

OUR COLORED BROTHER.

Yes, he is in hard luck. Whatever appens, he is sure to get the butt end of it. He is the only perpetual hewer of wood, who is always crowded away from the fire; the only systematic drawer of water, who never gets a drink. Yet, as patient as a camel, he goes on voting the Republican ticket from year to year; and, if one of his race takes a notion to protest, he is straightway bounced for a raitor, and driven out with staves and stones, lucky if he escapes with his life. How long, oh, Lord, how long?

It is none of our funeral. We know that. But it does stick in our gizzard to see the colored brother so set upon. It was bad enough to be ignored by the Administration. That, however, was to be expected. Mr. Harrison is an aristocrat. He hates a poor man only one degree less than he hates a nigger. But there was a hope that Congress, the Republican Congress, would, when it met, do something to make things even. Now, what do we see? We see all the black contested election cases in the House, except one, put down at the foot of the calendar, where they will never be reached, and that one exception placed sixth on the list of seventeen, not by the Republicans, but by the Democrats.

It is just as Abram Jasper said in his speech in the colored picnic at Shantytown, in the late Virginia campaign: "Feller freemen," says he, "you all know me. I am Abram Jasper, a Republican from way back. When there have been any work to do, I has done it. When there have been any votin' to do, I has voted, early and often. When there have been any fightin' to do, I has been in the thick of it. I are above proof, old line, and tax paid. And I has seed many changes, too. I has seed the Republicans up. I has seed the Democrats up. But I is yit to see the nigger up. 'Tother night I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates, ole Salt Peter, he says:

"Who's dar?" says he.

"Abram Jasper," says I.

"Is you mounted, or is you a-foot?" says he.

"I is a-foot," says I.

"Well, you can't git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in here 'cept them as comes mounted," says he.

"Dat's hard on me," says I, "arter comin' all dis distance." But he neber says nothin' mo', and so I starts back, an' about half way down de hill who does I meet but Gen'l Willom Mahone. "Whar is you gwine, Gen'l?" says I.

"I is gwine to heaven," says he.

"Why, Gen'l," say I, "tain't no use. I'se just been up dar, an' nobody's 'lowed to git in 'cept dey comes mounted, an' you's a-foot."

"Is dat so?" says he.

"Yes, it is," says I.

"Well, de Gen'l sorter scratched his head, an' arter awhile he says, says he: "Abram, I tell you what let's do. You is a likely lad. Suppose you git down on all fours, an' I'll mount and ride you, and dat way we kin both git in?"

"Gen'l," says I, "do you think you could work it?"

"I know I kin," says he.

"So, down I gits on all fours, and

de Gen'l gits a-straddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin, an' prances up to de gate, an' ole Salt Peter, he says:

"Who's dar?"

"Gen'l Willom Mahone, of Virginey," says he.

"Is you mounted, or is you a-foot?" says Peter.

"I is mounted," says de Gen'l.

"All right," says Peter, "all right," says he; "jest hitch your hoss outside, Gen'l, an' come right in."

And so it goes. Shunned by the Republicans in this world, the colored brother will be, if they have their way, shut out from heaven itself in the world to come. How long, oh, Lord, how long?

GETHESEMANE.

In golden youth, when seems the earth,
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad, and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden all must sometimes see,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to the days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar,
We laugh and say how strong we are.
We hurry on, and hurrying, go
Close to the border land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me;
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty cape of years,
Close to the great salt fount of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may,
You can not miss it on your way.
All paths that have been or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair;
God pity those who can not say:
"Not mine, but thine;" who only pray,
"Let this cup pass;" and can not see
The purpose in Gethsemane,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
God help us through Gethsemane.

—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]

HER PREFERENCE.

[Boston Budget.]

He was handsome and tall,
The envy of all
The men as he walked by her side,
While slowly the light
Of day changed to night,
And merrily rippled the tide.
She, pretty and sweet,
Entrancing and neat,
Demurely beside him was walking,
While softly the air
Caressed her fair hair
And listened the while to their talking.

"You'll please pardon me"—
He glanced playfully—
"If really my question should tire,
Do you care for men tall
Or those who are small—
What kind of men do you admire?"

Her lashes quick fell
And veiled her eyes well.
"No pardon for such a request;
I like mankind all,
Both little and tall,
But then I like Hymen the best."

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

"In the matter of your future," said her father,
old and gray,
"Young Algernon de Shillingsby has called on me
to say
That he thinks himself quite able your affection
to command,
And he sues for my permission to request from
you your hand."

"Papa," she answered, firmly, and 'twas plain
she had a will,
"Though William sails on foreign seas, I dearly
love him still;
I am pledged unto another, and my vows I must
respect;
So, to questions from de Shillingsby, take notice
I object."

"But William's poor, my daughter, quite deficient
as to rocks;
De Shillingsby's papa, I'm told, has struck it rich
in stocks."

"I did not know of that," she said, her ardor
greatly cooled.
"I think we may consider the objection over-
ruled."

—[Washington Critic.]

SHE STUTTERS.

She is beautiful and fair,
She has lovely golden hair,
She has eyes of brightest hue,
Her property is handsome, too.

She is pious and well-bred,
She is wise and deeply read;
She knows science like a book,
She can drive a nail and cook.

But this maid, to me so dear,
Never can be mine I fear.
Many times, in accents bland,
I've beseeched her for her hand,
Whether she says "Yes" or "No"
I can not tell, she stutters so.

—[Tom Masson.]

W. C. T. U.

No Use, Old Man.

The following pathetic communication came to us through the mail yesterday:

CITY, 2, 28, 88, COMMERCIAL: Please insert the following: "Left at some saloon between First and Third streets, \$20. Return to ANDERSON, Lexington, Ky.

We are sorry, Anderson, but the chances are that your money has gone the way of the world, and that you will never again feel the thrilling presence of that particular "twenty" in your inside pocket. It has been our sad experience that money left at saloons very rarely returns, even after many days. The publication of your request is not intended, therefore, to arouse any groundless expectations. It is a model in its way, and will probably reach as far as anything of the kind, but, nevertheless, it is inadequate in such a case.

Still it suggests possibilities that are very pleasing and reminiscences tinged with regret. How many men will read your card with various emotions. If your plan were only feasible, how many a broken fortune could be repaired; how many a ruined home rebuilt; how many a shattered life reclaimed. "Left at some saloon between First and Third streets." What a multitude of people can tell the same sad tale; the streets are merely nominal—they might be First and Thirty-first and the time anywhere between the ages of 10 and 100—the principle is the same. "Please return." Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, none have a more plaintive meaning. By tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds it has gone—the millionaire is a beggar, the statesman a sot, the proud man a tramp; but the tender grace of the wealth that is gone will never come back to them.

Anderson of Lexington, the best thing you can do is to quit right now leaving your money in saloons between First and Third, or any other streets. It is has a habit of staying where it is left that we fear can never be overcome. Leave it with your wife; leave it with a bank; leave it in a street-car; throw it away; lend it; invest it in a New Mexican silver mine; buy a newspaper with it; do anything on God's earth, Anderson, but never leave it in a saloon, if you ever want to meet it again.

If you follow this advice, Anderson, of one who has sounded all the depths and shoals of the financial question, will never find it necessary to advertise for your wealth.—
Louisville Commercial.