

KNOWED UNDER.
BY ELLA WHEELER.
From the Chicago Tribune.
Of a thousand things that the Year snowed under—
The busy Old Year that has gone away—
How many will rise in the Spring, I wonder,
Brought to life by the sun of May!
Will the rose-tree unchance, so wholly hidden
That never a rose-tree seems to be,
At the sweet Spring's call come forth unhidden,
And bud in beauty, and bloom for me?
Will the fair, green Earth, whose throbbing bosom
Is hid like a maid's in her gown at night,
Wake out of her sleep, and with blade and blossom
Gem her garments to please my sight?
Over the knoll in the valley yonder
The loveliest buttercups bloomed and grew;
When the snow has gone that drifted them,
Will they shoot upward, and bloom anew?
When wild winds blow, and a sleet-storm pelts,
I lose a jewel of precious worth;
If I walk that way when the snows have melted,
Will the gem gleam up from the bare, brown Earth?
I laid a love that was dead or dying,
For the year to bury and hide from sight;
But out of a trance will it waken, crying,
And push to my heart like a leaf to the light!
Under the snow lie things so cherished—
Hopes, ambitions, and dreams of men—
Faces that vanished, and trusts that perished,
Never to sparkle and glow again.
The Old Year greedily grasped his plunder,
And covered it over and hurried away;
Of the thousand things that he hid, I wonder
How many will rise at the call of May!
O wise Young Year, with your hands held under
Your mantle of ermine, tell me, pray!
SAVED BY MATCHES.

A small room, poorly furnished; a pot of mignonette in the window; a girl at work at the table, sewing steadily. She would have been pretty if she had not been so poor. If she had been better fed, she would have had a rosy cheek; if she had had freedom and less labor, she would have had dimples; if she had worn a dress of violet silk, instead of faded calico, it would have brought out the fairness of her skin and the golden hue of her hair. As it was, Alice Morne was pale, and pinched, and sad, with the sewing-girl's stoop of shoulders, and the sewing-girl's heavy heart.

She rose suddenly and folded up her work—a child's garment, of fine cambric trimmed with dainty lace. She made a package of it, donned her bonnet and shawl, and went out of her lodging-house. She threaded the commercial streets rapidly, and emerged on the avenue of wealthy private residences. Here it was quiet. The dusk was gathering. Now and then a carriage rolled by. One or two stately houses were lighted for receptions. Many more were somberly closed. Alice went on with her quiet, rapid step.

She stopped at last before a house all in a blaze of light. Costly lace curtains concealed the luxurious rooms within; the soft notes of a piano came softly upon the girl's ear.

"The Tracy's give another party to-night," said Alice.

A servant admitted her. She went in with her bundle. She came out with a light step. The work had been approved, and she had been paid. A little dazzled with the scene she had just emerged from, she paused upon the pavement to count the money.

Impatiently toward her little sewing girl.

"Why did you not 'come before'?" she asked in a hoarse voice, with a slight French accent. "The child should have had that dress to drive in to-day."

"I was sick yesterday; I could not finish it," answered poor Alice, tremulously.

Madame snatched the package, tearing it open, and letting the little embroidered robe fall upon the bed.

"Well, here is your money," said she, opening a velvet purse. "Next time I will employ some one who will do as you promise."

Alice turned away with a bursting heart—for the woman's words meant starvation for her. She dared not raise her voice in reply; she divined truly that the heart under that rich robe was one of stone.

As she passed down stairs, she heard a low voice. It proceeded from one of the rooms above her.

But by noon there were strange doings in the little sewing-girl's room. She had been sent for a lawyer, the most renowned and popular one in the city, and he came with two other gentlemen, so grand that little Alice was quite awe-stricken.

Finally, Mr. Lionel Tracy—that was the name of the hero—went away with them, and she was left alone with her poverty and wonder.

Only she was not quite so helpless and distressed as she had been, for one of the gentlemen had smiled upon her, and left a few pieces of gold on her table.

But the marvel was all over with her, and the gold was spent, and poverty and labor and care had come back, when, one day, there was a knock at the door, and the landlady's little girl said that a carriage was standing for her, and a man in waiting said that she had been sent for.

What could she do but to obey the summons? wondering what fairy work it was—that luxurious ride—until she began to see through it, for the carriage stopped at the Tracy mansion.

There had been great public excitement—the papers had been charmed with the development of the infamous plot in high life, whereby the true heir of a great fortune had been dragged, while blind, and concealed, and a story trumped up about his mysterious disappearance; but Alice, in her solitude, had known nothing about it.

Her pennies wet for bread instead of news. But when she stepped upon the threshold, Lionel Tracy, the restored master, met her with a tender courtesy that took away all her fear, and made her feel like a little queen in the midst of the splendor.

A Case Where the Free Lunch System Wouldn't Work.

"If there ain't a change in the religious world pretty soon I am going to throw down the gospel and take up the grubbing hoe," remarked an old man yesterday. "I've rid a circuit for forty odd years, and I'm treated worse now than when I first begun."

"What is your cause of complaint, parson?" asked a bystander.

"My recent cause is one what flanks all others," answered the circuit rider, wiping a drop of water from the end of his peaked nose with the sleeve of his brown jeans coat.

"I have preached a good deal here in Little Rock, and until recent it had allers been my belief that if a man could pull through here he could pull through anywhere. But I was blind wrong. Yesterday I went in the Gum Lick district where I had an appointment to preach in the school-house.

When I got there I found that old man Wiggles, a hard-shell Baptist, had got in ahead of me. I went in without any ill feeling, intending to wait until he got through, when I would muster my congregation and take the field. After awhile he got through preachin' and announced that sacrament would be taken when the boy got back from the still house.

"My congregation was whiskey instead of wine," he went on, "and Arkansas cornbread instead of your wheat fixins." Just then the boy arrived, and the old man took the cob stopper from the black chunk bottle and began to pour out the whiskey. Now, if there's anything that strikes me natural, it is whiskey, and thinking that I could preach better after being warmed up a little, I went up to the table and reached out after the bottle, when the old man looked at me and said:

Home Conversation.

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