

### THE WANTS OF WOMAN.

BY JOHN IDEWOOD.

"O woman! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hark to please."

She likes a rash, dark-brown bow,  
With which to bind her hair, and  
Ten inches wide, or nearly so,

And then the "dearest" bonnet—  
A bonnet with a caprice all  
The size of a hand."

And make her dear friend each one call  
Her "ugly," "prude" and "brown."

Should she be young, "fancy-free,"  
Not to be seen in the bazaar,

About as tall as "six feet three"—  
As "dear old Uncle Joe,"

One who is "ever ready t'n,"  
And plenty in the banks,

While only art moves him to grin,  
And make him think.

There are some thousand other things  
I can enumerate,

But I believe a pair of wings  
Should fall unto her state;

I mean, she should be some  
Upon this earthly sphere;

But others, less, lest they're caught at home,

Then she's not she's "ever t'ne."

What next she needs I hardly know,  
Unless it's some flowers;

An organ, then, to which she'd go  
And wear away the time,

Her father's patience, too;

Then she's not she's "ever t'ne."

What then she needs I'll not just say,  
Least some misfortune hit;

But if all fathers had their way,

She'd be a "lady," and I  
I'll sum up in brief detail,

As near as I am able,

Her love, her looks, ditto;

Her father's patience, too;

Then she's not she's "ever t'ne."

What then she needs I can only say  
By reference to this table:

She needs a bank ten stories high,  
And full up to the eaves;

And then she needs a fair sky  
Where leaves grow like leaves,

She needs a dry goods store as large  
As the world over;

And last, a man to take in charge  
Great, unwieldy barns.

O maiden fair, and maiden true!

She needs a man to hold in her,

The "modern belle" hold in view,

That all fair ones may see,

And be a lady's lady.

A happy, useful, noble wife,

But mostly because she's good.

Me.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

CHAPTER I.

Harry Wentworth was a pest; he was

not as yet irredeemably lost, but was

trembling on the verge of destruction.

He did not drink, swear, nor indulged

in any of the major sins that beset mon-

eyed men, but he was a spoilt boy, steeped

in manhood and the ways of the world.

A change must be wrought in his manner of living or he would be a miserable life.

No one saw this plainer than did the

keen-sighted little Addie Merton. But

what could she do? He was for them;

he was her lover, at least that was

what the neighbors said, but then a

half dozen other girls had as much of

a claim upon him as she had, so far as

one could judge from appearances.

But she believed in him. She was now

17 years old, and for two years they had

been much together. Her father was a

cultivated man but a farmer—what people

with money call a poor man; yet he

had a wife, for all that, and she

upon which he stood, and secretly

wished that he would bring home to

his wife their tenant's daughter; she

thought of it piqued her pride at first,

but her good sense came to the rescue.

She felt the Mertons' nobility of soul,

and knew it would be her son's earthly

salvation to become the possessor of

such a treasure as that into which she

felt sure Addie Merton would soon

develop.

But she was a sensible mother and

knew that love was a delicate subject

for a third party to touch, no matter

how close the relation, or how deep

the interest; so she only said:

"Harry, my dear, I hope you will not

trifle till you deserve the title of 'male

fiend!'

"Trifle, mother? Who says I trifle?"

"I have heard no one accuse you of it,

my son, but what name must I give to

your conduct when you divide your

attention equally among six or seven

young ladies who are all in the

market, and each, perhaps, thinking

that at no distant day she will be

come the happy Mrs. Harry Wentworth?"

"What right have they to think that you expect it? What right have you to their time?" said Harry, evidently a little aroused; "I have as yet never asked that favor of any of them."

"But that dodge will not ease your conscience when you feel that they expect it. What right have you to their time?"

"I have heard no one accuse you of it,

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