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I Know 'Tis So.

Why do eyes that were tender,
Averted, turn away?
Why has our dear love' splendor
All faded into gray?
Why is it that lips glow not
That once were all aglow?
I know not, dear, I know not,
I only know 'tis so.

Why do you no more tremble
Now when I press your cheek?
Why do we both dissemble
The thoughts we used to speak?
Why is it that words flow not
That used to fondly flow?
I know not, dear, I know not,
I only know 'tis so.

Have we outlived the passion
That late lit earth and sky?
And is this but the fashion
A fond love takes to die?
Is it that we shall kdow not
Again love's rapture glow?
I trow not, sweet, I trow not,
And yet it may be so.

—Ella Wheeler.

That Dreadful Boy.

"What was your pa skipping up the street for the other night with his hat off, grabbing at his coat tails as though they were on fire? I thought I never saw a pussy man run any faster. And what was the celebration down on your street about that time? I thought the world was coming to an end." And the grocery man kept away from the boy, for fear he would explode.

"O, that was only a Fenian scare. Nothin' serious. You see pa is a sort of half Englishman. He claims to be an American citizen, when he wants office, but when they talk about a draft he claims to be a subject of Great Britain, and he says they can't touch him. Pa is a darn smart man, don't you forget it. There don't any of them get ahead of pa much. Well, pa has said a good deal about the wicked Fenians, and that they ought to be pulled, and all that, and when I read the story in the papers about the explosion in the British Parliament pa was hot. He said the damnirish was running the whole world. He didn't dare say it at the table, or our hired girl would have knocked him silly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes, 'cause she's a nirish girl, and she can lick any Englishman in this town. Pa said there ought to have been somebody there to have taken that bomb up and thrown it in the sewer before it exploded. He said if he ever should see a bomb he would grab it right up and throw it away where it wouldn't hurt anybody. Pa has me read the papers to him nights, 'cause his eyes have splinters in 'em, and after I had read all there was in the paper I made up a lot more and pretended to read it, about how it was rumored that the Fenians here in Milwaukee were going to place dynamite bombs at every house where an Englishman lived, and at a given signal blow them all up. Pa looked pale around the gills, but he said he wasn't scared. Pa and ma were going to call on a she-deacon that night, and me and my chum concluded to give them a send-off. We got my big ingy rubber foot ball and painted 'Dinymight' in big white letters on it, and tied a piece of tarred rope to it for a fuse, and got a big fire-cracker, one of those old Fourth of July scarers, and a basket full of broken glass. We put the foot-ball in front of the step, and lit the tarred rope, and got under the step with the fire crackers and basket, where they go down into the basement. Pa and ma came out the front door, and down the steps, and pa saw the foot-ball, and the burning fuse, and he said 'Great God, Hanner, we're blowed up,' and he started to run, and ma she stopped to look at it. Just as pa started to run I touched off the fire-cracker, and my chum arranged it to pour out the broken glass on the brick pavement just as the fire-cracker went off. Everything went just as we expected, except ma. She had examined the foot-ball, and concluded it was not dangerous, and was just giving it a kick as the fire-cracker went off, and the glassfell, and the fire- cracker was so near her that it scared her, and when pa looked around ma was flying across the sidewalk, and pa heard the noise and he thought the house was blown to atoms. O, you'd a dide to see him go around the corner. You could play crokay on his coat tail, and his face was as pale as ma's when she goes to a party. But ma didn't scare much. As quick as she stopped against the hitching post she knew it was us boys, and she came down there and maybe she didn't maul me. I cried and tried to gain her sympathy by telling her the fire-cracker went off before it was due, and burned my eyebrows off, but she didn't let up until I promised to go and find pa. I tell you, my ma ought to be engaged by the British government to hunt up the dynamite fiends. She would corral them in two minutes. If pa had as much sand as ma has got, it would be warm weather for me. Well me and my chum went and headed pa off, or I guess he would be running yet. We got him up by the lake shore, and he wanted to know if the house fell down. He said he would leave it to me if he ever said anything against the Fenians, and I told him he had always claimed that the Fenians were the nicest men in the world, and it seemed to relieve him very much. When he got home and found the house there he was tickled, and when ma called him an old bald-headed coward, and said it was only a joke of the boys with a foot-ball, he laughed right out and said he knew it all the time, and he ran to see if ma would be scared. And then he wanted to hug me, but it wasn't my night to hug, and I went down to the theatre. Pa don't amount to much when there's trouble. The time ma had them cramps, you remember, when you got your cucumbers first last season, pa came near fainting away, and ma said ever since they had been married, when anything ailed her, pa has had pains just the same as she has, only he grunted more and thought he was going to die. Gosh, if I was a man I wouldn't be sick every time one of the neighbors had a back-ache, would you ?"

