Retrospect.

"O conquering poet, thou that hast
The whole world at thy feet,
What laurel-garlands crown thy past!
Is not the present sweet?"

POET.

"I'd fling away my crown of bay,
Lose it without one throe,
To feel beside my own to-day
The tender heart I flung away
Long, long, ago!"

"O statesman, thou that guidest things
With godlike strength of will,
Thou art more regal than earth's kings;
They hear thee, and are still."

STATESMAN.

"I shape the world continually,
I lay its monarchs low,
And yet I'd give the world to see
The dead eyes smile that smiled at me
Long, long, ago!"

"O warrior, thou that carriest high
The gray victorious head,
What pæans echo to the sky
At thy war-horse's tread!"

WARRIOR.

"I heed them not. I long to hear
The child's speech soft and low,
That used to sound upon my ear,
So sweet, so pure, so silver-clear,
Many and many and many a year ago!"

OMEEMEE:

A Romance of One Hundred Years Ago.

Arthur Seaton, from the deck of the Brighton, watched with a sorrowing heart the receding shores of England. Exiled by the unequal law which makes of the eldest son, unworthy though he be, the sole inheritor of the parent estate. By his side, leaning upon his arm, stood one who by recent sanction held the cherished right to call him husband.

Even as they gazed, the well-beloved shores sank out of sight, and as a silent tear dropped upon his cheek he addressed his weeping wife: "Courage, dear heart, courage. Though we bid adieu to the good old land, in the land we're going to bright recollections of our English home, whence surely I have borne a priceless souvenir, may beguile us of the cares that time may bring upon us. We journey to a country over whose vast unbroken fields and lovely lakes the flag of England waves, and there we shall find a spot where nature will invite our settlement."

And the good ship bounded over the sea and brought them to the shores of Canada. Whence journeying a long and weary way, their labor lightened by their mutual devotion, they reached the shores of a beautiful triangular bay separated by a long strip of sandy beach from the waters of a noble lake which extended away to the horizon. Another of the bay's shores was an irregular bluff, cleft by winding valleys—natural pathways to the water's edge—and declining till at its junction with the beach it became a level plane.

A broad plane, penetrated by inlets winding far inland like little rivers, spread itself for the whole width of the third shore backward sloping to the base of a precipitous hill—high, broad and regular.

Upon the shores and away off upon the hills the trees of a dense forest towered high, and from their midst wild inhabitants came rushing to slake their thirst or wallow in the water.

Here upon a summer's day, when the sun, glistening in the trees and sparkling upon the waters, aroused to sportive action full many a bright-hued bird and butterfly, and while the wild fowl floated upon the surface of the bay or flew in flocks from spot to spot, Arthur and his accompanies took rest and chose the spot as their abiding place.

Good fortune smiled upon them in their new abode and brought them in its train two happy children, towards whom the parent heart went out in love and admiration The elder, Ralph, who had attained to man's estate, was absent across the lake attending college. The younger, a girl, bright and beautiful and active as the wind. Marion, her name had been discarded for "Omeemee" by the Indian maiden Wawanoshquay, a native of the place and since childhood Marion's companion. Marion's complexion, fairer than Wawanoshquay's, had taken the tint of the leaves as they appeared the autumn morning of her birth, save where the rose tint had struggled to the surface on her cheek. Her eyes were large and dark of expression, earnest and sincere, with a distant look, however, as if searching for an object far away; acquired, perhaps, as on her knees in the canoe her long, dark hair floating from her uncovered head, with fowling-piece in hand, she gazed in quest of game across the water while Wawanoshquay paddled the canoe. But something there was besides which to her countenance added a look of tenderness 'Twas love! 'twas surely love! for love could not exist and not hold habitation in a heart like hers.

