

POETRY.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Charlotte E. Norton.

Word was brought to the Danish king,

"Hurry!"

That the love of his heart was suffering,

And pined for the comfort his voice would

bring.

"Oh ride as though you were flying!"

Better he loves each golden cur.

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,

Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl!

And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,

"Hurry!"

Each one mounting a gallant steed,

Which he kept for battle and days of need.

"Oh ride as though you were flying!"

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank,

Worn out chargers staggered and sank,

Bridles were slackened and reins were burst,

But, ride as they would, the king rode fast.

For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one.

"Hurry!"

They have fainted, and faltered, and home-

ward gone now follows alone.

For strength a far cry comes from the king,

The king looked back on that faithful child,

Wan was the face that answered smiling,

They passed the drawbridge with clattering

in.

Then he dropped, and only the king rode in.

Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle—

Silence!

No answer came, but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold gray morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing,

The castle's portal stood grimly wide,

None welcomed the king from that weary

ride.

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcome lay,

Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The painting stood with drooping crest

Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sob choking in his breast,

And that dumb companion lying,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to

check—

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

"Oh! I steed, that every nerve did strain,

Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain

To the halls where my love lay dying."

SELECT STORY.

A JOB OF HOUSE-PAINTING.

The Widow Morrison was walking along

a green lane, with a very becoming

pale pink parasol over her head, and

wearing a dress of black summer silk

enlivened by pipings of faint rose color

of the same shade as the parasol lining.

She had just "gone out of black" and

was extremely cheerful, for though she

had been very fond of her late husband in

a daughterly sort of way, she had only

known him three months when they were

married. He had been her grandfather's

school-mate, and there was very little

romance about it.

She could not blame herself in any re-

spect. She had nursed him two years

through an illness in which he had been

usually unconscious, and he had said at

the last that she was the best wife under

the sun.

She was not yet twenty-eight, she was

healthy and handsome and very rich.

She had quite the right to be cheerful

after two years of respectful mourning, not

even going, as she said to herself, to a tea-

party in all that time.

It was June weather, and she had come

down to the villa.

The place had been sadly neglected and

was much in need of repairs, and she had

just run over to the residence of the house-

painter of the village to talk about it.

"Some one who can 'grain' and do a

little decoration," she said. "I have a

fancy for that sort of thing—pretty panels

—not just like everybody else. Now have

you any one?"

"It is the hardest thing to get done up

here," said Mr. Prime, scratching his chin.

"But I'll do my best. I know a man that

can do that work if he won't; I'll go and

get somebody if he won't. You don't

mind expenses?"

"I am not obliged to think of that," said

the widow; "and I don't want a pretty house."

Then after a little more talk, she had gone

home.

Mr. Prime went out into the garden

when she was gone, and looked about in

the arched and under the trees, until he

found, rolling upon the grass beside a duck-

pond, a tall young man in a loose flannel

suit, who was making a sketch of a mat-

erial duck and her offspring.

"Something to say to you, Mr. Stafford,"

said Mr. Prime.

"Ah!" said Mr. Stafford, throwing a

toothsome little shadow upon the water

with the flat side of his pencil. "Ah! let's

hear it!"

"You rather confided in me when you

came down here to the house-painter, Mr.

Stafford," said the widow, "and that

the academy shows favor to me, and that

in fact, your genius was not appreciated

as it ought to be."

"Well, you put that interpretation up-

on it," said Mr. Stafford, touching up a

duck's bill. "I certainly did say that art

wasn't paying me just now, whatever I

said about my genius."

"Just so," said Mr. Prime. "Now, I've

got a bit of paying business for you, if you'll

take it. It isn't high art, but it's some-

thing in your pocket."

"Ah!" said Mr. Stafford again. This time

he shut the book.

"Let's see that," said Mr. Prime, opening it.

"Lots of nice little things here that would

just do for panels. I know you can grain;

those partridges of yours hanging on a

bit of red walnut prove that; and, in fact,

Mr. Morrison wants her house decorated.

I've undertaken it, and I'd as lieve send

you as any other man."

The artist considered. Certainly it was

not high art, nor was it strictly profes-

sional, but his funds were low and his heart

heavy with apprehension.

The old grandmother, who had believed

him a genius, had "made an artist of him,"

and he had often felt that it was a mistake

on her part. His pride tossed his head for

a moment, but presently he consented, and

held out a hollow palm.

"If I can suit you, I'll do the work,"

said he.

"That's settled then," said Mr. Prime. "We

shall put you out a clean linen jacket and

overall, and I'll have you commence Mon-

day morning."

On Monday, accordingly, the young

artist, who had previously been hurried

through the villa on a tour of inspection

by Mr. Prime, arrived with his palette and

paint-pots.

He found the widow ready to receive

him, and thought she was the prettiest

woman he had ever met. For himself, his

strong point was an aristocratic look. That

and his beautiful white hands, gave him

the effect of masquerading in the linen

jacket and overall. Mrs. Morrison was

surprised and pleased.

She went about the house together

she suggested others. The affair took

upon itself an air quite foreign to the usual

bang and bustle caused by "painters in the

house."

She sat upon a little bench, and watched

him, in the twinkling of a brush, fill a panel

THE BEAVER'S SAGACITY.

Probably more has been written about the

industry of the honey bee and the

sagacity of the beaver than about any other

two members of the animal kingdom. A

recent number of the Boston Journal of

Commerce gives a most graphic description

of the intelligent and industrious beaver

as follows:

"Beavers live in families, like human

beings. The male has one wife, and the

children stay at home until they are three

years old, when they go abroad seeking

companions of their own and set up house-

keeping for themselves. If by any reason

they are separated, the "lodge" takes

place, the young beavers go down stream

and the old one up, as it is easier to build

a dam up stream, where the water is shall-

ower, and generally bark from small trees

is more easily obtained.

The lodges, if not broken up by man,

remain in place for the entire of years,

and are admirably adapted to convenience

and safety. Each lodge on the bank of a

stream has three openings, and sometimes

more. The first entrance slopes up gradu-

ally from the bottom of the stream to the

chamber where the beavers live. By this

entrance they bring in their food, which

consists of short pieces of wood covered

with bark, cut short enough to be turned

or handled any way inside of the living

room. Another entrance, or way of escape,

goes straight down from the cham-

ber to a level with the bottom of the river,

when it turns sharply and comes out in

the bottom of the stream. Down this hole

they drop the sticks when they have eaten

of the bark, and then drag the white naked

pieces of wood out of the bottom to float

away. The third entrance is from beneath

also, and is in a tunnel, turning in many

places, and serves a good purpose when besieged

by an enemy. All these series of ways,

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