"Well, you can't tell. When you have been married twenty or thirty years you will know a good deal more than you do now. You think you know it all now, and you are very intelligent for a boy that has been brought up carelessly; but there are things that you will learn after awhile that will astonish you. But what ails your pa's teeth? The hired girl was over here to get some cornmeal for gruel, and she said your pa was gumming it since he lost his teeth."

"O, about the teeth. That was too bad. You see, my chum has got a dog that is old, and all his teeth have come out in front, and this morning I borried pa's teeth before he got up, to see if we couldn't fix them in the dog's mouth so he could eat better. Pa says it is an evidence of a kind heart for a boy to be good to dumb animals, but it's a darn mean dog that will go back on a friend. We tied the teeth in the dog's mouth with a string that went around his upper jaw, and another around his under jaw, and you'd a dide to see how funny he looked when he laffed. He looked just like pa when he tries to smile so as to get me to come up to him so he can lick me. The dog pawed his mouth a spell to get the teeth out, and then we gave him a bone with some meat on, and he began to gnaw the bone, and the teeth come off the plate, and he thought it was pieces of the bone, and he swallowed the teeth. My chum noticed it first, and he said we had got to get our work in quick to save the plates, and I thought we were in luck to save them. I held the dog, and my chum untied the strings and got the gold plates out, but there were only two teeth left, and the dog was happy. He woggled his tail for more teeth, but we hadn't any more. I'm going to give him ma's teeth some day. My chum says when a dog gets an appetite for anything you have got to keep giving it to him, or he will go back on you. But I think my chum played dirt on me. We sold the gold plates to a jewelryman, and my chum kept the money. I think, as long as I furnished the goods, he ought to have given me something beside the experience, don't you? After this I don't have any more partners, you bet." All this time the boy was marking on a piece of paper, and soon after he went out the grocery man noticed a crowd outside, and on going out he found a sign hanging up which read, "Wormy Figs for Parties."—Peck's Sun.

The Home of Jefferson Davis.

The Sunny South! How little can those whose lives have fallen in pleasant places "due North" realize the undefinable charm of the Sunny South; its soft and caressing climate; its vivid and wondrous vegetation; its peculiar and attractive scenery; its winsome and gracious people! So new is it, yet so old, so much of the polish of the encien regime, with just enough leaven of the nineteenth century to add a special and pungent piquancy. That the South was dear, very dear, to me, goes without saying; that I longed with a "precious yearning" to revisit it, an abiding desire; and when the hour in my busy life arrived that set me free for a brief holiday, I realized how delightful was the respite, even though its dole of days was of niggard and paltry measure. With the glamour of the Sunny South upon me, its sunshine in my eyes, its voices in my ears, its charm in my heart—with the recollection of my gracious and all too flattering reception fragrant as sweet blossoms in my mind—I feel how little my pen can do in describing something of what I have seen during the days that have passed with such inexorable swiftness, and can but jot down the flotsam and jotsam eddying upon the now full tide of my memory. Among my most pleasurable reminiscences a visit to Beauvoir, the stately home of Jefferson Davis, is cut in boldest relief.

