

**TRANSFORMATION.**  
Dark, heavy clouds above;  
A leaden sea below;  
And where thou art, O love,  
I may not go.  
I look on land and sea;  
I deem all things as gray;  
Life holds no light for me—  
Thou art away.  
Above, the dull, dark cloud;  
Below, a leaden tide;  
O weave a heavy shroud,  
For hope hath died!  
Behold, the sleeping tide  
Stirs 'neath a sudden wind;  
The clouds are scattered wide,  
And show, behind,  
The blue of heaven; the earth  
Is gladdened by the sun;  
Now joy hath sudden birth,  
New hopes are won.  
And I, too, can rejoice;  
My heart leaps with the tide;  
I see thee, hear thy voice;  
O love, abide!  
—Gerald Meyrick, in St. Paul's.

**A DAY OF MARTYRDOM.**

The colonel and the young reporter were sipping their respective portions of a cold bottle of beer and listening to the whirr of an electric fan the other night when the colonel grew reminiscent.

"Away before the war," remarked the colonel, musingly, "when I was just sprouting my first whisker—a spindle-shanked, truant-playing product of the effete east—my father sent me out into southwest Missouri to get braced up. I don't know what was the matter with me, but I was all run down, and my father was convinced that a season on the Missouri farm of my uncle would prove beneficial alike to my mind and body. I might say before going further that it did.

"I bade my mother a sorrowful good-by, away back in New York city, and in due course of time I landed on the farm of my uncle. It was a revelation. The verdure-clad hills, the breezes smelling spicy and sweet, the cold water from the well, wholesome food in large quantities, horses to ride and a lovely pool to go swimming in made a new boy of me in a week. Barring the fact that I was compelled to retire with the rest of the family at nine o'clock at night and get up at an hour in the morning when the dew on the grass felt to my bare feet like ice water, that farm was heaven. It was two heavens when I got acquainted with Melvina Drake.

"Melvina Drake was about the fourteenth child of a farmer living about two miles nearer town than my uncle. Her father, Solomon Drake, was the poorest man in the county. He was poorer than watered buttermilk, but the nicest, mildest-mannered old man you ever saw. His wife was a skinny, sallow, forsaken-looking, over-worked woman, with no pleasure in store for her but death. Both were hard-working but honest, but they had some kind of a hoodoo on them. They were old residents in that part of the country, and their ancestors had been there before them, but as far back as the memory of man could extend the Drakes had always been poor—as my uncle said—'pore as shucks.' About all the Drakes seemed fitted for was increasing the population and getting hold of horses that couldn't draw anything but flies.

"As I was saying, Melvina was about the fourteenth of the Drake brood, and she was a dream. I guess she was about sixteen years, big and sweet and healthy. Her cheeks were as rosy and clear as a Misoisippi apple, and her eyes were big and blue. And she was so doggone innocent that I hope I may die if it didn't use to embarrass me like thunder.

"Consequence was I got 'mashed' on Melvina; hard 'mashed.' I don't believe a stronger case of calf love ever developed in this whole state of Missouri. If I saw one of my cousins or any other boy talking to her I would go to some secluded spot and cry and but my soft noodle against a tree. At night I used to lay awake and dream myself a hero. I used to imagine Melvina tearing down the road on a fiery steed with certain death staring her in the face, and me coming up unexpectedly, stopping the horse and rescuing her, sustaining in the operation a broken leg and sundry other bruises. Then I'd imagine Melvina nursing me back to life and finally marrying me. My head was full of such stuff.

"One day, along in June, there came out our way a wagon loaded with circus bills, paste pots and bill stickers, and they slathered the country side with signs announcing that the great Egypto-African circus and menagerie was to show in town on the Fourth of July. When I left home my father gave me ten dollars, and I had most of it left. I made up my mind that I would take Melvina to the circus, and directly my dreams at night took the form of a monster lion rushing at her with open mouth, and me engaging the lion just as he was about to grab her, and choked him to death with one hand.

