

THE POET'S HEART.

Day follows day; years perish; still mine a e
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
You fadeless forest with their Titan grace
And the large splendors of those opulent
skies.

I watch unwearied the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy daisy in a lonely place
Thrilled with low whispering and strange
sylvan sighs.

Wearied? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet
and new

Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of
corn,
The spear-like grass the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night.

—Paul Heyne.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.

"He's dead!" Sally Norton made this dread announcement to the two old people who were sitting opposite to each other by the fireside. It was Sally's way to be plain of speech, and it did not strike her that she might soften this cruel blow by a choice of words or the modulation of her voice. Her father raised his eyes to her homely face so pale that every freckle stood out in bold relief; and then as if he had convinced himself that a great sorrow had fallen upon him, he broke silence.

"Do you hear, Cimanthy? Jacob our son, is dead. Sally, your mother don't seem to heed."

The old man rose from his seat, his stalwart frame trembling and tears rolling down his cheeks into the grizzled beard. "Wife, wife," he repeated, "our son Jacob is dead." But she remained motionless; her tearless eyes had a hard glitter in their depths. The wrinkled hands knotted with great blue veins, were clasped on her lap and the lips were drawn tightly together, as though some strong will power had sealed them lest they should utter words which had better not be said.

The old man came to her and laid his hand upon her shoulder. "Cimanthy," he said, in a broken voice, "you've been a God fearing woman, masterful you always was and always will be, and it's that spirit that's a keeping of you from giving in to God's will. You always loved Jacob better than Sally for me. I've known it all along. When he was a boy you set him up to be one everybody else, and as you let him have his way you have no right to moan and bewail when he went off. I always told you that there was good in the boy once he was let alone to fight his own way, and, sure enough, my words came true. You remember the first letter with the money in it, and then the others that kep' a coming, till we got enough to pay off Squire Meigs? Since Jacob come back with his wife and child I've seen that you was pondering over something, Cimanthy, but you was always smarter than me, and I reckon what you're keeping to yourself is safer with you. You know I ain't much of a church-goer, and I can never light on the right chapter and verse, like Brother Stebbins, or fall on my knees and tell the Lord what I'd like him to do, but I know this much: We've got to abide by His judgements and the best way is to believe that He knows when to give and when to take. Do you hear me, Cimanthy? I've talked to you the best way I know how. You ain't turned to stone, woman, that you can't thank God for what you have left."

Sally had put a light, wood knot on the fire, which blazed up, throwing a ruddy glow on the homely furnishing of the room, and the woman sat down, rocking herself to and fro as she looked at the old people, bearing so differently this cruel visitation. They had hardly recognized Jacob when he came back, and were not quite able to associate this middle-aged man with the youth who had left them so many years ago. Now, that he was lying up-stairs dead, they realized the appalling truth that Jacob had gone on another journey, from which he would never return. Neither message nor letter would come to tell the old couple that, although he had been undutiful, yet he had kept for them in his inmost heart a great love and reverence, and that he held in mind the hard toil which is required to make a crop on the pisey-woods farm, and, therefore, saved and denied himself in order to send them from time to time a loving remembrance; and just before last Christmas there had come a letter saying that he was bringing home his wife and child.

"Cimanthy," cried the old man, now a little sternly, "the neighbors are a-coming and it ain't no use to get talked about."

"They'll do it anyhow, Stephen. Neither you nor me can prevent it now."

He gave her a searching look, but for some reason refrained from asking her what dreadful meaning was conveyed in this speech, the first that she had uttered since she was told that her son could not live. After the fashion of country people, friends and neighbors were coming in, and the old man went out to greet them, inviting them into the best room, where the chair had been placed against the walls, leaving a space in the middle. Here the leaves of a folding mahogany table had been lifted and a sheet spread over them. Outside, the wind whistled through the bare branches of the china trees and the people in the room had

drawn close around the fire, for it was a cold night. An old lady sitting next to Sally whispered: "It's lucky that it's turned so cold. He'll keep until they can get the preacher from Tipton. How's she a bearing up? I should say she's not likely to go to bed as some of 'em do."