Bright was the crisp October morn, and glad was the heart of Wawanoshquay as she bounded to the water's edge, startling in her course the tiny squirrels that scampered to the branches of the trees to chirp and gaze at her in safety. And soon she reached a nook wherein a birch-canoe was moored, and entering it she shoved it with her paddle from the shore. Out upon the water then she stood looking towards the spot whence she herself had come, and soon her brightening eyes and an approaching sound of a girl's voice, tuned to the morning music of the forest, told that one she was awaiting was at hand. And listening with responsive heart she heard

Here through the forest where the bright birds throng
I love to stray
And vent my happy heart in joyous song
As well as they;
Here in the forest glades with wild flowers spread
I never grieve,
While for my Wawanoshquay's dusky head
I garlands weave;
There o'er the rippling waters in my birch-canoe
I love to glide,
With Wawanoshquay ever kind and true
Still by my side.

Ye forests! Ye waters
Still be my home,
Far from thy fragrant breezes
Ne'er let me roam.

"What makes Omeemee's voice," asked Wawanoshquay as Marion reached the shore and entered the canoe, "a voice as sweet as any in these tuneful woods, sound sad to-day? The day is beautiful, and the prospects of the chase are bright, and yet Omeemee wears a heavy countenance ill-sorting with the joyous song she's just been singing." And as they glided out upon the bay Marion replied: "I have a sort of secret, Wawanoshquay, I will not hold from you—a something I would like to speak about, and know not how to put it into words—a feeling that I do not understand, suggestive first of other joys, new joys I know not of. Then followed by a longing sense as if they never would arrive. And then the hills and woods and waters, and the chase, till now the only source of all my happiness, seem for the time to lack attraction."

"Indeed," said Wawanoshquay, "you seem careless of the chances of the chase of late. The other day you let a flock of geese, new visitors upon these waters, go cackling by unharmed within the range of your unerring aim, so close indeed that one would think the geese had sense and knew no danger threatened them."

"Wawanoshquay, do you remember, it is not long since, when we followed through the opening in the rushes a wounded duck and just as we turned into the little pond we met a hunterman in a light canoe?"

"I well remember it," said Wawanoshquay, "the duck seemed sorely wounded and flapped its wings along the water in its hurry to escape and at the man's approach we quit the chase and so the creature gained its liberty. But do you grieve about the duck?"

"Oh, no, poor thing, 'tis not of ducks I'd speak, dear Wawanoshquay, but of the stranger. Who say you is he? He was about my brother's age I think, and as he knelt in his canoe with hat in hand saluting us, his active form, fair flowing hair and eyes in hue like yonder cloudless sky I see him even now. He forms the subject of my dreams and in my waking moments still I see him moving off upon the waters."

"'Twas he who roused the feeling that I spoke about."

"He's often hereabouts, Omeemee. I saw him close to your father's shores at times."

"Oh, so have I, but what of that? He might as well be where my father came from—across the seas. I must not speak to him, I dare not look in that direction."

"'Tis strange indeed," said Wawanoshquay, "I cannot understand it, I——. Your brother might ——

"My brother! I would not speak to any but yourself of my strange fascination."

"No! No! I was about to say your brother who returns to-day might learn who this disturbing stranger is."

"He might! He might At sunset he returns after a long year's absence Oh, Wawanoshquay! how fond I am of Ralph, my brother, and he of me. He calls me his wild sister. Says they'd cage me where he is and adds lest I should grieve, 'Not fearing Marion but to prevent the songster of the forest from escaping.' He brings a friend. I wonder if we'll please his civilized companion. Oh, I'll ask my brother, in a careless way of course, to gather news of the young huntsman."

Conversing thus, they neared a wood whence suddenly some distance back a sound as of a pistol shot came forth.

"Ha, ha," said Marion, "the small game meets an enemy to-day."

"But larger game," said her companion, "is breaking through yonder thicket. Now, it has cleared the thicket and hurries towards the inlet behind the hill. A bear! A monster bear."

"It seems in chase of something," said Marion, "perhaps it has been angered. Come quickly, see what it pursues."

Scarcely had she spoken when the report of a rifle broke upon their ears, raising a medley of noises in the woods. A moment later a canoe from the concealed inlet darted out upon the bay and in it Marion with a startled heart descried the stranger of her thoughts. He was reloading his gun while intently watching the ferocious beast now bounding towards him through the shallow water. A stalwart negro, evidently his servant, who was paddling as for his life, turned excitedly to glance at their pursuer and in the act upset the canoe, throwing himself and master out.

