

THE MAIDEN.  
No blushing daughter of the moon  
Can vie with her of woman born:  
No face at windows of the Spring  
Is like a virgin blooming.  
Betwixt the blue lids of the sky,  
No orb there mists a maiden's eye:  
Not night's May unfading lance  
Can match the mischief of its glance.  
Nature, how weak art thou to harm,  
As does a deer unsteered arm!  
The rocks would wrinkle into a hand,  
With tangles from a dishevelled head.  
What swaying shapes of oars and shrouds  
Approach the motions of a road?  
What snowy curves by Winter traced  
Can take the taker of her waist?  
And that soft darkness of her hair,  
The twilight shadows—ah, their despair!  
Not all the striving stars beguile  
As may one memory of her smile.  
—The Infidelite.

"DAD POSSUM."  
Poosumosity of yer Old Virginny  
Time—How to Ketch, Clean,  
Cook and Eat Em.  
Long years ago there used to come  
through Talbot county a negro trav-  
ler, O'Neal by name, from whom  
Hon. Henry Persons gleaned the  
story of "Uncle Sandy's" possum,  
being the modus operandi of pos-  
sum catching and eating, as told in  
the original magazine of the old dar-  
key, "Old Virginny" never tire.  
"Jesso, boss jesso," says Uncle  
Sandy, "dat possum an' er'ous  
varmint, shore's yer born, yet hit  
shorely an' de sweets' of meat."  
"How you catch 'em an' cook  
an' eat 'em?" Ines gwine ter tell  
yer.  
"Yer fass go down in de ole pine  
fiss where we clean up about ten  
years ago, an' yer cut yer sum-  
er dem fat lightered roots out de  
ground from one yer dem stumps,  
an' yer fatches 'em an' sets 'em up in  
de chimney corner fer yer luv-  
Sadday night jes. Wen dat night  
comes yer jes tuk dem lightered  
roots an' split 'em up an' lites 'em  
an' takes yer spit 'er yer shoulder an'  
goes out de cabin do, calls yer dog  
an' den go down de hoss lot branch  
yer go long fer yer luv- an' yer  
ink yer ink yer gwine ter ketch  
him. Bimeby, near 'bout wen  
seven stars way up yonder, yer lose  
yer dog. He done clean gone, fer  
sho. Yer jes mightly tired. Yer  
ink fer yer gin in gwine ter ketch  
maffin. Yer jes sleep an' er'ous  
git hebbin' 'er luv ways from  
sum. Yer start back dar, too,  
nity low speered. Yer call an' call  
dat dog, but he ain gwine cum no  
mo; den yer goes on back toards  
hain, an' bimeby yer gits dar. An'  
yer den tuk yer boy, Sam, an' yer  
an' wen yer gwine ter luv Sam  
den tuk little white ter luv den  
he says, "Daddy, I er' dat dog." Yer  
say, "Oh, hush yer sass, boy, yer  
doan know yer talkin'. But he  
says agin, "Daddy, I er' dat dog  
dog, sho." Well, den yer listens an'  
yer luv den bak in yer ole pine  
fiss, 'pears like 'bout five miles  
off. Yer listens, an' yer luv den  
agin an' dis time 'pears like he  
further off dan 'fore. Sam says, "Dad-  
dy, less go?" Yer stops an' tink.  
Yer mighty tired, sho, but de boy  
seg so yer luv den. Yer starts,  
Yer goes on 'pears like five miles  
off. Yer luv den down on de log. Yer  
say, "Sam, yer fool negger, I er' not  
gwine er' nudder step. I doan bleeb  
dat my dog, an' I doan bleeb de  
enny possum der needer." Sam he  
says, "Well, daddy, I er' not gwine  
I er' gwine 'er. Yer hatter  
up an' go. Dat dog burkin on de  
des name; an' yer soon gits dar, an'  
jes dar, an' dat possum is dar, too.  
De tree wher he up is er' de  
simsom tree, den Sam luv den  
den it an' fatch de possum in de  
by de tail. Ye look at de possum  
an' smack de lips, fer he done  
fellow. Den yer take 'em an' gortie  
back hain, an' yer 'fore 'er get de  
do yer take yer 'an' an' an' put  
'em cross yer neck an' break 'em  
by de mill an' tall. Den yer tuk 'em  
in 'ouse an' de ole woman done tell  
great big fireplace full hickory  
ashes. Yer takes de shubble an'  
opens big hole in dem pile er' ashes  
an' drops dat possum in dar an' wen  
yer takes out dat de ha' de  
de all de des as easy, yer put 'em  
in some water an' seprates 'em  
er' casnie and de cums clean. Den  
yer takes out de intrals, hang 'em up  
an' wash 'em good, den yer salts 'em  
down an' puts 'em away til Monday  
morning.  
Monday morning cum de ole wo-  
man tak him out an' parbake him  
good, den she git 'bout ketch taters  
an' den she 'em taters an' piles 'em all  
over 'em an' den she bakes 'em till de  
grease run all fru den taters. Den  
she takes 'em out an' puts 'em in de  
big dish an' sets 'em on de dinner  
table wid de taters piled dar ober  
'em.  
"Yer cum ter dinner from de fiel'  
an' yer walks in an' sets down de  
table, but yer doan eat dat possum  
den! No, sah, den yer eat 'em den!  
Arter dinner yer jes takes him an'  
taters an' sets dem up in de cup-  
board.  
"Bimeby yer comes home from  
de day's work to supper. Yer  
mity worn out for you're been wukin'  
in de fiel' hard all day. Yer sets  
down outside de cabin do an' takes  
yer pipe an' de most er' er' er' er'  
Sam say, "Daddy, supper ready.  
But yer jes set dar; yo doan go in.  
Yer wait til de ole woman an' de  
chilren git fru eaten an' de chilren  
go off to bed. Den yer knoes der  
ashes outen yer pipe on goes in.  
Yer moves de little sump an' yer  
de fer an' puts yer char close an'  
dar by it. Den yer goes to de cup-  
board an' gits de possum an' taters.  
Yer puts dem on de table. Yer tells  
de ole 'oman to go out an' yer loks  
de do. Den dar yer is. You an' de  
possum all by yerself together. Yer  
frows yer ole hat on de tater, yer  
sits in dat char by de table, an' gits  
yer seat to yer God!"—Tollerton  
(Ga.) News.

