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Selected Poetry.

TO-DAY.

The point which we have reached in life, Is told by the word "to-day," The distance we have traveled O'er life's mysterious way.

'Tis the point between what has been And what remaineth yet to be; It separates what we have seen From what we yet shall see.

Turn we our faces backward To our eyes there's given sight, We may gaze upon the past, Which has left a trail of light.

But with our faces forward There is naught we can behold; Eye can't penetrate the darkness; The future is untold.

Selected Story.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

BY ALICE E. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

The town clock pealed the hour of nine, on the last night of the old year. The clouds which all day had hung heavy and gloomy, were now silently falling in bits, covering the earth with a mantle of purity.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Miggs, the owner of the shed where the wretched man had crawled for refuge, was hunting for eggs the next day, when she espied her lodger, and by a severe pounding and shaking, succeeded in bringing him back to the world he so longed to leave.

CHAPTER III.

The next day he was sentenced, in default of bail, to a month's imprisonment for drunkenness. The first four days were passed in his cell in dreary lethargy of body and soul, void of remorse or feeling of any kind.

CHAPTER IV.

For a long time, broken-hearted and cast down in spirit, it seemed to Mr. Burd that he could never rise above his miserable condition, but at last thoughts of his children filled his mind, and a desire to redeem what he had lost in their sight possessed him.

and blood-shot eyes,—a poor, pitiful wreck, that I think the angels in heaven could hardly have reached in the depth of degradation to which he had sunk. I am sure no one but an angel could have reached him.

"You have killed her! you have killed her! Oh, father, how could you? the poor baby! What shall we do? what shall we do?" and the boy wrung his hands, and moaned, and sobbed.

"Ah, I know you," she cried, "and I am not surprised; this is just where I expected you'd bring up, when you used to take a dram a day, and scorned the idea of ever being a common drunkard."

"I'll never touch another cursed drop, so help me God," he murmured, with a feeble effort at prayer; but with a sickening thought of the desolation at home, he cried: "Is it all true that you said, Miss Miggs? Did I really kill Lena? It seems like a horrible dream, I have so many of them."

"There's no use for me to try, then; I'd better be dead; they never will want to see me again. I can jump into the river, and the tide will carry me far out to sea."

"Now don't you go to talking about committing suicide—you've got sins enough to answer for already. Live and reform, I say, and save your soul while you've got a chance, and taking your arm Miss Miggs led him into her little cottage, made him a cup of strong coffee, bade him bathe his bloated face and throbbing head, and left him to rest and try to sleep.

"I thought he had'n't died," said Sylvia; "I knew he would come back, and he looks weller, too." "You've come back to be good, haven't you, father?" asked Theo; "it will be real nice if you are good, because Miss Miggs is so kind, and mother is getting well. Kassey has been to see her, and she says so, too."

"Yes, Theo, I've come back to be good. I think God would have let me drown in the river if He had'n't meant I should be a good man yet."

curtainless window and looked in. There was Kassey, on the hearth nestled beside her. The fire-light danced on their sad, wan faces, and gave them a strange, ghastly look. He turned away with sickening heart and passed tiny the other room across the entry. There the moon looked in too, with a clear, calm light, and Joseph Burd saw a tiny pine coffin, and Lena lying placidly in it as if sleeping. The folds of muslin hid the dreadful scars on neck and chest, and the fire had spared her sweet face and golden hair. Her thin, white hands were folded, and on one of the tiny fingers showed a small gold ring. He remembered when it was given to her and how pleased she was; but she would not want it any more, and it would bring him what he so terribly craved—a glass of brandy. He shrank at first from robbing his dead child, but that soon passed away with the desire that was stronger than love or honor.

"The very thing you ought to do. Why not go out in the country? Mr. Drayton wants some one right away to take charge of his farm while he goes on a sea-voyage for his health—the very thing for you."

"There'll be no harm in trying, and I'll run right over and see; he's stopping with his daughter, you know, Mrs. Cline." And the good-hearted, energetic neighbor, hastily throwing a shawl on her head, departed on her charitable errand.

"If I could only give her back Lena!" he groaned. "Don't talk about it, father: she is happy with the angels, and is better off; you know there would have been so many sorrows for her if she had staid on earth."

