

POETRY.

DASH! DASH! DASH!!!

Words are dull and heavy fetters to the eager longing soul...

When you wear your best apparel, "Just to give the girls a treat,"

If you go into the barber and select your favorite chair,

If you find, when you awaken, that he's cut off your mustache,

If some careless mindy person casts a bright banana peel

Down upon the flint sidewalk, quite convenient to your heel,

If you wildly skate upon it and kerfuffle with a crash,

If Mabel's lips are tempting, and you long to steal a taste,

And at last you gain the nerve to slip your arm around her waist;

If you find that she is wearing hidden weapons in her cash,

If you break your noble record by appearing in your pew,

And when the plate comes sailing round she sweetly looks at you,

If you find your empty pockets are devoid of useful cash,

So, whatever troubles meet you or what-evil ills you find,

Don't indulge in pyrotechnics when you want to free your cash,

Don't break out in lurid language or exclaim in accents rash,

But express your deep emotion with a

SELECT STORY.

A WIFE'S WONT.

Mrs. Alison sat in her easy chair and tapped her foot impatiently as she worked.

Mr. Alison paced the floor uneasily and frowned darkly. It was evident there was a storm brewing in the domestic atmosphere.

"For pity's sake, Maud," broke forth her liege lord, "don't begin crying. Why can't you be sensible and look at the matter in a reasonable way?"

"I don't know what you call 'good reasons,'" sobbed Maud Alison. "You don't know the least thing about the Wilvertons, that you should wish me to give up attending their ball—such a magnificent affair as it's going to be, too!"

"That is the chief of my reasons—because I don't know anything about the family—neither for nor against them. But the man's face is enough to condemn him. I wouldn't trust him an inch out of my sight."

"You're as unjust as you can be," cried Mrs. Alison, indignantly. "To say such things about a stranger of whom you know nothing. I do believe you are jealous of him because he was so attentive to me at Mrs. Fitzgerald's party."

"Jealous! I should hope I wasn't quite such a fool. But I do think you are altogether too careless in taking up with people so rashly. You haven't known the family a month, and yet Mrs. Wilverton is as much at home here as if the house belonged to her. I don't like it, and I expressly desire you will see to it either of her or her husband as is possible until something more is known of both of them. Especially do I wish you to decline their invitation to this ball. I don't want my wife known as the chosen friend of a pair of adventurers."

And, having delivered this decision, Mr. Alison walked out of the room. Thereat his pretty wife was justly indignant as well as at what he had said. Anger had dried the tears upon her cheeks as she muttered, "Adventurers indeed, as if that were possible! I assure Mr. and Mrs. Wilverton are as elegant and refined as any people of our acquaintance, and everybody says the ball will be magnificent; and everybody is going, too; and—so an I. I will not be deprived of every little pleasure I chance to care for, because Fred chooses to dictate in that lordly manner. I shall go to the ball in spite of him; so there; and the little foot came down with emphasis upon the soft carpet beneath it."

Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. Alison nearly quarrelled this bright morning in early December. The Wilvertons had issued cards for a grand reception and ball, to which nearly all the elite of the town had responded favorably. Could Mrs. Alison decline? She did not intend to, at all events.

Yet it was with a rather falling heart that she penned her acceptance of the invitation and commenced her preparation for the great event. She had never yet in their pleasant married life acted so willfully in opposition to her husband's wishes. But this time she felt herself in part excusable.

added pleasantly. "Give me a kiss, please, and when I come home this evening, I trust you will have put all this nonsense out of your head. By, by!"

But his wife would not look at him when he kissed her, and stamped her foot angrily as the door closed behind him and she heard his careless whistle as he ran down the steps.

"You had better," she said to herself, "and I won't be treated like one. He shall find out that I can go without him."

And he did come to a realizing sense of the fact when he came home to dinner that evening. Running lightly up stairs to their room, the first sight that met his amazed eyes was his pretty wife in full festive robes.

"Well, dear," she said with a light affection of unconsciousness that she was yielding him in the least, "you see I have decided to go, after all. How do you like my dress? I dressed early on purpose for you to see it."

