A VAIN QUEST.

We started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold;
'Twas to find the end of a rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim,
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twilight fell like a curtain
Pinned with the evening star,
And we saw in the shining heavens
The new moon's golden car.
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,
"What though we found no gold!
Our love is a richer treasure
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray;
But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet,
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.
—*D. M. Jordan, in Century.*

Tula Velasquez.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

Leo Gordon was a handsome young southerner, whose home was on the balmy banks of the Pearl River. He had served in the Confederacy with all the enthusiasm and confidence that characterized the most intrepid wearers of gray. It was not so much the discomfitur he felt at the termination of the civil struggle, as it was the spirit of adventurer, which had led Leo to abandon his southern home and seek that land of thrilling romance, Mexico. Leo found Mexico then in a belligerent state. Immdiately on his landing, he joined the army of Juarez, who was fighting against Maximilian.

Many were the brave deeds of Leo Gordon, which won the respect and admiration of his comrades, and of the great chief himself. But it is not of his services in that struggle that we intend to write; but of a certain adventure, deeply rose-hued with romance, in which Leo played an active part.

With several of his friends, who had followed him from the United States, Leo went one night to the luxurious *hacienda* of a very wealthy Mexican ranchero, and asked the savage-browed master to grant them permission to pass the night there.

With a few crusty words in a surly voice, the ranchero refused the request. But the Americans persuaded, and on their saying, at last, that they were determined to stay any way, he gruffly and sullenly acquiesced to their lodging beneath his roof.

The *hacienda* had a somewhat rambling, partially furnished wing that was used by the ranchero's family, but had long ago been abandoned to the bats and spiders. This wing was assigned to the accomodation of the half-dozen adventurous Americans, who had insisted on passing the night at the *hacienda*. Here they would be wholly to themselves, save the stealthy gnawing that broke the silence of those unused rooms, and suggested a multitude of rats.

The moon was up and was filtering her silvery beams over the breast of the warm, delicious night. Leo was leaning out of one of the long, narrow windows of the wing, looking with sincere admiration at the ample and beautiful flower gardens of his host. The flowers, in the moon's wealth of pellucid splendor, with their rich perfumes tossed to him ever and anon by the bland, south winds, carried the young southerner's mind back to his home on the Pearl, with its flower-bedecked walks and balmy nooks.

So lost was he in the memories which the scene before him evoked, that, at first, he did not observe a beautiful Mexican girl approaching the window from which he leaned.

[illegible]

TALMAGE IN DIXIE.

A LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT OBTAINED.

The Elder Son of the Parable at Last Focused by the Eminent Divine.

He Gets Not a Fraction of the Photograph, But a Full-Length Caricature of the Eldest Prodigal—A Most Beautiful and Modern Life-Like Description of the Contrast Between the Sons.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 12.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chautauqua, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke Ch. xv. v. 28) "And he was angry, and would not go in," he said:

"Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side-face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full-length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with

[illegible]

JAPANS TENDENCIES.

The Public Men of the Empire Discussing the Adoption of the Christian Religion.

The *Times* of Saturday published from the Japan *Weekly Mail* a remarkable story from Japan, says the London *Spectator*. It is stated that the publicists of that country are discussing the propriety of an official adoption of the Christian religion, and are in a large measure in favor of the step. They do not, they say, believe in Christianity, and are even repelled by its dogmas, holding that educated men should always be guided by pure reason, but they think the adoption of the civilized creed essential to the perfection of their own civilization and to the maintainance of a moral standard among their people. The Japanese, they say, have lost their old faiths, and it is indispensible for the safety of society and its development that they should have a new one. Without it they will never obtain that strong coherence and reliance on each other which is essential to a powerful state. Some of the reasons pleaded are of less importance than this last, which is not in the *Times'* narrative, one of those actually published being that only when Japan is Christian will its music ever improve; and we dare say most of the readers of the account set it down as a mere digest of purely academic dissertations by half-informed or over-speculative men. That, however, is not the case. We have strong reasons, wholly independent of the account in the *Mail*, for believing that the persons who really govern Japan are discussing this proposal as earnestly as the publicists, and that, although there is a strong resisting party, it is still by no means impossible that Christianity may be declared by imperial decree the official religion of Japan. Some of the most influential councilors of the empire are of the opinion that such a step is essential to further progress in civilization, "which cannot be based upon a weak morale," and all implicity admit that it would be possible, that the indigenous creeds are dying or dead, and that the body of the Japanese would receive the new faith with acquiescence, as something quite within the educating province of their rulers.

Of the accuracy of this view we can not at

[illegible]

A Word About Cremation.

[illegible]

How Women Smuggle.

[illegible]

RHYMES OF ALL KINDS.

Mortality.

In spring the fatigue of my brain to relieve,
I dig in my garden at morn and at eve,
And ever, perspiringly, turning the sod,
With feeling fraternal regarding each clod.

"We all," says the parson, "are sprung from the dust,
And sooner or later return to it must"—
So, gently upheaving the loam, rich and mellow,
I murmur: "Your pardon, my excellent fellow!"

A lump with my shovel I merrily hit,
"A Jesuit," thinks I, "most subtle of wit."
His Indian convert beside him reposes,
And furnishes soil for my beautiful roses.

That clay lump out yonder, blue, solid and cold,
Is rigid enough for some Calvinist's mold;
Beneath yon luxuriant border, I ween,
Some emigrant Irishman's "wearing the green."

And so with each spadeful my sympathies start,
That even the earthworms appeal to my heart;
Each piteous wriggler I view as a brother,
For he's a vile worm of the dust—I'm another.
—*M. E. Gorham, in Detroit Free Press.*

Grandma's Story.

Polly was holding Bessie,
While Joe and sturdy Ned
Sat on the floor at grandma's feet
Making themselves a sled.

Outside, the snow was falling,
Within, it was snug and warm,
Little cared they for the wild, fierce wind
Or the terrible driving storm.

For grandma was telling stories
Of times when, like beasts of prey,
The Indians used to creep from the woods
And carry people away.

"And once they took a wee girlie
No bigger than Bessie there,
With just the same blue, laughing eyes
And sunny, waving hair.

"What matter to them that childish tears
Were dropping like summer rain,
A cruel Indian, with one blow,
Cleft the golden head in twain."

Polly hugged closer tiny Bess
While she smothered her yellow head,
Joe winked hard to keep back the tears,
"Oh, where was the police?" sobbed Ned.
—*Lizzie M. Hadley, in Boston Globe.*

The Cross and the Crown are so woven in one,
Can he who refuses the former to bear,
Or trusts in aught else but the Saviour alone,
Expect in that high world the latter to wear.
—E. Porter Dyer.

Mount, mount above bereavements and pain,
There count the loss and th' infinite gain.
Ne'er a shadow, but beyond there's light;
Day sits enthroned 'bove blackest of night.
—Nina Gray.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that: tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he is quite too charming." Of course, it cured his catarrh.

[illegible]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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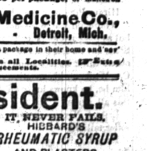

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