The Two Mysteries.

WE KNOW not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"—not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as dead as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Washington.

Beneath our consecrated elm a century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood,
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm,
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm—
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude, self-summoned levees flocked to see
The new-come chiefs, and wonder which was he.

No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long-trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn,
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral, where they trod
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self, unblamed
Save by the men his nobler nature shamed,
Not honored then nor now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours and all men's—Washington.
—James Russell Lowell.

Better Than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close.
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed.
Where luxury pillows its aching head.
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there, are better than gold.
—Father Ryan.

"White Rose of Miami."

In the Indian wars a white child named Slocum was captured by the Miami Indians, adopted by the tribe, and afterwards married to a chief. She always refused every offer and inducement made by the whites to return to her home and people.

Let me stay at my home in the beautiful west,
Where I played when a child, in my age let me rest;
Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.
Oh, here let me stay, where my chief in the pride
Of a brave warrior youth, wandered forth by my side!
Where he laid at my feet the young hunter's best prey,
Where I roamed, a wild huntress—oh, friends, let me stay.
Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered through,
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers the dew—
Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say—
His "White Rose" was the fairest—oh, here let me stay.
Oh, here let me stay! where bright plumes from the wing
Of the bird that his arrow had pierced he would bring;
Where, in parting for battle, he softly would say,
"'Tis to shield thee I fight." Oh, with him let me stay.
Let me stay, though the strength of my chieftain is o'er,
Though his warriors he leads to the battle no more;
He loves through the woods a wild hunter to stray,
His heart clings to home; oh, then, here let me stay.
Let me stay where my children in childhood have played,
Where, through the green forest, they often have strayed;
They never could bend to the white man's cold sway,
For their hearts are of fire—Oh, here let me stay.
You tell me of leaves of the Spirit that speak;
But the spirit I own is the bright stars I seek;
In the prairie, in the forest, the water's wild play,
I see him, I hear him; oh, then, let me stay.

When Stars Are in the Quiet Skies.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes
As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
My earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men;
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep,
Sweet spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou should'st be by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream.
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
—Author Unknown.

A Mother's Love.

Some day,
When others braid your thick, brown hair
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others shall call you "Dear" and fair,"
And hold your hand and kiss your face,
You will not forget that far above
All others, is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee;
Oh, then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mixed my memory with thy tears;
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will smile in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear unforgotten prayer
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word, may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot go beyond my prayer.

Ever of Thee.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming;
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer.
Thou wert the star that, wildly beaming,
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
Every kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee.
Ah! never till life and memory perish
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.

Chorus.
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee!
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee!

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar, my soul joyed to dwell.
Ah! then I felt I loved thee only;
All seemed to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chilled the love I cherish.
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee.
Ah! never till life and memory perish
Can I forget how dear thou art to me!

Dutch Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We've come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea.
Nets of silver and gold have we,
Said Wynken
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That live in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets whenever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought it was a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But Ishall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.
—Eugene Field.

Douglas, Tender and True.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!

Never a scornful word should pain you,
I'd smile as sweet as angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shown ever,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!

Oh! to call back the days that are not,
Mine eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven?
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you,
Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!

Stretch out your hand to me Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my head on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!

The Kerry Dances.

OH! for the days of the Kerry Dances;
Oh! for the ring of the piper's tune;
Oh! for one hour of that bygone gladness;
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.
When the boys begin to gather
In the glen of a summer's night,
Whilst the sound of the piper's tuning
Filled the heart with wild delight.

Chorus:
Oh! to think of it;
Oh! to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears.
Oh! for the days of the Kerry dances;
Oh! for the ring of the piper's tune;
Oh! for one hour of that bygone gladness;
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen
In the glen than Aileen Moore?
Or a prouder boy than Thady,
As he bodly took the floor?
Lads and lasses, take your places;
Up the middle and down again;
Whilst the sound of the piper's music
Echoes [illegible] thro' the glen.

FAMOUS SPEECHES.

On Being Found Guilty of Treason.

A JURY of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my Lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the Crown?

My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No; I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up; to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court.

Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoke what I felt to be the truth—as I have done on every other occasion of my short career—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of a happy and an honored home.

Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart, and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal, a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

T. F. MEAGHER.

ANNIVERSARIES.

ON March 1, 1781, was completed the ratification of the article of confederation between the States, an accomplishment that developed into the Government of the United States when the Constitution was adopted, seven years later. Bancroft says:

With the year 1781, when the Ministry of Great Britain believed themselves in possession of the three southernmost States and were cheering Cornwallis to complete his glory by the conquest of Virginia; when Congress was confessedly without the means to recover the city of New York; when a large contingent from France was at Newport, serious efforts for the creation of a Federal Republic began, and never ceased until it was established. The people of New York, from motives of the highest patriotism, had already ceded its claims to Western lands. The territory northwest of the Ohio, which Virginia had conquered, was, on the second of January, surrendered to the United States of America. For this renunciation one State and one State only had made delay. On the twenty-ninth Congress received the news so long anxiously waited for, that Maryland, by a resolution of both branches of her Legislature, had acceded to the confederation, seven members only in the House voting in the negative. Duane, who had been taught by Washington that "greater powers to Congress were indispensably necessary to the wellbeing and good government of public affairs," instantly addressed him: "Let us devote this day to joy and congratulation, since by the accomplishment of our Federal Union, we are become a nation. In a political view, it is of more real importance than a victory over all our enemies. We shall not fail of taking advantage of the favorable temper of the States and recommending for ratification such additional articles as will give vigor and authority to Government." The enthusiasm of the moment could not hide the truth—that, without amendments, the new system would struggle vainly for life. Washington answered: "Our affairs will not put on a different aspect unless Congress is vested with or will assume greater powers than they exert at present."

The Legislature of Maryland quickly transformed its resolution into an act. The delegates, having full authority, in the presence of Congress, on the first day of March, 1781, subscribed the articles of confederation, and its complete, formal and final ratification by all the United States was announced to the public; to the executive of the several States; to the American Ministers in Europe, and through them to the courts at which they resided; to the Minister Plenipotentiary of France in America; to the Commander-in-Chief, and through him to the army. Clinton communicated the "important event" to the Legislature of New York, adding: "This great national compact established our union."

March 2, 1836, was the day on which Texas declared her independence of Mexico.

The Texas convention met on Tuesday, March 1, at Washington, on the Brazos, and organized by electing Richard Ellis president, and H. S. Kimball secretary. On the following day the delegates solemnly declared the political connection of Texas and Mexico forever at an end, and, as the representatives of the people of Texas, constituted her a free, sovereign and independent Republic, fully vested with all the rights and attributes which properly belong to independent nations.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

THE REPUBLIC wishes to thank those persons who have responded to requests for poems published on this page: Mrs. M. B. McLean, Kirkwood, Mo., "The Church and the World"; M. J. H., "The Two Orphans"; Mrs. Jessie W. Lee, St. Louis, "When Stars Are in the Quiet Skies"; Mrs. M. E. Maxwell, St. Louis, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," "Night and Love"; Mrs. Hal Green, Cairo, Ill., "Somebody's Tall and Handsome"; Reverend H. J. Bradley, St. Louis, "The White Rose of Miami"; Mrs. Nettie Barnard, East St. Louis, "Douglas! Tender and True," and "Ever of Thee"; Mrs. M. E. Burgess, St. Louis, "Beautiful Snow," "Sacerdos," and Mabel Eversole, St. Louis, "Better Than Gold."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MABELLE EVERSOLE, St. Louis: Holmes' poems, "The Chambered Nautilus" and "Old Ironsides," were published on this page several weeks ago. They were used in connection with a sketch of the life of the poet.

Mrs. G. F. Kosselot, Mount Vernon, Ill.: Write to the theater for the information about the song you mention. For jokes and farces you are referred to the comic section of The Sunday Republic.

S. L. M., Pleasant Hill, Mo.: The song, "If You Love Me, Tell Me With Your Eyes," was published on this page not long ago.

Mrs. Lizzie Quinn, Charleston, Mo.: "Lord Lovel" was published on this page some time ago.