"She," answered Sally. "I never see a woman like her in all my born days. To look at her you'd think she was only fit to set in a rocker; but she's ben on her feet day and night, and she don't take on as some of 'em do. She helped to lay out Jacob and then she locked herself in the spare bedroom."

"I've heard," ventured the old lady, "that you and her don't git along so well."

"No more than we don't," snapped Sally. "I am plain Sally Norton, none of your cologne and calarocomed ladies. Taint no use with my freckled face, but I'll say this for her, she's kept to herself and let the child run about pretty much as she pleased, and pa, he's took to Lillian so as never was, but ma don't seem to spile her much."

"The child ain't a bit like the Nortons."

"About as much as I m like a queen, and, as things is, it's so much the worse for her. Poor folks—" but the words died on her lips—the sound of slowly descending footsteps could be heard; a deep silence followed the whispered conversation. They were bringing down the Captain. His tall figure was stretched upon the table and covered with a snow-white sheet. Such was the custom in the country in those days. Those who wished to look upon him turned back the sheet and saw the set features and the singular them. Perhaps it was his last earthly trouble which had fixed its impress on look of pain that had settled upon his face.

The women were dying of curiosity to see the widow, and one elderly person offered to go up stairs to keep her company, but a word from Sally deterred her, and she reseated herself with the consoling thought that Sally's rolls were of the lightest, and on such an occasion the coffee would be of the strongest.

About midnight it grew bitterly cold, and the watchers found it more cheerful before a roaring fire in the adjoining room than the one in which the body lay. Into the silent chamber old Mr. Norton entered, holding the child in his arms. She was asleep, her curly head resting on the old man's shoulder. He seated himself close to the fire, so that the little one's feet might keep warm. Meantime Sally was with her mother, urging a request which the old woman at first obstinately refused.

"If she's got anything to say et her come to me."

"You owe it to Jacob ma, to do what she's asked you. For his sake come."

Then she rose, and disdaining Sally's arm entered the room with a firm step, closed the door between the death-chamber and her neighbors, who were sadly disappointed that they should miss this moving spectacle, and sat down beside her son, not uncovering his face to look at him, but allowing her eyes to follow the ghastly outline figure beneath the sheet. "O my son, my son," she moaned, "is this all that is left to me in my old age?"

At that moment silently and almost unnoticed, the Captain's widow joined the group and stood at the feet of her husband, placing one hand on the table as if to steady herself. Her face was perfectly colorless, her eyes circled with purple rings, and her abundant golden hair pushed back from her forehead.

"I've asked you to meet me here," she said in a low faltering voice, "because I wish to beg your forgiveness before I leave the house." Pausing, she let her eyes rest for a moment upon Mrs. Norton. "You are honest, God-fearing people, and such as I have no right here. I want to tell you how it happened, that you may have no hard thoughts of him."

"Why don't you set down?" asked Sally in a loud whisper.

"Thanks; I will stand until I've said what I have to say; it won't take me long. Five years ago this man met me in a ball-room where men were free of speech and women listened unblushingly to their words. I was young and pretty and there for the first time; but I soon grew afraid of the rough company and refused to dance with some of the men. This gave offense and I was insulted. Jacob Norton stepped forward and announced that I was under his protection, though I had never seen him before. There were oaths and pistol-shots, but we managed to leave the place unhurt. He and I never parted afterward until now." She paused a moment to overcome her emotion, then continued: "He deceived you, his old parents, but he did it for love of me. God knows why he should have wronged himself for such as I am. I never deserved it. I allowed him to marry me, as people get married in those wild parts, and then after weeks of what we called happiness—poor fellow, he knew little enough of it—I remembered my baby."

Mrs. Norton half rose from her chair as if she would put the audacious woman out of the room, but the old man said, "Cimanthy," in a tone to which she was unused, and she dropped into her seat with a groan. "Yes," continued the widow, "I had a baby left at a miner's hut in charge of his wife. I never intended to go back for her, but the yearning came on me and I set off without letting Jacob know where I had gone. It was night when I came back again, with the child in my arms. I looked through the window and saw the poor fellow sitting by the fire.

