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A WIFE TO HER ANGRY HUSBAND

To-day, if I were dead, and could not feel
Your blame, or your tears upon my face,
If all the world could give of woe, or weal,
Could find within my heart no resting place;
You would not think of any bitter word
You would not chide me for a careless word;
You could not be so cruel, at the last,
As to condemn me, stonecheek, unheard.

If I were lying, wrapt about in white,
With flowers all around me, on my bier,
And in my hands and on my face the light
That supplicant upon their dead, at rest;
If I were lying thus, and you should say
Such bitter things as you have said to me,
Which stamped anger you would turn away
That one, and never turned all love entreaty.

If I were lying underneath the ground,
And all the white snow heaped above my head,
And you, amid the music, can hear round
Who dared to say such things about our dead;
You had not words to tell how false were they;
Even most natural was he of all and men,
Yet all the cruel words that he might say
Would not have power to move me, grave we then.

If you in coming back today should find
That death had entered, and had called me home,
How would it be with you in your own mind?
Where for your glad smile you find cerement gloom?
The kiss that you refused to give were still
Your bed nevablanks, cold they did subside,
Nor tell their grievance, closed by a firm will,
Held in dumbness by a sincere pride.

Oh, God! that one must live and die and live,
And try to be contented with the hope
That he who knowingly all, somewhere, will give
The fullest love to fill the willed void!
Yet love, oh, love! why should the days grow long,
And through unkindness bitter! Death is near
If you will love me when I'm dead, I pray
Great we somewhat of love and kindness here.

I'll not rebuke you though my heart be full
I have not chide, I, too, may be astray;
Experience yet may teach—a better mind—
Me what to do, and what, perhaps, to say.
And yet I ask you humbly, tenderly,
If I should answer never more your call,
Would you not grieve of all once bitterly
For words and deeds that are beyond recall?
—Fourth Church Record.

Artificial Cuticulus.

A writer in New York says that although in the curio stores in the west bisons' heads cost from $150 to $200, in New York "they can be got for less, and will continue to be cheaper as long as any old buffalo robes that now exist continue to resist the moths. This is because a taxidermist who cannot make a splendid bison's head with a piece of fur or block of wood and a pair of horns is not considered an adept in his profession. If the head of any rare animal is asked for in the proper quarters the customer will be told that there are no such heads as he wants, but if he will wait one can be procured from some other city. If he orders it the chances are ten to one that the head will be carved out of wood, covered with the right fur, fitted with horns, and delivered. The imitations of the months and months of wild beasts require skillful work, but are masterful in most cases."—Rochester Democrat.

It Was Not He That Wavered.

"Now, sir," cried Mr. Bagwig fiercely, "attend to me! Were you not in difficulties a few months ago?"

"No."

"Now, sir! Attend to my question. I ask you again, and pray be careful in answering, for you are on your oath. I need hardly remind you. Were you not in difficulties some months ago?"

"No; not that I know of."

"Sir, do you pretend to tell this court that you did not make a composition with your creditors a few months ago?"

A bright smile of intelligence spread over the ingenious face of the witness as he answered:

"Oh, ah! That's what you mean, is it! But, you see, it was my creditors who were in difficulties, and not me."—Exchange.

Price of Station.

It appears that there are in France at the present moment no fewer than 10,000 mondaines—i. e., persons of both sexes who get their living out of learned pigs, guitar playing, sea lions, decapitated folks who talk, clever monkeys, somnambulists, men who swallow razors, a class of people whom Horace in his time called "Ambulajarum Collegia," or associations of Bohemians. A member of this fraternity, a Hercules, who earns a livelihood by lifting sixty pound weights with outstretched arms, remarked to a circle of his admiring friends, "You may say what you like, but I'd ten times rather be the eminent performer I am than a member of the Paris municipal council."—London Tit-Bits.

Many persons suffer from astigmatism, a defect which prevents the rays of light from converging at the same focus. The trouble may be slight or severe. The afflicted person is sometimes born with it, but sometimes it develops after adult age is reached. Any one who has astigmatic eyes should consult a skillful oculist.

