

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, two soft blue eyes,  
Two eyes as sweet and dear  
As ever danced with gay surprise,  
Or melted with a tear;  
In whose fair rays a heart may bask—  
Their shadowed rays serene—  
But, little maid, you must not ask  
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy song,  
Like brooklet in the June,  
That sings to please itself alone,  
A little old-world tune;  
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,  
And will not leave it free;  
But I will never tell you, dear,  
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid  
For whom I built a shrine,  
A lady nook of murmurous shade,  
Be up to this heart of mine;  
And in that calm and cool recess  
To make her home she came—  
But oh! you'd never, never guess  
That little maiden's name.

(o)

A Black Pearl.

STOLEN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
FROM THE ENGLISH CROWN.

About a year ago an ill-clothed and needy-looking Jew went into a jeweler's shop in the Her. engasse, at Pesth, drew a small paper parcel from his pocket, unfolded it carefully, and took from it a little black object. Holding it up before the jeweler, he asked, "What is that worth?"

After scrutinizing it very carefully for some time, the jeweler replied.

"That is worth a great deal; it is a black pearl, one of the greatest rarities. I have seen many a gray one, but never before a black one. It has one fault, a small breach, which shows that it was formerly in a setting; but its value is very great. Where did you buy it?"

The Jew answered:

"A gentleman wishes to leave it with me in pawn, and I want to know what it is worth."

The jeweler said he could not exactly tell, the thing being such a rarity.

"May I lend 200 gulden upon it?" asked the Jew.

"Three times as much at the very least," replied the other.

"Will you not buy the pearl?"

"No, indeed," said the shop-keeper, "there is but one firm in the monarchy which would have an opportunity of selling it again; that is the court jeweler, Bierdermann, at Vienna."

The Jew left with the pearl. Next day he appeared at Bierdermann's shop. Bierdermann however made a short process with his would-be customer. He had no sooner seen the black pearl than he sent for the police, and had the Jew arrested upon the spot. At the hearing of his case, the Jew said his name was Isaac Roth, and that he was the owner of a pawnshop in Crosswarden. One day he saw a great stir going on outside the house of a neighbor and co-religionist, Herr Gyuri. Upon inquiry he found that poor Gyuri was in trouble for non-payment of taxes, and that the local officer was seizing the furniture. Roth paid the needed sum, twenty gulden, out of his own pocket, and Gyuri, out of gratitude, presented him with the pearl of

whose immense value he had no conception. The story was confirmed by witnesses from Crosswarden. Gyuri, as it seems, had been the confidential servant of a renowned man, Count Louis Batthyani, and when Batthyani died, he presented his servant with his breast-pin, as a memorial. Gyuri, under the pressure of want had already sold the gold in which the pearl was set, but he would not part with the jewel, partly out of esteem for his late master, and partly from a notion that it was of no great worth. The pearl, as the court jeweler, Bierdermann, at once perceived, must have been stolen property at some period in its adventures. Being an authority in the history of famous jewels, he recollected that three black pearls had formerly adorned the English Crown, and that they were stolen from that important symbol about two centuries ago. They were renowned as the only black pearls in the world, according to the belief at that time. The English government, as Herr Bierdermann stated, advertised for them in vain. How Count Batthyani got the pearl nobody knows, but it is conjectured that he must have bought it at one of the old curiosity shops—places in which he delighted to rummage; while it is certain that he was ignorant of its value, or he would scarcely have bequeathed it to a servant, without any hint of the greatness of the bequest. The Jew of Crosswarden, according to the story in Vienna, is now thanking the black pearl for the foundation of his fortune, since the English government, hearing of its discovery, have bought it from him for the sum of 20,000 gulden.—*Echo*.

A Career worthy of a Hero of Romance.

ONE of the most remarkable men alive, says the London *Sunday Times*, has been added to the roll of members of Parliament by the election of Colonel O'Gorman Mahon for the County Clare. It is doubtful whether, outside the record of Munchausen or his many rivals, there is to be traced a more extraordinary career than that of the gallant patriarch who has resumed his seat in the Imperial Legislature, after a twenty years' interval of absence from it. But it is a longer time than that since the colonel entered Parliament. He was elected in 1830 by the constituency which adopted him again last Saturday, after nearly fifty years. In the interim the Colonel has amused himself with other than political pursuits. He has fought eighteen duels, in six of which he was wounded by the enemy's fire, in seven of which he pinked his man, and in five of which honor was satisfied without hurt to either principal. His affairs of honor were but trivial episodes in the strangely varied and adventurous career of the member for Clare.