Something in his face told me that I needn't be afraid, so I went straight to him and said: 'Jacob, this is my baby.' He turned awfully white, and for a moment I thought he was going to kill me, but he only said, in a voice I hardly would have known as his, 'Nellie, we must try and take care of her between us.' He took the child from me and I fell down at his feet and cried as I never cried in all my life before. He never went back on me or her. God knows he didn't, and he brought me here against my will. I never wanted to come. O, indeed I didn't! And now I'm going away with Lillian."

"You,—you shan't leave this house while I have a peck of meal left," cried Mr. Norton, rising and placing his hand upon her arm. "Stephen Norton shan't be outdone by his own son. Cimanthy Norton, this woman and this child belonged to our son Jacob. His great heart took 'em in, and mine's big enough to hold 'em too."

The old mother stood looking at her dead son, and then sank down on her knees weeping aloud. Sally had taken the child from her father's arms, and the poor, homeless Nellie knew that she had found out now why Jacob had brought her home. They had taken her and Lillian as their own for his sake.

—D. in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Deceivers Ever.

Washington gossips are interested in a story of real life that is almost as interesting to them as a yellow-back novel. George W. L. Buckler earns his living by typewriting and stenography. He is about 21 years old, but looks and talks as if he were 18 or 19. For some time past he has been paying attentions to Miss Effie Bassett, who is a beautiful girl of 18, a grand-daughter of Mr. Isaac Bassett, the venerable assistant doorkeeper of the United States Senate. Her acquaintance with young Buckler led to her engagement to him, and they were to have been married in a month's time. She had even prepared the greater part of her trousseau. Some little time ago, however, George's elder brother, Arthur, was injured in a base-ball game and died. A young lady named Miss Ella N. Minnix, a clerk in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who had known George Buckler in former years and was an old sweetheart of his, although through some falling out she had not seen him for some time, wrote him a note of condolence on the death of his brother. This was read and led to a meeting. The young man's old affection for Miss Minnix returned and one day two weeks ago the couple ran over to Baltimore and were married. When they returned Buckler called on Miss Bassett, but said nothing of his marriage. More than this, he invited her to go to the roller-coaster and she consented. The next night he spent the evening at her house and last Sunday took her to church. Monday however, he wrote her a note telling her that he could not be happy with her, that he had married another girl, and that he hoped she would not mind it much. That night he and his bride left the city on their wedding tour. Miss Minnix was to have been married in two weeks to another gentleman, and the dress she had prepared for this wedding she wore when married to Buckler.

Cuban Women.

In the physical beauty of the Cuban woman the commanding features are the foot, whose daintiness and symmetry are marvelous; the supple, willowy grace of movement of person; the exquisitely modeled form, and the eyes, which never lose their lustre and glow.

Cuban women wear shoes no larger than the No. 1 size for women in the States. Nor in this diminutive size the result of any pinching process. She is born that way.

She is the most graceful woman on her feet, in her walk and carriage, in the promenade, or in the dance, you ever saw.

Of her form, it is perfection. Nine women out of ten you meet are models of symmetry. There is a greater delicacy in line and proportion. They do not so torture their persons or themselves.

The Cuban woman's face may be said to be wholly interesting and lovely rather than wholly beautiful. Its beauty is in its expression rather than in repose. This face is of the Latin mold, oval, and with a delicate protruding of a pretty and shapely chin. Her complexion is warm, creamy, with no carnation in her cheeks. But her mouth—large, mobile, tremulous, with just a suggestion of pathos in the slight drawing down at the corners—has lips so red and ripe that her ever-perfect teeth dazzle in brilliant contrast. Her hair is of that lead-black darkness which suggests a weird, soft glow upon the night, and is indeed a glory ever.

But her eyes are her priceless, crowning loveliness, her never-ending power and charm. They cannot be described. When you say that behind their long, dark, half-hiding lashes they are large, dark, dreamy, yet glowing, flashing with fire, liquid with languor, you have only hinted their inexpressiveness. They are the same eyes at 9, 19, and at 90.

