

### The Parson's Thanksgiving.

She was as fair and neat a maid,  
As ever man tried winning.  
The saintly parson was afraid  
To think of her was sinning.

Not one of those pale lilly kind,  
Of this weak generation,  
For nature was of generous mind  
When planning her creation.

A bald in apple, ripe and red,  
Could not be more inviting,  
Than those plump cheeks by blushes  
fed,  
Where red and white were fighting.

Her dark eyes had a modest look;  
The parson oft had noted,  
When lifted from her prayer-book,  
To which she was devoted.

Her voice was sweeter than the rest,  
He loved her clear tones ringing,  
So never slighted a request  
To give out extra singing.

And yet when he would go to tea,  
At her old father's dwelling,  
Whether she cared his face to see,  
There was no way of telling.

His head was full of college art,  
And penalties for sinning,  
But how to read a woman's heart,  
He knew not the beginning.

He ate her biscuit, light and white,  
He praised her butter making,  
He watched each motion with delight  
Then feared such pleasure taking.

He spoke of his, a lonely life,  
She said she thought it bitter,  
Or "Sally Smith might be his wife,  
That is, if he could get her."

And so it went a year or so,  
She grew more sweet and rosy,  
He grew more thin, and sad and slow;  
His sermons were more prosy.

It was upon Thanksgiving eve,  
When pious maids and jolly,  
Came thro' to the church to leave  
Fresh evergreen and holly.

They all were gone; the parson stood  
And sighed, "These wreaths above me,  
And all these posies do no good,  
Since Mary does not love me."

He heard a rustle at the door,  
There stood that maiden saying:  
"I left my mittens on the floor,  
That's why I hear an staying."

She trembled like a frightened deer,  
Her face was pale as ashes,  
The parson saw as he drew near,  
Tear drops were on her lashes.

"Forgive me, sweetest love," he cried,  
"I would not cause you sorrow."  
"Then why don't you," came from  
her side,  
"My father's daughter borrow?"

No matter what he had to say,  
He felt a new creation,  
And told the people well next day,  
How happy was this nation.

And long before a year had flown,  
The sweetest woman living,  
Fair Mary, had become his own,  
And each day was Thanksgiving.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### ONE MOMENT TOO LATE.

#### THE HISTORY OF A CONFEDERATE MILITARY EXECUTION

The scene of my tale opens in a little cabin in the Allegheny Mountains, in West Virginia, twenty-five years ago. A woman was anxiously bending over a sick child tossing and muttering in the unrest of fever. Every now and then the word "father" escaped the child's lips.

"That child grieves powerfully after her father," said one of the neighbors, who had come to help the mother nurse the ill child.

"That she does," replied the poor mother, with a weary sigh. "He always sets a world of store by her. It almost broke her little heart when he went to the war, and since she has been sick she has begged for him the pitifullest you ever heard."

"Can't he come to see her?" asked the neighbor.

"No," replied the woman; "his colonel said he couldn't be spared now. He had a furlough last summer. If he had just known about this and waited. Seems to me she might get well if she just could see her father, and it wouldn't fall so hard on me, either, if he was here."

Several days went by and little Sallie, the sick child, grew worse. At length the mother wrote an urgent letter to her husband, out of the agony of her heart, imploring him to come home at all costs if he wished to see his little daughter alive again. Once more he was asked for a furlough and again he was refused. An engagement was pending. The enemy's force was greatly superior to ours and not a man could be spared.

John Ball was a brave man, he

had proved that in many an engagement. Nothing could have tempted him to swerve from his duty as a soldier, except his frantic desire to see his child once more. Under the pressure of this feeling, he left the camp against orders, and fled to his rude cabin among the Alleghenies just in time to see little Sallie's face light up once more with a gleam of joyful recognition, and to receive her paring kiss. To do this he had incurred the brand of deserter, and had taken his life in his hands.

Scarcely were the child's remains interred than he, without waiting to comfort his sorrow-stricken wife, started back to camp; intending to throw himself on the mercy of his commander of exculpation of an offense committed under so overwhelming a pressure, or if the worst came to the worst to meet his fate like a man. But a new complication had arisen. During the few days he had been absent the men on either side had changed their position like the figures on a chess-board, and the enemy's troops had come between him and his command. He had traveled through a cold, drenching rain, sleeping at night in a forest to lessen the risk of falling into the enemy's hands. He began to feel a strange stupor creeping over him and was just able to drag himself to the house of a friendly countryman, who took him in and kept him for the next few weeks, during which time he lay ill of pneumonia. Just as he was beginning to convalesce, and before he had time to voluntarily give himself up, he was arrested as a deserter. His wife followed him to camp and pleaded for him, telling the cause of his desertion with all the rude eloquence that strong emotion could dictate and taking all the blame on herself. In vain; he was tried and condemned by every rule of war as a deserter. The commanding officer, however made this concession to the agonized wife—he would defer the execution for three days, so as to give her time to go to Richmond and implore the clemency of President Davis, which was now the sole hope for the prisoner's life.