"The next time I saw Melvina—I used to see her every day; in fact, I came pretty near being with her all the time—I asked her if she'd go to the circus. I thought she'd faint. Her eyes opened wide, and so did her mouth, and astonishment was engraved on every line of her countenance. She was so overcome with joy that she just sat down and cried. I sat down, too, and that was the first time I ever kissed her. Young man, that kiss is a sacred memory with me. I have experienced a good many sensations in my time, but the sensation of kissing a handsome, buxom Southwest Missouri girl right square on the soft, sweet lips, while the tears from her heavenly eyes are running down and making pearly drops on your budding moustache, is something better than all of them put together. And when, like Melvina, she puts her brown, bare arms around your neck and kisses back—one of those long, clinging kisses that Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes about—words are superfluous. But I have often wondered, since I have become calloused and cynical, where

Melvina learned to kiss. She was a revelation to me.

"Finally the glorious Fourth came around and I got ready for the circus. I might explain here that I had brought a suit of store clothes and a pair of shoes from the east with me, but I had never worn the clothes on the farm and seldom wore the shoes. Everybody down in that section went barefooted, boys and men, and I did as the Romans did. This Fourth of July morning I put on a 'biled shirt,' my 'store clothes,' my shoes and socks, and I brushed and cleaned myself until I was positively uncomfortable. After breakfast, followed by the good-natured but cutting 'joshing' of my relatives, I started down the road to meet Melvina. I had arranged with her to walk to town, figuring on the walk back in the moonlight when we could 'hold hands' as we strolled along the road and slobber over each other. My uncle wanted us to go in the wagon with him and his family, but I was too wise.

"It was two miles to the Drake cabin, and four miles to town. I was to meet Melvina at the turn in the road just below her father's house. The sun was about two hours high and east long shadows on the ground as I trudged along to the trying place.

"I remember I took out my Barlow and cut a stout stick from a hedge along the roadside, in anticipation of a possible brush with the lion. The air was heavy with the sweet smell of orchards, ripening grain and new-mown hay, and I was the happiest youth in Missouri. I made up my mind I was going to spend every cent I possessed on Melvina.

"Directly I came to where she was. She had on a dress that couldn't have cost more than a quarter, but she looked like a queen in it, although, I must confess, it fit her like it was cut out with a pair of skates. A wide-brimmed hat sat jauntily on her brown curls, and her face looked like a ripe peach to a hungry man. I noticed she had no shoes on, but she cut no ice with me, for she had as pretty a foot and ankle as anybody would want to look at.

"I had calculated on making a hit with Melvina with my store clothes, and I did. I paralyzed her. She just stood and looked at me while wave after wave of hot blushes chased up her white neck and congregated in her face. I stood smirking like a prize idiot. She began to cry, and wouldn't tell me what was the matter with her, and I, wise in the ignorance of youth, didn't know that, like all women, she was proud, and ashamed to be seen with me, because of the splendor of my raiment. I jollied her along, told her how nice and sweet she looked, swore she would be the belle of the circus, and was generally so lavish in my praise of her that she consented, finally, to go with me if I'd let her go home and fix up a bit. Still I didn't know what was the matter, but I let her go.

"I laid down in the shade of a tree on the grass to wait for her. The sun climbed higher and wagons loaded with country people rattled by on the way to the circus. I had just figured out that we would miss the parade and grand free exhibition outside the big tent if Melvina didn't hurry when she hove in view. I looked at her a second and then jumped in the air so suddenly I jarred myself. If my raiment had paralyzed Melvina she got even all right. She had placed a cheap ribbon around her neck and spoiled the beauty of it, and had covered her pretty feet with a pair of shapeless, hard, heavy, cowhide shoes. Between the tops of her shoes and the bottom of her dress appeared occasional glimpses of a pair of stockings of the variety known as barber pole. They were striped red and yellow and the stripes were wide. But she had something else on that knocked me speechless.