Victoria Schilling, the runaway wife of the coachman, is now said to be luxuriating at Rye, a village on Long Island Sound, instead of pining in a Montreal convent. Evidently she is a bad Schilling, who has generally gone away, and her repentance was a well-executed counterfeit.

Matrimony and Single Bliss.

In the September number of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an article which he entitles "The Law's Partiality to Married Woman." The assertion implied in this designation of Mr. Cook's paper says the Boston Herald, will be startling to that class of people who have been led to look upon woman as constantly wronged at the hands of the other sex. How man, the tyrant, could thus have put himself at a disadvantage as regards the weaker vessel, whose campaigns for "rights" are in chronic contention, is not at first easy of explanation. Yet Mr. Cook presents facts in this relation which show that married women have gained and are now enjoying a marked advantage over men under the law in the use of property without the responsibilities that attend its possession. This has come about through what a recent speaker has styled "too much transcendentalism in our legislation" of late years. It has arisen from an evident wish on the part of man, if they cannot give women the suffrage, to give them all other reasonable advantages. In the effort to do this men have, as is held, gone beyond the bounds of equity and fairness, and in the case of married women the law now "yields," in the language of Mr. Joel Prentiss Bishop, "to wives the double advantages of matrimony and single bliss."

The old doctrine of the common law, that the husband and wife are one person and that the husband is that person, is familiar. It is the merging of the wife legally speaking, in the husband that the recent legislation has undertaken to remedy. To this end several statutes have been adopted, and when the body of legislation thus attained is codified this appears to be the net result: Whenever the legislation in question found the husband with extraordinary privileges, to offset which the entire responsibility for the support of the family has been put upon him, it has left him deprived of all those privileges but unrelieved of any of the responsibilities. In their haste to promote equality in the one case legislators have omitted to see that there was inequality in the other. The husband still remains the head of the family so far that he can fix the place of residence and can have a kind of general regulation of the household, but this is about all the advantage that is left him.

The sum of the privileges obtained by the wife is that she may hold property in her own name, no dollar of which her husband can touch or claim for the support of the family. Nay, more, she may engage in business on her own account, and may make money in it, not a cent of which is she required to appropriate for the support of her family or even of herself. While this is going on, the husband is responsible for any contracts or purchases she may make in his name, unless it can be shown that he has forbidden others to supply her, and even then he is responsible for the reasonable, necessary expenses of herself. It may be said that the wife's contribution is in the rearing of the family. But she may legally neglect this duty, may leave her husband to do the cooking and to look after the children, while she attends to her private business, the proceeds of which she may put in her private pocket, calling upon the husband to support her all the time.

It would seem to be sufficiently plain from this that married women are the most extraordinarily privileged class that has yet been developed under American institutions. This law prevails in most of the States of the Union, though not in quite all of them. There can hardly be a case that more strikingly illustrates inconsiderate action than the legislation which has brought it about. Mr. Cook recommends a change which shall make the wife partially responsible for the support of the family. In the same spirit of consideration for woman which has recently prevailed, he does not ask that her share shall be, even proportionally to her property, equal.

Told of Mr. Lincoln.

Youth's Companion: When President Lincoln appointed a rigid disciplinarian commander of the Department of Virginia, he promised that General that he should be allowed to shoot deserters. But the President's kindness of heart was more powerful than his respect for the discipline of the army, and he did not keep his promise. One day he received from the General this telegram: "President Lincoln, I pray you not to interfere with the court-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline amongst our soldiers."

The day after the reception of the telegram an old man was seen by a Congressman crying all alone in a corner of the White House's ante-room, waiting, with a hundred others, to see the President.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" asked the kind-hearted Representative. The old man told him the story of his son, a soldier in the Army of the Virginia, and sentenced to be shot. The Congressman took the old man into Mr. Lincoln's room.

"Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?" asked the President. The aged father told his story.

"I am sorry to say that I can do nothing for you," answered the President in the most mournful tones. "Listen to this telegram which I received yesterday from the General." The old man's grief as he listened

was too heartrending for the merciful President.

Seizing a pen he exclaimed: "By jingo, General or no General, here goes!" and wrote:

Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Why, I thought it was to be a pardon!" cried the old man, as he read the words. "But you say, 'Not to be shot until further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week."

