

SELECTED POETRY.

Barney.

A lake-side dweller, young and fair, The dearest little maid in Kerry...

She had another worshipper, The blondest boy about Killarney...

The lord was just a trifling glum— The weaver of an English lover!

Och, but then words were eloquent! Poor Kitty was no more than human...

And so she wouldn't look at Pat. In vain he watched for her and sought her...

She tried to pass, I mean—as cool As any cucumber or melon...

That Englisher has wealth galore— A fintool longer than my arm...

And what is little Kate to do? She laughs and frowns, and sobs, and blushes...

And now to tell the lord of it. No wonder if he's rather crusty...

"An' I would look a holy show, Drest in the beautifullest bonnet...

WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining-room in the Mayberry mansion was all aglitter with flashing floods of gas-light and the genial glow of the fire...

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their 7 o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate in silent, obsequious attention...

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named."

"I told you, didn't I, Mazerette, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be a cause for thankfulness...

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an immense order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing-stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain upon my endurance as I am capable of to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurts and the Masons, and that Therva Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington and his granddaughters, and—"

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"Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views."

"Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing. She knew from experience that kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when she suffered no appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times."

plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regret him as more worthy than ever. Earnest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will you go, do you think?" The little wizen, old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contentment honest labor is the greatest thing in the world, and the best discipline—"

"Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions."

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire; "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—"

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if only one little hour. Did you see little Jimmie Hurd's eyes gladden when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week!"

"I was speaking of the young woman who—"

"That Englisher has wealth galore— A fintool longer than my arm, Why should he staid from me, ardore, That's never done him any harm; Just give me something like he's not got, An' that's your own three heart, my honey! Sure, then I wouldn't change my lot! With him for all his dirty money!"

"Grandpa's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up to see the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face."

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?" She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheek carressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer—

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something, I—Mr. Mayberry—Ernest has asked—wants me to—oh, grandpa, can you not tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his. He reached up his hand and caressed the other's hair. "I can tell, dear. Earnest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So this is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know?"

"Are you sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?" She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it is not my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how deeply I love her, and how painfully and hard I will work for her to give her the home she deserves—because Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully. "Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry; perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie, the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more as you'll say so, and I'll start the boy for himself, if it is any use. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment. "I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion. "Wilmington will reward you for this. May he, a thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes. "You see it all comes from that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable Christian gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh, Mayberry?"

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.—N. Y. World.

"COME INTO ME." Come unto Me, ye heavy laden, And I will give you rest; Come unto Me, ye perishing, Recline upon My breast; Come unto Me, ye tempted, Whom the devil leads astray, I'll lead you all the thorny way, And keep you safe from harm.

"COME INTO ME." Come unto Me, ye hungry, Who linger by the way, My fields are wide, I've bread to spare, Come, take it while ye may. Come unto Me, ye thirsty, Who tread the desert sands, Whom perch ye 'till ye cool, deep wells All through My fertile lands.

"COME INTO ME." Come unto Me, ye mourners sad, And lay your burden down; I'll help you bear the heavy cross, And give you a golden crown. Come unto Me, ye suffering, Your wounded hearts I'll heal; With tender care I'll watch you through— For sufferers I feel.

"COME INTO ME." Come unto Me, ye wayward ones In flowery paths of sin; Forsake the ways ye love so well, For danger lurks therein; Your lives were Mine, ye held them back, But your sins I will forgive; If you'll bring to Me the remnant left— Come unto Me and live.

"COME INTO ME." Come, every Nation, kindred, tongue— Come Gentle, and come Jew— There's room in Heaven for every one, For I have died for you; I hung upon the cruel cross, My Father's hand to stay; I died for you, ye ruined, lost, undone— There was no other way.

"COME INTO ME." Your souls are Mine, I purchased them In agony and blood; I'll wash them white as driven snow In Jordan's cleansing flood, Come unto me—why will ye die? Your sins I will forgive; I'll lead you to my wounded breast— Come unto Me, and live.

What are the woman suffragists going to do about Maryland? That state has just done a most grievous wrong in changing the motto on her coat of arms and it will be strange indeed if something doesn't happen in consequence. The old motto on the Maryland coat of arms was an honest Latin one, and its significance was "Inveritas and Mutilitas." Nobody could find any fault with that motto. It was a good, homely, matter-of-fact admonition, and certainly one which applied just as much to the women as to the men of the community. It couldn't possibly be held as advice to one sex alone. Now, Maryland has seen fit to change the legend. The Latin maxim is done away with, and upon the shield of the state is replaced by the inscription in trivial Italian: "Deeds Are Masculine, Words are Feminine." Think of it—this allusion to a feminine weakness in the way of much speech appearing upon a state's coat of arms, and there perpetuated! Where are Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Howe and Miss Anthony and all the sisterhood, that this jeering commonwealth is not invaded by the millions whose feelings are thus outraged? And where is the boasted gallantry and chivalry of the Marylander? And whither are we drifting?—St. Louis Republic.

THE COLOR FOR BUTTER.—The coloring for butter is a good mess of corn chopped with cut hay. My butter is a rich yellow all the year round, from this feed, and I have no Alderney or any other fancy stock, but common East-Shore cattle, which give an abundant supply of milk and butter of good feed is the secret. If farmers feed on dry fodder and straw, and want yellow butter, they must use what some of my Alderney friends do—a small quantity of annatto, costing ten cents an ounce, enough for several hundred pounds of butter. Dissolve in a little warm cream; add a few grains of super carbonate of soda, which develops the peculiar yellow principle of the annatto, which I think is the base of all coloring matter for butter.—Correspondence Country Gentleman.

