like enough!" responded his companion. "But then, they are always criticised, ministers and their wives too. They are either too strict or too liberal, too extravagant or too economical, too well dressed or too plainly dressed, too aristocratic or too plebeian, too reserved or too free, and so on, and so on. I tell you it would take more grace than I am possessed of to go into that business!"

The ladies soon stepped into a restaurant for lunch, and while sitting at table waiting for their orders, continued their conversation on the same subject.

Mrs. Sumner said: "I agree with you, Mrs. Clark, that it is a part of a minister's wife's duty to make herself agreeable and affable to all, although I know some disclaim that they have any duties in the church beyond those of private members. But in all my experience a pastor's wife and children can help or hinder the work and the influence of a pastor, by their conduct,

immeasurably. Yet, while I allow all this, I do not think you ought to make the assertions you have made about Mrs. Adams, until you are better acquainted with her. Let me ask you one question. What reason could Mrs. Adams have for not wishing to recognize you and speak with you?"

"No good reason, I am sure," said Mrs. Clark. "I consider myself every bit as good as Mrs. Adams. I don't care how much of a blue blood she is!"

"Now, another question," said Mrs. Sumner, with a smile upon her face. "You have met Mrs. Adams but once or twice have you?"

"Twice," replied Mrs. Clark. "and I should think that was enough to be recognized. I met her once at the reception we gave them at the church, two weeks ago, and again at the church on Sunday. She was not at home when we called. Now, let me ask you a question. How many times do you expect to meet persons before recognizing them?"

"That depends," said Mrs. Sumner. "Now, really, do you think Mrs. Adams should be expected to remember two or three hundred people whom she has met but a few times? I think it would be remarkable if she remembered one-tenth of them. According to my thinking you should not have waited for her to speak to you, but have advanced yourself and spoken your name, so she might the more readily recall you."

"Then again," said Mrs. Sumner, with a quizzical look, "you cannot suppose that she has been able to select that literary clique as yet, and how do you know but she chose you for one when she met you. Come, now, confess you have been a little hasty and foolish, and reserve your judgment for a few weeks at least. What's that old adage, 'A wrong confessed is half-redressed.' Mrs. Adams has been in the city less than a month has she not?"

"It's three weeks yesterday since they came," replied Mrs. Clark. "Well, perhaps I have been hasty, but I always was sensitive, and it does try me so to be slighted. I don't know what would become of me if you were not here to check my bad impulses. Do you know what mother called you in her last letter?"

"No, indeed, do tell me, pray?" said Mrs. Sumner.

"She said she took such comfort in thinking that I had such a wise, motherly soul as my best friend here."

"I did not know that your mother was such a flatterer," said Mrs. Sumner. "You speak of being slighted. Now, I never would be slighted, Mrs. Clark. I think too much of myself, and a little self-complacency helps me amazingly. I believe all my acquaintances like to speak to me, and if one fails to do so, I always attribute it to near-sightedness or absent-mindedness. Never once allow that a slight was intended. It's a most comfortable frame of mind to be in. I assure you, and I would advise you to adopt it."

Just then, much to their surprise, in came Mrs. Adams, and took a seat at a table opposite. She appeared like a stranger among strangers. She ordered her luncheon, and then opened a magazine to read.

"Now is your opportunity," said Mrs. Sumner, in an undertone. "Go and speak to Mrs. Adams, and introduce yourself. I am sure you will discover that you have misjudged her, for she has a lovely face."

Mrs. Clark hesitated. She had, however, been influenced by all that her friend had said, and although she had to bottle a little pride, she rose after a moment, stepped across the aisle, and said extending her hand,

"Good morning, Mrs. Adams. You do not recognize me, perhaps; Mrs. Clark."

As she spoke her name, the somewhat blank look on Mrs. Adams' face gave place to an intelligent smile, as she said, "O, certainly, I recall you now. We had a few words in the vestibule last Sunday. I was sorry to have missed your call on Monday. Are you quite well? Pardon me for not recognizing you at first. I am somewhat near-sighted, and then, too, it does take a long time for one to learn so many new faces. I am so glad you made yourself known to me! I fear I shall hurt the feelings of some before I become acquainted with our large congregation, and many persons I know are extremely sensitive on such points."

How ashamed Mrs. Clark was that she had made such disagreeable remarks and such unwarranted assertions about her pastor's wife, whom now she thought so cordial and affable. And how almost guilty she felt as she replied to the last remark of Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, I suppose there are some who are perhaps over-sensitive in such matters."