"Years and years had this crowning feature of Melvina's attire been in the Drake family. It was an heirloom, I guess, and the only piece of finery the family possessed. Melvina, blushing and simpering, hardly knowing whether I would sufficiently admire it or not, was wearing it, in regular fashion. It was an old-fashioned muff of some heavy black fur and as big as a bass drum.

"Perspiration broke out of every pore in my body. The idea of me, logged out in 'store clothes' looking like a dude, going to a circus on the Fourth of July with a girl carrying a muff that must have weighed eight pounds and would have warmed an ice house, was maddening. But Melvina looked so thoroughly self-satisfied that I hadn't the heart to tell her that the sweet simplicity of the dress she wore when she first met me was more becoming by far than the big cowhide boots and the muff. So I made the best of it and let it go.

"I am an old man now, but the memory of the attention I created in that little country town that day is as vivid in my mind as is the fact that I just paid for the last drink. The circus wasn't in it. A number of times I was tempted to run away, miles and miles, but Melvina was having such a good time that I looked pleasant and stood it. She never took her hands out of that muff all day, only to eat and drink, and several times she asked me to hold it for her while she fixed up her hair or tied her shoe or something. One time, while I was holding the muff, I lost her for a few minutes in the crowd, and then I endured more agony until I found her again than I did when I got shot through the leg in the war. We walked home in the moonlight all right, but we didn't 'hold hands,' partly because Melvina had her hands in the muff and partly because I was so sodad blamed mad at her that I could have slapped her. They made it so hot for me when I got home to my uncle's with their remarks about Melvina's muff that I started home the next day. I don't know what ever became of Melvina Drake, but I do know that I suffered one day, for her sake, the keenest martyrdom."—St. Louis Republic.

**RECIPES.**

**MARYLAND FRIED CHICKENS.**—Cover the bottom of the dish with a rich cream gravy, and arrange neatly on the same a breaded and fried chicken, with two corn fritters and two strips of bacon.

**CORN FRITTERS.**—Mix intimately together one can of corn, two eggs, two tablespoonsful of moist sugar, a little salt and just enough flour to slightly bind the compound. Fry in a flat pan in hot lard. They are to be served hot.

**CORN CHICKEN SOUP.**—Cut a tender fowl in small pieces, dress with butter, cover with two gallons of well-seasoned white stock, and let it simmer slowly till the meat is tender. Add a can of corn, boil for five minutes and serve. [Chopped onions or parsley may be used as a relish, according to taste.]

**CREAM OF CORN.**—Pound in a mortar the contents of two medium-sized cans of corn, add a pint of well-seasoned soup stock and a quart of rich cream sauce. Mix well, rub through a sieve and add two ounces of butter, when it is ready to serve. The yolks of four or five eggs will give a bright yellow color.

**CORN DUMPLINGS.**—Pulp in a mortar one can of corn, add two eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and sufficient flour for binding. Drop the mixture with a teaspoon into boiling water and cook for twelve minutes; drain and serve with stewed chicken. The same mixture may be fried upon a griddle, and in that way makes an excellent cake, served with browned butter.—Good House-keeping.

**CULLINGS.**

The web of an ordinary spider will bear the weight of three grains.

CUBA has twelve varieties of mosquitoes and three hundred varieties of butterflies.

A CHURCH in Topeka has in its choir a woman whistler who chirps sacred music delightfully.

The roots of two white gum trees, growing close to a church in San Como, Guatemala, shifted the foundation walls a distance of seven inches.

BLUE paint, applied to oil barrels, has proved the best pigment to prevent leakage. This is the reason why nearly all oil barrels are painted blue.

WOMEN are employed as letter carriers in Aix-la-Chapelle. Their uniform is a black skirt with a yellow belt, and a flat glazed hat with a yellow band.

A SAVAGE bull attacked Mrs. Henry Ruttle, of Carosville, Mich. The little lady grabbed the bull by the nosering and clung to it until her cries brought assistance.