One of Old St's suspicions. Old St, says the Atlanta Herald, went to the theatre to see the magician performance the other night. Next day we asked him: "Did you see that man handle that money last night?" "I did, for a fact." "He made it come and go in all sorts of ways?" "Young boss, dat man's powerful slick wid aiber munny?" "What did you think of him, St?" "Dat man fo'ld round dar wid dat munny 'tell he 'roused my 'spisions, he did." "Suspensions of what?" "Hit takes lots of practiss for to make a haf dollar 'pear and dis'pear in dat stit." "Of course."

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THE OTTAWA BUILDING AND TROUBLE. THE OTTAWA BUILDING AND TROUBLE. THE OTTAWA BUILDING AND TROUBLE. THE OTTAWA BUILDING AND TROUBLE. THE OTTAWA BUILDING AND TROUBLE.

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A Russian Idea how Isaac was Saved. From the St. Louis Republic. The Russians are a clever people. It is not history but a little story of the other day, said to be true. It is, we may expect a resolution in our midst some time by the youth of the future who may migrate to this country from the old climate and want to teach us how the life of Isaac was saved. The story goes thus: A little chapel had been confiscated, and was being utilized for a public place of instruction, according to the Russian idea. A painter was engaged in decorating the ceiling, when the captain in command of that district happened to drop in to see how the work was progressing. "What is that scene you are painting?" he queried.

"Abraham's sacrifice—from the Bible." "Who is that savage old codger with the dirk in his hand?" "That's Father Abraham; he has received divine command to slay his son, and is just in the act of obeying."

The officer seemed to study the situation, and at last exclaimed with some displeasure and impatience: "That's no way to butcher a white boy! Shoot him!"

With a curt order he turned on his heel and went out of the building. The artist scratched his head in a puzzled way for a while, and then went to work. The result was, Abraham's knife disappeared and in its place appeared a dainty revolver, latest patent.

This conception evidently pleased the painter, but he was struck with the idea that if his weapon should accidentally go off—poor little Isaac—nothing in the world could save him.

At the genesis of invention came to his mind. Result No. 2 soon placed a nice little angel in the clouds above Abraham's head, and that unsuspecting guardian held in his hand a six-inch syringe aimed at the muzzle of the pistol. Of course every one could tell at a glance what this meant. While Abraham was tremblingly awaiting the word of command, the angel was slyly squirting a dampening stream of vapors into the deadly "charge," and the ticklish weapon is made harmless!

Murphy, the apostle of temperance who has during the past month or two achieved such a mighty work in Pittsburg, is about to open a campaign in Chicago. The Interior publishes a letter from Pittsburg in regard to Mr. Murphy, from which the following is an extract:

I think from a remark you made in the report of Mr. Sawyer's farewell meeting, that you misunderstand Mr. Murphy's plan of labor. Speaking of his work in Pittsburg you said: "And yet so far as it is only the signing of a pledge (though even that may have a value) we feel no great confidence in permanent gain to the ranks of those who have come up out of the slavery of appetite."

This certainly is a mistake. The secret of Mr. Murphy's success is his faith in God, and impressing upon his converts the importance and necessity of trusting in Christ for strength to resist the appetite of strong drink. He daily exhorts them not to put their trust in the pledge, but in God. He pleads with them to seek Christ and join the church. When he is inviting them to come up and sign the pledge he warns them not to trust in it, but to give their hearts to Jesus, who only can keep them from the evil. A very large proportion of the intemperate have already joined the church, and nearly all are inquirers. He is not only turning away from the path of vice to morality, but to the path of peace and light—which cometh from the Son of God.

THE INVENTION OF PUNCTUATION. The invention of the modern system of punctuation has been attributed to the Alexandrian grammarian, Aristophanes, after whom it was improved by succeeding grammarians; but it was so entirely lost in the time of Charlemagne that he found it necessary to have it restored by Warnerfried and Alcuin. It consisted at first of only one point, used in three ways, and sometimes of a stroke formed in several ways. But as no particular rules were followed in the use of these signs, punctuation was exceedingly uncertain, until the end of the 15th century, when the learned Venetian printers, the Manutii, introduced some fixed rules for their application. These were so generally adopted that we may consider the Manutii as the inventors of the present method of punctuation; and although modern grammarians have introduced some improvements, nothing but a few particular names have been added since their time.—Cassell's Popular Educator.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—In regard to the State Normal School at Bloomington the Educational Weekly has the following: The winter term of the Illinois State Normal School began January 3d. Two hundred and ninety-one students were enrolled in the Normal Department, alone, which is probably the largest attendance with which a term ever opened at this institution. The first week closed with three hundred and thirty names on the roll. About thirty students are obliged to occupy suttees that have been placed in the aisles for their accommodation. The amount of special professional training work is largely increased. The new class is placed under the charge of the training teacher, so that even the "one-termers" hereafter will have good opportunities for special Normal training. The large number attending in a time of such general business depression speaks volumes for the hold which the school has upon the teachers of the state.

JOHN HENRY'S WIFE WROTE TO HIM IN MOSQUITO TIME that she had "fifteen bim," and, as she forgot to cross her t, John went "ragging round like a lunatic. He didn't care so much about her having bim as he did about her spelling 'em so.

"Take something" inquired a stranger of the crowd in a saloon, one day last week. "Don't mind it," cried the gang in chorus, springing to their feet and advancing. "Well, then," exclaimed the stranger, breaking for the door, "take a walk!" They took a walk.

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