

THE LOVER'S REASONING.

Tell why I love her? Tell me why.
Turning from murky town and pushing men,
You love the woodland path, the placid sky,
I'll answer thee.

Why do I love her? Analyze
Where in the violets the perfume is,
Where in the music's strain the tears arise,
Can you do this?

Tell why I love her? Yes, when you
Reveal the secrets which in snowdrops lie,
Or strain the beauty from the drops of dew,
Then I'll tell why.

Why do I love her? First make clear
Whence steals through minister aisles the
restful spell
That fills with mystic sense the atmosphere,
I then will tell.

Yes, love, I turn to thee from glare and crowd,
Tender as daisies in spring, as summer's cloud;
Softly as gentlest song, soft as perfume,
Purer than beads of dew or snowdrops' bloom,
Lift thy presence rest, where tumult ceases;
The minister gate is closed, within is peace.
—Temple Bar.

MR. MAXFIELD'S LESSON.

Mr. Maxfield was a very positive man; when he was sure of a thing he was very sure, and as he sometimes jumped at conclusions he occasionally found himself in a disagreeable predicament.

"Hannah," he said to his wife, coming out into the kitchen one morning in hot haste, "what on earth have you done with that package of papers I left on the mantel in the sitting room? I wish to goodness you would let my things alone so that I could ever find them!"

"Well, I have left them alone this time," answered Hannah rather sharply. "I didn't even know there were any papers there."

"What's the use of talking so?" said Mr. Maxfield. "I put them there before breakfast, and there hasn't a soul been into the room but you. Do try and think what you have done with them."

Mrs. Maxfield worked away at her cake in silence. Mr. Maxfield walked around the kitchen once or twice, lifted the stove lid, and then spoke again.

"Suppose I shall have to wait your pleasure, but my time is worth something, so if you will tell me as quickly as possible you will greatly oblige me."

"I told you I had neither seen nor touched your papers, John."

"And I tell you you must have, I know positively that I put them there before breakfast; they are gone now, and you were the only person in the room."

Mrs. Maxfield's face turned crimson. She was busy and tired, and this last remark was too much for her.

"John," she said very clearly and decidedly, "no one, not even my husband, shall as good as tell me I lie without apologizing for it. I shall have nothing to say about your papers or anything else until you do."

In her way Mrs. Maxfield was just as positive as her husband. She did not usually jump at conclusions as he did, but once she came to one, she was there body and soul.

Mr. Maxfield concluded at this juncture that for the present at least he had best betake himself elsewhere. So, trying his best to appear unconcerned, he sauntered out into the hall, took up his hat, and found underneath it, on the hall table, those miserable papers.

"Con-found them!" he said with much emphasis, under his breath, secreting them in his pocket.

It came to him like a flash; just after he had put them on the mantel he had thought he saw Lawyer Grover coming down the street, and wishing to hand them to him he had hurried to the door, only to find it was not Mr. Grover after all. When he went back he had put them down with his hat without thinking.

"And there I've gone and riled Hannah up for nothing. Why, in the name of goodness, couldn't I have held my tongue until I had looked around a little, anyway? And, blame it, she said I must apologize! Great Scott! I would rather plow the 10 acre lot 10 times over! What in the world shall I do? I wonder if I couldn't sort of work her around without giving in? Goodness, it fairly makes me sweat to think of having to own up deliberately, after all I said, that I put the miserable, good for nothing things away myself. I don't know but I'd rather take the money out of the bank and give her the phaeton she had been wanting these two years. I declare, I would."

Now Mr. Maxfield did not think all this at once; it came to him in snatches as he went about his work, and when he came in to dinner he was blindest of all.

"How are you getting on with your baking?" he queried, as he performed his ablutions at the sink.

Mrs. Maxfield took a pie from the oven and carried it to the pantry without vouchsafing any reply.

"I wish those everlasting papers had been in Halifax," thought Mr. Maxfield, as he washed. "No use trying to do everything to-day, you'll get used up," he said, burying his face in the long towel as he spoke.

"Don't fret about me. Take care of yourself and your papers, and I'll see to myself," was the icy reply, and Mr. Maxfield subsided.

He repeated his efforts at night, but with no better success.

"I'll try the phaeton to-morrow; but I don't know as even that will fetch her," he thought, as he lay down to sleep.

Accordingly he began at the breakfast table:

"I've been looking over things and figuring up a little, Hannah, and I don't know but I could spare you enough for that phaeton, if you want it."

Hannah passed him his coffee as coolly and unconcernedly as though he had spoken of buying a pound of cheese, or something like that.

"You would like that wouldn't you?" queried Mr. Maxfield anxiously.

"No, John Maxfield; at present I wouldn't even look at it. I meant exactly what I said, and I still mean it."