Mr. Alison had stopped short as she spoke with hand uplifted. "Maud," he said, in a vexed way, "what does this mean?"

"Have you forgotten so quick?" she answered lightly. "It is the Wilverton's ball, you know. I told you this morning Mrs. Leighton had offered to call for me, and bring me home again. Don't you remember?"

"I remember something you seem to have forgotten," was the cold reply; "that is, that I did not do or do not wish you to go to that ball. Those Wilvertons are not fit people for you to associate with of that I am certain. The town is full of rumors against them, and predict you will find but very few decent people there to-night."

"What nonsense you are talking?" she said genuinely surprised now. "Why, I know there are plenty of the best people going; I have scarcely met one who has declined the invitation."

"That may be," was the quiet reply; "but many men who have heard as much and more than I have, will change their minds to-night and keep themselves and their families away. Those who do go will be sorry for it, I am very sure."

"What terrible things have you heard, I should like to know?" she asked half convinced.

"Only rumors, I own," he answered; "but they are bad enough. There was never so much smoke without a little fire."

Mrs. Alison interrupted him with blazing eyes. "Rumors, indeed! You need say no more. I do not believe one word of it at all, and I shall go. That is decided."

"But Maud—"

"I don't wish to hear any more. I am going."

And she went—went with Mrs. Leighton when she called for her—went with a smiling face and an angry rebellious heart.

"I had not told you all, dear," he said. "There is no Mrs. Wilverton—or Willis, as her name would be, if she had any right to bear the name of the man she has lived with all these months—and who, if report says true, ruined himself and committed the robbery to gratify her extravagant demands."

"Fred!" Mrs. Alison's face grew pale as she said, "you don't mean that she?"

"Was not his wife," he answered sternly. "It was a severe lesson, not only to Mrs. Alison, but to the people of Bolton, who had admitted these people into their society without question, simply because of the lavish display of wealth they made, and it is safe to say a thoroughly effectual one."

Moreover, there are very few differences of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Alison nowadays.

OUR GHOST.

BY AMY HANCOCK.

Mildred and I lost our way. We were two happy, poverty-stricken young school-teachers, spending our brief vacation at a farm-house on the mountain. Mildred had a consumptive mother to support, and I was saving money for Billy's education as a civil engineer. Billy, he it understood, was my youngest brother, so that we really had very little means to expend in our summer vacation. Hence we had drifted out to this lonely spot among the spurs of the Blue Ridge, where the owls hooted of windy nights, and whip-poor-wills sang melancholy refrains to each other after twilight.

But I liked it. Our landlady was a plain widow, who knew none of the ways of modern cookery, but everything was healthful and delicious.

Mrs. Hunt was a pale, quiet woman, who said very little; and she had two other boarders—a young photographic artist, who was taking "views" in the neighborhood, and a testy, middle-aged gentleman, who had left the hotel because he didn't like children, and who was popularly supposed to be writing a book.

"I won't charge you much," Mrs. Hunt had said, "because you are lone women. I'm a lone woman myself, and I know how it seems. And then, you see, you're willing to occupy one room. That makes a difference."

"But you are taking us too cheap," Mildred had remonstrated. "You are allowing yourself no margin at all for profit."

"Oh, please!" said Mrs. Hunt. "I'm glad to get boarders, anyhow. Folks don't come here now, because—"

She stopped abruptly, nervously fingering a pile of household linen in her hand. "Because it is so lonesome?" said I with a laugh. "Oh, we don't mind that."

"Yes," she repeated, "because it is so lonesome, or worse. But if you young ladies will bring me a mess of blackberries from the meadows some time, or help me with the dishes now and then, we won't differ about it."

So we were mutually satisfied. The photographic artist was a delightful acquaintance, but Mr. Dollard—the gentleman who was writing a book—did not impress us so favorably. He was abrupt, he suffered, and he made strange noises in his bronchial tubes. He had a little patent apparatus for making his own chocolate, and called the "cream puffs" and "floating island" which Mildred and I manufactured in Mrs. Hunt's milkroom, "frash."

"Like it here?" he curiously asked us one day.

"Oh, yes!" Mildred cried, enthusiastically. "See anything?" with an uplifting of his brows.

