

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY HENRY WHEELER WILCOX.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy. This lovely woman whom you call your wife. I've looked at you a hundred times since I met you. When I first felt the stirring of my life. Within my startled being, I was thrilled. I had a vision of a woman, a woman of the very universe! But words are vain—No man can comprehend that wild sweet pain.

You smiled at childhood's slumber while I felt The agonies of labor; and the night I brought you into the world, you were a fair delight. You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights, Found out your longing limbs and slept and grew.

While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you. I was my mother's loved child, and my pride. I taught her all those graces which you praise. I dreamed of you, when I was a child, and she should lead me to my fading days. But I could not do so (she said) until I was a man. I was to be a man, and she was to be a woman. But I do the woman so fair a sight. You plucked it from me—for my own delight.

Now you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—And I feel that you are a single heart. How burning were the sands of her which I trod To bear and rear this woman who so prize. It was no easy task, but I have done it. Even into the arms of one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart. For one who never had a single heart. Of pain for her; which tears her life apart. Of all its moorings, and controls her more. In her content, this thought, I have held here. Which grows a stranger with a kindly grace. And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! and yet were death to say: "Choose your neighbor then!" you would be her.

God meant it to be so—it is His way. But can you wonder, if while I rejoice, Without the mother's oft repeated cry: "No longer necessary to her life?"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet. Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart. Because for her life's sake seems complete. Without the mother's oft repeated cry: "No longer necessary to her life?"

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—Brooklyn Magazine.

LUCY'S LOVE AND TRIALS.

BY CHARLES WETHERILL.

"What is the matter, Lucy?"

"Nothing, dear," replied Lucy Freeman, who, from long habit, thus addressed Mrs. Lawson, although they were but distantly related. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you had been crying," returned the other; "your eyes look very red."

"My eyes ache rather, as they often do now. That is why I have put away my work so early."

The scene I would paint was a neatly-furnished, comfortable-looking room in the heart of the city of London, which, without having any pretensions to consequence or consideration, are nevertheless, thought very eligible by a large class of people either for some individual or general advantages. In one corner, as if to be out of the way of the other occupants of the room, sat a young man of about four-and-twenty working diligently at his ordinary employment, that of a watch-maker. Various implements and pieces of machinery, which, to the uninitiated, were incomprehensible to the ignorant, were before him, and the strong light of a partially-shaded lamp fell precisely on his work.

Jasper Lawson was not a common character; and perhaps his employment, which, while it required patience and a certain degree of attention, like women's needlework, afforded much opportunity for the self-instruction of thought and reflection, might have something to do in making his disposition. He was "the only son of a watchmaker," was comfortable even in the matter of fact respect of pounds, shillings, and pence, he largely contributed, his mother having no other dependence except a small annuity, secured to her from a benevolent society, to which her husband had belonged.

Lucy Freeman was the daughter of a distant relation, and had been left an orphan in early childhood; but the widow had so tenderly fulfilled the offices of a parent that she had never known the loss.

The interest of a few hundred pounds, which should have been hers when she became of age, might have sufficed to bring her up in the station to which she belonged; but for a few years Mrs. Lawson had exceeded the limits for the purpose of giving her increased advantages in education, and when she arrived at the age of 17 had paid a sum of money to place her for two years with a milliner and dressmaker.

Although she was not old enough to make a legal contract, it was perfectly understood and relied on that this advance, so judiciously made, would be refunded when Lucy attained her majority.

Alas! before that time arrived, the trustee, in whose hands the money had been placed, became a bankrupt, and that from such unexpected cause, that the circumstances of Lucy's money being engulfed in the general ruin arose less from fraud than from imprudence.

Until the child pounds debt which had been incurred was now a dreadful burden to those who had such slender means of repaying it. Nevertheless, the right-minded girl set bravely to work, determining, by the exercise of an art in which she had been so prudent, to pay the debt, and the sum by small degrees. The widow had also put by from her little income, and Jasper had worked hard to help out the repayment; and now the struggle was nearly over—a few more pounds were all they required.

