

# The Bedford Inquirer.

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## Inquirer Column.

## ITEMS.

## Poetry.

INSTABILITY.

BY W. J. M.

I made a man of snow and I set him in the glow  
Of a warm meridian sun,  
And he really looked quite trim for I'd fash-  
ioned well each limb;  
And I thought my work well done.  
But when the day was spent, and to see my  
man I went,  
He didn't look so gay,  
For beneath that glowing sun, my man had  
been undone,  
For he'd melted quite away.

I built a "castle in the air" most elegant and  
rare,  
Whose turrets reached the skies,  
And its chambers did unfold such a mass of  
shining gold  
That it dazzled quite my eyes,

And so much did I me please that I thought  
I'd take my ease

When such treasure I had found,  
But ere I was aware my castle so elegant and  
rare,  
Had tumbled to the ground.

I went unto the strand and I built a dam of  
sand

In a river's bed quite dry,  
And foolishly did dream that it would stay the  
stream

When the waves were running high,  
But when the freshet came, my effort proved  
quite lame;

My dam was washed away,

And not a single trace could I find about the  
place

Where its foundation lay.

My house on fire caught and a remedy I  
sought

To stay the eager flame,

But how woful the mistake I then and there  
did make—

I tell it to my shame,

For the tow that I cast on in a moment was  
all gone

From my bewildered gaze,

For the fire fiercer grew as on the same I  
threw

And higher went the blaze.

"Herbert, dear boy," he apostrophized himself, "don't make a donkey of  
yourself. Your age of sentimental softness is  
over—the main chance, my boy, is what  
you have to look out for! Just now it's your  
business to make love to Miss Rebecca Lacy,  
and you'll better be about it before some  
one else cuts in. Abby takes my affection  
very well. What a plucky little creature  
she is! I only wish it were she who had  
the hundred thousand dollars tucked to her  
apron strings!"

"So our mercenary-minded hero set him-  
self diligently to work, to besiege the fort-  
ress of Miss Lucy's maiden heart.

If one wishes to make love, there is no  
better spot on earth than a cosy old farm  
house, overshadowed with apple trees, and  
surrounded with pleasant walks—and Abby  
Wallace's considerate little lassie that she  
was seemed to contrive every possible  
method of throwing the lovers together.

Miss Rebecca started; she had never been  
courted so diligently before.

And, to tell the truth, it was dull work  
for Herbert Lynn.

Intellectual diamonds do sometimes  
sparkle beneath rough, uncultured surfaces, but  
this was not the case with Miss Rebecca

Lacy.

If she had not been an heiress, people  
would have pronounced her a fool—and  
Lynn was as quick to perceive her mental  
deficiencies as if he had not been wooing  
her after the most approved fashion.

"She is confounded stupid," he said con-  
fidentially, to his friend Emmons, who only  
laughed.

"Look here, Abby," said Miss Rebecca,

one evening to the farmer's daughter, "what is that fellow chasing me around for,  
all the time?"

"Why, Miss Rebecca, he's in love with  
you."

Miss Lucy started, then giggled.

"Dear me—it's very nice to have a lover,  
isn't it? And do you suppose he'll ask me  
to marry him?"

"Of course he will!"

Miss Rebecca giggled again.

"I wonder what my nice will say? My  
niece is coming next week."

Within this awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries.

Yet when a youth such passes us, we think  
we know her "like a book."

—Union.

The *Conservative* will hazard a word upon  
this interesting subject—it appears to be a  
privileged one—at the risk of having a  
noise pulling.

Young womanhood—"a thing of beauty,"

yet far from being "a joy forever."

Fresh as the morn, and at the same time, if possi-  
ble, more evanescent. With voice as sweet  
as lovers' tongues, and far more deceptive.

A doubtful kind of merchantable commodity—  
so perishable that it is often lost before an  
acceptable bid is offered. Hardly worth the  
value set upon it.

Yet were it as far

As that vast shore washed with the farthest  
sea,

Men would adventure for such merchandise.

—Coherence.

We will risk our few remaining hairs in the  
good cause: Young womanhood—an inviting, beauti-  
fully bound and guiltless, just ready to enter Hy-  
men's bower. An opening volume, yet unread and unreadable beyond the title page and preface. A volume of poetry, and yet  
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