

ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

Back in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.
The breath of May! and the days was fair,
And the bright notes danced in the balmy air;
And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant bloom on the apple trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned
And he stood with a carriage whip in his hand;
And he laughed as he doffed his hob-nailed coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote;
And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And she said she would tell him when to stop.
So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell;
But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.
But he lovingly put in his biggest ticks,
And pounded like mad till the clock struck six;
And she said in a dubious kind of way
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.
Then all that day, and the next day, too,
The fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.
And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."
And the new days came as the old ones went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent;
And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.
Till at last one cheerless winter day
He kicked at the carpet and slid away
Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footstep fleet.
And never again the morning cold
Smiled at him beating his fold on fold.
And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where is the carpet martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet stayed in the autumn blast.
For never yet, since that spring so fine,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.
Over the fence a gray-haired man
To climb, climb, climb, climb, climb began.
He found him a stick in the old wood-pile
And he gathered it up with a grim smile.
A flash passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet tattered and torn.
And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave its echoes back.
And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a pale hand the pale face screened.
She knew his face—she gasped and sighed,
"A little more on the under side."
Right down on the ground his stick is thrown,
And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blown!"
And he turned away with a heart full of woe,
And he never, no never, was seen there more.

Burlington Huckle.

THE LATE SOJOURNER TRUTH.

Sojourner Truth one of the notable characters of American history, is dead at last, at the more than patriarchal age of 108 years. She was born in Ulster County, New York State, in slavery. Her name was Isabella, and by it she was known during her years of captivity. When she was nine years old she was sold on the auction-block with a lot of sheep, the whole lot, the sheep and the child, bringing \$104. Her owner was Colonel Hadenburgh; but in 1827 she was emancipated, being then over half a century old. At an early age she experienced religion, and in her, as upon all the colored race, it manifested itself in great enthusiasm. She never missed an opportunity to attend a camp-meeting or religious exercise. After her emancipation she became dissatisfied with her name, and it is said that she went out into a wilderness and prayed to the Lord to give her an appropriate name. After praying for some time she heard, she said, the name "Sojourner" whispered to her, and she was to travel "up and down," and afterwards "Truth" was added to it to signify that she should preach nothing but truth to all men.

This decided her mission, and for over half a century she travelled over the country lecturing on slavery, temperance and woman's rights. She never learned to read or write, and her business affairs were managed for her by her grandson. She was tall and masculine-looking, with a deep and powerful voice, so much so that many would not believe that she was a woman, but insisted that she was a man masquerading in woman's clothes. Previous to the war she held a series of meetings in Northern Ohio. At the close of one of these meetings a man came up to her and said: "Old woman, do you think that your talk about slavery does any good? Do you suppose people care for what you say? Why I don't care any more for your talk than for the bite of a flea!" "Perhaps not," Sojourner said "but the Lord willing, I'll keep you scratching!"

During the war she served as a hospital nurse and gained much notoriety. But she did not see the applause of her fellow-beings, but ever did conscientiously what she thought to be her duty.

She knew many statesmen, but in Sojourner's estimation Abraham Lincoln was the "foremost man of all this world," and in October, 1864, she went from Michigan to the White House to see him. "I said to him," to quote her own words, "Mr. President, when you first took your seat I feared you would be torn to pieces—for I likened you to Daniel who was thrown into the lions' den; and if the lions did not tear you to pieces, I knew it would be God that would save you! And I said to myself, if He spared you I would come and see you myself before your term of office was out; and He has done so, and here I am to see you. Mr. Lincoln congratulated me on my having been spared. I told him that I thought he was the best President that had ever lived, as he emancipated the slaves. He showed me several nice presents of his; and before I went away he wrote in my 'Book of Life,' in a big, bold hand, and with the same fingers that signed the death-warrant

of slavery: 'For Aunt Sojourner Truth.' October 29th, 1864. A. Lincoln."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had many years ago written the book known as Sojourner Truth's "Book of Life," a volume that had an extensive sale among anti-slavery people. In 1876 this book was enlarged and reprinted at the expense of Mrs. Francis W. Titus, of Battle Creek, Mich., where Sojourner lived for many years.