Lucy not unfrequently worked at home, instead of at the large establishment where she was employed; for her home was centrally situated, and she lost very little time in going back and forth. This had she done on the evening on which we have introduced her.

But there was another person in that neat and comfortable room, and one who was now a frequent guest. Ralph Ashton, a lawyer's clerk, and of the strength of a situation which he considered above that of a journeyman watch-maker, he thought in his own heart that he somewhat condescended in joining their tea-party. Not that he was in any way means evident from his manner; on the contrary, the most casual observer might have felt pretty sure that Ralph Ashton was doing his utmost to make himself agreeable to Lucy Freeman; and to have betrayed his own self-conceit, or certain other attributes of his nature, would have been a mistake unworthy of his cunning. He was good-looking, so far as a coarse regard to regularity of features and a bright dark eye might constitute good looks; and he had a smattering of superficial knowledge, and a certain speciousness of manner, which were likely enough to deceive a simple-minded inexperienced girl like Lucy.

Even Jasper, his superior in every respect, but diffident to himself, endowed by nature with an almost womanly delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of feeling, had thought it prudent to outwardly seem, and though the knowledge reached him to the heart's core, did not wonder that Lucy regarded him with interest.

Not so the widow. From the first moment of her acquaintance with her son, he had been disliked by her; although when pressed hard for her antiquity, she could seldom find any but the most trivial ones.

There had been a whispered conference between those who were all but acknowledged lovers, accompanied by downcast looks and flushed cheeks on the part of Lucy; but Ralph Ashton had left somewhat earlier than usual, having several letters to write for the employer before morning; and Jasper, pleading more than ordinary fatigue, retired to rest, leaving Jasper and his mother alone.

He had extinguished the lamp by which he worked, and only the light of a single candle remained to illumine the sinking fire, which it was too late to replenish. He was leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking down, apparently watching the flickering embers; but the expression of his countenance was sad almost to solemnity.

"Mother," he exclaimed, after a pause, and in a voice that trembled perceptibly, "I suppose it is all settled? The attempt is vain," he added; "I cannot hide my feelings from you." And as he spoke, he leaned his head on his hands, perhaps to conceal the tears, if they actually flowed. "I am afraid it is," replied the widow; "though Lucy has made no acknowledgment to me of her affection. Poor girl, she must suspect that the choice she has made is an overthrow of all my hopes for my old age."

"Don't blame her, mother; perhaps she does not know all this. Long ago I should have given myself a fair chance, and let her know that I love her better than with a brother's love, instead of weighing words and looks, and smothering every expression of my feelings, from the romantic notion that I would not ask her to marry me until I was in business for myself, and could place her in the position of a prosperous tradesman's wife. I don't think I was not to be sure that I should be forestalled."

"And now that you are so near the summit of your wishes!" apostrophized his mother.

"My astonishment! The offer of Monson to take me into partnership is the most extraordinary piece of good fortune."

"He knows there are not half a dozen such workmen in London, and that a fortune is to be made by the improvements you have made in the art of watch-making. In her content, this thought, I have held here. Which grows a stranger with a kindly grace. And gives the one who bore her—second place."

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Some Examples of Anything but Appropriateness.

What funny names people give to their children, anyhow, writes Bob Burdette. Not the high-sounding, or fanciful, or romantic names; they do well enough, although they do harmonize ill with the good, sensible names, even the family names. Now one of the boys with whom I went to school was named Newton, Isaac Newton. His ideas of heaven and mathematics were equally well founded. I shall never forget his amazement when the teacher assured him that two and two made four. He stuck out for seven for a long time, and at length agreed to leave it to the class, and when we unanimously decided in favor of four he said it was the best thing ever happened to him. The day he learned of the apple, loosed from the tree, would fall down instead of up, he sat without speaking a word all day, dumb under the overpowering burden of this revelation that fell upon him like the weight of a leaden ball. One day overhanging the teacher declared that the sun was more than twice as large as the earth he gathered up his books and said he couldn't stand any more of this nonsense. He never came back to school. He got a place as clerk in a coal-yard, where his immovable faith in the doctrine that two and two make even, and the attraction of gravitation makes things fall up, so that the lighter anything weighs the heavier it is, paved his way to a partnership and great wealth. He kept on knowing less and less every day, until now he is a most eminently respectable citizen, who thinks politics is vulgar and debasing, never votes, and is a member of the Board of Education.