### VIRGINIA DARE.

#### The Most Effective Feticide.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Meanwhile, I am willing to concede that one of the most admired and effective features of the art of fist-fighting, as practiced during the last hundred years, may be of modern invention. The very word "box" is a confirmation of this view. It is derived from an old German noun signifying cheek; and to box a man meant to fetch him a bang on the cheek or the ear; in other words, to hit him a swinging or roundabout blow. Now, this is the instinctive blow of the uneducated fighter, the reason being that a swinging blow, when it reaches its mark, is more telling than a blow of any other kind. It is enforced by the lateral swing and weight of the whole body; and, when it arrives, something has to go; sometimes it is the knuckles; sometimes it is the wrist; but generally speaking it is the person who gets hit. This blow, however, is open to two objections; first, it is easily parried; and in the second place, it exposes the striker to a detrimental retort. Accordingly, science has dismissed it (except in special predicament) in favor of the straightforward blow, which, though lacking the stunning impact of the other, is much more difficult to ward off, can be delivered more swiftly and does not so expose the body to a counter. Moreover, as regards its inferior force, that is a matter of comparatively small consequence. A blow between the eyes does not have to be heavy enough to floor an ox in order to be instructive. Indeed it is surprising how effective a reasonably light knock may be, if delivered in the right place. The trained prize-fighter may not much mind such a blow; but to the unpracticed amateur it is full of significance and persuasion. It is enough; and enough is as good as a feast, not to speak of a funeral.

Furthermore, when you have dazed your adversary with the straight hit, you may (if you like) go in and finish him with a roundhand. But I do not advise it; we are not all the Marquis of Queensberry, nor is it necessary to restrict so agreeable a pastime as a square stand-up fight to a paltry ten or twelve minutes. Take your time, and enjoy yourself; you may have to wait a long time before the opportunity recurs.

Shoulder-hitting, as it is technically termed, may then be regarded as the point of differentiation be

between ancient and modern fist-fights; and a very important point it is, for all the science of defense upon it—the parrying, the countering, the dodging, and the ingenious nimble wiles and devices whereby the fighter foils his adversary's efforts and enhances his own. It seems to the uninitiated a very easy thing to hit a man when you are angry; and nothing but experience will show how nearly impossible it is for the uninitiated person in question, no matter how angry he may be, to hit the man, if the man understands boxing. But, indeed, the experiment is not likely to be a protracted one. Some hitting will doubtless take place, as between the man of science and the man of impulse; but it will probably be very one-sided, and so, also, will be the countenance of the man of impulse the next morning.—The Cosmopolitan.

### What Troubled The Bride.

They were on their way to church to have the marriage ceremony performed. The lady was only ten blocks away when she discovered that she had not put on her bridal veil. It was not the regulation square of blonde lace, but a lovely Brussels net, richly wrought by the nuns in the convent of the Sacre Coeur, in Montreal. Back went the bride for this gorgeous portion of her raiment. It was thrown over her in the carriage and the wedding procession again started. This time a breath of air produced an inclination to sneeze. The poor bride repressed it but it escaped at last, and, oh horror on horror's head, her white satin waist split from belt to shoulder. Here occurred a halt, this time at a little shop where thread and needles were obtained, and the gaping space with difficulty was covered.

At last, much too late, that unfortunate woman reached the church. In stepping nervously from the carriage the lace bottom of an under petticoat caught on the step, and she felt the fastening give away. Every step up the aisle she could feel that cruel skirt slip, slip, till she feared she should have to step out of it at the very altar. She took a grip on the side, and on she went; during the entire service she clung to it like grim death; she let go for a moment to get her glove off for the ring, and when she resumed her hold she felt that it had gained on her. Like Florence Wallace, she might have been married with the catechism for all she knew. She had these thoughts: "Will that petticoat be dropped in the aisle, or will I shed it on the sidewalk before the mob as I climb into the carriage? Is it the lawn skirt, with three ruffles of valenciennes, or is it that little blue embroidered cashmere ma made me wear so I wouldn't take cold?" The perspiration started on her pallid brow as she hurriedly made the responses, and half fainting, made her way down the aisle.