During the last ten years, her object in travelling around has been to obtain names to a petition which she intended presenting to the Government, asking that a portion of the public lands in the West be set apart for the establishment of a negro colony, where she proposed that the negro youth be educated.

She has been very feeble of late years, and in 1876 she was reported to have died, but she lived until the morning of November 26th, in her old home of Battle Creek, Mich., when her night of rest came after her very long day of work.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

"Is this the place?"

A prepossessing young lady stood in the doorway of the editorial rooms and was gazing around the apartment in a friendly but somewhat mysterious manner.

"It depends on what you want," replied the horse reporter. "If you are on a wild and fruitless search for a piece of plum-colored satin to match a dress, or a new kind of carpet sweeper that will never by any possibility keep in working order three consecutive days, you are joyously sailing away on the wrong track, but if you would like an editor—"

"That's it," said the young lady. "I want to see an editor; I guess it is the literary editor, I saw such a sweet verse in the *Tribune* the other day. It went like this:

The bloom on the heather is fading, darling,
The meadows are crimson gold.
Gather, gather, we may live together, darling,
Together till we grow old.

"Well," said the horse reporter, "our bloom-on-the-heather editor is out just now, but maybe some of the rest of us could attend to your case. What is it you want?"

"I am going to graduate next month, sir," said the young lady, "and I've got to read an essay. Isn't it funny?"

"It will be very," responded the personal friend of St. Julien.

"And I thought," continued the young lady, "that perhaps the literary editor would give me some advice about the subject of my essay and the general manner in which it should be treated. But possibly you could do it just as well," and the coming graduate smiled a sweet encouraging smile.

"I guess likely I could," was the reply. "You've got your white dress made, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a good deal. What were you thinking of writing about?"

"I didn't exactly know, sir. That was what puzzled me."

"The Bud of Promise racket is a pretty good one," said the horse reporter.

"The what?"

"The Bud of Promise racket. It's a daisy scheme for girl graduates."

"Could you tell me," asked the young lady in a hesitating manner, "about this?"

"Racket," suggested the horse reporter.

"About this racket."

"Oh, certainly. You want to start the essay with a few remarks about spring being the most beautiful season of the year—the time when the tender blades of grass, kissed by the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, peep forth, at first timidly; and then in the royal splendor of their vivid colors, from the bosom of the earth that was such a while ago wrapped in the mantle of snowy whiteness and fast bound in the chilly arms of hoary-headed old winter. Then say that as the glad sunshine leaps through the bits of foliage that begin to come out and cast their graceful shade upon the earth, they fall upon the buds that are leading the fruit trees, and soon on every branch the buds ripen and burst forth in a wealth of floral loveliness. Then compare the maiden, just stepping forth from the precincts of the school, and gazing with wistful, eager eyes out into the world with the little bud upon the tree, and say that she, too, by the aid of the sunlight which comes from education, will soon develop into a woman, that priceless gift of God to man, and ever cast about her the holy light of love. That ought to fetch 'em."

"It sounds nice, doesn't it?" said the young lady.

"You bet it does, sis. There is nothing so sweet and alluring as a palpable lie. Of course, you and I know that when a girl graduates she is as useless as a fan in a cyclone, but it won't do to say so. You just give it to 'em the way I told you and you'll be all right."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the young lady, starting for the door.

"Don't forget to tie your essay with a blue ribbon," said the horse reporter.

"No, sir, I won't."

"And tell your papa to buy a bouquet to fire at you."

"Yes, sir. Good bye."

"Bon soir. Come around when you fall in love and I will put you up to a great scheme for making Charley declare his intentions several months earlier than would otherwise be the case."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A DANGEROUS POSITION.

"So you were not re-elected," said a man to a gentleman who has served as judge in the Indian territory.

