

Poetry

Does he Love me.

Pretty robin, at my window,
Welcoming the day,
With thy wild and liquid piping,

Little violet, blooming meekly
By the brooklet free,
Bending low thy gentle forehead,

Star, that through the silent night-time
Watches over him,
Write it with thy golden pencil

Select Gals.

WHY vs. WIDOW McSLAM.

BY H. RICH.

Jacob Tree was a queer man. We use the
adjective, "queer" in this connection, because
it is worth a Falstaff regiment of its compari-

But then, as we have said, it was no secret
that Mr. Tree was not married; the whole
plague of his life lay in the little word "why."

The sweet violet that he met, springing
lonely by the roadside, in the glad spring-
time, seemed to him a companion, not because

To resume—this "why" was an evil spirit.
It grew and flourished more intense in its
character, more phantom-like in its visits to
his mind.

Now and then the flames would puff out
into the room, flinging smoke, ashes and cin-
ders into the bosom of the suffering, secret-

It had been a philly day in April, like all
other April days, sunny and showery, like a
woman. Fox-tree, tired at evening, drew
his cozy chair into the corner and fell
asleep.

now occasionally only threw on him a gleam
of something like contempt, and finally
drawing around itself a white veil of ashes

All at once the bachelor, started from his
doze, clumsily kicked over the fire-irons,
they in turn kicked and scattered dead and

Reader, do you know what he had resolved
to do? No. Neither do I. Let us wait.—
Perhaps he dreamed that night after his head

Side, he pulled a very tight cork from a very
dusty bottle, which was very distinctly mark-
ed—"Otard." We do not mention this last

Sure enough, there was the widow, as he
peeped over the fence, looking as bright as a
queen bee, and chirping like a young robin.

No doubt he thought her a peg above hu-
man, for his heart, which at first only went
pit-a-pat, now swung and thumped and

"Mrs. McSlam," he said nervously; his
lips twitching in spite of his teeth, his voice
lying away in echoes unheard, and, of course

"Mrs. McSlam," he ventured again. This
time the tub which he had mounted suddenly
gave out, and Mr. Tree was precipitated un-

Mrs. McSlam had heard his last call, and
as, upon looking around, could not perceive
any one, she rather snappishly bawled, "What

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It would have been an immortal study for
a sculptor—that model in plaster, after Mr.
Tree had recovered his wig, feet and senses.

Naturally enough, he had shut his eyes and
just as naturally, too, had opened his mouth,
when he found he was losing his equilibrium.

Mrs. McSlam, as has been said, was a hor-
ror struck spectator of the mishap. Rallying
her senses and conditors—in the shape of a

"Yes, sir—ma'am—no—so—some—I—tha—
thank—ye," stammered the victim of too
much mortar, who was endeavoring, with

"Begone, you impudent blackguard," yell-
ed the widow, in a voice scarcely a key-note
below thunder. Pat moved on but turned just

"Come down here where the fence is bro-
ken and permit me to help you," said Mrs.
McSlam, in a gentle tone of voice, a smile on

His was an elegant plight for a lover to woo
in. However, he thought, any bargain we
may be pleased to commence may be easily

Mrs. McSlam began the task of scrubbing
the unfortunate in good earnest, and after a
few moments of assiduous application her

"A thousand thanks, my dear woman, a
thousand thanks; how kind," said the bache-
lor, with a sigh as deep almost as the bottom-

Mr. Tree began to think of the errand which
had resulted in the ludicrous predicament de-
scribed. He began, even, to notice the spar-
kle of the widow's eyes, and the little ruffled

"A—hem, your flowers grow up finely,
Mrs. McSlam."

"Do you refer to those in the corner, sir?"

"Those are early cabbages, Dutch; I am
raising them from seed brought home over
the sea by my late husband," and as the wid-

"Very, indeed, may I be so bold as to beg
a plant?"

