

THE STUDENT'S GRAVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I never gazed on him that sleeps Here in this dark and lonely wood, Beneath this morning tree that keeps Watch in the sighing solitude.

THE LITERARY WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Some shrewd, observant, or cynical lady writer—it must have been a "lady" writer—has said, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

It so happened that the mother of Mr. Jones was a woman thoroughly versed in the art and mystery of housekeeping, and Mr. Jones could not recollect the time when any failure of home-comforts had given him the slightest annoyance.

Let us see how it was with him in his own home—after he had set up for himself, with the accomplished, intellectual Arabella, who wrote the sweetest poetry, and played divinely—as his life-partner.

"How do you like it all?" inquired the young husband, after he had exhibited his new housekeeping arrangements to his mother, who came to pay her first visit.

Mrs. Jones was a plain-spoken, sincere woman, and she answered just as she thought. "Your house is too large, in the first place.

"It is not the position you are to look at, Andrew, but the means and the comfort. A small house is kept with far less toil and expense than a large one; and shows a moderate supply of furniture to the best advantage.

"At the hour of dusky twilight Andrew came home, a little more wearied than usual with the day's varied duties. He was not in the best condition of mind for the experiment, so far as success in the higher department of poetry was concerned.

"Delicious!" he ejaculated, as the first mouthful reached his palate. "Ah! this is some of your work, mother!" And he looked gratefully towards his pleased parent.

"Thank you for the compliment!" said the old lady; "but I cannot appropriate it. The praise belongs to Arabella. It is to her hands that you are indebted for what you call delicious."

"Is this indeed so?" he asked. Then springing up under the enthusiasm of the moment, he rewarded his young wife with a kiss of heartier feeling than she had received for a month.

"I told you," said the good old lady, smiling, after order was restored, "that there was poetry in even so homely a thing as a mutton-chop, and you have brought it forth to the light."

"And if I don't find poetry in a great many other things that I have foolishly looked down upon as beneath a true woman's regard, it will not be through indifference to your wise suggestions, dear mother!" replied Arabella, with much feeling.

"There are two kinds of poetry," said Mrs. Jones, speaking, at length, in her quiet way, "with which a wife may charm her husband."

"Two kinds of poetry?" Arabella gazed inquiringly into the face of her mother-in-law.

week's fasting would hardly have reconciled it to the revolting palate. Mrs. Jones, senior, like elderly ladies of her class, liked a good cup of green tea. Black tea was served on the present occasion, and black enough it was!

Andrew was seriously mortified at all this, and blamed the miserable cook. Arabella added her condemnation, and said that she would not retain the incompetent creature a day longer.

From the beautiful room and its indifferent attractions, the company soon withdrew, and went back to the parlor, but little refreshed either in mind or body by the evening's entertainment.

"Try him with the poetry of comfort," said the old lady. "Speak out more plainly, dear mother!" The eyes of Arabella grew moist.

"No, I am simply in earnest. This morning you had a mutton-chop for your husband's breakfast. It was the comestest prose of a mutton-chop I ever remember to have seen.

"The perfection of its flavor, brought out upon the gridiron." "Is Andrew a mere animal?" ejaculated Arabella.

"He is animal, as well as spiritual, and the wants of both natures must be supplied. It is one of my theories, that a delicate and appreciating palate is essential to a delicate and appreciating mind.

"The young man wants to get a certain young lady's daguer-type, but does not know how to manage about the cost of it. If he don't offer to pay for it he is afraid he will be looked upon as a stingy fellow, and if he does offer to pay for it he is fearful that he will be considered impertinent.

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"The poetry of sentiment, and the poetry of comfort." Mrs. Jones looked steadily at her daughter-in-law. "And the latter, I think, will always be found more potent and enduring in its influence than the former."

The sunny aspect of Arabella's countenance was slightly dimmed; for she saw, below the surface of her mother-in-law's words, into something of their real significance.

"Why did you write these beautiful verses to your husband?" inquired the latter. "Why?" There was a tone of surprise in Arabella's voice. "To give him pleasure. I love him too well to act from any other motive."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS says he has been in the habit of waiting upon a certain young lady for about a year. He has never said anything in regard to love or marriage, but he has not kept company with any other girl, and the young lady in question has not been in company, in public, with any other man; he has also given her many presents, and often taken her to parties and places of amusement.

A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER—Give the young gentleman your miniature, since your mother consents, and never mind what "the rest of the girls say."

ANOTHER—Be careful lest in your mad thirst for revenge you do not entail misery upon yourself. Revenge is a vice which festers only in little souls; it is never permitted to take up its abode in the hearts of the good and great.