"I don't know, for I didn't stay until the returns came in. When I was out there, I was elected without opposition. I didn't know anything about the law customs of the country, and I thought that the office of judge was full of honor and interest, so, gladly consented to an election. It happened that I didn't have but one case, and that was just before the expiration of my term. Two Indians became involved in a law suit concerning the ownership of a steer. I was much interested in the complicated testimony, and listened with rapt attention. Presently one of the lawyers got up to begin the argument, and was promptly shot by the friend of his opponent's client. I was called upon to appoint a lawyer to continue the case. I did so, and he was shot. I saw that this wouldn't do, and I suggested that it might be a good idea to wait awhile, but a big Indian bounced up, whipped out a pistol, and asked what I had to do with it. I very quickly replied that it was no business of mine, and that as a friend, to all concerned, I merely made the suggestion. Then another lawyer, who was concerned in the case, came up and said:

"You decide this thing my way, or I'll kill you."

"If you do, I'll kill you," said a lawyer on the other side.

"This is a very important case, gentlemen," I said, "and I must demand time for consideration. I know the arguments have not been delivered yet, but in a case of this kind I hold that a great deal of thought must be given to the subject by the judge before the argument is begun."

"The election will come off to-morrow," said one of the lawyers. I reckon you are a candidate for re-election?"

"Well, no," I replied.

"You ain't, eh?" and he put a pistol to my ear.

"Going to shake us in that way?"

"Oh, if my constituents again demand my service, of course it will give me great pleasure to comply."

"I adjourned court, when it was made known that I was a candidate for re-election. At night while I was brooding over my misfortunes, one of the lawyers entered and said:

"I don't want any foolishness about this case. Give me a piece of writing setting forth that you have decided in my favor."

"I can't do that."

"Can't you?" and he drew a pistol.

"Oh, yes, I can."

"I give him the paper. Pretty soon a lawyer from the other side entered. Then I thought I was gone. He demanded an immediate decision and I gave him a piece of paper. After everybody had gone to bed, I slipped out and mounted my horse, when one of the lawyers ran up and shot at me, and I had gone but a short distance when the other lawyer blazed away. They followed me and kept up the racket nearly all night, but when morning came they were not in sight. I expect the returns are in by this time, and as there was no other candidate, I can reasonably count on my election, but I don't think that I'll ever go back to discharge the duties of the office.—*Ark. Traveller*.

The South Kensington Museum, London, has recently been enriched by the setting up of the interior of a Turkish room and its furniture. The ceiling is finely carved and beautiful, while the walls are panelled and decorated with conventionalized patterns, which are colored in fine and sober, if not sombre, tints and tinted gilding. This interesting work cost, without the furniture, five hundred pounds. It is set up in a compartment adjoining the better-known Damascus Room, which has been in the museum a long time. Near the western entrance to the museum has recently been erected part of a seventeenth century house brought from Cairo, and remarkably carved and perforated woodwork, panels and pierced work in balconies of great elaboration. It is made up from two or more sources. A fine closed balcony with wooden panelling, very delicately perforated and carved, has been erected near the more important example of the same class.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen— I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

The first bottle.

Nearly cured me;

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint."

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles!"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks. Have posted a letter to your address. Solution of Problem No. 492. Correct.