To the Editor of The Republic.
For the benefit of E. C. C. and others I will say the "Legend of Van Bibber's Rock" can be found in Emma Dunning Banks's recitation book, by Werner, 43 East Nineteenth street, New York.
KITTIE MATHEWS.
Little Rock, Ark.

REQUESTS FOR POEMS.

THE REPUBLIC is glad to publish famous poems and well-known old songs at the request of its readers. Persons responding to published requests for poems should address The Republic Famous Poem Department. Poems that are more than forty or fifty lines in length are not published, since there are so many demands upon the allotted space. All readers who make requests for poems should sign their full names and give addresses. Sometimes the poem asked for is too long for insertion, and the obliging reader who has a copy of the poem may, if he cares to do so, mail it direct to the proper address. Communications should be written on one side of the paper.

To the Editor of The Republic.
Will you kindly tell the name of the author of these poems?

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear,
Nor will he to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Just to follow every day
Where God leads;
Just to scatter all the way
Sunny deeds;
Just to go, nor question why
Shadows fall,
Ever looking to the sky,
Through them all.

Just to life through every day,
Pure and right,
Keeping from the heart always
Cares that blight;
Just to stand, with purpose strong,
When I'm tired,
Learning thus my very all
To confide.

St. Louis. MARY CARTER.

To the Editor of The Republic.
Will you please ask some Sunday Republic reader to send to me the poems entitled "The Sleigh Ride" and "Music Along the Rappahannock"? The "Sleigh Ride" is a story of a young man taking his bride out sleigh riding on a bitter cold winter's night and the young bride freezes to death.
ALMA GEBHARD.
No. 2217 Oregon avenue, St. Louis.

To the Editor of The Republic.
I would like to see published the song, of which the chorus is:

Come, sister, come; kiss me good-night,
For I my evening prayer have said;
I'm tired now, and sleepy, too,
So put me in my little bed.

Charleston, Mo. MRS. LIZZIE QUINN.

IN ROME.

IS there anything you can possibly want? If so, do not be abashed by the shabbiness of the shop, but enter and ask even for the richest thing. You will find it if you have patience. * * * At first, and reluctantly, the seller produces a common, shabby enough article. "Oh, no, that will never do—too common." Then gradually he draws forth a better specimen. "Not good enough? Why, a Prince might be glad to buy it!" Finally, when he has wearied you out and you turn to go, he understands it is some superb brocade embroidered in gold, some gorgeous portiere worked in satin, some rich tapestry with scripture stories that you want; and, with a sigh, he opens a supboard and draws it forth. A strange combination of inconsistent and opposite feelings has kept him from exhibiting it before. He is divided between a desire to keep it and a longing to sell it. * * * The article is indeed splendid, but you must not admit it. Do you really wish to buy it you must nerve yourself to fight. He begins at the zenith, you at the nadir; and gradually, by dint of extravagant laudation on his part and corresponding depreciation on yours, you approach each other. But the distance is too great. The bargain is impossible. You turn and go away. He runs after you and offers it for less; but still the price is too high and he in turn leaves you. With a mysterious and confidential air another of the tribe approaches you. Was it a good brocade you wanted? He also has one like that you have seen, only in better condition. You yield to his unctious persuasion, and enter his shop; but what is your astonishment when, after a delusive show of things you do not want, the identical article for which you have been bargaining is produced in this new shop and asserted stoutly to be quite another piece! This game is sometimes repeated three or four times in different shops and you are lucky if you obtain it at last for twice its value, though you only pay a twentieth part of the price originally asked.—William Wetmore Story.

WHAT IS A JOKE?

WHAT is a joke? And how are you to know one if you see it? asks Charles Johnston in the Atlantic. My justification for this wanton malice is, that I think I have discovered the charm to lay these haunting presences to rest; that I have in some sort discovered the true inwardness of humor, and even been able to draw the shadowy line dividing it from wit.

Here is a story which seems to me to come close to the heart of the secret. The scene is laid in the Wild and Woolly West. A mustang had been stolen, a claim jumped, or a poker pack found to contain more right and left bowers than an Arctic brig; and swift Nemesis has descended in the form of Manila hemp. The time has come to break the news to the family of the deceased. A deputation goes ahead, and the leader knocks at the door of the bereaved homestead, asking, "Does Widow Smith live here?"

