

THE WEAVER OF BRUGES.

The strange old streets of Bruges town
Lay white with dust and summer sun,
The tinkling goat bells slowly passed
At milking-time, ere day was done.

An ancient weaver, at his loom,
With trembling hands his shuttle plied,
While roses grew beneath his touch,
And lovely hues were multiplied.

The slant sun, through the open door,
Fell bright, and reddened warp and woof,
When with cry of pain a little bird,
A nestling stork, from off the roof,

Sore wounded, fluttered in and sat
Upon the old man's outstretched hand;
"Dear Lord," he murmured, under breath,
"Hast thou sent me this little friend?"

And to his lonely heart he pressed
The little one, and vowed no harm
Should reach it there; so, day by day,
Cared and sheltered by his arm,

The young stork grew apace, and from
The loom's high beams looked down with eyes
Of silent love upon his ancient friend,
As two lone ones might sympathize.

At last the loom was hushed: no more
The softly handled shuttle flew;
No more the westerling sunlight fell
Where thrashing silken roses grew.

And through the streets of Bruges town
By strange hands were cared for, to his last
And lonely rest, 'neath darkening skies,
The ancient weaver slowly passed;

Then strange sights met the gaze of all;
A great white stork, with wings-beats slow,
Too sad to leave the friend he loved,
With drooping head, flew circling low.

And ere the trampling feet had left
The new-made mound, dropt slowly down,
And clasped the grave in his white wings,
His pure breast on the earth so brown.

Nor food nor drink could lure him thence,
Sunrise nor fading sunsets red,
When little child, then came to see,
The great white stork—was dead.

—Wilde Avoca.

THE SHADOW RENT.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

It was in the days of log cabins and
mighty forests, of red men and
wolves; when the women spun and
wove their own linens and flannels;
when the block schoolhouses did duty
for churches as well as schools; and
when the paring bee and husking frolic
were the social events of the season,
that Prudence Harrington sent around
her younger brother, George, to inform
the young people of Smoky Settlement
that she was to have a paring bee
the next Thursday evening.

The young fellow mounted a large
white ox, which had been trained for a
saddle-ox, and took a large conch shell
under his arm, which was an heirloom
in the family, handed down from some
seafaring ancestor, and departed, riding
first to one log cabin and then to another,
and inviting all that were single,
from 15 to 25 years of age; for in those
days "trundle-bed trash" and "old
maids" and "bachelors" were classes of
people with but very few rights.

George's method of invitation was
rather original, and consisted in bring-
ing his ox to an abrupt stop in front of
the cabin door, and blowing a loud
blast on his trumpet, which brought all
the people, young and old, to the door,
and then the invitation would be given
without the young courier alighting
from his novel steed.

Hope and Mercy Anderson were spin-
ning, each upon her little flax-wheel, in
the large living room of their father's
log cabin, when the sonorous sound of
George's trumpet was heard, and Mercy
jumped quickly up, regardless of the
snarl into which her thread was being
tangled, and ran quickly out of the
door where George was sitting upon his
patient ox. Hope followed more slowly,
and Mr. Anderson also peered out
of the open door.

"Prudence wants you to come to a
paring bee at our house next Thursday
evening."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the light-
hearted Mercy, almost dancing a jig.
"It's the first one this fall; of course we
will come."

"Daughter, daughter," remonstrated
old Jeremiah Anderson, smiling, "do
not be so giddy."

"We will accept the invitation with
pleasure," said Hope, in a more formal
manner.

"Who is going to be there, George?"
asked Mercy.

"All the young folks in the settle-
ment," answered George.

"Then Mr. Devine is also invited?"
went on Mercy.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Hope, in a
shocked voice, "how could you ask
such a question?"

"Because I would not give a contin-
ental to go if there were not going to
be some people there with some life in
them."

"Simon Goodenough will be there
undoubtedly," said her father, gravely,
with a quiet suggestion in his tones.

"Yes, every one of 'em is asked, Miss
Mercy," said George, with a droll
glance sideways toward the lovely
young belle of Smoky Settlement;

and then he gave his quaint steed a cut
with his whip and went galloping off
upon his journey.

"Mercy," said the elder sister, with
rebuks in her soft eyes, "I hope, if we
go to Prudence's paring bee, that you
will conduct yourself in such a manner
as to provoke no jealousies, least of all
in the heart of Simon Goodenough."

"What is Simon Goodenough to me?
All I ask of him is to let me entirely
alone, then I could have some peace of
my life."