In the November number of the *British Chess Magazine* is an article on the "Delights of Book Play," by which title the author means, that amusement and instruction which a chessplayer attains who plays over the games that appear in chess magazines and chess columns, or in works especially devoted to the publication of some great master's achievements, such as Lowenthal's *Games of Morphy*. We heartily agree with the writer, when he says that the lover of the game who is deprived by circumstances of meetings as often as he may wish with an antagonist over the board, may by the means he speaks of secure a "pleasure little short of that derived from actual practice." We feel inclined, indeed, to go a good deal further than this, and say that even when a player finds himself possessed of unlimited opportunities of meeting with antagonists of every grade, it would be injudicious for him to forego the benefits secured by one who never neglects to study the invaluable specimens of the highest order of chess play which have been left us by such players as Philidor, La Bourdonnais, McDonnell, Boden, Buckle, Anderssen, and others of the same class. We are also inclined to think, from what we have observed after years of connection with chess clubs, that but little progress is made towards an improved style of play among the members of an ordinary chess club, because, in the first place, better play than their own is rarely brought before them, and, secondly, because they do not seek for advancement. An occasional visit to a club of a professional player may be beneficial to some extent, but it is necessarily short, and invariably too exciting. An accidental trial of strength with a formidable visitor from the club of a neighboring city may open a player's eyes to his own weakness, but the effect is soon forgotten. What is wanted is systematic study. Repeated intercourse with the skill which produced the beautiful games that have been left to us by the players whose names we have just repeated is not only a source of the purest pleasure but, at the same time, it is the only means to produce steady advancement in play in contests over the board. Mr. Bird, in publishing his "Chess Magazine," did much to aid chess students in the right direction. As far as the best of chess is concerned, it is a book of genius, and the player who may make up his mind to go systematically through it, with a determination to comprehend, as far as he possibly can, the deep reasoning which, either on the one side or the other, worked out some grand idea resulting in a brilliant victory, will deserve an amount of gratification in his endeavor which he never could obtain from hours of desultory play in a club room. We would say to our readers, then, play over games.

Play them slowly, and understand them. The notes at the foot of many games are aids to some extent, but in some cases they are misleading. It is not difficult to say that such and such moves are bad, when we know the result of the contest. The losing player always makes great blunders, according to annotators. Try to find out the motive which led to each move, whether good or bad, and, if possible, form your own estimate as to its ultimate effects on the game before you. In this way, there are delights in book play far greater than those produced by thousands of contests daily played in clubs, many of which, however, might not improperly be called chess skittles.

We have seen it stated that Mr. Zukertort is expected shortly to go to the West. At the time of his arrival on this continent it was rumored that he intended going South, and a day or two ago we were told that several chess clubs in Canada were desirous of having him travel North. As far as the East is concerned it is all right, for he is there now. Should the anticipations for the future be realized Mr. Zukertort before returning to Europe will travel over a large part of North America, and increase his knowledge of the people of the New World at the same time as he will be adding considerably to their benefit and gratification.

Mr. Blackburne is giving in different parts of England his usual exhibitions of simultaneous play. As usual, also, he rarely loses more than two or three games even when his opponents number eighteen or twenty. It would be interesting to know what his opinion is of the skill of his present opponents as compared with those of five or six years ago.

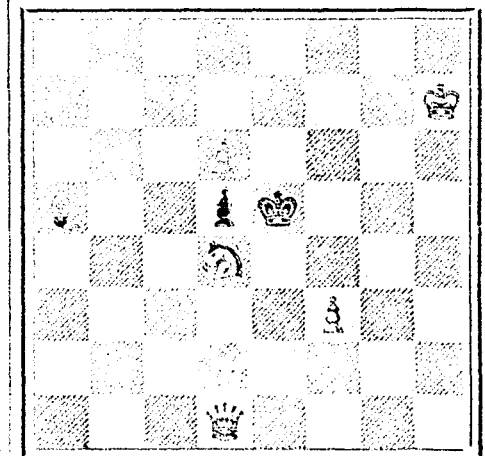
We learn from *Tees, Field and Farm* that the return match between the Philadelphia and Manhattan Chess Clubs took place on Saturday, Nov. 21st, and resulted in a sweeping victory for the New York players by a score of ten games to four. One of the games lost was a forfeit, as the New York players were unable to carry but fourteen players with them.

The match between Max Judd and Wm. Haller, for the possession of the Philadelphia cup of the St. Louis Chess Club, is ended. The final score is: Judd, 2; Haller, 1. The former gave the odds of knight, pawn and two moves, and pawn and move, to the latter, who won the second game. The contest, although of short duration, has excited considerable interest, from the fact that there were some friends of the challenged gentleman who thought that the present holder of the cup could not give him such odds. Mr. Judd is now open for challenges from the members of the old St. Louis Chess Club on the same conditions of the above match. We think Mr. R. Koopman would make a good fight with his old enemy.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

PROBLEM No. 464.

By A. Barrier.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.