At Queen Victoria's table an odd custom, which originated in the time of George II., is preserved. As each dish is placed upon the table, the name of the cook who prepared it is announced.

A FORTUNE of twenty-five thousand dollars has been left to Damare la Framboise, a convict serving a fifteen-year term in a Montreal penitentiary. The lady who left the money to him was once his sweetheart.

**NOTES.**

MOBERLY, Mo., has in the last dozen years paid out \$10,000 for damages caused by bad sidewalks.

It is a fact that no married subject in Austria can procure a passport to go beyond the frontier unless he can produce a written consent from his wife.

SOUTH CAROLINA now has three times as many cotton mills as she had four years ago. The capital to construct and operate them mostly comes from the north.

EXCAVATIONS in the interior of the Coliseum at Rome, which were suspended in 1875, are soon to be begun again, by order of the Italian minister of public instruction.

ALCOHOLISM is spreading in France. The consumption of absinthe, a liquor distilled of wormwood (wormwood), peppermint, anise and one or two other ingredients, has increased sevenfold since 1880.

THERE are now on the rolls of the legal profession in London about 15,300 solicitors (or attorneys at law, as they were called prior to 1873) as compared with some 10,000 or 11,000 some twenty years ago.

**FOREIGNERS.**

TURNER'S house in Chelsea, from the roof of which he painted his pictures of the Thames, is to be torn down.

SARAH BERNHARDT is to act the part of Empress Josephine in a play written for her by Emile Bergerat and called "Le Divorce Imperial."

"LORD BATEMAN is a noble lord, a noble lord of high degree," but that does not help him in the bankruptcy court, in which he has lately appeared.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S "Anna Karenine" has been dramatized in French. In the last act the heroine is run over by a railroad train in full sight of the audience.

LASSALLE, the great baritone of the Paris opera, is going to give up singing, according to the Leipzig Signale, and devote himself to chemistry, zoology and geology.

A MODERN Greek-English dictionary, the first to deal with the Greek of today as a living language, has been made by Dr. Jannaris, and is about to be published by Murray.

**WISDOM.**

THE man who feels himself ignorant should, at least, be modest.—Johnson.

RESERVE is the truest expression of respect toward those who are its objects.—De Quincy.

NOTHING is useless to the man of sense; he turns everything to account.—La Fontaine.

ONE is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.—Carlyle.

**How He Was Saved.**  
"Hello, Smith, I'm glad to see you alive. The doctor told me he had given you up."  
"Yes, Jack. I had a close call, but money saved me."  
"Why, the doctor told me you couldn't pay him."  
"Yes, that's just it. If I had possessed the money he would have continued his visits, and I would not have been here to tell the tale."—Tammany Times.

**After the Ball.**  
Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Sure, an' Oi hear there was nigh a murther committed at Casey's party last night.  
Mrs. Duffy—Oho! Oho! An' what started the ruction?  
Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Casey sung "There never lived a coward where the shamrock grew," an' some one said they all came to America.—Puck.

**An Unfailing Remedy.**  
Mr. Shoddy—I am going to move out of the house I'm living in now. The chimney smokes dreadfully, and I don't know how to stop it.  
Candid Friend—I'll tell you how to stop it from smoking. Just give it one of those cigars you gave me the other day. If that don't cure it of smoking nothing else will.—Texas Sittings.

**A Change of Race.**  
Once it was Patrick who did dig  
The ditches of the land;  
But now in many a job appears  
That "fine Italian hand."  
—Utica Herald.

**A MAN OF HIS WORD.**



Long Lane (recklessly)—Let's go in bathin'.  
Dry Wedder—No. W'en I wuz a little kid I promised me dyin' mudder never to go near de water. Dat promise is sacred ter me an' I allers has an' I allers will keep it.—Bay City (Mich.) Chat.

