WHY THE DAISIES ARE WHITE.

Once on a time a quarrel rose,
'Tis said, between impatient Spring
And that old graybeard Winter, who
Yet louger to his throne would cling.
"My turn it is quoth, "Mistress Spring,
"To reign, and clothe the earth anew.
How long must all my beauties lie
Concealed for fear of such as you?"

Then to the sunbeams coaxingly
She turned and said, "To you alone
I look for help earth's chains to loose,
And drive this loiterer from the throne.
So, tempted by her smiling face
The Sunbeams answered to her call,
And though old Winter battled well,
His kingdom soon began to fall.

"But if you think," he coldly said,
All traces of me to wipe away,
My memory still shall haunt and lie
Upon your meadows day by day."
And on that night a messenger,
By Winter sent to daisyland,
Upon each daisy blossom laid
A sheet of snow with lavish hand.

And Mistress spring when she beheld
The souvenir of Winter's reign,
Smiled as she softly kissed her pets,
And foiled his purpose once again;
For in the heart of each white flower
She laid a bit of golden sun
And bade it nestle closely there
Until sweet daisy life was done.

And thus the fair field-flower grew,
Spring's golden sunshine, warm and bright,
At rest forever in its heart.
The while its leaves, like snow, are white.

—MARY D. BRINK.

My Wedding Tour.

I was only seventeen when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., and saw the initials of the same blazoned on my new Saratoga trunk, when we started on our wedding journey. My wedding journey! I can speak of it calmly now, but the time was when it harrowed up my inmost soul. To this day, Charlie becomes wroth when it is mentioned, and says it is my "confounded imagination;" but he knows, and I know well, that that is only one of those covenient little loopholes through which big masculinity can crawl on emergency; and the facts remaining unchanged and indisputable, I shall defy Charlie and state them to the world.

Imagine then, reader or listener, whoever you may be, that the last silken train has swept itself out of Trinity chapel, and the last note of the inevitable "Wedding March" shudderered itself out of the big groaning organ, and that Charlie and I are married. Also, that the kissing and crying over is achieved, and the voices of my husband's sisters and my maiden aunts, hailing down blessings on our heads, are happily lost in the distance—that the only sound we hear is the rattle and roar of an express train thundering eastward, and I am looking out into the golden noonday watching the fields and roads and villages and woodlands race past up, and sweep back into a room, like running water. There we sat, two blissful young fools—but it isn't of our bliss or our foolishness, either, that I am going to tell you—only of the single adventure of our wedding tour.

Charlie hadn't told me where we were to go, and I rather liked being left in ignorance, knowing no more than that we were being swept away to some little paradise of our own—it might be an island of the Hebrides, or Crusoe's kingdom, or Eden itself. We stopped at a good many stations by the way that looked anything but paradisical; but I saw everything through a glass, rosily, as I sat there demure and mute, by Charlie's side. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon, when we stopped at some "ville" or other, whose long, low, straggling buildings, crowded close upon the track, and the broad, dusty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. Not for anything intrinsically remarkable; there were only a good many teams and farm wagons, and open carriages, and light carryalls standing about, with the lazy horses rubbing against the old worm-eaten posts, under the row of drooping green trees, and plenty of people on the platform, crowding together for greeting and good-byes; it was a commonplace every day picture enough, and not even a pretty one, except in fragments. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some "house" or other down the lazy little country street; and Charlie, looking at his watch, said it was twelve o'clock—and didn't I want some lunch?

Of course I didn't, but of course he said I must have it, and immediately started up. He wouldn't be five minutes, he said, and I musn't move till he came back. I was to guard our two seats and let no one come nigh them, and above all, I was to sit still and not be led astray by any possible warning to change cars. "We're going through," Charlie remarked, "so just keep the seats, and don't pay any attention." I nodded obedience, and Mr. Vail marched out of the car, leaving me to peer after him in the crowd and catch the last glimpse of his straw hat vanishing down the street.

I watched the crowd, when Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered over the faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations upon them as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think of. Presently the door banged open, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted, "Change cars for Boston!"

Everybody began to scramble their bags and bundles and canes together, and there was a rush among the few who remained my fellow passengers. I watched them go without emotion, and merely settled myself more comfortably for the solitary journey "through" which Charlie had indicated—wondering a little where its terminus might be, but in no wise disturbed thereat. I stared out at the people for five minutes longer—at least so said the fat faced clock in the "ladies" room opposite my window, though I made it fifty at least by mental calculation, and then the door swung open again. This time a head projected itself into the car, roared "All out!"—evidently at me—and vanished again. "I won't get out," I replied, defying the empty air. "Charlie told me to sit still, and I'm going to. Oh, Charlie! why in the world don't you come back?"

