

Gray visited! What brings you here
 Unwanted, unwelcome, prematurely?
 Too soon by many and many a year
 My very dear mistake about a surety!
 Love "silver than diamonds on the gold,"
 (Not that I'm greedy about you're lonely),
 I'd pull you out, but I am told
 That two will come where one was only.
 To greet you thus with jesting rhymes,
 I know is apt to offend your senses,
 But know the hip may smile at times,
 Although the heart be melancholy.
 What brought you here I can't suppose;
 My life has flowed in quiet fashion—
 Not very full, but I am sure it bore
 Not grief, not poverty, not passion.
 So when my glass brings you to view,
 I must exclaim: "How in the nation
 Upon my upper lip did you—"
 I fear I fear I fear I fear I fear
 How in the nation (with a d—)
 You ought much longer to have tarried,
 My heavenly, under thirty-three,
 Not very poor, and yet unmarried,
 Atlanta, Ga. Oct. 1890.

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire and never a word,
The echo
Breaking the silence in twin :
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain !"

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the charm of a dreamful sleep,
And a touch of her lips would break
The peace that the blue eyes keep,
Forever the echo shall greet,
Like the sound of a rippling rill,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain !"

When life's romance has been told,
And kisses have lost their power,
Then shall soft memory fleet,
No more a dream to enchain :
Yet the echo shall still be sweet,
And love is never in vain."

No one ever knew where the child came from, or even its name.

One day a sloop freighted with bricks was unloaded up town, and a hand on deck was tossing bricks, two by two, to another man on the dock. All of a sudden a wee little chap, not more than 2 years old, came toddling along, got right in the way, and way knocked over by the flying bricks.

Bill Forster, who was handling the load, was a rough man. It had not been exactly his fault that the child had been knocked down, still he felt very sorry for it. The little fellow's head was badly cut, and he was stunned. He was carried into the cabin of the sloop, and there lay quite motionless.

The captain of the ship sent to the police station, and the surgeon came. The child was carefully examined. The surgeon said the case might be a serious one, and that the little boy had better be taken to the hospital. Forster had a sister who worked in a laundry, and at once he sent for her. Molly Forster hurried down to the wharf, took the child in her lap, and listened breathlessly to what the surgeon said. The cabin of the brick sloop was not a handsome place to look at. It was dirty and slovenly, hot and close. Molly Forster set about making it tidy. She opened the little windows of the cabin, and kept off the crowd who were swarming in the narrow quarters. She laid the child, laid it on a coarse pillow, having first spread her clean apron over it, and bathed the poor baby's head, trying to staunch the flow of blood from the wound. "If," said the surgeon, "you could keep the child perfectly quiet for a while it would be all for the better. I am afraid to jolt him in the ambulance. Maybe he will come to before long. It is rather cooler here on the river than in the wards of the hospital. Can you take charge of him until I come back? I will see to this evening." Molly had already torn up her handkerchief and bandaged the child's head. Now she followed the surgeon's directions. The doctor gave her some medicine for when he left he put a half dollar into Molly's hand and told her to buy some ice to cool the water she was using on the bandages.

Molly Forster fanned and fanned that little sufferer, and bathed its head, and was tender with the child. About sunset the surgeon came again, and just then the child opened his eyes.

"Well, that's a good sign," said the doctor. "Now hadn't you better advertize him since no one has come for him? Somebody will claim him, I suppose. I can arrange for you to keep him if you want to."

Although no accident was reported in the daily lines in all the newspapers, and notwithstanding the efforts of the police to find the parents of the child, no one ever came for it. All that night Molly Forster nursed the child. Occasionally Bill would push his hard-fried and weather-beaten face into the cabin window and look wistfully at the little child. He never went to sleep that night, but kept walking wistfully up and down the deck. At daybreak he said to Molly, in a hoarse whisper, "Molly, take that kid to your room. It's got to be done."

Bill Forster, who was a man of 40, had said, was rough. I do not know how it happens, but I think people seem to make people coarse and rather brutal. Bill would take not only a glass of whisky, but as many as he could drink. Mixing with a crowd of men worse than he was, who frequented runshops, he was much given to fighting, and his face was as often as not disfigured with a blackeye or a cut lip. Bill earned about \$1.25 a day, and when the week was up he never had a penny left. Perhaps if Bill had not been a little drowsy and stupid that morning from too much liquor the day before when the little chap got in the way he (Bill) would have been more careful how he threw his bricks.

