

Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, of South Carolina, an eminent worker in the cause, was next introduced, and read the poem composed for the occasion by Paul H. Hayne, of South Carolina. Before doing so she made a few handsome remarks, welcoming the Northern ladies to Southern soil. The poem was read in a loud clear voice, and is as follows:

A WELCOME.

From the Southern Members of the Ladies' National Temperance Association to Their Sisters of the North.

Ye come from clear streams of the Northland,
Flashed down into cataract lights,
Whence the grandeur of mountains majestic
Upsoars thro' the infinite heights.
Ye come, flushed and fair as the morning,
Emerged from night's measureless cope,
Fulfilled of love's calm exaltations,
And shod with winged sandals of hope!

Thrice welcome, O, sisters! we meet you,
Heaven's chosen, invincible bands;
Thrice welcome, O, sisters! we greet you—
Brave spirits and resolute hands!
Ye would stir a deep fountain of cleansing,
More fruitful of life-giving balms,
Than the far, haunted pool of Bethesda,
That starred the fair Valley of Palms!

At the touch of your tenderness fervid,
The pure tides of healing shall rise;
Lo! the blinded of soul gazing Godward,
With purged and beatified eyes;
Lo! the leprous of mind, as of conscience,
Receive the waves' kisses, and thrill,
As the hardened defilement melts slowly,
And the hot pulse of anguish grows still.

Let us join hands and hearts!—for that Circe,
Whose charm of unsanctified spells
The strength, beauty, virtue of ages,
Hath lured to fierce, fathomless hells,
Unquelled and unquenched in her passion,
Still merciless, maddens and mars,
Till the sunshine is sad where she passes,
And her shadow throws gloom on the stars!

Ah, Christ! the fair homes she has blasted!
The young loves made arctic in spring!
The eagle Ambitions dragged earthward,
All palsied in purpose, as wing!
Ah, Christ! her malign desolations!
Her doom to the midnight and mire—
The stern, savage sweep of her scourges,
The hiss of her serpents of fire!

But with prayers that shall fail not, nor falter,
With toll that still waits upon prayers,
With faith which, though child-like, can conquer
Leagued cohorts of "giant Despairs."
We shall baffie the wine-nurtured Demon,
And change her brute-serfs into men,
Till the earth that now groans in her courses,
May win her youth's gladness again!

So, come from your streams of the Northland,
Flashed down into cataract lights,
From the sheen of your mountains majestic,
Grown softer through multiplied heights;
Come Southward, serene as the morning,
Emerged from Night's mystical cope;
Brave heralds of love, as of warning,
Bright angels of rescue and hope!
COPE'S HILL, GA. PAUL H. HAYNE.



GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

"Can this be Morgan's old brigade,
The same we used to know,
Which made the grand Ohio raid,
A score of years ago?
If these, whose heads now wear the gray,
Be truly Morgan's men,
They'd give their Bluegrass farms today
To make that raid again."

"We Clamb the Hill Thegither."



John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

LD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'ry where I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd—
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me live and die.—Chorus.

One little hut among de bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?—Chorus.

Reine McCloskey.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Give me another doughnut."

Reine McCloskey's voice is husky with grief as she speaks these words, and over her dimpled cheek that looks so fair and white, the moonlight the blushes are chasing each other in rapid succession. To her right are the Catskills, their summits bathed in a flood of silvery light, while at their base lies the placid Hudson, its shimmering surface reflecting the twinkling stars that are looking down in all their silent splendor from the azure zenith. Directly in front of the girl, and lending to the tout ensemble a soft warmth of coloring not otherwise obtainable, is a large jar. Immediately behind it stands Hercules Perkins.

"I am going away," he says.
The girl does not reply. The shadow of the doughnut-jar conceals the look of haunting fear that passes across her face, and the white lines around the drooping mouth are not seen by the one whose words have caused the presence.

"Shall you miss me?" he asks.
The little white hand that rests upon the back of a chair is trembling now, and in the deep brown eyes there are hot tears of sorrow and pain. Suddenly Reine speaks.

"Go away," she says, in agonized tones, "go away before I tell you that which had been remain unsaid," and sobs choke her utterance.

A great light breaks upon Hercules. Stepping quickly to the girl's side he places his arm around her: "Tell me truly, sweetheart," he says, "do you love me?"

For answer she places a soft white arm around his neck, and as he bends over to kiss her the other hand reaches forward, feeling cautiously around for an instant, and then with a wild cry of agony, Reine McCloskey falls forward in a swoon.
The doughnut-jar is empty.

American Fables.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Wolf who had a dispute with a Hyena desired to destroy him, and therefore went to the Lion for advice.

"Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him, eat him."

The wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traversed by his enemy, but just as he was cackling with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself, and was held fast. In this emergency along came the Lion, who called out:

"By George! but what's all this!"
"I'm fast in my own trap," humbly replied the Wolf.

"So I see. I came out here expecting to help you eat the Hyena, but as the case now stands I shall help the Hyena eat you."

"But I set this trap by your advice," protested the Wolf.

"True you did, and I advised your enemy to set one for you as well. Odds is the difference to me whether I eat Wolf or Hyena."

MORAL: The lawyer gets his pay, no matter how the suit goes.

THE TWO BRAGGARTS.

The Woodchuck and the Oppossum one day near the den of the Wolf, and first called out:

"You should have heard me singing last night!"

"It couldn't have been equal to my speech," replied the Oppossum.

"And I am also a Poet."

"Well, I'm a Statesman."

"I can growl in four different keys."

"And I can conquer the Lion."

Thus they bragged over each other, their noisy voices disturbed the Wolf, who came forth and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I take your word for it, Woodchuck is equal to Chicken and Oppossum sweeter than fried oysters, and you shall nish me a dinner! Come hence!"

MORAL: One never loses anything keeping his mouth shut.

And in that better world John
Who sorrow will we know
And never fear to part again
John Anderson my Jo

John Anderson my Jo John
When we have slept thegither
Thee'st that all mun know John
We'll wake wi' one another