Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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In Dreams.

There are meetings of happy lovers
All over the sweet earth to-night,
Red lips that are blistered with kisses,
Eyes dimmed in tears of delight.
But where are the lips, warm and tender,
That my lips are yearning to kiss?
And where are the dark eyes whose glances
Would thrill me with trembling of bliss?

Alas, my beloved! why is it
Fate crosses and bothers us thus—
So kind and so gentle with others,
So harsh and so cruel to us?
Why is it that we, of all lovers,
Must long for each other in vain—
Must fain for Love's bliss, and forever
Be fed with the emptiest pain?

Are the angels afraid that our loving
Will bring down their heaven to our feet,
That they cross their white pinions between us,
Forbidden us ever to meet?
To night, while we dream (are you dreaming?)
Oh, come to me, dearest, and see
How in sleep we will cheat and elude them
Who are keeping you parted from me?

Come close and kneel down where I slumber—
In dreams none can wrest us apart;
Let the fire and dew of your kisses
Melt down through my lips to my heart,
Till I swoon with the joy of your presence,
Dumb rapture my soul overpowers,
And the curious angels discover
How tame is their heaven beside ours?

A TALE OF THE FAIRIES.

Several old crones were assembled in Grace McDonagh's kitchen, drinking her health and that of her new born daughter, who had just been dressed, and was laid down to sleep at the foot of the bed. A tribe of brothers and sisters were packed into the large bed in the inner room: but poor Grace was as well pleased with the ugly, red-faced newcomer as if she had been her only child.

A kind mother, excellent wife, and obliging neighbor, Grace was very popular: so the good women in the wide chimney-corner drank her health very heartily, and wished Joseph McDonagh at the same time joy of the child and of his new situation, that of bailiff to Mr. Todd, of Buncrana Castle.

The house was built in an exposed spot, on the side of a hill that commanded a view of a large portion of the property to which McDonagh had just been made bailiff. Down below was the castle, nestling in gardens and plantations, and beyond it lay the old town of Buncrana, and the lough, bold mountains pale in the distance bounding the horizon. It was an extensive and beautiful landscape, but the McDonaghs had no idea that the situation was picturesque; they knew that it was cold and bleak, and exposed to every wintry storm that swept across Lough Swilly.

As Grace slept, and her attendants caroused by the fireside, a feeble little wail was heard. Mrs. Rooney got up and went over to the foot of the bed where she had laid the infant. What was her amazement to see two babies where she had placed but one! Two little puckered faces: two lilac print frocks: two white pinafores! There did not appear to be the slightest difference between them.

Mrs. Rooney's cry of terror and astonishment brought all the women round the bed, and awakened the poor weary mother. Exclamations of 'Save us!' 'Dear, but that beats all!' mingled with the feeble wailings of the two babes.

'What 'll we do, anyway? There's something bad an' uncanny here!' cried Mrs. Rooney. 'Which o' these weans is the richt ane?'

'Gie them to me, an' hand me thon big knife off the dresser,' said the mother. 'I'll kiss them baith, and the one my heart warms to will be my ain child: as for the other one I'll just settle it wi' the knife.'

'Stand back, you women, there,' commanded Mrs. Rooney, speaking authoritatively in her character of nurse. They obeyed, sitting down again beside the fire.

'Now gie them tome,' said Grace, holding out her hands.

Mrs. Rooney handed her one of the infants. She kissed it, and laid it beside her on the pillow.

'My heart warmed to it, Molly Rooney dear: that's my ain child. Now gie me the wee rascal that's come to this house for no good end.'

She took the second babe and stretched out her shaking hand for the knife, prepared to cut its throat: but at that very instant there was a noise heard overhead, and a small, beautifully dressed, and very pretty lady came down the wide chimney, using the chain of the crook as a ladder. She bounded over the fire, across the room, and stood beside the bed.

In one second she had snatched the [illegible] out of Grace's hands, and ran back [illegible] fire-place, turning to shake it at her, as she cried, 'You'll rue the day you tried to hurt my child.'

She sprang upon the hob, put her tiny dainty feet into the links of the chain one after another, mounted them as a staircase, and was out of sight like a whirlwind.