The week after Molly had taken charge of the child, Bill resisted the temptation to go on spree, and gave his sister \$1.50. That was the first time for years that he had ever saved a cent. The week after that Bill did even better. There was Molly working as hard as she could at the washboard or ironingboard, earning 70 cents a day and feeding the child. That shamed Bill. It happened that the little boy's short frock had been stained with blood. Molly had carefully washed it, but still Bill thought he saw stains on it, and that worried him sick.

That week, when he saw his sister who was waiting on the wharf for him with the little fellow in her arms, he said: "See here, Molly, it's kind of hard on you, having to feed this little fellow. Bread and milk and potatoes cost money, and nursing him takes away lots of your time. Anyway, dressing of that kid would be just ruination to you. Here's \$1.50 for him, keep, and here's \$1 besides, and buy calico or something and make a frock for that child, and mind you burn the one he's got on, and next time I see him let him be looking prime. Won't you?"

"It's mighty good of you, Bill—and just you wait. I'll rig him out. He isn't a bit of trouble. When I'm at work I take him to the laundry, and he's a real pet there. I used to be

"You said he was kind of dazed,—I don't know," said Bill, "but I'll all right for him to take to playing now. He's only quiet on account of his natural sweetness—all real good children's that way—and I love him, just as if he was my own baby."

On the next trip to the North River Bill Forster powdered a great deal over the child. The fact is, the child, whether he was awake or asleep, was never for a moment out of Bill's mind. He had never thought much about anything before, and it was hard work for him to think at all. Maybe because for more than one-half of his life his brain had been so muddled with liquor he never set it working. As the empty sloop floated up the broad river, slowly moving the tide, Bill, in the shade of the flapping jib and argued with himself, and the general conclusions arrived at were by no means flattering to himself.

"The beginning and the ending of this here is rum. I've wasted night on to twenty-five years of my life. Why hasn't the boom of that mainsail knocked the stupid brains out of me before this? What have I got to show for forty years of life? Just these here ragged and brick-soiled clothes I stand in. Game near murdering a child and you, you good-for-nothing beast? Didn't I get better than that, that? A herding with drunken sailors, you big blackguard, and not knowing nothing better? Just fitten to toss bricks from on and off a sloop. That's the best you kin do. You took a drink this morning, and you feel sharp set for another just this blessed minute. You can't get it because you are on the river where grog shops ain't floating around. Ain't you man enough to go to Haverstraw and, no matter what happens, say; 'Bill! Forster, don't you take another drink, no matter if another fellow does stand treat?' There's lots of things that kid wants. There's a whip. Likewise a pair of pants and when winter comes, flannel petticoat and wool socks; likewise Christmas presents. Now, you loafer of a Bill Forster, every time you see the bottom of a glass ain't you guzzling down something that little shaver wants? Maybe it's just like you, you white-livered purp; you'll be letting your sister take the victuals out of her own mouth so as to feed 'em to that child, and it was you as shoved the kid on her. Maybe you'll be hunting around for more babies to knock over with bricks, you good-for-nothing Portugee."

When Bill had called himself a Portuguese he had poured the last drops from his private vial of wrath on his own head. Bill helped to load the sloop with brick at Haverstraw, and although it was a hot, sultry day, and the work was heavy, he never took a drink. The other men might come back smacking their lips and bantering him, but he stood firm.

"No use, boys," said Bill. "I did the business for that baby—and once is enough. I have got to take keer of him. It stands to reason. None of you is family men like me. I kin stand as much running as the best of you, but don't you try and rub it in too steep. I hain't got the reputation of being sweet-tempered, and maybe I kin teach some of you manners."

It must be stated that there really was no necessity for Bill's excited words, for the hands on the sloop seemed to take in the situation at once, and rather wryly sawed the way. Bill assumed his self-imposed duties.

Down the river Bill was thinking what name the child ought to have. Should it be George Washington, Ulysses Grant, or Moses? He knew all the names of the steamboats going up to Albany, and to call the child "Albany," or "Vibbard," was suggested to him. At last he made up his mind that Molly should have the naming of the child. "She's got most rights to do him, anyways." Then he felt kind of melancholy with the idea that somebody might come later and claim the child. Bill had never read a story book in his life, so no romance of a rich father and mother coming in a carriage to demand their lost baby presented itself to his imagination.