Quickly they gained a footing and while the white man grasped a hunting knife the negro held a gun upraised to use it as a club, and thus, at bay, they awaited the wounded bear's attack. On it came, now smimming, snorting and panting in its course, intent on vengeance for the hurt it had received. Meanwhile the girls bravely hurried to the rescue and soon they saw the combat had begun, that already the young huntsman had been wounded as the animal clawed and snapped savagely erect upon its hind feet. Speedily coming into range, Marion fired, hitting the animal upon the shoulder, which, perceiving the enemy reinforced, dropped, turned about and made a quick departure for the shore.

"Massa Harry," said the negro, "de good Lord delibered us dat time, deed he did."

"Yes, Jake, and yonder is the angel that He sent. Now, quickly, right the boat, and while I wade to shore, go you and thank our fair deliverers, I'm in too sad a plight myself to meet them."

"Perhaps you tink my color hides de blushes. But look; su's you bon, de gals are comin', Massa. I spec ya'd betta dive?"

"Nonsense, Jake," said the other, impatiently springing into the canoe, which now was righted. Then turning towards the girls he removed his hat as they drew near, saying with a countenance of gratitude.

"We are grateful to you ladies, as truly grateful as we love our lives which you so bravely protected."

"Pray, sir," said Marion with drooping eyes and in a quiet voice, her compassion conquering her trepidation, "for so slight a service do not speak of gratitude. You would have overcome the beast without our aid. What brought us hither is your bleeding hand. My father, whose house is on the hill, has skill in surgery, and could dress your wound. Besides, you must be chilled. There you could dry your dripping garments."

"Kind lady; hospitality is ever a jewel to be prized but never have I seen it in so fair a setting. I thank you from my soul."

"I cannot attend you thither," said Marion, "but you will be welcomed. We have our game to bag before returning. Always an important duty here, but especially to-day, as I expect an absent brother home."

Said the stranger, "My own abode is just around a turning in the inlet; there I may change my clothing. Besides, within an hour I meet a friend, a college mate some distance off, where yonder little creek connects these waters with the lake. See, where the Indian is spearing fish."

"I know the creek, sir."

"But might I not," continued he, "accept your hospitality to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, sir, should your wound require it," glancing at his hand, then with a smile and modest bow she turned away and as her companion paddled off Harry and the negro with uncovered heads watched their departure.

"Have you an eye for beauty, Jake?" asked Harry.

"I hab, sa; I was struck wid de shades ob colo' as you talked. Yes, sa, da was two shades in white, yours and de white gal's, sa, one in red and a lobly one in black; de effec' was gran', massa, gran'.

A little later and Harry, well mounted, rode around the shore towards the creek, which as he approached he espied a brisk and handsome young horseman near its banks and quickly recognized Ralph Seaton, his expected friend.

They galloped towards each other shouting greetings and met as only bosom friends long separated can.

"Well," began Ralph as they rode leisurely along the beach, "I received your request to meet you and here I am. But when we parted, old fellow, you seemed quite doubtful about visiting this place."

"Ralph, your description was alluring, and I quickly came down to test it."

"And found it accurate, I hope?"

"Accurate? I tell you it is as beautiful a spot as heaven has arranged on earth. I'll have my father, who, you know, is such a loyalist, make this his home, now that the revolution over yonder has placed him under a foreign flag. Ralph, there is a maiden hereabouts in whose bright eyes the beauties of these waters seem to centre. I have seen her often, but an adventure of an hour ago brought us in contact. I had a tussle with a huge bear (of which I'll speak again), receiving this little scratch upon the hand. The maiden being by with a companion, and thinking from the flow of blood my wound was serious, approached me with a modest look of pity and offered me her father's hospitality. Remembering our appointment, I asked leave to call to-morrow.

"'Oh, yes,' said she, most sweetly, and, as I thought, archly; 'Oh, yes, sir, if your wound requires it.' Great heavens, boy, I have no wound, but I will meet her, Ralph, if to accomplish it I have to make one."

"Who can she be?" reflected Ralph, "some new arrival since my absence surely. Harry, come home with me to-night, and to-morrow I'll have Marion, my sister, learn who the isolated character is. I am not expected till the evening, but we'll surprise them now."