"I have a friend with me," said Mrs. Clark. "Won't you join us at the opposite table? There is a third seat vacant."

Mrs. Adams was glad to do so. After the introductions and a few passing remarks on the weather, her new home and so on, Mrs. Adams said, addressing Mrs. Sumner, "I was just telling Mrs. Clark how glad I was that she came and spoke to me. It is very difficult for me to remember those with whom I have but a slight acquaintance, and as I am near-sighted I often fail to recognize my friends if I meet them in unexpected places, or if they have made any marked change in their dress."

"That is just my case," replied Mrs. Sumner, "so you have my full sympathy, and I am sure you need it, for people with our affliction are oftentimes abused."

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs. Adams little thinking however that she had been severely dealt with that morning, and by the lady sitting at her side. "My husband," she added, "seems to have no difficulty in recognizing every one, which is of course a great help to a pastor. I can recall but one instance where he was put to his wit's end to discover who the gentleman was to whom he was talking, and I believe he never did know. We were walking up the street together in New Haven, and we noticed a gentleman approaching us who looked very glad to see us, and he greeted us with the greatest cordiality. He inquired if we had enjoyed our vacation, how the children were, and so on, and so on. My husband responded to his queries, and then asked, 'How are all your folks?' and the gentleman spoke of his wife and children. Then after further conversation he added, 'You did not bring your wife out to see us in strawberry time, now we shall look for you when the grapes are ripe.' Mr. Adams thanked him, and they chatted a few minutes longer, while I stood wondering who he was, where he lived, why it was we did not go in strawberry time, and where we might go in grape season."

"As soon as he had gone I said to my husband, 'Who is that gentleman?' 'I haven't the remotest idea,' he replied, 'who he is, or where he came from.' 'How strange,' I said. 'Didn't you ask him how all his folks were?' 'Certainly,' said he, 'I did not know however whether I was inquiring for mother, wife, children, or brothers or sisters, but everybody has folks, so I thought that a safe question to ask. I was expecting all the time that he would say something that would make me place him,' he said. But I do not think he ever recalled that gentleman, and I am sure we never made them the visit in grape season. But as a rule, he remembers every one, and knows the names even of the children in Sunday-school in a short time, while I am always making blunders and mistakes."

"I think the being able to fix names and faces is a natural gift with some, although it is quite possible that ministers try to cultivate that habit," said Mrs. Sumner.

The ladies soon left the restaurant, Mrs. Adams going in one direction, and the two friends in another.

"I will confess now that I have learned a lesson this morning, a lesson in charity," said Mrs. Clark, "which I do not think I shall soon forget. And I hope I shall never allow myself to feel slighted again."

"I hope you will not," rejoined Mrs. Sumner. "How fortunate it was that you should meet Mrs. Adams, for you might have prejudiced others against her. If people only were more careful to think and to speak kind words of others and make excuses for seeming delinquencies how lovely it would be! But a large charity soon teaches us that few are as black as they're painted. But there's my car. Good-bye. I shall see you at the club to-morrow."

Some Mistakes About China.

Colonel Tchong-Ki-tong, a young Chinese mandarin who has lived in Europe for ten years, and is a military attaché of China at Paris, has written an account of his own country and people, to do away if possible, with the prejudice against the Chinese, and to enlighten the ignorance with regard to them that prevails even in otherwise intelligent European and American society.

Among our innumerable mistakes there are none greater than our ideas of Chinese women. They are a happy class. Every woman is married. The wife shares all her husband's honors and dignities, and is the absolute ruler of her household. She can buy and sell as her husband does; she has the whole charge of the children, of their education, and their marriage. She can walk, or ride in a palanquin, and wear a veil or not as she pleases. She has nothing to do with politics, and she does not choose her husband; but Colonel Tchong maintains, after ten years' study of French marriages, that there is more domestic happiness in China than in Europe. He is both indignant and amused at the slanders about the neglect, desertion and murder of Chinese babies, and the collection of half-pence in Christian lands for the conversion of these heathens. He was pointed out one day by a lady, and heard her say, "There's a Chinaman, who knows whether it is not my infanticide that have bought him?" Infanticide is no more frequent in China than in Europe, and the laws against it are severe.

The working classes too are exceptionally well off in China, if Colonel Tchong is not mistaken about their condition.