But no Charlie came to answer me, and I began to stare out in the crowd with rather more anxious eyes, and to grow a little hot and uneasy, and to think, with certain unpleasant thrills running down my back, what would become of me if the train should start and Charlie shouldn't come back at all? At this awful point in my meditations, the locomotive gave vent to an unearthly screech, which I took for a premonitory symptom of departure, and was so terrified that I started up from my seat, just as the little door swung back for the third time, to admit of a last warning, like that of Friar Bacon's brazen head. This time the face re-appeared on a big shaggy suit of clothes some six feet high, and was a grim, not to say irate, visage.

"Change cars, miss," said the person gruffly. "I told you so twiee before!"

"I'm to sit still," I replied meekly, "I'm going through." I thought this was the right thing to say, because Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect.

"Change cars then—there's the Boston train over there. This car runs back to New York."

I simply stared at the person, in a dogged way that he seemed to take very ill.

"Come!" he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit here all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"

"I—I—don't know," I stammered. "I was told to sit still, and I—I must waittill the person comes back."

The person stared back at me now with interest. "Where's your ticket," said he, extending a dirty hand.

"I haven't got it," I answered in meek and conciliating tone, "My—Char—at—least the gentleman who is with me has got them both."

"The gentleman! Pretty fellow he must be! Told you to sit still, did he?"

I made no reply to this unwarrantable lack of respect in referring to my absent lord, but drew myself up and looked severely out of the window.

"Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my tormentor, summarily. "The best thing for you to do is to get out and look for your gentleman, miss." Saying which he jerked my bag from the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charley had inverted, back into its place, and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawls, parasols, etc., and follow him in abject submission to the door.

"Now where did the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on the platform."

"He went to get me some lunch," I replied, almost ready at this crisis to disgrace myself and cry.

"And told you to sit still, did he? Well, you stand right here and keep a lookout for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in fifteen minutes, and he can't get into it without your seeing him, if he ain't inside of it already; and my advice to you is, stick fast to him if you find him, for he must need looking after!"

With which remarkable words he set down my bag, and winked at a bystander.

"What's the row?" inquired the person thus invited to participate in the enjoyment of my woes. Then they whispered—about me, I suppose—and everybody turned and stared at me.

Poor little bride! There I stood, holding fast my parasol, with a shawl on one arm, my own smaller satchel on the other, and Charlie's bigger one at my feet, feeling like a very "lone lorn critter" indeed.

There stood three men in a knot, contemplating me, and any quantity of the same species coming and going, who all looked at me as they passed, and then turned round and stared again—and there was no Charlie visible in all the range of surrounding country. Dire thoughts began to be born within me, and to turn me cold and damp with extreme terror; the nightmare of my infancy—"being lost"—came back upon me, and crushed my seventeen years and the new dignity of Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., with a swoop. What was to become of me? Supposing there had been an accident, and Charlie knocked down and awfully mangled, or that he had just vanished away, as one occasionally hears of respectable gentlemen having done, and never would appear again, or be heard of at all; supposing I were just to stand there waiting, the trains shrieking away in the distance, and night coming on, and all these strange men staring and whispering? Pretty soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stand it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocket handkerchief, and that reminded me of my pocket-book as a slight resource. I dived to the utmost cover of my pocket before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the outset of our wedding trip.

At this alarming discovery, a cold moisture broke out upon my entire frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—unless I could deposit the same possessions, or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's lodging and a ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was a sufficient challenge for inquiry. I don't know what an extreme it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, for a benevolent voice presently saluted my ears.

"Are you waiting here for anybody, miss?" I turned around with a gasp of alarm, which subsided, however, when I met an elderly face, spectacled and benign in the extreme.

"Excuse me, miss," said the old gentleman, in a sympathizing tone, "are you waiting for anyone?"

"I—I—yes, sir,—I'm waiting for—"

I came to a dead stop. For Charlie, should I say? 'My husband'—was a step which was beyond utterance just now. I only turned very red, choked, and twisted the handle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I—don't know—where to go!" I burst out. "They told me to change cars, and I didn't expect to, and I don't know what to do."

My new friend looked bewildered, and then came a step nearer, as he inquired, in a solemnly lowered voice—"are you alone?"