Bill became parsimonious, and that week saved almost every cent of his wages. He begrudged himself even the tobacco he chewed. He only kept sufficient money for his most meager wants. He never took a drink, and declined being treated. To Molly he gave his money.

Sure enough the little boy, when Bill next saw him, had on a new frock and with what pride Molly presented him to her brother!

"He just looks like a daisy, Molly. Isn't he pretty? Kind of sleepy, ain't he, Molly?"

"He does sleep a good deal, but that's natural, Bill. Much younger than babies!" But, Molly's this pile of money for? "Ain't spent all you gave me?" "I don't need it, and the child don't. His coat for keep is so little. It's mighty good of you, Bill; and now, and then you can give him a bit of clothes. As you say, when winter comes the poor little lamb will want thicker things, and they will cost more money. Here, I ain't going to take this, depriving you of your hard-earned wages," and Molly made a motion as if to return the handful of silver.

"But, Moll, just hold hard a minute. He mayn't want it now. Supposing work was slack and it didn't start raining. We'd got to keep the cash in hand—the time the boy grows. He's got to go to school, and has got to look as nice as any other boy. He's to be hedged—dictated—know something more non-handling tricks. Don't he do a lot of sleeping, Molly?" inquired Bill, anxiously.

"Oh! don't you keep worrying about him. He's been playing ever so sweet since May. Maybe he's one of them children who talks late in life, and they, so I hear tell, is always the smartest in the long run. Fact is, Bill, I have a surprise for you. He never said a word before yesterday. I was afraid myself he was kind of dumb." Bill averted his face, and then looked out on the water, for the brother and sister were talking on the dock.

"But—but to-day, Bill, he said 'mudder so sweet, and then he said it over and over again, and held out his pretty mouth to be kissed. Oh, Bill, his sense is coming back to him, slow, but sure.'"

And Molly cuddled the sleeping child closer to her breast. Bill kept right on in the good way he had planned for himself, and never swerved a hair's breadth. Molly was his savings bank. Brother and sister contributed to the child's support. In a month Bill was richer than he had ever been in his life. Then he insisted that Molly should make a better room. That one she lived in he said, looked out on dingy, dreary streets. "Stands to reason," said Bill, "that a baby should see horses and trucks, and things a moving about in the streets. It makes them lively."

"Little Bill"—so they called him—Molly insisting that her brother's name should serve for the child—improved

"So to slow down big Bill, the Police Surgeon was called in. Bill felt he is insisting on paying him a fee. The opinion the doctor gave was a guarded one. "There is manifest improvement—not, perhaps, as rapid as I should wish. You are a capital nurse, ma'am, and I am sure your kindness and attention will help the child. He will come round, I believe."

The cool weather came, and with lowering temperatures the doctor hoped the child would gain strength. The cicatrice on the head had quite healed. Slowly the little boy seemed to acquire new words. Molly wondered at them at times, and thought that she had taught them to the child; but then again the little fellow's adopted mother was startled by words she felt quite certain the child had picked up somewhere else. These new words came to the child at first vaguely. He would repeat them over and over again, at first hesitatingly, then giving them a slight emphasis, as if to fix them on his mind, something like a little bird that pipes the first faint tune it has heard.

The child was more awake now. This change delighted Molly. It never was fretful. The child would lay quiet with his eyes wide open for hours without a whimper.

So it went on for another week or two. Bill, who was always coming or going, when he let New York for a trip up the river, was happy, for the child was bettering fast, so he believed.

It was an October evening when, as the brick sloop was being brought up to the wharf, Bill saw Molly leaning against one of the big wooden posts of the dock. Bill was busy with his hawser, but at once he saw that his sister did not have the child in her arms; more than that, she was crying.

Bill choked down his grief—he seemed to know at once what had happened. One last hope there was. Maybe it was so cool that Molly had been afraid to bring the child with her.

"Bill," said Molly, sobbing, "the poor little fellow has gone—to heaven. It was last night. He called to me and said: 'Good-night, mudder; good-night, far-der—now I am going walking in a garden—good—good-night!' Oh, Bill! he had never spoken so long a string of words before—then he played for a moment with a ring on my finger, and then he added: 'God bless far-der and mud-der,' and then he looked so lovingly at me, and around the room as if searching for you—and then he died—so quiet! Bill! Bill! don't you take on so! It was an accident and God and his little child have no fault to find with you.—*New York Times.*

Judging by the Wash Line.