He began public life in 1829—

over half a century ago—as one of that "Fighting Brigade" whose duty and delight it was to support at fifteen paces or so whatever Mr. Daniel O'Connell said of a political or personal antagonist. Then he went into Parliament. The turn of time found him a journalist in Paris, where, had he been contemporary with the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, Greek would assuredly have met Greek. Then he plunged into finance and disported in the troubled waters of both.

Having skimmed the cream of Old World excitements, he set out like a knight errant in quest of fresh exploits. His search met with more success than falls to the lot of the crowd. Joining the Peruvian army, he rose to the rank of Commander in chief. There was a question of appointing him President of the Republic, but he evaded the perilous eminence by throwing up his exalted post in a fit of *ennui*, and passing into the naval service of Chili, the neighboring State. The ex-Generalissimo of the Peruvian land forces actually became Lord High Admiral of the Chilean fleet, such as it was. The Colonel is a Home Ruler, of course, but we doubt if he will identify himself with the obstructive section of that party. He is still full of fire and vigor in spite of his age, but if he has the energy of a partizan, he has the instincts and habits of a gentleman.

SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, and in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women, we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battlefields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for fallen fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

"Few things," says the New York *Times*, in a recent article on Caleb Cushing, "are more exaggerated than the amount of property men own." This is startlingly true. Only the other day we heard it reported on the street that we were worth a dollar and seventy-five cents at an inside estimate, and could buy a pint of strawberries without feeling it. Let us say to our misinformed friends, while we are on this subject, that a man does not become a millionaire in journalism in two years' time.

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be 500 or 1000 years old?"—"No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried, once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

Children's Corner.

The Little Girl who helped to keep her mother from the workhouse.

WE must tell you of a little girl "helping to keep her mother out of the workhouse this winter."

The mother had been about thirteen years a widow, and was now confined to bed. In the beginning of last winter poverty pressed hard upon her. The parish pittance threatened to cease, and she was about to be "ordered into the house." This was heavy tidings for herself and her poor children—to have their home, though poor, broken up, and to be scattered in a workhouse.

The heart of our little girl was much saddened, and she said to her brothers, "My mother shall not go to the workhouse." "Well," they said, "how can you help it?" To which she replied, "I'll go and get a place, and mother shall have all the money." The poor lads smiled in their sadness and helplessness; for they could scarcely earn sufficient to support themselves.

Nurse B——, in paying one of her usual visits, was told the distressing news. The little girl asked her what she should do "to keep her mother out of the workhouse." She was told to ask God, and He would show her. The matter was talked over. To sell sweetmeats was suggested; but then there was no window to show the tempting "lolly-pops," and a stall outside would not do, as the rude, lawless boys would run away with them. At last Nurse B—— said, "You can read and write; what do you think of a school for little children?" Her bright face lighted up at the idea; so, getting a piece of paper, she wrote in big, plain letters, "A school here for little children," and stuck it upon the trunk of the apple-tree, where it could be seen from the road.

Some of the neighbours, seeing the announcement, went to hear all about it. The praises bestowed and the tears shed by these mothers over "so good a little darling," were not sparing. "She should be encouraged," and one and another said she would send her little one.

The kitchen was well scrubbed out; two planks were got which rested upon bricks and washing-pans; and on Monday morning four little creatures arrived, bringing with them their dinner, as they had to stay from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; also each brought a halfpenny, the charge for the day.

The number steadily increased to sixteen, then to twenty-one, her present number.

She teaches them to read, write upon slates, knit, and repeat passages of Scripture; also to repeat hymns and sing them. Our feelings have sometimes been touched to hear these little voices so heartily singing "Gentle Jesus," &c.

The little girl is bright and happy in her daily toils; she loves her little group, and has helped to "keep mother out of the workhouse."

God's blessing has rested upon that home, making it rich in its poverty. Surely this is the improvement of the one talent, which shall not lose its reward.—*Missing Link Magazine*.

"The paths that lead us to God's throne are worn by children's feet."