"You shall have one with the utmost pleas-
ure." The plant was whisked out of the
ground and placed in the bachelor's hand in a

"Thank you, it shall always be worn next
my heart—beg pardon—well watered, tended,
bring forth a hundred fold," said the bachelor,

What wonder that these words did flash up
on his mind? Was wounded knight, even
Marmion, more in need of woman's aid than

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shades"

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on his mind? Was wounded knight, even
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going, suddenly he dropped to this mundane
sphere. "This is a snug little home of yours,
my dear Mrs. McSlam," said he.

"It is, I prize it very much," rejoined the
widow, "and I like your situation almost as

"I was just on the point of observing the
same. I have often wished it away. How
similar are our ideas, my dear Mrs. McSlam!"

And the bachelor, whose temperament was
warmed up under the genial smiles of the
blooming creature, was more enamored than

"Do you not think that a few young trees
would add to the beauty and harmony of the
landscape?" asked the widow.

Mr. Tree's face reddened a trifle; one
could perceive the blood spreading over his
cheeks, under the whitewash; he was embar-

"Which do you prefer?" he stammered.

"The sex, boy or girl," he replied, feeling
as though his gaiters were slumping in a quan-

"Good gracious, sir, are you crazy? Why
do you insult me? What do you mean?"

"Were you no—not spe—speaking of chi-
children?" stammered he. The blush shone
out brighter and redder through the white-

"For mercy's sake, what put that idea into
your head? Children, oh! children, indeed!"

Mr. Tree was perplexed, terrified; he had
heard of woman's tears, hysterics, swoons,
morbid conditions of the liver, nervous attacks,

Thinking to pacify her and extenuate the
matter, he asked "Did you not speak of
young Trees?"

Mrs. McSlam answered not, she grew pale
as a blanket, and leaned back upon the fence,
and closed her eyes.

"The crisis has come," said the affrighted
wooner, and grasping the pail of water with
which the lady had washed him down, he

As ice yields to the sun, starch succumbs
to water, and the stiff starched border of the
widow's cap drooped like grass before the

From the beaming, charming woman of the
moment previous, she was changed to a long,
lank bundle of wet clothes.

Mr. T. could scarcely credit his senses, and
remained motionless. The widow, however
recovered herself, and seizing the mop, raised

Recovering from her emotion, she resumed
—"They mature early—are you partial to
cabbages?"

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Mrs. McSlam draws a charcoal sketch of a
figure floundering in a bed of mortar, and
hangs it upon the branches of a tree in full

He retaliates by drawing two female forms.
One is arrayed in gaudy garments, profusely
flounced, &c., the other lean, long and un-

The warfare was at last carried beneath
the sacred roof of the church, for the widow
upon opening her hymn book one Sabbath

"Oh! widows are variable, treacherous things,
Tho' the heart's best devotion you bring 'em,
All the love they possess, is for fashion and

Of course Mr. Tree had to father this leaf.

Matters remained rather quiet for a few
days—ominously quiet—the calm that pre-
cedes the earthquake.

As Mr. Tree was complacently seated in
dressing gown and slippers in his arm chair
one evening, a delicate note was handed to

"Oh! man, woman bows to thee still,
And baile thee her lord and her master;
But who would bow down to a fruitless old

Mr. Tree read it over twice; his lips quiver-
ed a little, otherwise he was calm; he then
very quietly lit his cigar with the note, and

Three days and months pass away. Time,
which heals all things, may cure their hatred.
It is possible that they may reconcile again,

The Detroit Advertiser relates a story
concerning the novel manner in which a gay
widow cured a youthful lover of his passion;

Mrs. ——— was a pretty widow of twenty-
eight, left rich by her husband, a respectable
and wealthy farmer of S——, in the county

of Oakland, who judiciously died about the
age of fifty. B——, a sighing suitor of twenty
five, fell in love with this charming widow

He visited the widow, and besought her, if she
had a particle of mercy, not to ruin his son.
In vain the widow protested that she had used

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HEALTH AND ARITHMETIC.—"Inquirer"
writes to us as follows:—"I am engaged in
commercial pursuits, and feel myself tolerably

No Joke.—The Montpelier Vt., Freeman
says that at a social gathering in that vicini-
ty, recently, a young gentleman had the task