It was a balmy March morning that we left the Crescent City—a party of a dozen or more en route to Mississippi City, close to which lies the Davis domain and mansion.

Beauvoir is a stately mansion, reminding one of an old Engligh heme. It is approached by an avenue of superb and venerable trees. At the gate, in a spirit of true Southern courtesy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis awaited us. Mrs. Davis is statuesque and stately. Her elegantly shaped head sets upon her shoulders as though chiseled by Phidias. It is so exquisitely poised that one cannot refrain from gazing while her every movement is the impersonification of dignity and grace. A rich mass of hair, whitened, alas! not by the hand of time, is wound in a massive coil at the back of the beautiful head. She wore no ornaments whatever, save the circle of gold on her fine and shapely hand. Her manner is so winsome as to completely absorb one, and as we walked up to the old manor-house, beneath arching boughs of lordly trees that stood like sentinels presenting arms as we passed, I felt its fascination to the full. Ascending a steep flight of steps, we were ushered into the reception-room, an apartment at once as elegant as it is cozy. A bright log-fire smiled at us, and great easy-chairs received us with open arms. Miniatures of many generations gazed at us from the walls, and books, old and new, were at our beck. Pictures and portfolios, dainty bits of work, and all the costly knick-knacks that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and, as if to complete the picture, a huge shaggy Newfoundland dog sprawled before the fire, who even in sleep ever and anon wagged his bushy tail for very hospitality. Mr. Davis's married daughter is on a visit to Beauvoir—the electric lights in the household, her two beautiful children.

After a delightful chat, Mrs. Davis volunteered to show us her husband's study—the workshop in which he turned out the "History of the War"—and in which he spends so much of his waking hours. This sanctum is a verandaed building with a conical roof, standing apart from the manor-house and in the midst of the most magnificent trees. The interior pr sents all the rude reality that actual work ever imparts, and is lined with two tiers of books. Everywhere are evidences of Jeff Davis's individuality in the form of pictures and statuettes. Mr. Davis will not permit any profane hands there, and everything must remain just as he leaves it. No one may disturb him while he is closeted in this sanctum. This law is Draconic. Mrs. Davis almost apologized for the condition of the grounds, which were very much out of order, owing to the difficulty of procuring labor. Beauvior, as is known, was a gift to Jefferson Davis from an ardent admirer, and a right lordly gift it was. Of my reception at Beauvior I may not speak more. The sweet and gracious words Mrs. Davis spoke to me, when claiming me as a Southerner, found their abiding place. They dwell in my heart with the recollections of this queenly lady and of beautiful Beauvior.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine-

His Mother's Touch.

Dr. Franklin denied such a sense as parental or filial instinct. He based his conclusion of his own experience. One time he visited his mother, after years of absence, and the old lady did not recognize him, though at the intercession of her gentleman lodgers with whom he spent the evening, the "stranger" stayed all night. Belief in such an instinct is, however, a pleasant one, and the evidence at least probable. Frank Moore relates this affecting instance of a dying son's recognition of his mother:

In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville, a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of shell, that on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude, composed himself to bear his sufferings alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had read the report of his wound was hastening to see him. She reached Washington at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from seeing her son until morning.

One sat by his side fanning him, as he slept, her hand on his feeble fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side.

She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said:

"That feels like my mother's hand; who is this beside me? It is my mother? Turn up the gas and let me see mother."

The two dear faces met in one long, joyous sobbing embrace.

The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying: "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

Wit and Humor.

What the old maid said to the photographer: "I should like to have it as youthful as possible, sir."

An Indiana man has invented a "spark arrester." His six marriageable daughters are in high dudgeon, and say their beaux shan't be brought up before the police court.

The ladies next summer intend using silk-worms for bait when they go fishing, because they cost more than grub worms and are more attractive.

The Rhine has bursted its bank.—Ex. We always knew that the Rhine, like all other rivers, had something to do with the currency—but were not till now aware that it was a bank officer.