Leisurely riding and gaily exchanging their experiences for an hour or more, they at length approached an open glade, in a remote corner of which a spacious and cosy log house nestled beneath the shadow of the forest trees. The glade and house top were yellow with the autumn leaves, and round about evidences of industry, comfort and refinement abounded.

"Here," said Ralph, halting, "is my beloved home, and I feel that to enter it is to end the rapture of a month's antic pation. Listen, do you not hear a girl's voice calling Wawanoshquay? My sister's voice, Harry; she is ascending yonder pathway from the bay."

"Ralph," asked Harry, excitedly, "do you mean the lady just appearing?"

"Yes, come along and meet her." And Ralph in his eagerness left his companion and hurried to where Marion now stood with a countenance of amazement. Quickly dismounting, he drew her to his bosom and showered kisses upon her face; then looking rapturously about for Harry, he beheld him dismounted and very busy with his saddle girth.

"Ralph, Ralph," said Marion, with a frightened look of inquiry, "dear Ralph, of course you know the gentleman with you comes to have a wound dressed?"

"I do not know that he does; but why do you shrink so, Marion?" asked Ralph, laughing.

"Dear Ralph, don't laugh. I was by when he received it, and it looked so dreadful at first sight that I felt it a duty to invite him. But how came you in his company?"

"Why, darling girl, that's Harry Lawrence, my best companion, whom I have mentioned in my letters a thousand times. He visits us a while. He told me all about this morning's adventure, but his description of the heroine was so beautiful that my imagination went away beyond the things of earth, and I never dreamt he was describing my charming little sister, who, thank Heavan! is not an angel yet. Come, let me introduce you."

Suffering herself to be led to where Harry stood awaiting their attention, Ralph introduced them and hurriedly ran off on the very plausible plea of a desire to meet his parents.

Left alone together, Marion in a pleasant voice began:

"I am pleased to welcome you, Mr. Lawrence. Ralph's friends are always visitors."

"Thank you, indeed," said Harry, earnestly. "To-day's adventure, Miss Seaton, is like a dream."

"Not an unpleasant one, I hope," said Marion, smiling.

"No! no!" returned Harry, with emotion, "such a dream, dear Miss Seaton, as I hope never to be roused from."

"What!" exclaimed Marion, "with your hand paining you so," and as Harry suddenly displayed an inclination to conceal his hand, she continued, "pray let me see it, Mr. Lawrence." Perceiving then that it was but a scratch he had received she laughed outright, saying, "Forgive me, but I thought before we parted on the water that, with care, your hand would possibly recover," and they both laughed heartily.

Well, they strolled together under the falling leaves and were happy. Two young hearts never beat with a more rapturous emotion.

Before Harry's visit terminated they had reached that stage of intimacy entitling them to kiss at parting, and eventually Marion became Mrs. Lawrence, and on many a festive occasion their decendants delight to tell the story of their ancestors' romance on Burlington Bay one hundred years ago.

The project for building new and extensive stock yards in the western part of St. Louis is being vigorously pushed. The yards will embrace 200 acres of land.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

The Wife Should Have Charge of the Pocketbook.

Brides, remember nothing is easier spoiled than a husband. He will settle right down into letting his wife wait on him, and she will be apt to be the burden bearer to the end of her days. Tend to things in your line and your department, but don't go beyond. The money question is apt to cause the most trouble. Really, the best way is to have the family purse where the wife can handle it at any time She will be pleased with the confidence reposed in her, and so armed with the responsibility, that the money will be wisely spent. Ingersoll says when he sees men trusting their heart and their honor, but not their pocketbooks, to their wives, he always knows which of these articles the men think most valuable.

How to Manage Men.

A young lady of wide and varied experience declares that it is perfectly easy to manage men, and, proceeding to elucidate, she says there are but two methods of treatment: "You must either let a fellow plainly see that you feel yourself infinitely above him, that you are superlatively indifferent concerning him and don't care a rap whether or not you ever put your two eyes on him, at every opportunity, or else you must make him believe that you regard him as the nicest, dearest and sweetest creature on earth, and that he is the wisest and you are the silliest thing in all creation; in short, you must either act as a tonic or a sugar-plum, and if one plan fails the other is bound to succeed." I remarked to this wise female that there was a remote possibility of selecting the wrong method, and trying to work off the sugar-plum on the man who required the tonic, but she promptly replied that in such a case it was easy enough to reverse one's mode of procedure, and I had nothing more to say.