"But 'twas I that killed her; that I never, never can forget. And did you know, Kassey, I took her little gold ring off her finger and sold it for rum?" "Oh, father, how could you?" cried Kassey, horrified; "we missed it and thought some thief had stolen it away. I did not think you could have taken it, father."

"You did not know, then, how low the devil could sink one, with his hateful servant, rum; but it is true; there is nothing too contemptible for a man to do when under its influence."

"Where is the ring, father?" asked Kassey, after a pause. "Couldn't I get it back?" "It may be at the pawn-shop; we will see to-morrow. If I had it for a talisman it might help me to keep my pledge. I do not think I could ever sink so low as to sell it for drink again."

With the few dollars she had saved, Kassey succeeded the next day in redeeming the little ring and her father's silver watch. Returning, she threw the silken cord round her father's neck, and fastening the ring tightly to it said: "There, father, is your talisman. Call it your 'Band of Hope,' so that when you are tempted it will remind you of what you hope to be and what we hope you'll be."

his right mind. Yes, yes, neighbor, I feel it in my bones that you have pulled through, and will make a strong man yet; but you will have fierce temptations."

"Of course it buried the town, but that was all right. We dug out the snow and left a crust, as a sort of sky, and in three days we had summer weather down there. Roses bloomed, peach trees blossomed, and the boys went in swimming, the same as in July! Don't talk to me about such storms as this!"

"W-what became of the crust?" gasped a man at the front end of the car. "It's hanging up there yet!" replied the noble liar, "and the man who doubts my word wants to step off the car for half a minute!"

"There that whole dozen men sat as mute as clams, not daring to even wink at each other, or to enter a protest, while the little man branched off anew and began telling that he had seen hail-stones weighing six pounds each."

"Wanted to divide fairly—The Englishman who took his half-a-davit. One of the reasons that a side-saddle resembles a four quart jug is because it holds a gal-on. The times are so hard that an Irishman says he has parted with all his elegant wardrobe except the armbolles of an old waistcoat.

"Thought I'd leave my measure on your floor," said a man who fell down in a bar-room. "No necessity for that," said the bar-keeper, "we know exactly how much you hold."

"Excuse me, madam; but I should like to know why you look at me so savagely?" said a gentleman to a lady at a party. "Oh! I beg pardon, sir, I took you for my husband."

Barber—"Well, my young gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" Youth—"O, like papa's, please—with a little round hole at the top."

An old black woman, reciting her "spearence," said she had been to heaven; "Did you see any or de colored ladies dar?" asked a younger sister. "Oh, yot git out; you sposs I went in do kitchen when I was dar?"

A Milwaukee editor writes in this melancholy strain: "We didn't want our wife to go to the auction, and so we hid her shoes to keep her at home. Having occasion to go out an hour afterwards, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there; neither was our wife. It isn't any use.

Two acquaintances meeting on a wet day, one greeted the other with, "Beautiful rain this! Fetching things out of the ground!" Second friend, (disconsolately): "Hope not, sir, hope not; got two wives there, sir!"

The Brooklyn Young Men's Ethetic Club are discussing the question, "What can one poor, weak woman with a club do against a tyrannical husband who crawls under the bed and refuses to come out?"

It is not believed that there is an artist in the world who can catch the expression of a woman's face as she puts her nose into the milk-jug and finds that the thunder has soured the contents.

Medical men say that when a man is full of whiskey he can't freeze and appearance indicate that a large number of our citizens are expecting a mighty cold snap, says the Falton Times.

Artemus Ward thus describes the perils at sea: "Death stared us in the face, there was about seventy of us starin' Death into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin' to us. Not much. I don't know how Death fiked it."

A man was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken coop, when his little daughter exclaimed "Don't take aim, pa; let it go off by accident!" "Why so?" asked his father. "Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody!"

A man named Josephus Rho-le-in-heim-aw-zei-er-wei-tzen visited Boston the other day, and in walking through the crooked streets of that city his name legged so far behind, and got so awfully twisted out of shape in turning corners, that he had to take it to a blacksmith shop and have it straightened out.

"Pleasant Paragraphs." Wanted to divide fairly—The Englishman who took his half-a-davit. One of the reasons that a side-saddle resembles a four quart jug is because it holds a gal-on. The times are so hard that an Irishman says he has parted with all his elegant wardrobe except the armbolles of an old waistcoat.

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