A stout and cheerful person replies, "I'm Mrs. Smith, but I ain't no widow!"

The deputation answers: "Bet you a dollar you are! But you've got the laugh on us, just the same, for we've lynched the wrong man."

That story is irresistible. It is as full of sardonic fire as anything in all literature, but you would hardly call it humor. It seems to me to lie so directly on the border line that we may use it as a landmark.

HUNGER VERSUS RELIGION.

AFTER a recent ecclesiastical gathering, as the clergymen were trooping into luncheon, one of the most unctuous observed: "Now, to put a bridle on our appetites." "Now to put a bit between my teeth," retorted his companion, a stout ecclesiastic.

LITTLE CLASSICS.

THINK all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err when she does keep the door.
—Delaune.

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to a sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.
—Coleridge.

Small griefs find tongues; full casques are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
—Herrick.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
—Henry IV.

The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach.
—George Eliot.

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus.—Rabelais.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust;
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?
—O. W. Holmes.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.—Milton.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.—Sydney Smith.

One step from the sublime to the ridiculous.—Longinus. Napoleon I to De Pradt at Warsaw. Thomas Paine ("Age of Reason").

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—
We'll deserve it.
—Addison—Cato.

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement of recompense.
—Shelley.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed
As, God be thanked, I do not.
—Robert Browning.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
—Keble.

Failing yet gracious,
Slow pacing, soon homing,
A patriarch that strolls
Through the tents of his children
The sun as he journeys
His round on the lower
Accents of the blue,
Washes the roofs
And the hillsides with clarity.
—William Ernest Henley.

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness.—Amos Bronson Alcott.

Quoth Sidrophel, if you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear.
—Butler—Hudibras.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
—Henry IV.

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

TIT FOR TAT.

THE diners at a popular New York restaurant are said to have had the privilege of witnessing an amusing little incident one evening not long ago.

An Anglicized young man seated himself at a table at which there was only one other person, a writer well known throughout the country, but evidently a stranger to the newcomer.

The writer is a man whose dress is always fastidiously neat, but by no means fashionable in cut or expensive in material. When the young man took his seat, the writer glanced up at him, and, seeing that it was no one whom he knew, returned to his study of the bill of fare.

The young man languidly placed his monocle in his eye, and, screwing up his face to keep the glass in position, treated the other guest at the table to a prolonged stare.

The stare ended abruptly, however, for suddenly the writer looked up. Quick as thought he seized an empty tumbler, and, applying it to his right eye, stared gravely through its bottom at his vis-a-vis.

The monocle was dropped in a very few seconds, and then the tumbler was replaced on the table. But the young Angolmaniac's face was crimson, while that of the writer remained grave and unmoved, and through the dining-room rustled the sound of something that suggested repressed merriment.

FROM LONG EXPERIENCE.

"WHAT are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning; I am going to send it up home."

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"Rather! I have made sure of that."

"How?"

"I have addressed it to myself and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."

WHEN LOVE WENT BY.

WHEN Love went by I scarcely bent
My eyes to see which way he went.
Life had so many joys to show,
What time had I to watch him go,
Or bid him in, whom folly sent?

But when the day was well nigh spent,
From out the casement long I leant,
Ah, would I had been watching so
When Love went by!

Gray days with dismal nights are blent,
Lonely and sad and discontent;
I would his feet had been more slow.
Oh, heart of mine, how could we know
Or realize what passing meant
When Love went by?
—Theodosia Pickering in the Woman's Home Companion.

NONSENSE RHYMES. No. 5.

There was a young man in Dubuque
Who lived on a diet of Cuc-
Umbers and cream,
But now it would seem
He has gone beyond praise or rebuke.

LUCY LARCOM.

The gentle poet, Lucy Larcom, the friend of Whittier and of Phillips Brooks, has her own distinct place in the history of American poetry. She was the "mill-girl poet" of Lowell, Mass. She belonged to that group of New England poets who occupied so much of public attention twenty-five and thirty years ago.

Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1824, and died at Boston in 1893. Her life was a quiet one. At about 13 years of age she entered the cloth mills at Lowell, Mass. Her father had died and the family of nine children were left to a mother's care. Bread-winning was an important duty to these children. Lucy was next to the youngest in the family, but she assumed her share of the burden. She has told the story of her life in part in "A New England Girlhood."

This residence at Lowell was one of the important epochs of her life. The mill girls were daughters of cultivated families in many instances. Literary clubs and classes for study were common. At one time one of the ministers was asked how many teachers he thought he could furnish from among the working girls. He replied, "About 500."

Mrs. Larcom kept a boarding-house for the operatives, and Lucy was thrown in close association with these strong young women. She had always been studious, and it is said that she could read at the age of 2½ years. It was in this earnest, self-reliant school that Lucy Larcom was educated until she came to Illinois. Her sister had married, and the young couple decided to come West. They invited Lucy to accompany them. This is how Lucy Larcom came to St. Clair County, Illinois, to the neighborhood called Looking-Glass Prairie, where she supported herself by teaching in the district schools. She taught in many different places—Waterloo, Lebanon, Sugar Creek, Woodburn—and generally the rate of payment was $14 a month. Board and lodging cost her $1.25 a week, and she did her own washing and ironing. It was here that she obtained her real education in books. She was, as she said, "a tolerable teacher for children," and she had ambitions to become a teacher of higher grades.

It was in 1846 that she left her Massachusetts home, and in September, 1849, she was enrolled as a student at Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill. She tells this story of that time:

"Its principal (Miss Fobes)—I wonder now that I could have lived so near her for a year without becoming acquainted with her—but her high local reputation as an intellectual woman inspired me with awe, and I was foolishly diffident. One day, however, upon the persuasion of my friends at Vine Lodge, who knew my wishes for a higher education, I went with them to call upon her. We talked about the matter which had been in my thoughts so long, and she gave me not only a cordial, but an urgent, invitation to come and enroll myself as a student. There were arrangements for those who could not incur the current expenses, to meet them by doing part of the domestic work, and of these I gladly availed myself. The stately limestone edifice, standing in the midst of an original growth of forest trees, two or three miles from the Mississippi River, became my home—my student home—for three years. The benefit of those three years I have been reaping ever since, I trust not altogether selfishly. It was always my desire and my ambition as a teacher to help my pupils as my teachers had helped me."

From her early childhood Lucy Larcom had written poetry. One of her well-known poems is "Hannah Binding Shoes."

Poor, lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heat's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders.
For the mild southwester mischief brews,
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland,
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views;
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news—
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Miss Larcom wrote of her literary ventures: "While a student and teacher at the West I was still writing, and much that I wrote was published. A poem printed in Sartain's Magazine, sent there at the suggestion of the editor of the Lowell Offering, was the first for which I received remuneration—$5. Several poems written for the manuscript school journal at Monticello are in the 'Household' collection of my verses, among them those entitled 'Eureka,' 'Hand in Hand With Angels' and 'Psyche at School.' These, and various others written soon after, were printed in the National Era, in return for which a copy of the paper was sent to me. Nothing further was asked or expected.

"The little song, 'Hannah Binding Shoes,' written immediately after my return from the West, was a study from life—though not from any one life—in my native town. It was brought to notice in a peculiar way—by my being accused of stealing it by the editor of the magazine to which I had sent it, with a request for the usual remuneration, if accepted. Accidentally or otherwise this editor lost my note and signature, and then denounced me by name in a newspaper as a 'literary thiefess'; having printed the verses with a nom de plume in his magazine without my knowledge. It was awkward to have to come to my own defense, but the curious incident gave the song a wide circulation.

"I did not attempt writing for money until it became a necessity, when my health failed at teaching, although I should long before then have liked to spend my whole time with my pen could I have done so."