The Joke Market.

The people who read the jokes in the newspapers and comic weeklies have no idea what an industry the manufacture of those paragraphs and verses has become. There are men in New York and some few in Philadelphia who do nothing else, and as the work becomes partly mechanical with them, they can turn out an immense quantity of jokes. The most prolific producer is a hundred jokes a day boy's work, and as they average five cents a joke taken at these rates considerable money.

Life is the best put and consequently gets the pick of the joke market. Puck and Judge buy more merit, but do not pay as high prices. Comic papers of a humorous nature are constantly springing up and spread all over the country, and as many of the newspapers use outside matter of this description the joke manufacturers find an ample market for their wares.—Philadelphia Record.

A FARCE IN REAL LIFE.

How People with Good Intentions Get Into Awkward Situations.

One of the best known literary men of Boston has two sisters. One is married and keeps house for him and two or three congenial friends. The other is married to a gentleman who is an amateur politician—statesman if you prefer. Not long ago this statesman was called from home on some important business and expected to be gone over night. His wife sent to her sister to come and divert her in her temporary divorce. But this was inpossible, and word was sent to that effect.

Shortly after the messenger had departed it occurred to the sister that she might at least ask one of her brother's friends to go and stay in the house and frighten away possible burglars. About midnight a young man rang the door bell of the statesman's house, and when the servant appeared walked in without being invited, much to the alarm of the maid, for her mistress had accepted a sudden invitation to the theater.

The young man, annoyed at the persistency with which the explosions screamed kept guard on him, and finding nothing better to do, made his way to the spare room, went to bed and soon fell into the dreamless sleep vouchsafed by a clear conscience and a good digestion. The house was still. No lights shone in the windows. Healthy steps mounted to the front door. It was the master of the house, who had unexpectedly returned, and finding no signs of life supposed that the family had retired. He noiselessly opened the door, noiselessly climbed the stairs, and, with the intention of not disturbing his wife, went to the spare room, which was wrapped in profound darkness.

He flung his gripsack on the bed. It struck the sleeping visitor full in the stomach. There was a rude awakening. "Who are you?" called a startled voice from the pillow, and "Who are you?" answered indignantly that voice which had so often charmed select audiences at political meetings. A hand-to-hand conflict was only averted by the quick ear of the visitor, who recognized the statesman's sonorous voice.

The statesman and the guest talked a little while, and then the former went to his room. He was just about falling asleep when his wife came home from the theater, locked the front door, which the statesman had forgotten to do, and went up stairs. She wore her best dress and usually kept it in the spare room closet. She therefore repaired to the spare room to remove it. Then her husband came to her rooms.

He heard her steps. His keen intuition leaped to the right conclusion. He sprang out of bed, ran to the door, opened it on a crack, and in a stage whisper gave her to understand that there was a young man sleeping there. In the morning explanations were in order on all sides, and much Homeric laughter was evoked. Here are the elements of a farce from real life which might be worked up into equal popularity with Mr. Howells' "Sleeping Car" or "Elevator."—Critic.

Eugenie's Limited Education.

The Empress Eugenie, though naturally intelligent, was in some respects extremely ignorant. Educated as were the high born young Spanish girls of her generation—that is to say, not educated at all—she was forced all through her palmy days to struggle against this great disadvantage. She never could learn the art of spelling, and all her private notes and letters are thickly peppered with faults of orthography. She exceeded the dunce at the age of twenty-six—a period in life rather late for the commencement of one's education.

But, to her credit be it said, she did her best by incessant reading to supplement the defects in her early mental training. She spoke English to perfection, and the emperor and she were wont to converse in that language when they did not want their attendants to know what they were talking about. She was an elegant and fearless horsewoman, and her skill in equitation was among the first of her accomplishments that attracted the notice of Napoleon III, himself an accomplished rider. But her principal talent was for art, and she drew in crayon exceedingly well.—Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Palms in California.