Then there was young Solomon Wiseman. He stood at the foot of the same class five years; that was the lowest class in the school. He never got out of it. Said the teacher, "Can you live on the land, Wiseman?" And Solomon thought a moment and said: "Yes'm." Then he said no, and explained why they couldn't, and then asked, "Could they live in the air?" and he said, cheerfully, "Yes'm." But she said no, and explained why, and then asked, "But they could live in the water, couldn't they?" And young Wiseman said, very confidently, "None." She said they could, and this discouraged him. He never came so near answering a question correctly again. He staid in school five years, during which time he drove his teachers to suicide. He is a rich man now and a member of a local board of civil-service reform. When he left school he got a place down at the gas works, and his unfaithful capacity for making everything mean exactly what it didn't say led to the invention of the gas-meter, and so he sped on to fortune.

Why, do you know, I could give a dozen instances of these misnomers. There was Jerry Blackhart, not Jeremiah, but Jeroboam. He was a half-breed Indian, son of Col. Blackhart, a miserably old thief of an Indian trader, who called this boy Jeroboam to spite the chaplain of the post. That boy just lived his worthless old father, and he wouldn't have his name named out loud, anything, though everybody shortened it to Jerry. But he was the whitest boy in that school. He never used a word or an expression that he couldn't have used in Sunday-school. He was the soul of honor, and was religious clear through. He got up a noon prayer-meeting in school and it led to a revival, and he is a missionary to-day, working among his brethren in the far West.

And there was Nick Doolittle; he was the busiest boy in school. He read by flashlight until he was bald at 18; then he became a civil engineer, and built roads faster than the Gould family could gobble them up, and every time he gets unusually busy he discharges two or three clerks because, he says, they get in his way and retard his work. Fact is, you can't tell much about a boy by his name, except in the old-time Sunday-school books, where the good boys are always named John and Charles and the bad ones are called Bob and Bill.

A Gypsy Wedding.

Many things are more simple than a marriage ceremony among the gypsies, and a description of a wedding as recently witnessed by the writer will not, we believe, prove uninteresting. There were more than a score of tents at the encampment, where we were temporary guests, and at the opening of each a fire was burning, crackling, and blazing away hilarily at 6 o'clock in the morning of the day which was to witness the marriage of one of the favorite young girls of the camp. An hour afterward and an old gypsy man with silvery hair and bronzed, wrinkled face, with but one eye, stepped on a little mound and began playing the violin, which had but two strings on it. The player's opening piece was the well-known tune, "Haste to the Wedding," to which the younger gypsies were soon dancing with great hilarity. While some of the older women were engaged in ordinary preparations. At the opening of the tent the tents stood the swarthy-looking masculine gypsy chief, with his hands in his pockets, steadfastly gazing upon the dancers. At a given signal from the chief the music and dancing ceased. Two rows of gypsies, with about twelve or fifteen in each row, were formed, standing face to face, being between four and six feet apart. Half way down between these rows two gypsies held up a broomstick about eighteen inches above the ground. All being thus far in readiness, the chief called out the name of the bridegroom, who was a very handsome gypsy man about 22 years of age. His hair and eyes were very dark, and the conformation of his face strongly indicated the race to which he belonged. He wore an olive-colored velvet coat, red waistcoat, and a glaring, colored handkerchief round his neck. In person he was tall, muscular, and well made. In obedience to the chief's command he came from a tent at one side of the encampment, walked between the rows of gypsies, stepped over the broomstick, turned round, and then stood with his arms skimming waiting the arrival of his intended wife. The chief then called out the name of the bride, who came from a tent at the opposite side of the encampment. She was about 19 years of age, rather short of stature, apparently of a healthy and hardy constitution, while the nearly erect, little sister, with long, dark, glossy hair, seemed to identify her with the purest remnant of the gypsy race. She also walked between the two rows of gypsies, tripped very lightly over the broomstick, which she had no sooner done than the young gypsy man, in the most gentle and gallant manner imaginable, took her in his