Women are to be employed in the French post office; at first they will be tried in the money order department. In this country they do excellently well because they have little or no curiosity and can keep a secret, so they are put in the Dead letter office.

The conductor's tipple—Bell punch.

Winning a Wife.

When the poet observed that "the course of true love never did run smooth," his mind's eye must have been prophetically perceptive of the disappointments and delays undergone by Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, ere connubial bliss at length rewarded for their magnificent constancy. Forty-eight years ago, John Saunders, then a pennyless youth of twenty, became enamoured of a local heiress, who returned his passion. Her papa, however, would not hear of her engagement to a wooer less wealthy than herself.

"She is my only child," he remarked, after rejecting Saunders' addresses, "and all I have will come to her some day."

"Pray, how much might you be worth?" rejoined the lover.

One hundred thousand dollars!" was the haughty reply.

"Very well. I shall go away tomorrow, and I vow to you that I will not seek your daughter's hand until I return hither with a fortune equal to your own."

Tender farewells having been interchanged by the youthful victims of paternal sternness, Saunders started upon his quest. It is seemingly, no easy matter to make that sum out of nothing; for, although Saunders prospered in his undertakings, it took him half a century, less two years, to put by the amount he had pledged himself to earn before claiming his bride.

Balancing his books a few years ago in Montana, at the close of a highly profitable transaction in live stock, he found, however, that he was in possession of $100,000. Without an instant's delay he wound up his business, traveled back to his place, and married his old love off hand.

She had been faithful to her plighted troth, despite the countless offers from eligible woers. Thus the two fortunes came together at last, and the longest engagement on record culminated in a joyful wedding between a bride of sixty-four and a bridegroom of sixty-eight.

A Farmer's Daughter.

"What is the use of life to me? To do the house, wait on the hired help, and get my board and shabby clothing! No wonder farmers' daughters want to get away from home, to the factory, or into the stores, anywhere that gives opportunity to earn money of their own. If it was not for mother I—" But I broke in on this. "Is there no way in which you could earn as much at home as you would have left after your board was paid if you worked away from home?"—"Plenty of ways," she replied, "but I should not be allowed to keep the money if it was earned. It would be 'Jennie, give me the money to pay the hired men,' and that would be the last of it. Oh, I have tried it, worked in the garden, planted corn, raised fruits and poultry, but it's no use; I cannot even get money to buy postage stamps without asking for it, and undergoing a fire of questions." I felt that what this young girl said was in many instances too true. But such is the state of affairs. If a good daughter stays at home to cheer the declining days of mother and father, should she not be paid in a regular and stated way and have something of her own? The butter, the poultry, a certain portion of the fruit crop; or buy her a few hives of bees, and let her have the product that costs nothing from your barn or granary. What sacrifices she has made—her youth, her hopes of metal improvement, society and an independant living. And let not her pocket-money be doled out grudgingly, but as her share in part of the profits of the home she helps to keep so thrifty and cheerful. Every woman, married or single, has a feeling of this kind. I know many cases of wives who would rather do without things needed than ask for the means to purchase. This is the reason why store bills are run up, and why women have often to resort to subterfuges to get what is really their own. If fathers could once be brought to see this, and give their daughters what they can afford of the mutual earnings, then the new era would dawn.

Frugal People.

French women waste nothing.—What many a laborer's wife throws away in "good times," the poor Frenchman's wife makes a nice little dish of. The French poor folk cook on charcoal fires, which are only lighted while they are needed, and if too much of anything is cooked it only goes to help another little dish for the next meal. The lining a French woman uses for her dress is of the best quality, and serves for two or three dresses very often. The buttons and trimmings are never cast aside with the old waist, as they are with other people. Cleaning, mending, restoring, are understood by ordinary French persons, and a general freshness of effect is the result. It is said that less glass and china is broken in France than elsewhere; but if it is broken the owner generally knows how to mend it wonderfully; or if it cannot be mended she sighs, shrugs her shoulders and forgets it. French women do not worry. They are economical in their spirits, as they are of their beauty; and a French women who has a fine eye, fine hair and fine teeth can force you to call her beautiful. If she is actually ugly she will so bewilder you with her toilet, her gestures and her smiles, that you cannot find it out. If she is old she can still be charming.