'Oh, my poor wean,' sobbed the exhausted mother, sinking back upon her pillow, 'she'll hae you yet!'

'Na, na, Grace,' said Mrs. Rooney in soothing tones, 'she'll not get your wean; but it 'll tak you to watch it weel, an' never leave it its lane in the house unless you put the tongs across the cradle. But sure you ha' plenty o' childer to watch it.'

Joseph McDonagh was spending the night in a neighbor's cabin, and the women were really afraid to venture out-of-doors to call him; besides what good could he have done had he been there? They sat on, telling quaint and strange stories about the wee folk, some of which had been told them by their parents, and others that had come under their own observation; but all agreed that so strange a circumstance as that just witnessed was a bad thing for the neighborhood, and especially for the McDonagh family.

'I never affronted the 'gentry' to my knowledge,' sighed the poor mother, 'but Joe helped Mr. Todd's gardener to cut down the old hawthorn-tree on the lawn Friday was eight days; an' there's them that says it's a very bad thing to do. I fleeched him not to touch it, but the master offered him six shillings if he'd help wi' the job, for the other men refused.' She sighed again and shut her eyes.

'That's the way of it,' whispered the crones over their pipes and poteen; 'that's just it. The gude man had had the ill luck to displease the 'gentry' an' there'll be trouble in this house yet.'

Grace did not hear these cheerful prophecies, for she had dropped asleep.

Weeks passed and the augury had not been fulfilled. Little Eliza throve apace, but her mother never lost sight of her for a moment.

She lay fast asleep in her cradle near the fire one day, while Grace, standing at the dresser, was occupied in cutting up vegetables with the large knife. All at once a tumult of the elements arose. A rush of cold wind hurried up the mountain, and whirled around the house. Grace was startled at the sound and dropped the knife in terror. The door burst open, and the hurricane dashed into the kitchen, overturning the cradle, and driving it, bottom upward across the floor. Grace ran to lift it up and see what had become of the baby. The little creature was crying, and both her pretty, straight ankles were twisted and her feet turned inward. It was long before she ceased to scream.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had arisen, but the mysterious evil it had brought the child did not end. She became sickly and very fretful, and the other children grew weary of nursing her. They had been very fond of Eliza, but they now began to dislike her, and the poor overworked mother could hardly ever lay her out of her arms.

Weeks, months, years went by. Eliza was five years old, but looked like a child of eighteen months, so small and shrunken was she. She still fitted into the cradle, and therein spent most of the day. She had been a very sorrowful burden to her mother all these years, and her cross, fretful temper had driven joy and contentment far from the cabin.

The healthy, rosy elder children were sometimes so provoked with the wailing sister that they would have hurt her if their mother had not watched them very carefully. But though so sickly, Eliza was much cleverer than any of her strong brothers or sisters. She said extraordinary things, that were repeated from house to house in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Rooney, happening to pay Grace McDonagh a visit one day, saw Matt, the eldest brother, give Eliza a wicked pinch as he passed the cradle; and when the unfortunate child's howl had a little subsided, the wise neighbor took upon herself to speak a word in season.

'Do you mind what happened the night that wean was born, Grace darlin'?'

'Do I mind it? Richly I mind it, Mrs. Rooney.'

'An' the time her feet was turned in?'

'Ay, it's weel I mind it.'

'Weel, Grace, if you tak' my bidding, you'll no let the childer offer to touch thon wean to hurt her; for if you do, knowin' what she is, some black trouble 'll be coming to this house.'

'Is it a wee elf, then, Mrs. Rooney dear, that was put in the place o' my ain child, do you think?'

'Is it?' cried the neighbor scornfully; 'an' you ax me sich an innocent question, an' you working wi' the crathur these five year? Sure enough it's an elf, Grace McDonagh; an' if you hurt it, you ain child will be hurted just as much; an' if it's kilt in this house, your ain child 'll come to its end where it is, and that's wi' the 'gentry' in their grand parlors underground, as sure as I'm a living sinner this day!' concluded she, dropping her voice to a mysterious whisper.