Gentle reader, never judge a family by its wash-line display. It is unjust to anybody to attempt to base an estimate of his or her character on the style of clothes that float proudly in the breeze that careers across his or her back yard.

When I see the shirt of a man for whom I entertained the most profound respect hanging by its tail and waving its arms in harmless curves, striking at space, and sawing wind as if his life depended upon it, I know that it will not do to presume upon him because his shirt failed to hit anything when it reached forth its arm, and if I have a row with him, I want some other assurance that he will not fight before I take the liberty of calling him a liar.

I realize that though his shirt may contain only atmosphere, he may be full of the very devil, and while I would not be afraid to stand right up to his shirt and tell it what I think regarding its demonstrative style of pugilism while it hangs on the line, when I find it on him, I am ready to treat it with all the civility and social regard that the most exacting person could desire.

When I see a female shirt hanging on the line in mute and armless quietude and behold it infused with the breath of awakening summer, and threatening to burst with the obesity of unruffled good nature, I do not rashly conclude that it belongs to a corpulent angel. I know that in the darker and more sombre walk and conversation of its every-day life it may be hanging limp and ample on a wiry form that knows how to make bald-headed men, and delights in putting her knowledge into practical use. Remember, reader, that the arms of a chemist are too short to attract attention to their nervous twinges on the line, and that while it looks harmless and good natured on wash-day when we see it in repose, on other occasions its caustic contents may warp our very being, and corrode the moments we have set apart for pleasure.

My friends, do not rashly judge mankind by what you see on the line or wash-day. The big-legged drawers are a delusion and a snare, and the puffed up shirt that looks too happy and jolly to raise a bump on your head, may be the cover for an infernal machine in human form. People do not hang their bed-bugs or bad habits out on wash-day.—*Through Mail.*

The Placidity of Franklin.

There is a sort of intensity which requires no strength of passion, none of the burning phrase we are accustomed to associate most usually with eloquence, the placid intensity of steady conviction and cool determination. Of this kind Benjamin Franklin is the great example. Courage, learning, perseverance, sound judgment, and the strongest and most masculine exhibition of determined struggle were his; yet he never made a speech or wrote a line of passionate declaration. If one should try and describe his character in a word, it would be placidity. For who, of all the voluntary statesmen, accomplished more than he? Who left so deep an impress on the thought and policy of the age in which he lived?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Miracle Explained.

"What miracle was performed at the time of this lesson?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"The miracle of the loaves and fishes," was the prompt reply.

"How many persons were fed?"

"Five thousand," echoed the class.

"How do you account for the loss of bread feeding 5,000 people, Willie?"

"Well, I think the girl baked it and they couldn't eat it! Gosh! you ought to taste her bread! You can't get the taste outen yer mouth for a week!"—*Newman Independent.*

The Dairy.

A Vassar graduate, being out in the country, went into the stable of a farmhouse.

"Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked.

"Yes, mum, but we have to do that, why so?"

"So they will give condensed milk," she believed it.—*Texas Siftings.*

The man who fell into a barrel of whisky said he was "depressed in spirits."

THE most reliable sanitary engineers are Soap and Exercise.—*Barbers' Gazette.*

A PARAGRAPHER in the East is named BUFF. Look out for chestnuts.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"FINE day," remarked the prisoner, as he was accompanied into the Police Court room.—*Merchant Traveler.*

ONE green cherry under a boy's jacket is worth more to a druggist than gold on the tree.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

THE man who sets out to be the obedient diamond player enters upon a checkered career.—*Boston Courier.*

ELLA WICKRELL, the Wisconsin potestess, has moved to Connecticut, in order to flavor her poems with wooden nutmegs.—*Newman Independent.*

"ROBBIE," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," said we Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."—*Astray.*

IN these hard times, when borrowing is so difficult, we'd like to know whether distance keeps up its time-honored habit of lending enchantment to the view.—*Texas Siftings.*

A SYRACUSE man hanged himself because his wife told him to do so. We are always glad to oblige a lady, but we'll be hanged if we think we could stretch courtesy and a rope in that way.—*Fall River Advance.*

"RIN I get yer to do a leetle uthin' for the pedderful fun, sir?" "Oh, get out; you're off your base." "Right yer air, cap'n; but its itself that takes the liberty of axin' yer fur a few pennies to set me on it again."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Oh, George! How superlatively still, clear, and beautiful is the night!" "The ship's dead," leaning her finely-dressed temple against his coat collar; "how soothing, how restful!" "Yes," he replied, toying with her chestnut aureole of hair. "What a night to shoot cats!"