"No, no," I said very quickly, under my breath.

"Who is with you?" said he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me, not understanding it.

"My—a—a—gentleman," I faltered out. "He went out to get me something, and he told me to sit still and not move; and a man came and made me change cars—and I don't know which car we were to take—and—I—don't see him anywhere."

Here I choked, bit my lips, and winked my two eyes hard, to wink the the tears down.

"A gentleman!" repeated my friend, solemnly. By this time two more men had drawn near to listen. "Your father?"

"No."

"Your brother, then?" very mysteriously.

"N-no."

I began to get very red and uncomfortible and to wish they wouldn't stare so.

"Where are you going, my dear?" inquired the first Samaritan, after a solemn pause of some minntes.

"I don't know," I answered faintly. He didn't tell me; he just said, when he went to get me some lunch, that I wasn't to move if the man said to change cars, for we were going through; and I told the man so, but he made me change."

"That train is a-going back to New York," said one of the last arrivals, grinning. "Going through to Boston, was you?"

"I don't know where I was going," I answered very shortly.

"Let me see your ticket," said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way at looking at me over his spectacles; and he looked queerer still when I answered faintly:

"He's got it—and—my money—and—oh, why don't he come?"

Here I cast loose all ceremony, and burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry now," said the old gentleman, soothingly. "Don't, now! It'll be all right—you'll be taken care of. Where did the—your friend—where did he go?—which way?"

"I don't know," I sobbed from behind my handkerchief.

"Went to get some lunch, did he say? Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and perhaps we can find him? Was he old or young?"

"Young," I murmured, still behind a barrier of cambric. "W-with a yellow mou'stache, and g-grey clothes, and a straw hat."

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered aside to another. "Sharp fellow!" dryly responded a second. And then there were some antistrophes of "What's the matter?" "It's a shame!" "Left her, did he?" from a small crowd that had by this time started up around me.

"Well, now, just come in here and sit down," said my old gentleman paternally, gathering up my bag, "and compose yourself, my dear, and we'll see what can be done. Don't cry! it'll only flurry you, and won't do any good, you know. There, that's right?" For I wiped my eyes, with the remant of a sob, pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him, when, behold! as I swept the landscape o'er with one last look of desperation, there appeared Charlie—grey clothes, and straw hat, and yellow moustache—coming in the distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.

"There he is!" I shrieked, dropping bag and parasol in my ecstasy, and rushing down the platform with extended arms. "There he is! Oh, call him, somebody—tell him I'm here! Make him look this way!"

"Where? Which? Where is he?" cried a half a dozen men, quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles! Halloa, sir! Halloa! Stop him!" and three small boys and one one man started in pursuit.

Poor Charlie! There he came, hurrying along in our direction, rather swiftly, it is true, but quite at his ease, and with a smiling face, when my four champions gave chase. And just as they uplifted their voices, and just as Charlie's eyes, sweeping the surrounding scene, appeared to light upon them—just then did the locomotive behind which we had been sitting a few minutes before, and which had been backing and snorting and advancing and backing again, after the manner of trains, chose its time to set up a shriek and a violent ringing of the bell, and to go puffing on its way back to New York. And Charlie first stared wildly, and then turned around and chased the locomotive, and the three small boys and the man chased him, rending the air with shouts of "Stop him?"

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long, and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly, after he had run himself very hot and damp, and shed all the hot buns from his brown paper parcel for twenty yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bay, and figuratively speaking, they fell upon him.

"Stop, there! Where are you going?" "Come back after your young lady, you scamp!" "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" shouted the small boy in ecstasy. "Wanted to run away, did you? Didn't do it this time, old feller!"

"What the d—do you want?" said Charlie, fiercely, only he used the whole word instead of the initial. "Where's Sarah? Where's my wife?"

"There she is!" roared a dozen voices, with appropriate action of as many unwashed hands. "Ain't got rid of her so easy yet!"

I will draw a decorous veil over the embrace that followed, and the profanities with which Charlie punctuated it, and the compliments exchanged by the populace, who evinced the wildest joy at what was supposed to be the discomfiture of villainy. I will merely observe that the whistle of the Boston train cut short our little scene, and that I was hauled up on the last car amid the cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting roar from one benevolent personage to "keep a tight eye on my young man, for he warn't to be trusted as far as you could see him!" Also that Charlie shed bank notes as well as buns in the excitement of the chase, and that my fine parasol, with an agate handle, the wedding gift of my beloved Arabella, is probably marching around Blankville, now poised in the lisle-threaded hand of some village belle.