**A Conversation.**  
"I don't think Trilby and Little Billee would have been happy even if they had married."  
"Why not? She'd have made a model wife."  
"That's just the trouble. A man gets tired of a woman who is always posing."—Harper's Bazar.

**Easy.**  
Druggist—Yes; I run my business in the most methodical manner. I can tell every night just how much money I have made that day.  
Customer—You only have to count the amount of cash taken in, I suppose?  
—Puck.

**News for the Giants.**  
Mrs. Cumso—Isn't it sad that so many baseball players go insane?  
Mr. Cumso—Going insane? Who says so?  
Mrs. Cumso—Well, every day I read in the papers that one of them was off his base.—N. Y. Journal.

**A Charitable Spirit.**  
Awkward Spouse—I see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity?  
Pretty Wife—Of course. Don't you remember how I used to take pity on you and dance with you when we first met?—N. Y. Weekly.

**The Same Thing.**  
Fogg—It always makes me smile to read Woods' jokes.  
Figg—Smile? I should say they are well calculated to drive a man to drink.  
Fogg—Isn't that what I said?—Boston Transcript.

**True to His Instincts.**  
"And you will never forget me?" asked the summer resort girl of her lover, the dry goods clerk.  
"Never," he said, absently. "Is there anything more to-day?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Right Kind of Laundryman.**  
"Have you got a good laundryman?"  
"First-rate. He brought me seven collars last week that didn't belong to me, besides my own, and they were all my size."—Pathfinder.

**Completely Cowed.**  
Hoax—There goes a man who once took the nerve completely out of me.  
Joak—What is he, a fighter?  
Hoax—No; a dentist.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Cause of It.**  
"So she's Jack Leonard's wife? I never thought he would marry her. How did it happen—money?"  
"No; propinquity."—Judge.

**The Most Appropriate.**  
Press Agent—What sort of a notice are you going to give that new singing subretrie of ours?  
Critic—Notice to quit.—N. Y. World.

**Not Quite a Brick.**  
He—Sweetheart, you're a brick!  
Sweet Sixteen—No, dear, only clay. I haven't been pressed yet.—N. Y. Herald.

**How She Wanted It.**  
Dressmaker—Will you have the bodice of your dress bound?  
Mrs. Prairie—No. Let it be a boundless waste.—Bay City Chat.

**As Usual.**  
Willis—Was Jones an exhibitor at the horse show?  
Wallace—Yes; in a measure. He made an ass of himself.—Puck.

**POEMS.**

**The Sad Story of the Mouse.**  
One winter, when mamma was ill,  
And scarce could move at all,  
There used to come a little mouse  
From out the bedroom wall.  
Mamma would scatter crumbs for it;  
'Twas company, she said;  
She liked to see it run about  
While she was there in bed.  
And when mamma was well again,  
The mouse would still come out,  
And nose around in search of food,  
And scamper all about.  
At last one day—oh dear! oh dear!  
A naughty boy was I;  
I set a trap to catch that mouse;  
I'm sure I don't know why.  
I'd hardly closed the cupboard door  
Before the thing went snapp!  
I was afraid to go and look  
At what was in the trap.  
At last I looked; the mouse was there  
I carried it away;  
I never took a soul of it;  
I could not play all day.  
And after that mamma would say:  
'Why, where's our little mouse?  
It must have found some other place,  
I think, about the house.'  
But, oh, I'd give my hat and ball,  
My kite and jackinife, too,  
To see that mouse run round again  
The way it used to do.  
—Katherine Pyle, in Harper's Round Table.

**Two Pictures.**  
I woke and saw, at early dawn,  
A city with fierce conflict torn.  
The flag of a seceding host  
On fensmen's steel all fiercely tossed.  
I hear the roar of guns, and then  
The heavy tramp of arm'd men,  
Who hoarsely voice the cry, with glee:  
'Forward! Atlanta to the sea!'  
I wake and see, at early day,  
Atlanta decked in colors gay;  
And thousands hasten from afar—  
To view the arts of peace—not war—  
While all around, on either hand,  
As brothers now those hostiles stand,  
And gaze in rapture on the skies  
To see the grand New South arise.  
—Chicago Dispatch.