"Don't lose your presence of mind, dear," whispered the young husband. "It's my petticoat I'm losing," returned the lady pettishly.

When once in the carriage the sentimental bridegroom pressed her hand and said: "At last the prize is mine!"

She said the same thing as she kicked the dreadful petticoat under the carriage seat. It was the wooden one.

### FRIENDS.

People who have warm friends are healthier, happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy a friend, or pay you for the loss of one. "I have only wanted one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but wanting that, have wanted everything." And again, "My heart, shut up in a prison-house of this rude city, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let a friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.

"How much for that pair of pants?" he asked of a clothing dealer on Fort street east.

"Only two dollar, my friend."

The stranger felt in the right-hand pocket, gave a start of surprise and continued:

"Everything goes with the pants, I suppose?"

"How—what?"

"Say, old man, will you take four dollars for this pair of pants?"

"I—I—what vhas in dot pocket?"

"Will you take \$3? Come, now, business is business."

"My friend, I was sorry to tell you dot I haf made a great mistake. Dose pants vhas put on by accident."

"Say \$6 then."

"Dey vhas my own Sunday pants, and of course I can't sell 'em. Please keep your hands off."

"Say, I'll give you seven dollars! Seven big dollars!"

"No! no! Let go of dose pants! You believ I vhas sooch a fool dot I sell my own clothes off my back?"

"Say ten, then! that's a good feller say!"

"Not by a shug-full! It vhas a principle mit me dot I donand' sell my clothes. Gif dose pants opt to me more I calla der police."

"Well, take 'em, old Injun! You'll be sorry for this!"

While the man was walking away the clothing turned all the pockets in side out in nervous haste, and the result was six. His flushed face grew pale and his hair stood up, and he waved the pants high in the air and called out:

"Ho! my frendt, come back! It vhas all a mistake some more! Dose pants vhas yours for twelve shilling!"

But the stranger never even turned his head.—Detroit Free Press.

### They Had Got Used to Babies.

"Say," said a woman wearing a faded yellow dress, as she came out of a Western Dakota House which stood near the road, as we drove up, "you don't see no young'uns down the road, I reckon?"

"No."

"Couple o' mine, missin' agsin. I guess; and she surveyed a good-sized flock who were playing around the house.

"Or hold on, I guess there ain't, either. She began singling them out with her finger, saying, "One, two, three—stand still, you brats, till I count you!—four, five—come back here, Opelia, till yer counted—six, seven, eight, an' two at school makes ten, an' the baby is seven, an' two out in the field is thirteen. All right, stranger, they're all here; I loved two or three o' 'em had lit out, but the census is correct!"

"You have a large family, madame."

"Lawks, family till you can't rest! An' say, do you know want a fact gentlemen, when the first one, Sheridan—he's out in the field shuckin' corn now—when he was a baby what d'ye think me an' the old man used to do to him?"

"Give it up!"

"Used to wake him up to see him laugh! Yes, sir; a regular thing every time he went to sleep! Sometimes one big fool of us 'an sometimes the other would sneak up an' chuck him under the chin an' say, 'wake up, an' foot-poot wooley, an' laugh, an' cunnin' ons, laugh for oo papa! Didn't never wake up any other of the twelve? Well, not hardly, stranger—we know a powerful sight mor'n we did. Here Washington, quit harkin' your little sister, or I'll give you a switchin' you'll remember till yer 100 years old!"

### States With Popular Names.

- Arkansas—Bear State.
- California—Golden State.
- Connecticut—Nutmeg State.
- Delaware—Diamond State.
- Florida—Peninsular State.
- Georgia—State of Watermelons.
- Illinois—Prairie State.
- Indiana—Hoosier State.
- Iowa—Hawkeye State.
- Kansas—Garden of the West.
- Kentucky—The Corn Cracker.
- Louisiana—Cresole State.
- Maine—Pine Tree State.
- Massachusetts—Bay State.
- Michigan—Wolverine State.
- Minnesota—Lumber State.
- Mississippi—Bayou State.
- Missouri—State of Muddy Waters.
- New Hampshire—Granite State.
- New Jersey—Sweet Potato State.
- New York—Empire State.
- North Carolina—Tartan State.
- Ohio—Buckeye State.
- Pennsylvania—Keystone State.
- Rhode Island—Little Rhody.
- South Carolina—Palmetto State.
- Texas—Lone Star State.
- Vermont—Green Mountain State.
- Virginia—Mother of States.
- West Virginia—The Panhandle.
- Wisconsin—Badger State.

### SOLD AGAIN.

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