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I turned the cows out, and as old Bess was a little slow in going I just switched her by the tail and gave her a little. I've been feeding old Bess off and on for five years, and I thought that she suddenly in the twinkling of an eye had become a milk machine. I raised her hind leg and let her sit on the shingle, and you might have heard the collision for fifty yards. It hurt so bad I let her tail prematurely and hollered. It was a cowardly act of hers, but nevertheless I shall ever hereafter let those cows' tails alone. I thought from the report that the bone was broken and I took on powerful and let her feed me all the way to the house, but when I examined I found the bone all right and only the epididymus outside. I have no confidence in cows. They have no gratitude and no emotions of an exalted character. They are not fit for pets. A horse belongs to the nobility, but a cow is a scrub. She has about as much affection as a mule. She is a machine to manufacture milk, and that is all.

Nevertheless I never like to sell my cattle to the butcher. I never kill one for my own use, and I never want to eat a beefsteak that comes from one of my own raising. Now, hogs are very different. I have no lingering affection for a live hog. I can see a fat one killed with perfect indifference. It is his nature to be killed. He had just as lief be killed as not. There is no attraction about him, no beauty or comeliness, no traits of character, but after he is dead and dressed and dissected there is a greater variety of good things about him than about any other animal. There is backbone and sparerib and sausage and hog's feet and turpin greens and souse and lard and cracklin' bread and middling and ham and shoulders, and they are all good and yet all different in taste and satisfaction.

Well the other morning I went down to feed the hogs, and as I was throwing the corn over in the pen the old oster-wild ram jumped in to divide the breakfast, and as he was butting the hogs around lively I picked up a little stick and climbed over the low fence to chastise him and make him depart those coasts. I had some little hesitation about this business, and proceeded slowly and shook the stick at him. He just stepped backward a little and bowed his neck and doubled up his forefeet and made a lunge at me, and would have knocked me clean over the fence, but I was over before he could. I was as mad as Julius Caesar, and I grabbed up a fence rail and stood outside and punched him until he jumped out where he jumped in.

The Good Book says that man shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it looks like mine are in a state of rebellion, and are trying to have dominion over me.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Going to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress and have his bed warm before a woman has her hairpins out or her shoes untied." This is how it looks in print, and this is how it looks in reality: "I am going to bed, my dear, it is 10:30." "No reply." "Now, John, you are always late in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out, and begins a lengthy article headed "The Louisiana Middle." Fifteen minutes later she calls out from the bedroom: "John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning here all night," and, murmuring something about "the bill being big enough now," she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By and by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake, ain't you ready to bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming; why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?" Then he discovers there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns, his skin resembles that of a piece of chagrin, and once more he turns himself before the fire for the last warm-up. As the clock strikes 12 he turns out the gas and with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop from the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious, if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job! Setting his teeth hard, he awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is settled for the night, to which he replies by muttering: "If you ain't the provokingest woman!"—Eastern Argus.

Evidence Indisputable.

Winks—Do you believe the spirits of the departed can communicate with the living?

Jinks—Yes, I have had absolute proof of it.

ROCKFORD WARPS, ROCKFORD FLOUR, ROCKFORD HOSIERY.

ROCKFORD, ILS.

sure as I'm alive she gave me a message from my wife's first husband.

"In his writing?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did you see him or hear him talk?"

"No, the medium just told me what he said."

"Nonsense; then what proof have you that the communication was genuine?"

"He said he was sorry for me."—Omaha World.