Lucy Larcom returned to her Massachusetts home in 1852, having decided that she would not marry the man to whom she had been tacitly engaged. Her formal connection with school life ended when she left Norton, Mass., in 1864. She often lectured thereafter. In 1865 she became one of the editors of the magazine for young people, "Our Young Folks." She edited various poetic collections, almanacs and calendars. The practice of economy was necessary all through her life. Her friendship with Whittier extended over many years. Here is a story told about the two friends:

One day Whittier was driving with Lucy over an exceedingly rough and muddy hill road, and the horse was beginning to get unmanageable. Lucy had been discoursing upon the joys of heaven and the life beyond, and, as she was very voluble, she continued, in spite of the evident interest of her companion in their dangerous condition. Out of patience at last, Whittier turned to her and said:

"Lucy, if thee does not stop talking, thee will be in heaven sooner than thee wishes."

Her first volume of poems was published in 1868. She was now an established poet, and her name well known, but the public thought it assumed. A habit common among certain writers of the day was to have such euphonious pen names as "Minnie Myrtle," "Fanny Forrester," "Grace Greenwood," "Fanny Fern," and it was natural that "Lucy Larcom" should be classed among them. She often had amusing encounters with strangers about her identity. On the cars one day, a woman changed her seat for one in front of Miss Larcom, and, turning round, put the question,

"Are you really Lucy Larcom, the poet? Some one said you were."

"Yes, that is my name."

"Then it is not a made up name? Well, we never thought it was real when we read your pieces."

Again, a gentleman who had just been introduced to her, was discussing the subject of names. He asked the derivation of her name; she told him that it was originally "Lark-Holme," the home of the larks; then he said:

"Is there not some one who takes your name, and writes poetry, calling herself 'Lucy Larcom?' I never read any of the stuff."

She wrote a number of religious poems. Among the collection is this:

Where does the snow go,
So white on the ground?
Under May's azure
No flake can be found.
Look into the lily
Some sweet summer hour;
There blooms the snow,
In the heart of the flower.

Where does the love go,
Frozen to grief?
Along the heart's fibers
Its cold thrill is brief.
The snow-fall of sorrow
Turns not to dry dust;
It lives in white blossoms
Of patience and trust.

One of her best poems is this, called "A Strip of Blue":

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The ocean grows a wearisome,
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn till night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told.
The fringes of eternity—
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glittering sea,
I reach out for and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift,
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysophrase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is oped unto my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

UNINVITED GUESTS.

PERSONS who want to save hotel bills are extremely likely to drop in at the parsonage—preferably one where the occupant has a limited salary and an unlimited family. The merest shadow of an excuse suffices for an introduction, as in two cases which a clergyman reports in the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Once," he said, "the last of our company had gone, and no new arrival was expected. I felt that I could renew acquaintance with my family, and that we might sit down to a meal without strangers being present. Just then the door-bell rang. I opened the door myself, and a young lady whom I had never seen before stood on the door-step with a satchel in her hand.

"'Are you the Reverend Doctor Blank?' she asked.

"I told her that I was, and she introduced herself as coming from Akron, O.

"'I heard you preach in Akron when I was a little girl, and now I have come to spend a few days with your family and hear you preach again.'

"I handed her over to my wife and daughters, and she stayed a week, and treated us with the assurance of an old friend."

Another guest he liked to tell about was a fussy woman from his native town, who had been waited on by every member of his family in turn, and who exacted constant attention. When she was leaving, after a month's visit, he went to the door to see her off, and politely ventured to hope that her stay with them had been pleasant.

"I don't know as I have anything to complain of," was the depressing answer.

WHAT YOUR STRIVING DOES FOR OTHERS.

IF all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply to attain,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart, and brain!

But ever, in the wake of true achieving,
There shines this glowing trail:
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory—nor the sorrow,
If thou dost miss the goal;
Undreamed-of lives, in many a far tomorrow,
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow—
On, on, ambitious soul!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

PITYING THE AUDIENCE.

AMATEUR TENOR (who has been abroad): "Ah! my man, you are an eye doctor, I understand?"

Oculist: "I am an oculist, sir."

Amateur Tenor: "Yes; well, what I want to know is whether there is any way to prevent the eyes from filling with water while singing."

Oculist: "None that I know of, except to steel your heart against the sufferings of the audience."