Getting Even With Blumenthal.

Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Blumenthal kept rival clothing stores on the Bowery, within a few doors of each other. Mr. Isaacs was always to be found with his head out of the door soliciting custom from the verdant passer-by. Mr. Blumenthal objected to this shoddy manner of doing business, having found that the watchful Isaacs had captured several of his customers, and one day he went up to Mr. Isaacs and said: "Look here, Mr. Isaacs, vy don't you keep your ugly face inside? You might peeter get a jackass to stand by de door. He would make a big improvement." "Vy," said Isaacs, "I did try dot vonce, und all de peoples day pass py say to him: 'Good day, Mr. Blumenthal; I see you've moved.'"

—Class in Geography. — Teacher: "Name the great bays." Small boy: "Bay of Funday, Bay of Biscay, Arabi Bey—" Teacher. "Oh! Pa-shaw."—

A Zulu Path.

The history of your first attempt to follow a Kafir path is usually somewhat as follows: Just as evening is approaching, and your impatience to reach your halting-place growing in proportion, the road suddenly makes an enormous and seemingly quite unnecessary curve in the wrong direction, while at the same moment an opening in the long grass on the other side conveys an insidious suggestion of a short cut. Away you go along this new path, and having followed it fully thirty yards without mishap you begin to think complacently of Cooper's Pathfinder and Chingachgook, and mentally to class yourself with them. In the midst of these self-congratulations your promising path suddenly disappears altogether, and is replaced by three or four other paths, which wind away in every possible direction but the right one. You try the most hopeful looking of these, which leads you right down into a great black pool of liquid mud and then unhandsomely deserts you. Feeling somehow that the correct thing to do in such circumstances is to dismount and look about you, you jump off. Instantly an elastic quiver under your left heel thrills you with the fearful consciousness that you have trodden on a venomous snake, and your apprehensions are only calmed by discovering that it is the pliant root of a tuft of grass. Calling to mind all that you have read about the wonderful sagacity of horses, you remount, throw the reins upon the neck of your gallant steed, and leave him to choose his own way; but as his first proceeding is to stop short and eat grass, this plan does not materially advance your cause. At length you accidentally strike another path, and following it up, suddenly find yourself back in the road again, considerably further from your goal than when you diverged, and burdened with a crushing sense of the utter inadequateness of the strongest language to express your feelings regarding the whole affair.

Culls.

"The linen collar is an epitome and index of civilization," says an advertisement in the Baltimore *News*. We emphatically deny it. The index of civilization is the rouge bottle and the pearl powder box.

The following item will be of interest as showing the successive changes in the government of the State and the various divisions of this northwestern territory: "'Timber' Woods, of Steamboat Rock, the pioneer lawyer of Iowa, built a house near Burlington, Iowa, which has a queer history. At this house one of the children was born in the territory of Michigan. The next child born in the self-same manner was a native of Wisconsin, and the third was in the territory of Iowa."

Some one was one day rallying Congressman Lefevre on his eccentric chirography. "I ought to write better, that's a fact," he replied. "Why, some time ago I wrote to a man, thanking him for a clipping cut from a newspaper about me, and asking the name and date of the paper; and he replied: 'I am much obliged to you for your advice, and will follow it, believing that my claim will go through, and I will at last get my pension.'"

The London *Spectator* says: "In place of *Frazer*, Messrs. Longman intend to try an experiment in cheap literature, a magazine of 120 pages, discussing every subject except politics and religion, conveying information, and lightened with good novels, but sold for sixpence. Such a magazine, if well done, should be a sixpenny *Cornhill*, and obtain a quarter of a million of readers. In the changed conditions produced by the spread of education, such an experiment is nearly sure to succeed; as would also, as we believe, a sixpenny *Nineteenth Century*, devoted mainly to politics and religion. The body of readers begin to tolerate grave thought and even to pay for it, to an extent which publishers as yet hardly estimate."

"Argus," in *Land and Water*, writes: "The æsthetic school has fallen into disrepute in society of late, owing in some degree to the doings of its chief apostles in America. The common opinion of Mr. Oscar Wilde is very wide of the truth. He is not the puling sentimentalist that he postures on the platform or appears in the drawings of Du Mauries. He is as shrewd and practical a youth as any I know. He came to London to make a reputation and set about it in a business-like fashion. Finding the ordinary methods of acquiring it slow and tedious he devised a method of his own, created the æsthetic school, and in less than a year became one of the most talked-of men in London. Now he is in America amassing a fortune, and contemplating—rather dubiously—marriage with a rich heiress. If this is folly, there is method in it."