Poor Grace was deeply impressed. She called her healthy children around her, and threatened them with all manner of penalties if they ventured again to ill-treat Eliza, promising to complain to their father, of whose more energetic correction they all stood in much terror. But she had a tenderness for the wailing child, so hated by the rest of its little world; and although she believed Mrs. Rooney, she believed her most unwillingly. 'Maybe the poor crathur 'll not be very long troublesome. She looks but sickly; she'll die quietly, an' you'll get rid of the trouble that way,' said the wise Mrs. Rooney, in comforting accents, as she got up to take leave.

Grace sighed. She took Eliza out of the cradle and pressed her to her bosom. Even though she were a changeling, she was dearer to the woman's heart than her own child, growing up somewhere or other in fairy-land, and she did not wish to see her die. For the true Eliza, stolen at a few weeks old, was almost forgotten; while this unfortunate elfin Eliza was a daily trial of love and patience, and had been so for five years.

Joseph McDonagh, as Mr. Todd's bailiff, had often dangerous work to do, and Grace was uneasy about him if he did not return at the usual hour. He went out one morning to serve several ejectment processes upon tenants at some distance from Buncrana, saying he hoped to be at home by four o'clock; but the day waned, and there was no sign of him.

'What's keeping him, anyway?' was the question that Grace asked over and over again, as she paced the little yard on the look-out for her husband, forgetting that her offspring, herding cattle in the field, or playing carelessly in the gutter, could not answer.

'Mother,' said Eliza, from her cradle, 'my father's in sair trouble this minute, but I'm away to help him.'

She lay unusually quiet for a quarter of an hour, seeming to be in a drowsy state.

'But he's all right now; he'll be hame soon,' said she, at the end of that time, opening her eyes and looking gravely at her mother.

Supper was ready. The door opened, and Joe came in, covered with mud, and with his clothes torn.

'Save us, Joe! What ails you?' cried Grace.

'I served the notices, Grace dear, an' I was comin' away. I was all right as far as the wee brig at Roshine, when six o' the Brady and McLaughlin boys met me wi' stones in their hands. They pelted me, an' they beat me, an' I thought I'd be kilt entirely, when all at once I was awa frae them at the other end o' the brig; an' I canna tell you how I got awa, for I dinna know mysel'; but just I was there, an' they were at the far side, shouting an' cursing an' shaking their sticks at me. It's the quarest thing I seen in all my days.

Grace related how Eliza had told her that her father was in peril, and what she said about going off to help him.'

He shook his head, and meditated while he took his after supper smoke. He was a quiet man, whose voice was not much heard in the house; but his cogitations took expression in the following words, addressed to his assembled family.

'Childer, if one of yous offers to annoy Eliza, I'll break that one's bones.'

The peaceful days that now commenced for the poor changeling did not last long. She had been growing weaker during the summer, and when the cold blasts of November came she died. Grace wept piteously over the tiny, wasted corpse, regardless of the reproofs of her neighbors.

'You suldna cry that way for the crathur, Grace, an' you knowin' what she was,' said Mrs. Rooney, severely.

'I dinna care what she was,' replied Grace, giving way to fresh tears. 'Sure I ha' nursed her, an' fed her, an' waked for her all these five years.'

It was a long time before her grief was quite softened—longer still before Eliza's history ceased to be a winter's tale at Roshine.

A candlestick has been constructed of porcelain, and so arranged with applied phosphorus that it gives sufficient light to read in the darkness of a cellar the label on a cask, where spirits or other inflammable liquids are stored. By this means the explosions occurring from the incautious use of an unprotected light are obviated. Further improvements may make this light a substitute for Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp for the use of miners.

Harper's Bazar Fashions.

A Marguerite overdress of brocaded cashmere with a garnet skirt, is a handsome visiting dress.

Gathered flounces or fans of lace arranged in the shape of the train which they are to trim are imported, ready to sew on, in black and in white lace.

Embroidery is used to cover lambrequin paniers, apron draperies, sashes, and the half vest that is inserted below the square neck of evening dresses.

Few striped velvets are used for parts of costumes, those with set figures having already found favor, especially for coat basques with satin de Lyon skirts.