They can easily earn five times as much as it costs them to live, and their taxes are trifling. The agricultural class is held in honor, ranking next to the literary class, which is the highest, and cultivators are generally prosperous, whether they own their land or only farm it. There are no lawyers in China, and the people are serious, liking quiet pleasures. The whole social and political system of China rests upon the family; family ties are indissoluble, and family duties are imperative. Families live together, and all the sick and unfortunate are taken care of by their relatives. Titles and honors are not hereditary, but retrogressive. When a son is ennobled his parents receive the same honor. It is to them that he owes his life and virtues, and he is not permitted to be superior to them in rank. A parvenu is impossible in China.

SUNDERED FRIENDS.

Oh! was it I, or was it you
That broke the subtle chain that ran
Between us two, between us two?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?

Not very strong the chain at best,
Not quite complete from span to span:
I never thought 'twould stand the test
Of settled commonplace, at best.

But oh! how sweet, how sweet you were
When things were at their first and best,
And we were friends without demur,
Shut out from all the sound and stir.

The little, pretty, wordly race!
Why couldn't we have stood the test—
The little test of commonplace—
And kept the glory and the grace

Of that sweet time when first we met?
Oh! was it I, or was it you
That dropped the golden links and let
The little rift, and doubt, and fret

Crep in and break that subtle chain?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?
Still ever yet and yet again
Old parted friends will ask with pain.

The Independent.

NED'S EXPERIENCE.

Ned had not a great deal of cash when he was married, so he and his wife decided to board for six months. Eva had been a useful girl at home, that always helped mother, and when she became mistress of one room with "the use of the parlor for callers," she gladly did all there was to do, even to carrying the wood for their fire "so that dear old Ned wouldn't have to bother; he just sat down and toasted his toes by the fire without ever a thought of who kept it going."

When the young people had saved a little money for the necessary furniture and went to housekeeping, Eva began by slipping about very carefully in the morning till breakfast was nearly ready, "so the dear boy could rest," and she snoozed away the morning hour, regardless of the heavy work that he should have been doing to save the girl that, such a little while ago, he had promised to "love, honor and cherish." But Ned loved his wife and his home, and after a while, when a little baby girl came to stay at their house, Ned's pride and pleasure knew no bounds.

Involuntarily he would quicken his steps as he neared the home and thought of the dainty little darling in ruffles and embroidery, that had already learned to coo and jump for joy at his appearance. Ned was duly proud of her accomplishments, but about this time he began to have misgivings lest Eva should be growing a little careless of appearances, for he did dread above all things else the thought of her ever becoming one of the untidy, slovenly appearing women into which he had seen so many pretty girls deteriorate. One thing was certain baby did not look as nice as she used to, and Eva seemed to be losing some of her spirit. He must speak to her about it.

That night he found the opportunity he was waiting for when he came home and found baby at the front door with a smudgy face and dirty dress. He took her in his arms and carried her back to the kitchen, where Eva was getting supper.

How surprised she was to see the pretty little white dress that she had put on a few minutes before, when she set her in the hall to peep through the blinds and watch for papa, while she made the tea and cut the bread for supper. But baby had interviewed the hat rack in the meantime, and found one of the muddy rubbers that Ned had thrown on the lower part of it late last night when he came in. It wasn't real easy to find fault, but he managed to tell her how disappointed he had been lately to notice that baby was hardly ever as clean and nice now when he came home as she used to be, and if there was anything he did like to see it was a sweet, clean baby. Eva explained that lately she had been creeping, which made an awful difference, which Ned thought a very flimsy excuse, for the floors did not look dirty, and baby never went out of doors; how could that make her clothes dirty?

One week after this he had another one that was very different. He was on his way home from business, when a friend asked him to ride. He got in and rode but a block or two when the horse ran away, spraining Ned's ankle so severely that he had to be carried home by friends who ran to his assistance when he was thrown out. They got him to bed before the doctor got there, and when he came he advised him to stay where he was for a week. At the end of this probation he was able to sit in an easy chair, with his foot resting on another, and here he stayed for two weeks more. But the time was not wasted that Ned was thus obliged to spend in doors. It gave him the first glimpse he had ever had of his home as it was when off dress parade.