"Simon Goodenough is a most ex-
emplary young man, and a minister's
son, and would be your own true lover
forever; while William Devine is a
stranger, a great lover of gaudy dress,
and has even been known to dance
among those who care not for that
which is pure and good," said Hope,
flushing and her eyes kindling.

"Then why don't you take the pious
Simon yourself? And what if Will
Devine is a stranger? We were stran-
gers when we came to Smoky Settle-
ment. What if he does love gaudy
clothes? So do I; and, oh! wouldn't I
like to dance if I only could get a
chance."

"Ah! my daughter," said the old
man, sighing, "I fear you do not suf-
ficiently reverence things that are truly
religious."

"Father," said Mercy, playfully,
"what if I should prove to you that in
my liking for Will Devine I revered
things more religious than I would if I
adored Simon Goodenough?"

"Ah, my daughter, I fear you could
not succeed in that."

"But I can, father; for if I worshipped

Mr. Devine, my worship would be De-
vine worship, while if it was Sime Good-
enough, it would be only Goodenough
worship."

And with this wicked speech she ran
laughing back to her wheel.

Hope looked at her father with fright-
ened eyes at this daring speech, and the
kind-hearted and religious old man
came forward and patted her head, say-
ing: "You are a good girl, Hope, a
good girl, and you must add your pray-
ers to mine, that your sister, my young-
est darling, may be brought into the
fold before it be too late."

The night of Prudence's apple bee
was a fine one, and all the boys and
girls assembled to pare the bright red
and golden apples and to quarter and
string them ready for the large rack by
the side of the fireplace.

First and foremost among the merry
maidens was Mercy Anderson, who
entered into the work as well as the
amusement of the evening with the
most lively zest.

The girls commenced paring at five
o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven
the young men began to come in by
twos and threes, clad in their stout
homespun clothing, and each with his
gun upon his shoulder and his knife in
his belt.

Conspicuous among these was Will
Devine, who wore clothing of a better
cut and material than the others; and
his dark eyes and gentlemanly bear-
ing were very different from those of
the tow-headed and untutored sons of
Smoky Settlement.

Soon after the young men were com-
fortably seated there arose a strife
among them, for the one who could peel
an apple without breaking the peeling
was given the liberty of throwing it
around the neck of the girl he liked
best, and claiming a kiss as a reward.

The rivalry ran high among the
young swains. Many an apple was
carefully peeled, only to break just as
the owner was sure of victory; but at last
two young men were almost simulta-
neously successful, and they were Simon
Goodenough and Will Devine.

"I declare, they both have one, and
at the same time, too," cried out Pru-
dence. "Which shall claim his forfeit
first?"

"We will give Mr. Goodenough the
first chance," modestly replied Mr. De-
vine.

Simon darted a triumphant glance at
the speaker, and advanced to the cor-
ner where Mercy sat industriously
stringing apples.

"Don't hinder me," she cried, warn-
ingly.

"Wal, I swan to man I will," an-
swered Simon.

"Before you'll put that thing around
my neck, I'll break it all to pieces," said
Mercy, defiantly.

Simon continued to advance, and
Mercy sprang to her feet, dropping all
her strings of apples, while the log
cabin rang with merriment.

"Don't you dare to," she cried, an-
grily.

"I will, though," answered Sime.

But Mercy sprang forward unexpect-
edly, and seizing the apple paring
broke it into half a dozen pieces and
stamped them under her feet.

Sime stood, with the remnants in his
hands, looking stupidly silly, until the
laugh subsided and some one said:

"Well, Sime, you've lost your chance,
and now, Will Devine, try your luck."

"I am almost disheartened by the
bad luck of Mr. Goodenough," said he.

But Mercy gave him such a roughish
glance that he appeared to take cour-
age, and advanced to a group of young
ladies who sat near Mercy, and was
seemingly undecided which to choose,
when suddenly, with a dexterous move,
he threw it around the not unwilling
neck of pretty Mercy.

Sime looked on, green with jealousy,
while Mercy put up her lips and re-
ceived a rousing salute, amid general
laughter and clapping of hands. This
was too much for poor Sime, and he
took his hat and left the house, while
Hope rose energetically from her seat
and sat down by Mercy as if to keep
her in order the rest of the evening.

But love laughs at locksmiths, they
say, and willful little Mercy departed
that night under the escort of Will
Devine, and Hope was obliged to ac-
company her, as no other gallant of-
fered himself who possessed the neces-
sary religious qualifications.

