

MY LITTLE BOY.
Against my knee a little head is lying,
Two eyes of blue are looking into mine,
The breath of twilight in the air is sighing,
And twinkling stars amid the azure shine,
With mother love the winsome face I kiss,
And fold the hands so weary of their play,
No sweeter joy a mother holds than this,
Too soon, alas! the little feet will stray.

Again I press him to my hungry heart,
Ah, me! If I might shield him ever so,
Secure I hold him in my arms to-night,
And mother-like I lay him down to rest,
His curly head upon the pillow white,
His dimpled hands so softly folded on his breast.

I may not go and leave my darling there,
So fair he looks within his cozy bed,
Ere one last touch upon the wavy hair,
One lingering kiss upon the lips so red,
"God bless my darling!" low I whisper then,
And absent as a watcher of the night,
I close the door, low breathing 'er again
A mother's prayer to keep his steps aright.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lover's Ruse.

GOOD morning, Harry! You are looking as if this free mountain air didn't agree with you.

"I wish it didn't! I wish it would dry me up, and I blow me away, or an eruption of the earth would come some huge rock down upon me, and end it all!"

"O, nonsense, Harry! You are a little dyspeptic. Come, have a cigar and face your troubles like a man. I know what the matter is, I've seen it all along, my boy! Let her go, I say, with her villainous-looking foreigner!"

"Of course you've seen it. Everybody's seen how she has gone on, and I've borne it all and said nothing until last night, when as I had a right, I asked an explanation, and you wouldn't let me have the chance you do now. I wish you would make up your mind to let her go. She isn't worthy of you, I'm sure."

"Yes, she is. You don't know her, Fred. She is gentle and good, but ambitious. She can't help it. You see, I understand her. All her family are ambitious."

"Of that it is! Probably that is the way she explained her behavior to you last night?"

"No such thing, Fred. She doesn't understand the reasons which have induced her to do as she has done. It is all owing to her bringing up. She sees a better chance than I can offer and falls in love with that, and there stand her father and brothers, ready to encourage the thing. I see how it is."

"Then what do you intend to do?"

"I'm in hopes she will become disgusted with the baron before it is too late. He isn't much of a fellow, and if it wasn't for his title and money his chance would be small enough."

"YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY." Where one of the Phrases of the Day Came From.

Ernest, a poet, a singer, a poet, a journalist and lawyer—Pooh Bob McGuffey, as it were—came into the Chicago Press Club looking smiling and happy as though he just won a case or finished a poem. The evidence in his face of something pleasing was so marked that one of the boys inquired: "Well, what is it, Mac? What have you found?"

"Found," was the reply; "how could anything be found? There is nothing new under the sun."

"What have you been up against?"

"Why, George Horton and I have been discussing the origin of slang phrases, and I have had them all down to me. I thought I had him one, but he got out as slick as a weasel. I did not believe he could find any old-time origin for the expression so common not long ago about 'you're not the only pebble on the beach,' and 'not the only tomato in the can,' and the like, but he shot it off like a flash. A large percentage had come from Shakespeare, and by far the greater part had been found among the poets. This saying, it seems, originated with Byron and will be found in the satirical rhyming interlude or dedication preceding 'Don Juan.' The poem, it seems, was dedicated to Southey. The dedication being: 'Bob Southey, you're a poet—poet laureate and representative of all the race. Although 'tis true that you've turned on a rosy tail at late—you have lately been a common case. And now my epic renegade, what are you, a nest? With all the Lakers in and out of place, a nest of twenty blackbirds in a pie. Then the second verse goes rambling on and recites the whole story, told much shorter and better in the nursery book, and finally winds up with the like: 'You're not the only blackbird in the pie.' 'There is no use; I don't believe that any poet phrase or slang expression can be found that its origin cannot be traced back to some such source as this. I tell you, there is nothing new under the sun.'"

At His Mate.