"Well, my old friend," said Mr. Lincoln, smiling at the aged father's fears, "I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son lives until I order him to be shot he will live longer than ever Methuselah did."

The old man departed invoking a blessing upon the head of the good President.

Connecticut Cats.

The Connecticut cat is attending mainly to routine business this year but here and there is one that shows a trace of genius. Mr. Amos E. Cobb of Norwich, has a remarkable young cat. It ignores mice entirely. It will have nothing but red squirrels. It goes out into the woods each morning and catches one red squirrel. One squirrel lasts for a whole day's meals. The hind quarters serve for breakfast, the forequarters for dinner, and the cat tapers off her appetite by picking the hide and head for supper. It is hard work to catch a red squirrel napping, and the cat realizes that one squirrel must go a long way. She brings all her catches to the house, and the backyard is strewn with red squirrel skins turned wrong side out. Mr. Cobb has in his veranda a lot of wire cages, all communicating with each other and provided with play wheels, and in the cages are sixteen squirrels which he has caught in traps. The cat often sits for an hour near the cages with her eyes closed and with a very benevolent expression on her face, and accidentally she lets her paw fall inside the wire for the squirrel to play with. Fooling with that sleepy looking paw has nearly cost three squirrels their lives. She has not got one of the wired squirrels yet, but she has hope, and spends an hour each day before the cage.

Arthur Keller of Preston has a cat that catches partridges. She gets about one a week. When she cannot catch a partridge, mice, birds, ground moles, and rats are good enough for her. Now and then she takes big flying grasshoppers and flies off a window pane. It is worth the price of a ticket to a dime museum, Mr. Keller thinks, to see his cat chase a flying grasshopper. The grasshopper starts off flushed with hope and with a satirical flutter and buzz that manifests its opinion of a thing on legs trying to run down a thing that has both legs and wings. The grasshopper sails away in a sidelong direction about a dozen rods and plumps down in the grass with a wiry chert that is meant to say to the cat that the grasshopper can make that little skip not less than twenty times and not get tired, but rather enjoy it. The cat however means business, and with tail erect and claws outspread, is at the first way station almost as soon as the grasshopper has alighted. The grasshopper has to get up again and be off with an alacrity that takes its breath away, and before it has taken half a dozen flights it is a very surprised and serious looking grasshopper, that blindly dashes in a zigzag way before the pursuing cat. At the end of the sixth or seventh innings the cat generally nails her prey to the ground in the stubble. A fat flying grasshopper makes a dainty lunch for a cat.

Rhode Island cats are noted for longevity. In other States cats that are not chewed up by other cats die of old age before they are ten years old. They stay out too late at night on fences and shed roofs at the expense of their emotional natures, and their vitality is early exhausted. Rhode Island cats are less frivolous. They keep their heads cool and do not overwork themselves at night. Henry Cliff of Ivy Hill, in that State, owns a cat that is 18 years old, and her faculties are all perfect. Age has etched her whiskers' ends and the fringe of fur along her sides with peculiar designs in pink, hence Mr. Cliff calls her "Pinkie." In other respects she is in a normal feline condition. Mr. Cliff takes excellent care of this cat, and he does not require that she shall earn her own living. She lives on the fat of his larder and takes only one stroll around the house daily for exercise. She scorns mice and all other cheap coarse food. A mouse might run between her feet and she would not take the trouble to step on him. All she has to do is to sit on the veranda, close her eyes, and look wise. Mr. Cliff hopes to keep her alive until she is 20 years old. It is believed that Pinkie is the oldest cat in Rhode Island.

Subarna no Lacer Favored.

London Queen: Veils and gloves are again worn at seashore, as it is once more fashionable to take care of the complexion, instead of getting what was formerly called a "stylish tan." Long sea veils of light gray or ecru grenadine are passed around the head, crossed behind or tied under the chin or on the side. Two and a quarter yard of grenadine are required.

The advice "ways aim a little higher than the mark" scarcely applies to kissing. Nobody would want to kiss his best girl on the nose.