New Derby hats for ladies have a silk cord wound five or six times around the crown. Sometimes a rosette made of humming-birds' heads, with their bills in the center, will trim one side of such a hat.

There is far less tying back of trained skirts than when princess dresses were in vogue, yet many trains are still held in set shapes by having their draperies set in mammoth bows, either one or three down the middle.

An especial novelty is the opera coat of white cloth, with the gay Indian tambour needle-work forming a Directoire collar, revers, cuffs, lappets for the back, and pockets on the hips. This is to be worn with any dark costume at the opera or theater.

Reticules of satin or of the dress trimmings are now made to match suits.—They are suspended by long ribbons that have a bow at the top for fastening to the side of the dress. Black satin reticules painted by hand, or embroidered with colors or with jet, or else merely linen with old gold or cardinal satin, and finished by a tassel at the lower end, are sold to wear with any black dress.

The newest fancy for trains is to 'gauge' them at the lap in great plaits, arranged in the way old-fashioned gauging was done, which differed from shirring by being made of alternate long and short stitches that hold the fabric in close deep plaits. These trains are made of three or four straight breadths that may be square-cornered or rounded, as the wearer chooses. Sometimes the train has a breadth each side, and again the middle is brocade and the other breadths plain.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises exactly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court-house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named William Mackaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barrett house the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him, and he halted.

'I beg your pardon,' she said, 'but you have my valise.'

'You are certainly mistaken, madam,' the traveler said, courteously, but firmly, 'this is mine.'

'No, sir,' the lady replied firmly, 'it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it.'

But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus, and asked:

'Whose is that?'

'It isn't mine,' said the traveler; 'it is just like it; but this is mine.'

'And it isn't mine,' said the lady; 'he has mine, and I'll have it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight.'

Finally the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of a crowd of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flat flask half full of whisky, a deck of cards and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

'Madam,' he said, 'you are right.—The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo'—

But the lady had fainted, and the traveler relocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign-painter down town received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barrett house to mark a red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.

Mr. Gladstone on Knowledge.

Mr. Gladstone, in an address to the pupils of the Hawarden (England) grammar school, said: "It is affirmed that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' The saying may be true, but it is not necessarily true. I cannot help thinking that it is a great advantage to you to gain as much knowledge as you can, of as many subjects as you can, and not to be deterred by any fear that your knowledge, being superficial, may lead you into error. Of course the danger is that a person who knows only a little of a subject may fancy himself well qualified to give an opinion on points that are really out of his depth; but as long as a person feels and knows that his knowledge of a subject extends only so far, and does not venture beyond his depth, that person has everything to gain and nothing to lose by getting some knowledge of it, even though the knowledge may be limited."

A Connecticut Man's Thrift.

The story comes from Hartford of a penurious farmer who has had three wives. It is stated that he ordered off his farm a sister of No. 1 because she ate too many eggs. No. 2 had been his servant girl, and refused to work longer at low wages. On the way to the depot he said: 'Will you stay if I will marry you?' 'Yes,' she answered, and he is said to have chuckled over his cheap bargain, as she was a hard worker. No. 3, who was wooed when No. 2 died, was a widow and dressmaker, who owed considerable money. By the State law a husband is responsible for his wife's debts contracted before marriage, so to avoid paying these, our friend, as soon as he was engaged, kept the news quiet till he had bought up all the claims against his intended at twenty cents on the dollar.

China.

At the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, China was 700 years old; and when Isaiah prophesied of her she had existed fifteen centuries. She has seen the rise and decline of all the great nations of antiquity. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome have long since followed each other to the dust; but China still remains, a solitary and wonderful monument of patriarchal time. Then look at the population of the country, roughly estimated at 400,000,000—ten times the population of the United States, more than thirteen times the population of Great Britain and Ireland. Every third person that lives and breathes upon this earth and beneath these heavens is a Chinese; every third grave that is dug is for a Chinese.

Wonders of Nature.

If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of a night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water.

If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine around each other.

Bringing Delinquents to Time.