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Frank C. Tuttle, the proprietor of  
a New Haven, Conn., rubber store,  
has become the owner of a parrot of  
many accomplishments. Around the  
door of a bird store was gathered  
a crowd the other day so large  
that it was the work of several min-  
utes to gain entrance to the interior.  
From within there proceeded a hoarse  
voice, dashed with a suspicion  
of whisky, which belled in  
Irish brogue the enlivening strains  
of "Peek-a-boo," the crowd shout-  
ing with delight, and one small boy,  
in the exuberance of his joy, told  
himself into a sort of knot and roll-  
ed to the pavement. Suddenly the  
inspired Irishman came to a dead  
stop and another voice, pleasanter  
in quality, sang "Yankee Doodle,"  
followed by the stentorian query and  
answer, all in one:  
"How are you, are the Peep-Upon boys?  
Oh, they're all right."  
A peep-er, puzzled at the scene,  
made his way into the store to solve  
the mystery. In a large cage in the  
center was an enormous green and  
yellow parrot, which was hanging  
by one foot to a swinging perch and  
trilling forth in different voices with  
the ease an accomplished ventrilo-  
quist. He resumed a normal pos-  
ture as he was approached, and hur-  
riedly cocked his head on one side he  
dropped into a more conversational  
air, and remarked:  
"I've never told to mend a  
bird in the hand," and again, after a  
pause, "It's a long lane that never  
runs fair lady."  
His visitor said:  
"You are an accomplished bird,  
Polly, and as quick as thought the  
creature replied:  
"I can spell, I can. Ca-t, d-o-g,  
f-o-x, with an affectation of juveni-  
lity which was gruesome. He re-  
sented an ill-advised attempt at  
familiarity by snapping at the fingers  
which tried to scratch his poll, and  
barked out:  
"Take care; I'm a bad bird; you  
betcher life!"  
"He is one of the cleverest parrots  
I have had for some time, said his  
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