The aged father had sat up for his
daughters, and a bright fire burned in
the fire-place, which he had kept up
for their comfort, and, after bidding
Mr. Devine good-night, the three sat
discussing the events of the evening,
and Mercy was as usual receiving an
indulgent scolding, when there was a
hurried knock at the door and Will
Devine's voice called:

"Let me in, in God's name!"

Never was human being turned from
that door who called in that name, and
Mr. Anderson opened the door to see
Will Devine, dripping with blood, and
with a huge knife in his hand.

"What is the matter, my young
friend?" he asked in alarm.

"Some person sprang at me as I was
going through the wood, and I struck at
him with my knife, and I think wounded
him, but I'm afraid I'm hurt in return."

"Indians," whispered the girls as their
father assisted the young man to a couch,
and their faces grew whiter when it
was found that Devine had received a
bad cut in the side, but which had not
penetrated deep enough to be fatal.

The old man dressed the wound, and
the young man remained in the cabin,
and after a little time he so won the
heart of the old man that he consented
to a marriage between him and his
daughter, Mercy. The young girl was
as happy as the day, and Hope, too, for-
got her prejudice and looked upon Will
in the light of a brother.

When the young man was able to go
out the three young people walked to
the spot where Will had been attacked;
but no signs could be seen of any strug-
gle, and even on the morning after
but a few drops of blood could be found.

Mercy declared it to be the happiest
day of her life, and Devine was almost
as joyful as she; but little they dreamed
of the fearful cloud that was doomed to
envelop them into its folds.

When they entered the house they
found the minister, Mr. Goodenough,
the father of Simon, sitting there, with
a terrible look of anger in his face.

"Young man," said the preacher,

looking Devine in the face in the
sternest manner, "have you murdered
my son?" The young man turned white
at the fearful question, and stammered
out:

"I have no knowledge of your son,
sir."

"And yet," said Goodenough, se-
verely, "my son left Harrington's
house on that night of the apple bee,
and has never been heard of since.
And you dragged yourself wounded
and bleeding to this house, and say you
know not who was your foe. Nay,
nay, young man, you know with whom
you fought. Was it my son? And,
oh, where have you lain him?"

"Sir," answered Devine, "as I said
before, I have no knowledge of your
son. I certainly met some being out-
side this door, who stabbed me cruelly.
I drew my knife and freed myself; this
is all I know. If it was your son, he
attacked me; and I have no knowledge
of his whereabouts."

This was all Devine could say about
it; and so there was no proof, only
suspicion. There was no action taken
in the matter, only the country round
about was searched for a new-made
grave; and the report went out that the
two men had met, had quarreled, and
that Devine had killed Goodenough
and buried him no one knew where.

Deeper and deeper fell the murky
cloud of suspicion, and Will Devine was
marked as a social outcast, yet still he
lingered in Smoky Settlement, and still
the girl he loved clung to him, believ-
ing none of the foul story.

Mr. Anderson took no part in the
matter, only he would consent to no
marriage until the mystery of Simon
Goodenough should be cleared up; but
no light upon it dawned.

Three years after Prudence Harring-
ton's apple bee, Mercy had changed into
a quiet, reserved girl, and Will Devine
was as much a recluse as it was
possible to be in a populated dis-
trict like that of Smoky Settlement,
when suddenly another sensation swept
over the little hamlet. Old Jeremiah
Anderson was said to be in a trance.

For two weeks he had lain in an un-
conscious state, looking exactly like a
dead man, but yet there was the slightest
pulsation. Nourishment was given
him, in the form of soup introduced
into his stomach by means of a tube.

Hope and Mercy were at their wit's
end and the doctors could do nothing
for them, and the report spread far
and near, and many an ox team was
yoked and brought loads from a distance
to see the strange sight of a living
body from which the soul had departed.

The daughters kept their tearful
watch until the beginning of the sev-
enth week and one night Will Devine
sat watching, with Mercy by his side,
for the girl would not give up her lover,
when the pale hand of the unconscious
man was raised, the mild blue eyes
opened, the wan lips moved and said:

"Send for the minister."

Mercy cried aloud in her joy for her
sister to awaken, and Devine caught his
hat and departed for the Rev. Mr.
Goodenough.

The minister visibly shrank from the
man he suspected, but asked quietly:

"What would you with me, young
man?"

"Mr. Anderson has revived and wishes
to see you."

The minister was soon by the side of
the sick man, and grasping the feeble
hand, he said, nervously:

"Brother Anderson, thanks be to
God, you have passed through a most
mysterious sickness."

"I have had no sickness, brother; but
my soul has been in heaven."