**Take a Hint from Mary.**  
Mary had a little lamb;  
You do not look surprised;  
Of course you don't, for Mary has  
Been widely advertised.  
And something you may learn from this,  
If you are not a claim;  
You can be just as widely known  
As Mary and her lamb.  
Your name can be a household word,  
And you be known so well  
That folks will confidently buy  
The things you have to sell.  
And when you once have got yourself  
Into the cheering rays  
Of the sunlight of publicity,  
You bot your life it pay.  
—Printers' Talk.

**Infants.**  
A sculptor stood before the block of stone  
Plying his chisel, when the lava tide  
Of the volcano, sweeping far and wide,  
Ingulfed him ere his real work was known;  
But those few strokes had wondrous merit shown.  
For one fair marble hand, wrought with such pride,  
They found among the ruins where he died—  
A peerless model, in itself alone!  
Ah! if you to the fates might be as kind  
When your appointed time may come to go,  
Before supreme success our efforts crown  
How happy, still, in dying, but to know  
We leave one lasting monument behind  
Of noble doing, worthy of renown.  
—Anna B. Patten, in Boston Budget.

**Dorothy.**  
Dorothy gives me a kiss for the asking,  
Sweeter than ever I've tasted before.  
Ever in Dorothy's love I am basking,  
Taking her kisses and asking for more.  
Dorothy runs down the pathway and meets me,  
Laughs when I tell her I've missed her all day;  
Life seems the brighter when Dorothy greets me,  
In such a charming young womanly way.  
Dorothy sits in my lap in the gloaming,  
Tells me she loves me a bushel or more.  
Long may it be ere her thoughts turn to roaming,  
—God keep my Dorothy—daughter of four.  
—Peterson's.

**Laying the Blame.**  
When you spend all your dollars—make debts  
You can't pay,  
And the flag of prosperity's furled,  
Like a rat in a corner,  
Just "Little Jack Horner,"  
And say, "It's a cruel old world!"  
For there's comfort in growling and howling  
That way,  
When your back on the rocks has been  
hurdled,  
It takes off a double  
Big load of trouble  
To blame the whole thing on the world!  
—Toledo Blade.

**Ye Power of Music.**  
When Polly deigns to sing and play  
My heart doth dance a roundelay.  
So soft her touche upon me ye keys,  
Ye way she threads with tuneful ease.  
Her fingers tripe an Elinz dance  
Like little Fayes in a gale romance;  
While dympled shoulders from her sleeves  
Peep out as dialows she weaves  
A melody, whose echo seems  
Ye subtle sorceries of dreams.  
I know not what will wizard art  
Ye magic slippes intos yo hearts  
—Harold Van Santvoord, in Life.

**Twilight.**  
Holding fast hands with daylight,  
Her face hid 'neath night's cloak,  
A sweet maid pays a visit  
Each day to us earth folk.  
She comes so shy and silent  
We never hear her knock,  
Nor know when she is going  
Else we should turn the lock.  
But we know when she is near us,  
For the red poppy sleeps,  
The larkin, with hushed beatings,  
Close by its mother keeps.  
We know when she is with us,  
For the evening star shines lone;  
When tucked away our nod-heads,  
We know that she is gone.  
—Frances Fare Lester, in St. Louis Republic.

**A Winner.**  
"Yes, marriage is a lottery,"  
Said Decker, while his spouse  
Sat there and heard his homily,  
With swiftness kindling brows.  
"Yes," he continued, as his pipe  
Purred with a gentle glow;  
"A man of wisdom tried and ripe,  
Must tremble at the throw."  
"For here," he said, "the trouble lies:  
One throw must last a life;  
And yet, a man may win a prize—  
You know, I won—my wife!"  
—Harry Romaine, in Truth.

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