The Spice of Life.

In making wills, some are left out and some are left tin.

"Don't pull me around so," said the thief to the policeman. "I have a felon upon my finger!" "And I have my finger upon a felon," remarked the policeman.

Scene on railway platform at Heidelberg. Traveler to university student: "Sir, you are crowding—keep back, sir." Student—fiercely: "Don't you like it?—allow me to tell you that I am at your service at any time and place." Traveler—benignantly: "Ah, indeed, that is very kind of you. Just carry this satchel for me to the hotel."

Why Hobson objected: "Hobson," said Muggins, "they tell me you have taken your boy away from the graded school. What's that for?" "'Cause," said Hobson, "the master ain't fit to teach 'im." "Oh," said Muggins, "I've heard he's a very good master." "Well," replied Hobson, apologetically, "all I know is he wanted to teach my boy to spell the word 'taters with a 'p.'"

The Hidalgo's Glasses.

A poor Hidalgo lived in Spain;
So says Gil Blas, who ought to know,
And when it rained, he let it rain;
They say that Spaniards all do so.

He lived sometimes on scanty fare;
Small dishes on his board grew great,
For on his nose a wondrous pair
Of glasses sat when'er he ate.

Green peas to pickled olives turned,
And "quail on toast" to turkey grew;
The smallest cherries that he earned,
From oranges he hardly knew.

When through his magic glasses seen
Dry biscuits rose to loaves of bread;
And little fish in his tureen
Showed wondrous length from tail to head

So day by day he magnified
Each crumb of comfort sent to him,
And grew more free from sinful pride,
As eyesight grew more faint and dim.

Who had his glasses when he died?
Gil Blas don't tell; he had no heirs;
So where they went, when laid aside,
God only knows, and no man cares.

But lucky he, should they be found,
Who would trace back his pedigree
To that Hidalgo under ground.
And with his glasses learn to see

In smallest blessings—ample stores;
In darkest clouds a streak of light;
In every man that sought his door,
A brother with a brother's right.

There is a blind beggar who stands on the way to the railroad station here. As I passed him this morning, he said, "Dhrop a copper into a poor man's hat." To see the effect, I dropped a shilling, which on fingering, he recognized immediately. "Good luck to your 'anner," said he, "and may the blessings," etc, etc. "Sure, an' it's the first piece of silver I've touched for a month." "Come now," I remonstrated, "say a week." "No, by the holy Sire, it's more'n a month. May the blessings," etc. Coming back from the station, I was met by the same appeal, and this time I dropped a sixpence into the outstretched hat. "Long life to your 'anner, it's the first bit o' silver I've touched for a week," exclaimed the old sinner in accents of the purest truth and the deepest gratitude. "Why, you humbug, I gave you a shilling myself this morning." His face underwent a change, but he instantly answered in a deprecating tone, "Are you the gentleman that gave me the shilling; *sure now, why didn't you say so, an' I wouldn't have told the lie?*"

Small Jokes.

One of Guibollard's friends called to see him very early the other morning. After having knocked several times, the door was at last opened. "Well," said he, "I have knocked a long while." "Oh, I heard you," replied Guibollard, "but I slept so well that I hesitated about waking up!"

A gentleman who had been thinking of buying a hack, having visited a menagerie, comes home radiant with joy. "I'm going to buy one of them zebras," he says; "one of those rifled horses. They must carry you much further than the ordinary sort!"

"I thought," remarked the victim, after the dentist had dragged him around the room several times, "I thought you advertised to extract teeth without pain." "So I do, sir," replies the operator, blandly; "it doesn't hurt me at all to yank' em!"

"You are mistaken, sir," said Miss Snifkins, haughtily, to bashful young Thompson, who had just stepped on her flowing robe, "my train does not carry any passengers."

Impudence. — Professional: "Please gimme ten cents, sir, to buy some bread?" Muggins: "Why, I gave you ten cents not half an hour ago." Professional (taking in the situation): "Yes, sir, I know, sir, but I—I'm a terrible bread eater."

An immense bed of phosphates has been discovered in Brunswick county, N. C., on the line of the Carolina Central railroad, and about eleven miles from Wilmington.