

THE POET'S HEART

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

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

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

Even in a weed's heart, the carved
corn,
The spear-like grass the silvery rime
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars
—Paul

THE CAPTAIN'S WIDOW

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

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

The old man rose from his
stalwart frame trembling and
rolling down his cheeks into the
sleed beard. "Wife, wife," he
ed, "our son Jacob is dead." He
remained motionless; her tears
had a hard glitter in their
The wrinkled hands knotted with
blue veins, were clasped on
and the lips were drawn tightly
er, as though some strong will
had sealed them lest they should
words which had better not be

The old man came to her
his hand upon her shoulder.

"thy," he said, in a broke
"you've been a God fearing
masterful you always was and
will be, and it's that spirit
keeping of you from giving in to
will. You always loved Jacob
than Sally for me. I've known
along. When he was a boy
him up be ore everybody else,
you let him have his way you
right to moan and bewail
went off. I always told you
was good in the boy onc't he
alone to fight his own way, an
enough, my words came true
remember the first letter w
money in it, and then the othe
kep' a coming, till we got eno
pay off Squire Meigs? Sence
come back with his wife and ch
seen that you was ponderin
something, Cimanthy, but yo
always smarter than me, and I
what you're keeping to you
safer with you. You know
much of a church-goer, and
never light on the right chapt
verse, like Brother Stebbins, or
my knees and tell the Lord w
like him to do, but I know this
We've got to abide by His judg
and the best way is to believe
knows when to give and when
Do you hear me, Cimanthy? I
ed to you the best way I kno
You ain't turned to stone,
that you can't thank God for w
have left."

Sally had put a light, wood
the fire, which blazed up, thro
ruddy glow on the homely fur
of the room, and the woman sat
rocking herself to and fro
looked at the old people, bea
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 mes-
sage 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 re-
verence, and that he held in mind the
hard toil which is required to make a
crop on the piney-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 con-
veyed 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 neigh-
bors were coming in, and the old man
went out to greet them, inviting them
into the best room, where the chairs
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

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 unblush-
ingly to their words. I was young and
pretty and there for the first time; but
I soon grew afraid of the rough com-
pany 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 un-
der 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 emo-
tion, 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 fel-
low, he knew little enough of it—I re-
membered my baby."

Mrs. Norton half rose from her chair
as if she would put the audacious wo-
man 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," contin-
ued the widow, "I had a baby left at a
miner's but 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.

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 pro-
truding 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 mist upon
the night, and is indeed a glory ever.

But her eyes are her priceless, crown-
ing loveliness, her never-ending power
and charm. They cannot be describ-
ed. 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 inexpressive-
ness. 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
awry, and her repentance was a well-
executed counterfeit.

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 Presi-
dent Lincoln appointed a rigid disci-
plinarian commander of the Depart-
ment 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 cor-
ner 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 Repre-
sentative. 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 Presi-
dent in the most mournful tones.
"Listen to this telegram which I re-
ceived yesterday from the General."
The old man's grief as he listened

pense 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 de-
signs in pink, hence Mr. Cliff calls her
"Pinkey." 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 be-
lieved that Pinkey is the oldest cat in
Rhode Island.

Sanborn no Longer 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
coru grenadine are passed around the
head, crossed behind and tied under the
chin or on the left side. Two and a
quarter yards of grenadine are re-
quired.

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