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Selected Poetry

WILLIE AND KATIE.

Two brown heads with tossing curls, Red lips shutting over pearls, Bare feet white and wet with dew...

They were standing where a brook Bending like a shepherd's crook, Flashed like silver, and thick ranks Of willows fringed its mossy banks...

Men are only boys grown tall; Hearts don't change much at all. And when long years from that day, Katie Lee and Willie Gray...

Will you trust me, Katie dear— Walk beside me without fear? My I carry if I will All your burdens up the hill?

Close beside the little brook Bending like a shepherd's crook, Working with its silver ban its late and early at the sands...

Selected Story

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

A celebrated painter of Madrid, whose name I shall not disclose, but whom I shall call Morrel, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escorial.

He had received a pretty large sum for his work, and, by way of a little relaxation after the long-continued toil and close attention bestowed upon it, he had assembled around a well spread table in his studio...

It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morrel must have his supper. The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans...

"Holy Mother!" she cried, "I am dying! My poor husband, my last hour is come! Let them bring a confessor, and quickly, for I am going fast!"

She accompanied her words with the most violent contortions. Her husband, in a condoling voice, inquired where she felt the pain.

Pleasant Paragraphs

The morning hour has gold in its mouth. There is no worse enemy than a bad book.

Few, if any, repent of their silence; many of their talk. A two-foot rule—"Boots and shoes for cash, only."

An Ohio man makes brick, but he is high-born and calls himself "a sculptor in clay."

What species of love is that which is never reciprocated? A neuralgic affection.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher? Because he is a sound instructor.

An absent minded girl the other night blew her lover out of doors, and then kissed the lamp.

If a flock of geese see one of their number drinking they will all drink too. Men often make geese of themselves.

Miss Tucker says it is with bachelors as it is with old wood: it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

"Ma, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for?" "Cause I want to draw an elephant."

It is given on the authority of a New Orleans paper that there is in that city a hog with his ears so far back that he cannot hear himself squeal.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend!"

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice-cream?" "In troth I can. Don't they bake them in cowd ovens, to be sure?"

A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"Dey ain't no niggers on de top side er keration," said a colored man at Tenille the other day, putting his hand to his bandaged head, "what can sing a hymn as put de gear on a kickin' mule at de same time."

The First Lord of the Admiralty on his first voyage down the Thames, in rather a leaky vessel, observed the men working the pumps. "Dear me," he said, "I did not know you had a well on board, captain, but I am really very glad, as I do detest river water."

Fond father to visitor: "My boy knows a lot of Scripture. Now, Larry, what did God make on the first day?" Larry hesitates. Fond father points upward in the direction of the chandelier. "I know, pa. He made gas!"

Customer: How much for the lilies of the valley? Florist: Five shillings a bunch. Customer: Too much. Florist (blandly): Well, madam, if you will have the lilies of the valley, you must pay the valley of the lilies.

A man in Chicago the other day, with no hair on his head and a bullet hole in the calf of his left leg, said that he was satisfied that there is gold in the Black Hills. He also said that he was satisfied that there are Indians in the Black Hills.

Irascible Gent (to waiter):—"They say there's nothing like leather don't they?" "Yes sir." Then it's a lie, for this steak is!" (Waiter evaporates.)

There may not be gold, but there's no question about the quantity of lead in the Black Hills. Every Indian has a gun full of it, and isn't stingy.

During the session of a County Court in the interior, a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amidst the laughter of the court, "No, sir; I'm not married."

A STREAM OF MUSIC.—A little boy coming home from church, where he had been a person performing on an organ, said to his mother: "Oh, mammy, I wish you had been to church to-day to see the fun; a man was pumping music out of an old cupboard!"

What the Microscope Reveals.

A learned man tells us of an insect, seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven million would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees with the branches, leaves, and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores.

Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing upon it like cows on a meadow. Yes, even the ugliest plant that grows shows some remarkable property when closely examined.

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