"Blame it!" thought the unfortunate man, "she's bound I shall apologize, and she won't forget what I said about the phaeton, either. If she would only ask if I've found them, so that I could sort of explain it along easy, and not have to

WAR TALK INCREASING.

HOSTILITIES WITH CHILI SEEM NOW TO BE INEVITABLE.

War May be Declared in a Few Days—Activity in Washington—Chilians Expect War—They are Said to be Relying on England for Aid.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The war feeling in Washington against Chili grows apace. Not an hour passed yesterday that did not see some new indication of preparation for hostility by the navy and war departments, or that did not produce some added expression in favor of supporting the president in maintaining the national dignity and enforcing proper reparation for the Valparaiso massacre.

All are anxiously awaiting the president's message.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 19.—Private advices from authentic sources in Chili, state that among the common people of that country, the talk is that war will result. The Chilians have no idea that their government will back down or retract any word or act; they consider themselves strong and expect additional strength from England.

They agree that the United States is able to wipe their vessels off the face of the ocean, but they doubt not their ability to secure recognition and aid from England or to secure some of England's war ships by purchase.

If the informant is correct, representatives of the Chilian Government are now in England working on both propositions. According to orders received to-day the cruiser Charleston will sail on Tuesday or Wednesday for San Francisco. She is simply waiting the arrival of its new paymaster and surgeon.

RIDICULED BY GOV. WINANS.

IT WOULDN'T BE WORTH THE \$300,000,000 IT WOULD COST TO WHIP CHILI.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 20.—Gov. Winans of Michigan in speaking of the prospect of a war with Chili said:

"There can be no good excuse for a war with Chili. That little God-forsaken country is beneath our notice. If it was England now, I shouldn't mind so much, but differences with such a country should be readily settled by arbitration. It would be much the cheapest and the best way. What is the use of having Pan-American Congresses with these little South American countries as participants and then, in the very first flurry, resort to the old barbaric powder and lead arguments? It isn't consistent. We should demand a full indemnity for all that we may have suffered from the Chilians, but I believe in demanding it otherwise than at the cannon's mouth."

"Do you know," he said, "that a war with Chili would cost this country \$300,000,000, with the chances largely in excess of that figure? Why, it costs \$1,500 every time you fire off some of those new-fangled guns on the new war ships, and all for what? All for licking a little one-horse country, in which no glory could possibly be obtained. The army and navy are, of course, anxious for a war. They have been out of a job so long that they very naturally feel as though it was time they were doing something. I have a son in the regular army and he is loud in his demand for Chilian blood, but a little cool consideration is worth all this wild enthusiasm."

MORE TROUBLE IN TENNESSEE.

The Miners Becoming More Aggressive and the Situation Feels Serious.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 20.—Nearly 2,000 miners congregated on the hillsides about the Coal Creek stockade yesterday morning and kept up a constant firing of small arms, and went through a dance around the two small block-houses which contain 200 State troops. The miners came so close to the pickets that an exchange of shots followed. None of the soldiers was hit, and it is thought that the miners escaped without injury.

About two weeks ago a soldier accidentally shot and killed a convict, and since then the miners have become more aggressive. Further trouble is expected. They swear that when they get ready they will exterminate the civil guard, State troops, and the convicts, and forever end convict labor in the mountains of East Tennessee. The officer in charge has asked for reinforcements, and one company of infantry has been sent out from Knoxville. The miners say that no more soldiers nor convicts shall enter the valley. The soldiers are well fortified, yet the miners outnumber them 100 to one. The Kentucky miners and those in and near Jellico are ready to join their Tennessee friends at a moment's notice.

WHITE CAPS IN OHIO.

A Woman Ducked in Ice Cold Water and Likely to Die.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 18.—White Caps have been getting in their work near here, and as a result the woman in the case is lying at the point of death. She is Miss Mary Shebrook, and was charged with living illegally with Charles Peterson.

Notice was given them to leave the neighborhood of St. Johns, Darke county, within twenty-four hours or suffer the consequences. They did not heed the notice, and the visitors came promptly. The couple, who lived in great destitution, were taken from their hovel to the nearest creek. The ice was cut and the two were rapidly ducked. The mob then burned their hut and all their belongings. The woman had been ill for several weeks, and it is believed, cannot live. She has been taken in and is being cared for by Farmer Henley. Special officers are making an examination. It is likely a dozen farmers will be arrested soon.

Of the many curious customs which mark Brittany as an especially interesting field for the traveler is this one relating to marriage. At the close of the wedding ceremony the bridegroom gives the bride a box on the ear, saying: "That is how it feels when you make me vexed," after which he kisses her, adding, "and thus when you treat me well."

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