"His mind wanders," gasped the min-
ister.

"No," said the invalid, rousing still
more; "I never had the clearness of
mind that I have enjoyed for the last
seven weeks. I have had glimpses of
my friends long dead, and almost en-
joyed the bliss of heaven; and this mortal
body lying here was all that divided me
from that blissful place."

His awe-struck listeners looked at one
another; and Mercy said, half afraid of
her own voice:

"O-o-o-h, father! but was it any-
thing like the earth?"

"Ah! more beautiful, more blissful,
more peaceful; and still I did not see
the inner courts, but I heard the most
beautiful music, and one song they
sung was:

"When we've been here ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun."

That was all the thing I ever heard
upon the earth."

"And what else did you see or hear,
father?" asked Mercy, when he paused.

"I saw that which assures me that
you are an innocent man, my son," said
he, turning to Devine.

The frightened hearers looked at each
other with awe-struck countenances,
and he went on:

"Brother Goodenough, if you will
write to Austere, Ohio, you will hear
from your son."

The minister made no reply, and the
sick man closed his eyes and fell into a
natural sleep.

"What a strange thing," said Hope,
breathlessly. "You will write immedi-
ately, Mr. Goodenough?"

"And of what use? It is but the
fancy of a sick man. And who ever
heard of Austere! And if it should be
that there was such a place, my
poor boy is not there. Ah, no, he lies
not there," and the austere man glanced
suspiciously at Devine.

"Then I will write, for I believe it,"
said Hope, firmly, and the closed lips
of the invalid murmured, "Write, my
daughter."

Now it was quite an undertaking in
those days to send a letter to Ohio.
But Hope Anderson's faith was firm,
and the letter was written and addressed
to the Postmaster of Austere, asking
for a man named Simon Goodenough,
and saying information of him was
wanted at his old home. Before the
dawn broke it was finished.

Will Devine sat by without saying
anything, but his heart beat tumultu-
ously, and Mercy whispered in his ear:
"Cheer up, dear; this dark cloud
will be rent at last."

Mr. Anderson improved rapidly, and
the letter was sent. He grew reserved
upon the subject of his illness, and dis-
liked to be questioned about it.

But there came no answer to Hope's

letter. Spring, summer, fall passed
away, when one day a stranger came into
Smoky Settlement. He went to the
house of Mr. Anderson, where Mr.
Goodenough was sitting with his neigh-
bor. The newcomer stretched out his
hand to the minister, saying, "Father."

"Simon, my son, is it you? And
were you not murdered then?"

"No, father. It is true I attacked De-
vine, in my frenzy, and that he fought
for his life; but I felt sure that I had
wounded him unto death, and I escaped
as I thought, far into the Western wilder-
ness, and I should never have returned
had it not been for Hope's dear letter."

"Then the Postmaster received it?"
he asked, faintly.

"Dear girl, I was the Postmaster,"
said he. "And I have to thank you for
the knowledge that I was not a Cain
among men, and among the friends that
you wrote wished to see me was the
name of William Devine."

"Thank God," said the aged father.
And it was echoed by every heart in
that humble cabin in the wilderness.

And when the new year came it
would have been difficult to decide
which was the happiest of the two fair
brides, Hope Goodenough or Mercy
Devine, for Hope was going back with
Simon to the far-off wilderness of the
West.

Boston as a Poetry Mill.

To write poetry is merely considered,
in Boston, as an elegant accomplish-
ment suitable to the literateur, and
less a special gift than the natural and
expected result of scholarship and
culture. The charming assumption
with which a society or meeting of any
description designates its members to
write a poem on such and such an oc-
casion is infinitely amusing. "Why did
you not come to the literary coterie?"

questioned a friend the other day.
"Mrs. Dias and Mrs. Anagnos wrote
poems for the evening, and we had a
philosophical paper and tableaux."

This was an illustration of the Boston
nonchalance regarding "writing po-
ems." It is discussed in a matter-of-
fact way, as an affair quite of industry
rather than of inspiration. If the
birthday or wedding anniversary of a
prominent person is to be celebrated, a
fair gotten up, an exhibition opened,
or the "Old South" receive another
contribution toward saving it from the
destructive march of trade, the instiga-
tors of the affair all write poems—as a
natural feature of the entertainment.