"NO, ARMINA, you mistake; it is a carboy which contains vitriol; a cowboy is a very different kind of vessel, though, to be sure, it is frequently filled with something very like vitriol. After all, it is not to be wondered at that you confounded the two."—*Boston Transcript.*

A NEWMAN woman planted potatoes while her husband rooked the baby and sang: "Hoe 'em, hoe 'em, Sweet, Sweet Hoe'em."—*Newman Independent.*

That's better than running in debt for them, and then singing, "Owe'em, owe'em, Sweet, Sweet owe'em."—*Whitehall Times.*

WHEN a fond young mother holds up a little, speckled, wrinkled, homely baby for inspection, and asks you if you don't think it is real sweet, &c., you are justified in lying about it in saying "Yes." This is the only time that the recording angel does not put down a black mark against your name.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"I W-WANT two g-grains of q-quick an' four o-ounces of w-whisky," shivered a man with malaria to the drug clerk, "an' I'll take it n-now." "Isn't that rather a small dose?" suggested the clerk. "You seem to have got it bad." "I d-don't know but what it is. Make it e-eight ounces of w-whisky, an' I'll run the risk."—*New York Times.*

THE WUMPS.

THE bugump comes when the lure is late to the wump while his hook's baiting. And the wump stands at the garden gate, His arm the maid entwining. The drump denounces the stealthy wink, The drump denouncing.

And the wumpg gaily takes a drink From his jug while his hook's baiting. And the wumpg kisses the nose of her pet, And from his jug to her bosom, And the wumpg wauts for his office yet, And will wump must excuse him.

—*Boston Courier.*

FRESH fish are very rare in the markets of the City of Mexico, although there are plenty of fish in the waters round about. As long as the fish are permitted to remain in their native element, the City of Mexico cannot hope to compete with America in the certain species of exaggeration. If a Mexican tells you that he is to sit all day on the river's bank fishing, he has been outrageously slandered.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MISSOURI man who had stolen a horse, and who had been arraigned before a court, said, "Judge, so far as I am concerned, you may have the horse. No one can say that I have ever been stingy. It's the only horse I have, but it's yours." The Judge explained that the crime consisted of a violation of law. "Oh, that's it, eh?" said the prisoner. "Well, then, I reckon I'm in for it, but say, if it's not the horse they care for, just keep him till I get out, and I'll make it all right. Won't eh? Let me tell you, I've blamed law is mixed up with that nobody understands it."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Bathing in India.

THE gospel of cleanliness is not for India. Do I begin to argue? I am told that a "virtue of Gautama Buddha was his dirty bath." And yet a bath is a Hindoo's frequent practice. But the use of mustard oil overbalances all ablations. A native always polishes his skin with mustard oil before bathing. "It prevents the water from entering the blood," through the skin," he tells me. It makes the presence of a native anything but agreeable, for the anointing having greatly diminished the power of the water, the sun's action upon the cutaneous surface is such that the smell has actually the effect of ruining the health of Europeans who have to inhale it for many hours daily in the katcherries and courts of law.

If you say to one of these objectionable smelling parties: "You would do well to take a bath!" he will answer, spitefully: "I am a Hindoo!" This, being interpreted, means that the man supposes you observe that many washings are the law enjoined. But those washings are something like the mumbling of a formal prayer. Indeed, the high-caste Hindoo may not, like the Pharisees of old, except he wash.

A CLERGYMAN out in one of the towns in Wayne County, New York, wrote a personal letter to old Commodore Vanderbilt saying that he was poor, and would send a ministers' conference at Syracuse, but could not afford it. He closed by asking for a free pass to Syracuse and return. The Commodore good-naturedly passed the letter over to one of the road officials, and the dominie was sent a pass for one trip until December 31. Along in January the Commodore received another letter inclosing the pass, stating that the recipient was much obliged for it, but had been unable to attend the conference, and "would Mr. Vanderbilt be so kind as to return its equivalent in cash, \$3.17?"

DO YOUR whole duty in an exigency, and then keep yourself clear of all nervous anxiety about the consequences. Perform your part in any work that falls to you, and tranquilly leave the rest to Providence.