"Everything," said I. "The views are heavenly."

"Hear anything—eh?"

"The owls," said I, a little dubiously. "I don't dislike their noise, now that I know what it is."

walking ceaselessly up and down the porch as usual.

"Well," said he, interrogatingly, "you're late?"

"We—we got lost," stammered Mildred.

He glanced keenly at our pallid faces. "Ah," said he, "I see you've come across the run?"

"The—what?" I repeated.

"An old cellar wall," said he, with a vague, explanatory movement of his hand. "All grown up with weeds and brush. Ah! He built it, Mrs. Hunt's husband. He was going to have a brand-new house, but he never got further than the cellar."

"Mrs. Hunt's husband?" I repeated.

"And a bad fellow he was," said Mr. Dollard. "Bad right straight through to the core, stout and short. A red bandanna tied around his head, exactly like a pirate in picture books! Bad! bad! The—what?" I repeated.

"But I thought she was a widow," said I. "I thought he was—dead!"

"So he is," said Mr. Dollard, calmly. "As dead as Methusalem. Killed three years ago, standing on the railway track, looking at the foundation of his new house that he'd squandered all his wife's savings in. An express train killed him dead. And a good job it was."

"But he can't be dead," cried I. "Because we've seen him to-night, Mildred and I!"

"He was stout and short," persisted Mildred, "with a red handkerchief tied across his forehead. And Katie called to him, and he started to cross the railway track; and when he came to the middle of it—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Dollard. "Delusions, nervous hallucinations, indigestion. I could have told you so when I saw you eating those hard fried eggs this morning. Why, I'd as soon eat so much leather, as I do, on oatmeal mush and baked apples—but mind you, with a quick, imperative motion of his hand, "not a word of this to Mrs. Hunt, or she'll be well quit of him; but then, women are queer, and he was her husband. Hush—hush!" And Mr. Dollard disappeared.

The young photographer was sitting in a chair, reading a two-day-old newspaper by the lamp.

"Now," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders, "you know why Mrs. Hunt has so few boarders. People don't take kindly to the idea of a ghost!"

I said nothing more, but followed Mildred to our room. And the next day—she exclusively adopted his style of cookery, but truth must be spoken—we went back to the city.

I have never been to Blue Rock since, but I understand that Mr. Dollard has married Mrs. Hunt, on conditions that she shall relinquish her style of cookery for the future. So at least, the young photographer told us last year, when he came to see Mildred.

HOW THE MONTHS WERE NAMED.

January is of Latin origin, from the word Januarius, named by the ancient Romans in honor of their so-called "god," Janus, to whom the season of the year was sacred.

February comes from the Latin word Februarius, derived from februum, which, in the Sabine language meant a "purgative," hence comes the non Februus, which signified the Roman festival of lustration and expiation.

March is named in honor of Mars, the Roman god of war.

April derived its name from the Latin, Aprilis, and that from Aperire, which means to open.

May is a name, the origin of which comes from the Romans, in honor of Maia, the mother of Mercury and daughter of Atlas.

June is the name that all will readily think of when they read the history of the goddess Juno. In this month she seemed, from all accounts, to be greatly worshipped.

July is in honor of the great Roman, Cæsar Julius Cæsar, who was born at this season of the year.

August was named in honor of the great Roman emperor, Augustus Cæsar.

September was the seventh month of the Roman year, as they commenced with March, and consequently derived its name from the Latin word, septem, meaning seven.

October being the eighth month of the year, derives its name from octo, meaning eight.

November is from novem, meaning nine.

December is from the Latin word, decem, ten, it being the tenth month of the Roman year.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

One of our city undertakers relates a little incident which illustrates the power of prayer in a way different from that which is taught by orthodox ministers. He says:

"I had a funeral the other day. It was the child of a poor family; but few people and no minister were at the grave. I pitied them; it looked so desolate and forlorn that I made a prayer at the last myself, although I had never done the like anywhere before."

"You didn't!" exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, I did. I have heard it done so often that it all came to me without thought. Besides that it did me good; I got three funerals last week which would never have come to me had it not been for the prayer."

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