Though the so-called "poems" are nu-
merous, the poets are few, yet these
rhymers and versifiers all enroll them-
selves under that banner, and enjoy
the felicity of their belief. The gen-
uine poets of Boston are almost as few
as of any other city. Longfellow,
Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Louise
Chandler Moulton, who has a gift of
the almost perfect lyric verse; John
Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Holmes, and Mrs.
Howe, in her "Battle Hymn of the Re-
public" and her "Sealed Orders," make
up all that I now recall who seem to
have any claim to poetic immortality.

Yet the people who grind out their
poems to, on, and for every occasion,
are as numerous as the prose writers.
Volume after volume is published here
of mere prosaic prose that rhymes, and
is labeled—I came near saying libeled
—poetry. What becomes of it is a
mystery I cannot fathom. Where do
all the dull books go to, any way?

One wonders. The number of volumes
of "poems" that contain, perhaps, one
that really merits the name and retains
the whole, is a signal advance over
those that have nothing in them but
mechanical rhyme. It is singular that
in a city which may, perhaps, not un-
aptly be designated as the literary cap-
ital of the country, there is so marked
a lack of fine literary discrimination.

Form more than spirit, quantity more
than quality, appears to take prece-
dence. To "publish a volume of poems"
is as much the part of the natural ex-
pectation as to read the current litera-
ture and attend the symphony con-
certs. Whether the poems are worth
publishing is a consideration that does
not seem to present itself.—*Boston
Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

How to Make Ball Trimming.

Balls, for finishing tidies, lam-
brequins, and many other pieces of fancy
work are much prettier than tassels;
yet are so hard to make, when wound
through a ring of cardboard, that one is
often tempted to substitute the latter.

Very pretty balls can, however, be
crocheted, and make a good substitute,
especially if one lacks time or worsted.
Begin with a ring of three stitches, and
make a deep cup-shaped piece the size
desired for the ball; then narrow by
skipping stitches; and when nearly
closed, fill with a little "wad" of cotton
wool. To keep the ball from looking
pointed, it is necessary to narrow more
rapidly than the widening on the other
end. Do not try to crochet a little stem
to the ball without breaking the thread,
as it will give it a one-sided look.

Break off the thread, fasten with a
needle, and join on the stem in the
same manner. In making balls by
winding, pretty effects are often given
by covering the ring first with one color
and finishing with another, or making
all of a solid color save a few threads
at last. The first gives a ring around
the ball, the other a dot on either end;
this, with care, can be imitated very
nicely in crocheted balls.—*Country
Gentleman.*

He Regarded His Family's Reputation.

A Little Rock lawyer of prominence
went home at an unseasonable hour.

"Why are you so late?" asked his
wife.

"I am not late; I am early."

"Why didn't you come home last
night?"

"Drunk."

"Couldn't you walk?"

"Not without staggering."

"Why didn't you stagger home,
then?"

Well, I'll tell you. My house has
the name of being an orderly place,
and I don't want people to be seen stag-
gering into the yard. Every man must
protect his family, you know.—*Arkansas
Traveler.*

Be not angry that you cannot make
others as you wish them to be, since
you cannot make yourself as you wish
to be.

THE BAD BOY.

"I don't hear much about your pa
lately," said the groceryman to the bad
boy, as he showed up one morning be-
fore breakfast to buy a mackerel. "He
is alive, ain't he? Is he in politics
yet?" and the groceryman took a small
rusty mackerel by the tail and slapped
it against the inside of the barrel to
get the brine off, and wrapped it in
some thick paper, heavier than the fish,
before he weighed it.

"Hold on there, please," said the
boy, who was watching the proceed-
ings. "Weigh the mackerel separate,
please, and then weigh the paper, and
charge the fish to pa and charge the
paper to yourself. That is all right.
Yes, pa is alive, but he is not in polit-
ics. He was thrown out of politics
head first on two occasions the night
before election. You see, pa is an en-
thusiast. Some years he is in one
party, and some years in another; just
which party gives him the best show to
make speeches. He has got speaking
on the brain, and if he can get up be-
fore a crowd and say 'feller-citizens,'
and not get hit with a piece of brick
house, that is a picnic for pa. This
spring he went with the temperance
and saloon people. You know the
temperance people and saloon people
sort of united on a candidate, and pa
was red hot. He wanted to
speak. The fellows showed pa that
he had got to be careful and not get
mixed, and they turned him loose to
speak. The night before election pa
went in a hall where there was to be a
meeting, and he got up and said what
the people wanted was the highest pos-
sible license, enough to drive out half
the saloons. He was just going on to
demonstrate what a blessing it would
be if there was only one saloon, when
some one took him by the neck and
threw him through a window. It seems
that it was a meeting of people who
were opposed to any license, and who
believed everybody should be allowed