A solemn measure—The grave-yard.

A Very Natural Mistake.

A young man came into town one day last week to buy a present for his girl. His wandering gaze being transfixed by the grotesque display in one of the dry goods windows, he bashfully stepped up to a pretty young lady behind the counter.

"How much are those?" he inquired, pointing to a pair of handsomely-wrought, nickle-plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents," said the young lady, handing out the articles in question, and blushing slightly.

"I think the're kinder purty, don't you?" inquired the young man anxious to obtain somebody else's opinion.

"Very," replied the young miss; "they're the latest style"

"Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was going to get them for a girl I know," said the young man, rather nervously. "Do you think she will like them?"

"I think she might—I—I—I don't know—" returned the lady, blushing again.

"Well, I hardly know myself," replied the young man, picking up one of the dainty articles and examining it closely.

"You don't suppose they'll be too large, now, do you?

"Why, I—I—" stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper.

"They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not noticing her confusion. "But of course I would not be certain. She's middlin' size, but not fat. I should think she was about your bigness, and if these would fit you they orter fit her, S'pose you try 'em on, an' if—"

"Sir," exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in a tone that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting."

And she swept away to end of the of the store, leaving the bewildered young man in dumb amazement, holding in his hand what he supposed to be a pair of beautiful bracelets.

And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the creek struck a bee line, and in a very brief space of time was tearing toward home. He won't buy any more bracelets now until he's married.

Spring is Here.

At last the penetrating rays of rnddy Phœbus break through the dense, dismal clouds of stern, rigid, frigid old winter and dispel the gloom that has hung so long like a dark canopy in our sky. We rejoice in the gladsome light and hail with exquisite pleasure the return of of balmy spring. The warbling birds in the leafless tree, the discordant croak of the timid frog proclaim the departure of winter. Let us hope that the last struggle is over and that winter will not linger to nip the buds of May.

Fare thee well, stern winter,
The parting gives no pain.
Wrap thy cloak about thee
And cross the smiling main.

We wouldn't keep thee longer—
Hold thy frosty breath!
Thy parting kiss is chilling;
'Tis like the kiss of death.

Go, thou rough old fellow,
Begone! away! away!
Go breathe upon the antipodes,
And we will welcome May.

Come thou delightful maid;
Let's see thy blushing face.
Old winter has departed
We court thy warm embrace.

We will welcome thee again
With laughter and good cheer.
Do we catch the sweet perfume
As it's wafted on the air?

Ah! do we see thee now?
Come sprinkle us with flowers.
How redolent thou art!
Oh! let them come in showers.

The scene was quite amusing.
King Winter with a frown,
Fled the field of battle
At sight of April's gown.

—Salisbury Advertiser.

Get a Home.

We would have every true man build himself a home, be it ever so humble in its beginning. Industry, frugality and good judgment will make of it the most lovely spot on earth. The man without a home is like a sojourner without a country. The richest, happiest and best man in the wide world is he who has a pretty, comfortable home of his own, a family, good health, and owes no man a cent, even though his entire worldly possessions would not sell for a thousand dollars, and though he had never held so high an office as town constable or road-master. We sometimes doubt whether a man without a home can at best be but an indifferent patriot. He cannot feel that interest in other people's prosperity that he feels in his own, and without such property we could have no country worthy a name. He would scarcely care to risk his life in defence of the hearthstone of his landlord, but let that hearthstone be his own, and woe to the invader who should threaten it with desecration. The homes of the people are the strength of the State. Build them, beautify them, own them, and be happy. This is the fair deduction from hosts of instances, and is the true philosophy of home making and home owning.

The passion play—Poker.

Notes for the Farmer.