The Wearing of the Green.

Green is now a fashionable color in wearing apparel. Some of the most fashionable women have taken it up, and many of the most elegant dresses already made up for the winter are entirely of this color or combined with it. The ultra-fashionable women tailors are using it extensively, and some of the choicest samples of cloth for ladies' street wear at the big establishments are of different green shades, such as lichen, mignonette, billiard, moss and others. It is also being extensively used in velvet, especially as a trimming, and a very fashionable woman appeared at the chrysanthemum show a few days ago in an imported dress of chocolate brown, trimmed with green, and a green velvet bonnet.

The extremely dark greens, especially the olives, are very becoming to many complexions and will be extensively worn by ladies who are not of pronounced type, neither blonde nor brunette, but as a rule the lighter greens for evening wear are very trying, though many are going to make the experiment. A reigning belle has had made for the winter an evening dress of the palest and most exquisite shade of green satin. She is very pink, and as it is to be cut low in the neck and without sleeves the effect may be good. Fortunately her hair is brown, as a light green would hardly look well with black or yellowish hair. Green velvet is also to be worn for the carriage and receptions, especially in the darker shades. It is many a long day and year since green was in vogue, but it seems at last to rank high in fashionable favor.

Household Recipes.

Chow-Chow.—Quarter of a peck of green tomatoes, quarter of a peck of white onions, quarter of a peck of pickling beans, one dozen of green cucumbers, one dozen of green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celery seed and salt to suit the taste, cover this mixture with the best cider vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring. Add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil white hot.

Buttered Oranges.—Take eight eggs and the whites of four more, with four teaspoonfuls of rose water; strain through a bit of muslin or hair sieve; add three-fourths of a pound of sifted sugar, mixing well. Put with the strained juice of a dozen oranges as many lumps of sugar rubbed on the orange skins as will absorb the zest. Set it over a gentle fire in an enameled saucepan, and when it begins to thicken stir in a tablespoonful of butter. When it reaches the consistency of honey pour into a flat china dish. It is good to serve with sponge biscuits.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare, core and cut the apples into small pieces; put them in water with some lemon juice to keep them white; after a short interval take them out and drain them; weigh and put them in a stew-pan with an equal quantity of sugar; add grated lemon peel, the juice of a lemon, some cinnamon sticks and a pinch of salt. Place the stew-pan over a brisk fire and cover it closely. When the apples are reduced to a pulp stir the mixture until it becomes of a proper consistency and put the marmalade away in small pots.

Cream almonds prepared as follows are said to be equal to those furnished by the best confectioner: Take the white of one egg and beat it until it is a stiff froth; now add one teaspoonful of milk and confectioners' sugar until you think the cream is stiff enough; the white of one egg requires little less than one pound of sugar. When of the proper consistency take out enough on a spoon to make a little ball, roll it in some of the sugar that you have put on the saucer; shake some of the sugar over your hands, shape the ball of cream and put half a walnut on either. Dust a plate with sugar, place the walnuts on it when made and put in a cool place. In about two hours they will be ready for use. Flavor with lemon or vanilla, whichever you fancy. Be sure and get confectioners' sugar; pulverized will not do.

Sometimes the lamp-wick obstinately refuses to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side while the other runs up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

A delicious omelet may be made by this recipe: Into a quarter of a pound of dry, sifted flour mix one tablespoonful of herbs so finely minced as to be almost powder, a little salt, cayenne pepper and a saltspoonful of powdered sugar. Beat three eggs very light, and add to them one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, the juice of two large tomatoes and a cupful of warm milk; stir in the flour by degrees, and fry a delicate brown. This amount will make two omelets.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—This is improved for some people if suet is added to give it richness. Chop a quarter of a pound of beef suet very fine, add an equal quantity of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of salt, enough sweet milk to moisten the meal, and a teaspoonful of baking powder, or about a cup of sour milk and a teaspoonful of soda. This should boil in a bag for at least three hours, and be served with wine sauce.