A sight was witnessed the other day at the Zoo that has been the talk of the people managing the animals of the gardens ever since. Keeper Myers, who has charge of the snake cages, was about to feed the reptiles, when to his horror he saw one blacksnake, measuring six feet, devouring its mate, which was about the same length and size of itself. The reptile had swallowed its fellow's head first, and only a few inches of the tail, began tugging away to release it. This proved to be no easy task, as the cannibalistically inclined monster had a firm hold on its breakfast, and was unwilling to let go. After several minutes of pulling that brought forth the snake was set at liberty. For a time it seemed paralyzed, but gradually regained its strength. The two snakes are now kept separated. It is the first time in the history of the Zoo that such a sight has been witnessed, and it attracted over 100 people to the cage, who happened to be in the vicinity of the carnivora at the time.

arms to fight for you. Pardon me, and he gave the jewels to the robber; then, taking hold of one of Imogene's hands, he said:

"Not so easy to tell tales. Stand there until I silence your tongue."

Imogene, glancing up, saw the pistol glimmering in the moonlight, knew that the baron had dropped her hand and fled away, and then a new figure appeared upon the scene, and a voice exclaimed:

"What are you doing, you villain?" and she knew it was Harry Hammond, who grappled with the highwayman, and forgetting everything else, she sprang to her feet and rushed forward, crying:

"Harry! Harry! He will kill you!" and as a long knife shone in the faint light, and seemed to descend upon her discarded lover, she fainted. When she recovered her consciousness she found herself reclining upon a grassy mound, with Harry beside her, bathing her temples with cold water from the lake by which she had stood so recently.

She lay quiet a little while, feeling quite safe and happy, and then beginning to realize her situation, she endeavored to arise.

"Where is the robber?" she asked, looking about her.

"I am sorry to say he succeeded in making his escape."

"He may come back with others. O, let us get away from here."

Harry assisted her to rise and attended her to her home; and as they were about to part (Harry refusing all offers to enter), he handed her her jewels, saying:

"I succeeded in recovering these for you."

Looking up to thank him, she noticed that his head was bound with a handkerchief.

"O, Harry! are you wounded?" she exclaimed.

"It is nothing serious. Good evening, and he went away."

The next morning a messenger from Mr. Macy came to request the presence of Mr. Hammond to lunch; and Dr. Hammond went back word that if Mr. Hammond kept quiet he would probably escape brain fever.

No doubt the comforting information, that the baron had been made the recipient of a package containing his money, which he had so obligingly allowed himself to be robbed of by the highwayman, and a grateful letter and a visit from Mr. Macy, assisted the sick man in his recovery. For three days afterward Dr. Mason thought him sufficiently recovered to ride out, and a little perfume note, that reached him on his return home, completed the cure and enabled him to answer it in person at the dinner table of the Lacys.

Imogene was tender and kind, and before the evening was over had an opportunity to confess her repentance, and Harry returned home that night the happiest man in town.

"Well, Harry, you don't look as if you would like to be crushed by a rock or otherwise disposed of. How is it? Shall I congratulate you?"

"Yes, my bold robber," replied Harry, "seeing himself in the doctor's room and joining him a smile.

When the autumn months had seen the country visitors back to their city homes Dr. Mason received the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond—New York News.

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And captured spiky cat-tails and the pussy-willow, too.

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Of animals, both wild and tame, a growing in the ground.

—Woman's Home Companion.

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Just as Bayliss and Cate Deings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

"I think it is a funny thing," remarked young William Lee.

One night when he was studying his natural history.

"How animals with plants and trees can get so strangely mixed.

Although this book declares that in the 'kingdoms' they are fixed."

I smiled at William's quaint conceit, but when I thought of a minute ago I could not help acknowledging that there was reason in it;

In the park across the way, as plain as plain could be.

Beside the gateway growing was a tall horse chestnut tree.

And dainty dog-wood blossoms from the woods were often being,

and there the yellow cowslip that we gather in the spring;

We've hunted for the fox-glove and the timid hare-bell blue,

And captured spiky cat-tails and the pussy-willow, too.

In a corner of the garden is the tiger lily's hair,

Last April there were dandelions rampant everywhere;

in fact, a whole menagerie I very quick I found.

Of animals, both wild and tame, a growing in the ground.

—Woman's Home Companion.

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