Although it has been shown that the climate of certain parts of California is suited for the growth of the date palm, but little effort is made to introduce the species into general cultivation there. The reason alleged for this is that too many years must elapse after planting before the trees come into bearing. Here and there, however, there are a few specimens that, having come to maturity, yield good crops. On the farm of Mrs. M. H. Wolfskill, on Putah creek, Solano county, in the Sacramento valley, are four of a Persian variety, of large proportions and great beauty. They are thirty four years old, and bear fruit of good quality. Two others of the African variety, of about the same age, are growing on the neighboring farm of J. K. Wolfskill. The date palm is the palm of the Bible, and has handsome drooping fronds from eight to ten feet long.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Significant Present.

Mrs. Brown—What did your husband give you as a present for your wooden wedding?

Mrs. Bicks—The same thing gave me a handsomely painted dooey dach.—Harper's Weekly.

Horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs and many of the wild animals eat apples with avidity. The elephant and deer are fond of them, while others become accustomed to them after a trial or two. All the domestic fowls, and many of the wild birds are fond of apples.

Dried salt contains lime. When therefore you use it to salt butter you encourage the production of a first class article of scum.

Not Family Robes.

The mother of Heinrich Heine, the poet, was particularly careful about matters of etiquette, and her boys were brought up with great strictness, and occasional severity. Among other things, she was extremely decided in her ideas of table etiquette, and her children's manners in this regard were then thought quite irreproachable.

They were taught, when they were guests at a table, never to eat all the food which was put on their plates; a portion must always be left "for respect," as their mother said. Also, they must never take more than a certain fixed amount of sugar in their cups of coffee, no matter what the cravings for it might be.

This last rule was a great trial to Maximilian, Heinrich's younger brother, who had a particularly sweet tooth.

On one occasion Frau Heine and her children were at a garden restaurant in the suburbs of the city, and had been enjoying the fresh air and good coffee at the same time. As they rose to leave the table Max, then seven years old, saw that a large and tempting piece of sugar had been left in the sugar bowl. Thinking himself unobserved he quickly seized it and put it in his mouth.

Unfortunately for him he had been noticed by Heinrich, who, without meaning to be a tale-bearer, ran to his mother with an expression of horror on his face, as if he expected some calamity would instantly befall them, and said in a shocked and astonished tone: "O mother, mother, would you believe it! Max has eaten the respect!"—Youth's Companion.

The Church of the Future.

The churches of the future will be founded on the idea of righteousness. "Other foundation can no man lay." Any narrower church is unworthy of humanity and of God, and will, in the natural course of events, be swept away. The gods of nationalism have very often been devils, but the true God is a perfectly good Being, and his church must therefore be co-extensive with the race. In righteousness, and in righteousness alone, we have an idea that we will unite all men by a common bond. In righteousness, and in righteousness alone, we have an idea capable of indefinite expansion, of unceasing application to the ever changing, ever growing necessities of human life. A church founded on the idea of righteousness is a church which all wise men must approve, which all good men must love, for righteousness is absolutely necessary for the well being of mankind. A church founded on the idea of righteousness is part of that eternal and universal church which existed long before the Christian era, which will continue to exist when every ecclesiastical institution in Christendom has collapsed. Ecclesiasticism must be destroyed before religion can begin. The churches of men must be reconstructed in order that the church of God may be saved.—Rev. Dr. Alfred Momerie in Forum.

Southern Wit in War.

"As we are reminded by the author of 'Four Years in Rebel Capitals,' the south, as well as the north, needed to exercise its sense of humor, whenever that was possible, to carry it through the terrible strain of the war. Some of the puns, burlesques and repartee of that dreadful time have become locally historic. Colonel Tom Angest, of the First Virginia, was the Charles Lamb of Confederate war wits, genial and ever gay.

Early in secession days a humorist friend approached him with the question, "Well, sir, I presume your voice is still for war?"

"Oh, yes," replied the wit, "perfectly still!"

Always to be remembered is General Zebulon Vance's apostrophe to the rebel, flying by him from a heavy rifle fire: "Go it cottontail! If I hadn't a reputation I'd be with you!"

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