C. L. D.—Every person visiting the countries of continental Europe must have a passport. You can obtain them in this country, before starting, from the Consuls of the various governments.

ENDORSE—If you can prove that the present holder knew it when he took them, you can defeat the action.

MRS. E. K.—Your idea of teaching your little daughter the nature and uses of prayer is a very good one. It is not to be wondered at that you find it difficult, however.

REMARKS.—The term "consols" is coined out of the word "consolidated," by adopting the first two syllables and then making a plural of it.

AR OLD WRITER is offended at a "severe criticism" he says we sometime since passed upon an offered contribution, and now writes in justification of his capacity.

CONCERT SINGER.—It is impossible for us to tell what success your company would meet with in the western States. If you can sing well, and have an excellent list of songs for the million, and a tip-top agent to precede you and make the necessary arrangements for your concerts, we see no reason why you should not meet with fair success.

A YOUNG MAN wants to get a certain young lady's daguer-type, but does not know how to manage about the cost of it. If he don't offer to pay for it he is afraid he will be looked upon as a stingy fellow, and if he does offer to pay for it he is fearful that he will be considered impertinent.

LABURNUM.—You certainly are "in a fix." It is strange how you could have become involved in such an unfortunate predicament. Do not cover under your enemies' threats, however, but defy them to do their worst.

SAMUEL.—There were no particularly "dashing" officers in the Revolutionary army, although there were many gallant ones. Colonel Aaron Burr, (who was subsequently Vice-President of the United States, who shot Alexander Hamilton in a duel, and became so notorious for many things,) was probably the most dashing, romantic, and Napoleonic of the Revolutionary officers.

JAFET.—Nothing "pays" so well, in the long run, as honesty and goodness. Bad men often seem to flourish wonderfully, but the inevitable cancer-worm of sin, sooner or later, eats the heart out of their success, and leaves them miserable, decaying wrecks, cumbering the ground while they live, and their memories despised when dead.

TOM AVORI.—The best way to make that obdurate whicker grow is, frequently to shave the side of your face which you wish it to adorn. That is the best stimulant we know of. None of the nostrums for fertilizing barren cheeks or skulls can be depended upon.

EDWARD.—It is quite proper for you to send your copies of the LEDGER to the young lady; and she will not be likely to think less of it and you on account of the postage being prepaid.

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JACK WALLACE.—It has been customary among many nations, from time immemorial, to set aside some particular day or days for seasons of public thanksgiving, fasting and prayer. But our New England Thanksgiving is instituted by our Puritan ancestors for the special mercies of Providence in guarding them across the great deep.

M. V. M.—Did it never occur to you that the distinguished names whose names you mention would not care to have us publish the gossip about them, nor the particulars as to where and how "they were born and raised," as you request?

EVANGELINE.—You ought to apologize to your grandmother at once. Old age should always be respected; and when an elderly person exasperates you to such a degree that you can reply courteously and respectfully, you should remain silent.

T. B. L.—You could have the winner arrested for swindling, and if he is worth the amount you could recover it back. All tricks at cards are regarded as swindles. Your proof would have to be of the clearest kind.

ETHEL ALLEN.—Are you not aware that "True love never did run smooth?" Don't be discouraged. Try the maiden again.

JACOB.—Your teacher is right. The ancient villains or serfs of England were no better off than the serfs of Russia at the present day, only in so far as the nature of the Anglo-Saxon is superior to that of the Russian.

SCHOOL-GIRL.—It would be better to ask your teacher permission to attend the picnic. A pupil never loses anything by always exhibiting a proper deference to a teacher's authority, and a kindly regard for her feelings.

EXCELSIOR.—It would not be improper for a young lady to take her affianced lover's arm, while walking in the street, in the daytime.

R.—It would be quite proper to send the young lady a note of thanks for the present, or you can call and thank her by word-of-mouth.

ALEXANDER.—You must graduate at the U. S. Naval School, at Annapolis, before you can get a berth as midshipman on a man-of-war.

VANDERBILT.—We do not know anything about the dancing academies in this city, and if we did we should not give them the benefit of gratuitous advertising in the LEDGER.

CHARLESTOWN.—It is supposed that wood fire would be less injurious than a coal one in a sleeping room. No fire at all is better than either in such an apartment.

HENRY MCC.—We are much obliged for your music, and your compliments to the LEDGER.

JOHN PAUL JONES.—David's mother was of course the wife of his father Jesse.

J. D. L.—The best way to avoid getting into a quarrel is to mind your own business and always keep your temper.

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