A Newport 'swell,' who has been liberal in ordering bouquets, but slow in paying for them, has received the following note:

Sir: As it appears to be useless to try to collect my bill from you, I would say that I always keep a list of the ladies to whom bouquets are sent, so that, as in two or three cases in my experience, when the gentlemen forget to settle, I may have somebody to go to. I have done so in your case, and give you this notice, that should you fail to settle up before going away this time, I will certainly present bills to the several ladies to whom you sent bouquets, and I have no doubt they will pay for them.

While Merritt Trimble, a well-known merchant of New York, was busily talking with a customer, sitting beside his open safe, three men entered his office, and after lounging about apparently waiting to see Mr. Trimble, sauntered out. Some hours after, when business hours were over, the gentleman proceeded to lock his safe, when he discovered a package containing $28,100 in bonds was missing, abstracted by the adroit thieves.

Victor Hugo is a broad-shouldered man. He has a full beard, almost white, and he does not appear ethereal.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The rice crop of South Carolina for the year is estimated at 44,000 tierces and that of Georgia at 26,000.

A Swiss colony of seven hundred people now in Tennessee devote their time to cheese-making.

An agreement relative to postoffice money orders has just been concluded at Berlin between Germany and the United States.

The Mercer county, Pa., court, in a case in which a person on the Pennsylvania railroad sued the company for putting him off a train because he had refused to pay an additional fare which was demanded, because he had left one train and taken another, the plaintiff was non-suited on the ground that he had violated the contract printed on the ticket.

A five-year-old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his tiny foot, said: 'You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin', and then you'll see; won't he, mamma?'

The liability of a common carrier has just been defined by the Kentucky court of appeals as follows: 'The consignor is not bound to accept or agree to the terms of the special contract in restriction of the carrier's liability, but in such cases it is his duty to refuse to accept the written instrument limiting such liability by returning it to the carrier, after he has had time to ascertain the contents, with notice of non-acceptance.'

Prince de Bourbon, son of the Count d'Aquila, uncle of the ex-King Francis II. of Naples, and grandson of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, comes to claim the hand of Miss Ayer, daughter of the late proprietor of Ayer's pills, who has a fortune of $5,000,000, and is thus the richest heiress in the United States. She is said to be a lovely young girl of twenty, and the great and noble count is thirty-two.

A novel phase of the labor question has just been developed in the South Carolina cotton fields. The colored people in one section held an excited meeting, extending through Saturday night and Sunday, and adopted resolutions binding themselves, their wives and children, not to pick cotton for less than fifty cents per one hundred pounds, under penalty of a whipping, a member of the organization to apply the lash.

A feature of Austrian prison discipline is the practice of compelling the convict to reflect upon his offense. It is in the discretion of the judge, on passing sentence of imprisonment, to prescribe also compulsory fasting at stated intervals every year, and to direct, in addition to abstention from food, a period of solitary confinement on each anniversary of the crime. The fasting and solitary confinement are believed by German jurists to have a valuable reformatory influence.

One of the most remarkable incidents of true tenacity was verified in a red fox chase in Johnston county, Ga. The chase lasted for eight hours, and every dog was entirely exhausted but one and he held out until both he and the fox were run down, when they positively laid down close to each other, and every time the fox would move or attempt to get up the dog would move toward it, but could not quite get hold of Reynard, who, by the assistance of the hunters, was captured.

The manager of the Burlington and Lamoille railroad, in Vermont, has in use an ingenious method of conveying cordwood a distance of two miles and landing it on the cars. He has erected a small flume from a point near the timber leading to the station. A stream of water from a brook is turned into the flume and the wood floats down very rapidly, and at the terminus is shot on to the cars while the water falling short flows away into the river. Thirty cords of wood are placed on the cars in this manner every day.

Good Suggestions.

The scandal developed in discussions concerning the validity of wills might lead the possessors of wealth to learn some useful lessons, among which may be these: Gifts to charitable objects, if made by the donor while living, will accomplish more good than if left to be distributed by executors and lawyers, who usually manage to get a large slice themselves; besides, in the former case, the donor can have the satisfaction of seeing the beneficial results of his charity. Wills should be made when in good health, if possible, before disease or old age impairs the powers. The time has gone for even the most superstitious to indulge the idea that he will die any sooner for having made his will.