Fowl keeping is one of the best employments for children. There are very few young persons, indeed, without a fondness for the occupation, and it affords them excellent lessons in industry.

In feeding milk to pigs, trials made at the Wisconsin experimental farm showed that on an average four pounds of cornmeal were equal to twenty pounds of sweet milk, if fed separately.

In many instances too much attention to setters is the only reason eggs hatch badly. Frequently, however, quite a large percentage of the eggs are unfertile from various reasons. After the hen has been sitting on eggs for five days, the eggs should be examined at night by a lamp or lantern and all that are yet clear should be removed, as they would not hatch, and therefore are only in the way in the nest.

The best use to make of coal ashes is to put them into your walks in gardens and about the premises, in the carriage drive, and as a mixer with heavy soils. They will keep down instead of promoting the growth of weeds and grass, and always afford dry avenues. In five minutes after a rain, during eight months of the year, they contain no moisture and are never soft; in a word, are the best substance for this purpose we know of. Hence it is quite the use to which the ashes can be applied, and it is really an important use. Clean, dry walks about the premises cannot be too highly estimated.

Rising and Retting.

It is a mistake to both rise early and sit up late. The rising early is good as a habit of life, if it does not mean robbing nature of her opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of brain and body by prolonged sleep when that necessary luxury is at length enjoyed. There would appear to be some need of remonstrance on this score. The fashion of the day favors early rising and the manly "tub;" but those who rise early have, for the most part, sat up prodigiously late, and the tub is chiefly appreciated because it rouses the system, and makes it feel—the feelings are very deceptive—strong and vigorous. This is burning the candle at both ends. If we must sit up half the night, it would be better to sleep half the day than rise betimes and go in for arduous labor after insufficient rest Early rising is not good, but harmful, without early resting.—London Lancet.

Society Notes.

Miss Filgibbons has gone to see her aunt.

The most stylish purse of the season is made of sealskin with nothing in it.

A fashionable article of neck lingerie for gentlemen is made of hemp tied in a slip-knot.

Mrs. Dinkleman read a profound paper yesterday, before the Woman's Society, on the "Elimination of the B. B. in the B. S." Mrs. Dinkleman said she always got the drop on them when she used corrosive sublimate.

Miss Diffenbach, the accomplished musician of Ragged Hill, slapped her old mother over the head with a dish rag, last Thursday evening, because the old lady wouldn't let her go out to sing in a Dutch chorus down at Bogus Hollow. Miss Diffenbach has the true temper of a lyric artist, and our city will yet be proud of her.—Burlington Hawkeye.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey has recently had eleven of the ladies of his seraglio bowstrung for snoring. There is now great consternation among the dreamers, for the Sultan is considered a harem-scarem sort of a fellow.

Four young ladies have died in Lexington, Ky., from fever produced by over-exertion at the roller-skating rink in that city.—Ex. Refined society would have sent up a long howl, had these girls been laid up by over-exertion at the wash-tub.

Postal cards are a great convenience to people who are of an enquiring mind. Smith says to the lady with whom he boards: "Are there any letters for me to-day, ma'am? And she answers: "Only two postal cards, but there's nothing particular in them."

CHEEK.—No, my son, cheek is not better than wisdom, is no better than modesty; it is not better than anything. Don't listen to the siren who tells you to blow your own horn or it will never be tooted upon. The world is not to be deceived by cheek, and it does search for merit, and when it finds it merit is rewarded.

Cheek never deceives the world, my son; it appears so to the cheeky man, but he is the one who is deceived. Do you know one cheeky man in all your acquaintance who is not reviled for his cheek the moment his back was turned? Is not the world continually drawing distinctions between cheek and merit? Almost everybody hates a cheeky man, my son. Society tires at the brassy glare of his face. The triumphs of cheek are only apparent. He bores his way through the world, and frequently better men give way to him. But so they give way, my son, to a man with a paint pot in each hand. Not because they respect the man with the paint pot particularly, but because they may get some of the paint on their clothes.

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