He had never seen Eva work much, because she had always had a desire to make his home quiet and restful for him while he was in it, so no matter how hard she had worked before he came, or how she should have to hurry when he was gone, she never did any work that she could possibly help when he was at home. A little bit of fancy work busied her fingers while she sat and talked with him, but nothing more matter-of-fact was ever permitted in sight. And Ned never realized how things got done. If they weren't done he noticed the lack, but when everything ran smoothly, that was

only as it should be, and he hardly gave it a thought. But now he saw things as they were. He realized that every fire that cooked his meals had to be made by his Eva's own hands; that the same hands must carry in the wood and carry the ashes out, bring the water from the cistern and take the slops to the inconvenient alley drain, and he was heartily ashamed of himself. One day as he saw her going about these disagreeable duties for perhaps the thousandth time, he said: "Eva, why didn't you tell me to do that long ago, instead of doing it yourself all this time?"

"O, I could manage it very well before baby came, and after that, when I had so much more to do, although I often wished I had some one to do these things for me. I hated to ask you, and so kept on doing them myself."

"Well, you won't keep on after I can stand on my feet?"

Nor was that all that Ned learned in that three weeks. He found out why the baby did not always look as clean and sweet as she had while a tiny thing in long dresses. And when he had seen Eva take off every stitch of clothes the baby had for the third time in one day and put them in the dirty clothes bag, with the knowledge that it was her own hands that would have them all to iron next week, he protested: "Now, Eva, I wouldn't dress that baby clean again to-day if every woman in town saw her as dirty as a pig. What's the use of killing yourself?"

"But don't you know, Ned, how much you always thought of sweet, clean babies?"

"Yes, and I know what a precious fool I've always been about the very things a sensible man ought to be ashamed of himself, not to know without teaching. I only wish ninety-nine of every hundred husbands had to stay in the house three weeks just as I have done, and they'd be 'taught.' They'd get over thinking their wives had such a fine time, and so much leisure for doing everything they chanced to find undone and grumble about, or I'm a fool for certain."—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Disgraceful Scene in the Georgia Legislature.

Special Dispatch to the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Atlanta, Ga.—A lively sensation was created in the House of Representatives when a joint resolution on General Grant's death was received from the Senate. The Senate resolution was brief, simply stating that the General Assembly heard with regret of the death of the great man, and would adjourn out of respect to his memory.

Mr. Lamar offered a substitute, speaking of his death as a National calamity, and moving an immediate adjournment.

Mr. Harrison, of Quitman County, in an excited manner, moved to amend by striking out the part referring to the General's illustrious service.

Mr. Lamar, who is a cousin of Secretary Lamar, and was a gallant Confederate soldier, said that he believed his resolution was expressive alike of the feelings of the House and the people of Georgia.

Mr. Jake Dart, of Glynn, one of the leaders of the House and an eloquent orator in an excited and very emphatic manner, walked from his seat down the aisle toward the Speaker's stand, and said: "Who could ask a smaller tribute than this? Thank God I have divested myself of prejudice. I have felt his strong arm, but I remember the terms he gave us—and they were terms that no conqueror but a magnanimous one would have given. I am as true in my fidelity to the State of Georgia as any member on this floor, but I do say, in God's name, as people and patriots, as American citizens, show respect to the office he held if not to his memory as a man."

Great excitement and applause followed this.

Mr. Harrison arose, his long red whiskers and red hair redder than ever, his face at red heat, and his eyes flashing fire. He said: "I regret exceedingly this most unseemly scene, but when I am asked to compliment the memory of any man, alive or dead, upon whose service rested the last hopes of my native land, then may you charge me with whatever you please. It shall not have my support. It shall not be said that I complimented the services of a man who deprived Georgia of her rights as she believed them. Unseemly is this quarrel. Anxious to prevent it, have I been earnestly asking the originator of it to take a different step. Never here nor elsewhere will I, under any circumstances, attempt to say on any occasion that Georgia was wrong—that her sons were traitors—and compliment the author of her misery. I will not do it." [Great excitement and hisses.]

Other members spoke in favor of the resolution and severely attacked Harrison.

Dr. Felton arose in his seat and delivered a handsome tribute to Grant, and censured the effort to defeat the resolution. He closed by saying that if General Grant had never performed another duty or another act except his fidelity to Southern leaders, "I would to-day with all my heart, a Southern man that I am, indorse this resolution honoring his memory."

Harrison here said that, as it was the desire of the House to pass the resolution, he would withdraw his objection.

The resolution went through with applause, and the House adjourned.