Arrowroot Pudding.—One pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, two eggs, half-cup of sugar, half-teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg; boil the milk and stir in the arrowroot, which has been dissolved in a little water; take from the fire, add the other ingredients and bake in an earthenware dish in a quick oven.

Fruit Pudding.—A delicious pudding is made in this way: Chop a pineapple quite fine; take some cake which is a little dry, rub it fine in your hands, or crush it on a kneading board; put it into a pudding-dish in alternate layers with the pineapple, sweeten abundantly, moisten with cold water and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three-quarters.

BILL NYE'S BOYHOOD.

Why He Does Not Particularly Yearn to be a Boy Again.

If I were a boy again, endowed with the same wild passion for plucking watermelons in the dark of the moon, I would no doubt fall a victim to that overmastering passion as I did before, but looking at it as I do now, I would be wiser. Boys cannot, however, have the mature judgment of manhood without the experience and the rheumatism that go with it. So it is better that in our childhood we may be able to eat a raw turnip with safety, and know something later on in life. I notice a great change in myself while comparing my present condition with that of joyous boyhood. Then I had no sense, but I had a good digestion. Now I haven't even the digestion. The hurrying years have cavorted over my sunny head, till they have worn it smooth, but they have left a good deal yet for me to learn. I am still engaged in learning during the day and putting arnica on my experience at night.

Childhood is said to be the most gladsome period in our lives, and in some respects this statement may be regarded as reliable, but it is not all joy. I have had just as much fun in later years as I did in boyhood, though the people with whom I have been thrown in contact claim that their experience has been different. I hope they do not mean anything personal by that.

I do sometimes wish that I could be a boy again, but I smother that wish on account of my parents. What they need most is rest and change of scene. They still enjoy children, but they would like a chance to select the children with whom they associate.

My parents were blest with five bright-eyed and beautiful little boys, three of whom grew up and by that means became adults. I am in that condition myself. I was the eldest of the family with the exception of my parents. I am still that way. My early life was rather tempestuous in places, occasionally flecked with sunshine, but more frequently with retribution. I was not a very good roadster when young, and so retribution was most always just in the act of overtaking me. While outraged justice was getting in its work on me, the other boys escaped through a small aperture in the fence.

That is another reason why I do not yearn to be a boy again.

When we ran away from school to catch chubs, and when we built a fire to cook them and the fire got into the tall, dry grass and burned four miles of fence and sixteen tons of hay for a gentleman for whom I had a high regard, and I went back to put out the fire, the other boys escaped and have so remained ever since.

A just retribution has never had any difficulty in overtaking me and walking up and down over my wishbone.

When a party of us had been engaged in gathering Easter eggs in the barn of a gentleman who was away from home at the time, and he returned just as we had filled our pockets with the choicest vintage of his sun-kissed hens, the other boys escaped while I was occupying the attention of the dog, and I had to slide out of the second story of the barn. It is still fresh in my mind as I write. I wore my father's vest at that time and it was larger than was necessary. My father was larger than I at that time, for I was only 9 years of age and had not arrived at my full stature. In sliding down the batten I discovered that the upper end of it was loose and that my flowing vest had slipped over it, so that when I got down about four feet I hung with the board buttoned inside my bosom and the scrambled egg oozing out of my knickerbockers.

The batten had sprung back against the barn in such a way as to prevent my unbuttoning my vest, and while I hung there on the side of the barn like a coon skin, the proprietor came around and accused me of prematurely gathering his eggs.

I had heard truth very highly spoken of by people who dabbled in it more or less, and so I resolved to try it in this instance. So I admitted that such was the case, and it was the best thing I could have done, for the man said as I had been so frank with him he would take me down as soon as he got his other work done, and he was as good as his word, After he had milked nine cows and fed nine calves he came around with a ladder and took me down. He also spanked me and set the dog on me, but I did not mind that, for I was accustomed to it. To hang on the side of the barn, however, like an autumn leaf, trying to kick large holes in the atmosphere, is disagreeable.

This incident cast a gloom over my whole life. It has also reconciled me to the awful decree that I can never be a boy again.

BILL NYE.