Is his youth Labouchere was in the diplomatic service, and was for some time the attaché of the British Legation at Washington. A visitor called one day at the legation to see the British Minister. "He is not in," said Labouchere. "Never mind; I'll take a seat and wait till he comes." The visitor was handed a chair, on which he sat for about an hour, when he became rather restive and consulted his watch. "Look here," said he, "I can't wait any more; how much longer will he be?" "Well," said the impatient attaché, "he left for Canada this afternoon, and I expect him back in about six weeks."

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The Good Book says that man shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it looks like mine are in a state of rebellion, and are trying to have dominion over me.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Going to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress and have his bed warm before a woman has her hairpins out or her shoes untied." This is how it looks in print, and this is how it looks in reality: "I am going to bed, my dear, it is 10:30." "No reply." "Now, John, you are always late in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out, and begins a lengthy article headed "The Louisiana Middle." Fifteen minutes later she calls out from the bedroom: "John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning here all night," and, murmuring something about "the bill being big enough now," she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By and by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake, ain't you ready to bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming; why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?" Then he discovers there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns, his skin resembles that of a piece of chagrin, and once more he turns himself before the fire for the last warm-up. As the clock strikes 12 he turns out the gas and with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop from the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious, if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job! Setting his teeth hard, he awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is settled for the night, to which he replies by muttering: "If you ain't the provokingest woman!"—Eastern Argus.

Evidence Indisputable.

Winks—Do you believe the spirits of the departed can communicate with the living?

Jinks—Yes, I have had absolute proof of it.

ROCKFORD WARPS, ROCKFORD FLOUR, ROCKFORD HOSIERY.

ROCKFORD, ILS.

sure as I'm alive she gave me a message from my wife's first husband.

"In his writing?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did you see him or hear him talk?"

"No, the medium just told me what he said."

"Nonsense; then what proof have you that the communication was genuine?"

"He said he was sorry for me."—Omaha World.

Is his youth Labouchere was in the diplomatic service, and was for some time the attaché of the British Legation at Washington. A visitor called one day at the legation to see the British Minister. "He is not in," said Labouchere. "Never mind; I'll take a seat and wait till he comes." The visitor was handed a chair, on which he sat for about an hour, when he became rather restive and consulted his watch. "Look here," said he, "I can't wait any more; how much longer will he be?" "Well," said the impatient attaché, "he left for Canada this afternoon, and I expect him back in about six weeks."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY HENRY WHEELER WILCOX.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy. This lovely woman whom you call your wife. I've looked at you a hundred times since I met you. When I first felt the stirring of my life. Within my startled being, I was thrilled. I had a vision of a woman, a woman of the very universe! But words are vain—No man can comprehend that wild sweet pain.

You smiled at childhood's slumber while I felt The agonies of labor; and the night I brought you into the world, you were a fair delight. You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights, Found out your longing limbs and slept and grew.

While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you. I was my mother's loved child, and my pride. I taught her all those graces which you praise. I dreamed of you, when I was a child, and she should lead me to my fading days. But I could not do so (she said) until I was a man. I was to be a man, and she was to be a woman. But I do the woman so fair a sight. You plucked it from me—for my own delight.

Now you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—And I feel that you are a single heart. How burning were the sands of her which I trod To bear and rear this woman who so prize. It was no easy task, but I have done it. Even into the arms of one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart. For one who never had a single heart. Of pain for her; which tears her life apart. Of all its moorings, and controls her more. In her content, this thought, I have held here. Which grows a stranger with a kindly grace. And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! and yet were death to say: "Choose your neighbor then!" you would be her.

God meant it to be so—it is His way. But can you wonder, if while I rejoice, Without the mother's oft repeated cry: "No longer necessary to her life?"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet. Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart. Because for her life's sake seems complete. Without the mother's oft repeated cry: "No longer necessary to her life?"

Rejoice with me! She was mine so long. Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong To meet such love without a single regret. And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.

—Brooklyn Magazine.