

LUCK OF ONE DAY'S FISHING.

One morning when spring was in her teens,
A morn to a poet's wishing,
And time in delicate pink and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

In my rough and easy clothes,
With my line and my fishing tackle,
She with her hat and her sunshade,
And her nose tipped—violet veranda.

I with my rod, my reel, and my books,
And a hamper for lunch on recess;
She with the bait of her own by looks,
And the scene of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dyke,
Where the white yon - little tresser;
And I wear a fishing like quaint old like,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And drew merrily and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bait was as fit as a fender;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred and eighty pounder.

PEACE ELLITHORPE.

BY LILY CURRY.

The sunset light, which had lingered on the river by the boat house and upon the greenness of the shore beyond, had deepened into the dull purple of twilight; and now the moon, rising over the shadows of the bluffs, had flung a golden bridge across the wide, smooth waters. Midstream, one boat swung softly to the dip of oars and the song of the rowers, who were moved, perchance, with an impulse to round the completeness of the midsummer night.

Peace Ellithorpe and Louis Gordon, standing in the shadow of the boat-house, listened intently for a time.

"How sweet!" the girl said, presently.

Gordon's eyes were fixed upon her pure, pale face, with its halo of red-gold hair, its long-lashed violet eyes.

"The Soldier's Farewell," he answered. "It is a lovely beautiful." His thoughts, nevertheless, might have been more of the beauty of her countenance—there, where the moonlight crept upon the darkness as a timid lady to her lord.

And now he had stepped down into a boat, and was reaching up his hand to assist her.

"All right?" he asked. And when she had answered him gayly, he pulled away from the landing out into the stillness and delight of the waters.

"I am so glad to have you back," he said, by and by. "It has seemed a year since you went."

"I am glad you missed me," she responded. "Yet it was only a month."

"And passed rapidly with you, no doubt, among scenes of gayety." He spoke in a zealous tone.

"I have not said so," she answered.

"There was much to occupy, much to amuse me; nothing to compensate for our separation."

"There was no coquetry here. Not once in all the six months of their engagement had she hesitated to speak the truth concerning her regard for him."

"O, well," he said, as if half-ashamed, "you must expect one to be ill-natured when he has to stay at home and let his sweetheart go thousands of miles away from him. But now you are back, you must tell me everything you saw, every place you visited."

"As if I had not already done so in my letters."

"In a general way, you did. I would like particulars."

"Where shall I begin? The Springs, or the country? I spent two weeks at Saratoga, and one at the seaside, you know; then did a seven days' penance at Brockton. O, such a dull place, Louis! Duller than Western towns of half its size. Not a thing to see, not a place to go, except—you'll laugh when I tell you—except the State reformatory."

She paused, for he had suddenly let go the oars. He bent again in a moment, and, taking firmer hold of them, began to pull very hard against the current.

"What is the matter, Louis?"

He answered breathlessly, after his exertions.

"Nothing. We were getting too far down stream. Go on, Peace; you were saying that you visited the State reformatory."

"Yes, it was very interesting. Were you ever there?"

Gordon laughed faintly.

"Was I ever there? Oh, yes; I was there once. Well, how did it strike you?"

"I don't know what you are laughing at," she said; "and I don't believe you were there either, so I'll tell you all about it, for really I liked it very much—liked the idea, you know. In the first place, it is built upon a hill, and the entire grounds are surrounded with a high brick wall."

"In the shape of a square," suggested Gordon, "with a sentry tower at each corner, and a watchman inside of each tower, with a loaded gun and instructions to shoot down any one caught trying to escape."

"Exactly," said Peace, with some animation. "So you have been there, and you know all about the workshops, the clean corridors, the grades, and the night school. There is one illuminated text upon the chapel wall, which I think most beautiful: 'Look not unmercifully upon the past.'"

Gordon repeated it after her, with a sigh.

"But it is impossible not to," he said, wearily.

"Impossible not to look unmercifully? Why do you say that? Why, nearly all the prisoners were boys, mere boys, placed there for some trifling offense instead of being thrown into prison among old, hardened criminals."

"There isn't much difference," he said, moodily. "Once you deprive a man or boy of his liberty, for any fault committed—He broke off suddenly, and cried, "Pshaw! Why are you talking of such things?"

But she was not ready to abandon the subject.

"You speak as if you did not believe in reformation."

"Do you?" he asked quietly.

"To be sure I do, and most effectual."

"Wait a little," said Gordon. "You couldn't think as much as any one who had been an inmate of such an

institution, even for the shortest time, as you could of one who had never broken the law in any way, could you?"

"That would depend entirely on his after-conduct," she answered promptly.

"If he were disposed to do right in every respect, no look or word of mine should recall the past."

"I would like to see you put to the test in this," he said, incredulously.

"I would like to be. I would like to know some one who had broken the law and made atonement, and who wanted to forget it all and live aright henceforward. I would like to be a staunch friend to such a one."

Gordon began to row very hard again, and so was very unable to respond for some minutes.

"I once had a friend," he said, speaking very slowly, "who was sent to that same reformatory—nearly eight years ago. He—He forged the name of a distant relative."

"Tell me about it," she said, with evident interest. "I suppose he was young and didn't realize."

"Yes; he was quite young. He was in the employ of this relative—a second cousin—and had been perfectly honest and faithful until that moment. Even then, he had no interest in being dishonest, for he meant to restore the money within twenty-four hours. It was a matter of pride and extravagant companions. He fully intended to restore the money, and only did it to get out of a boy's scrape. But—it was discovered. His relative might have saved him, but did not. After all the three years the boy had served him honestly, that cousin—prosecuted him."

The boy was sent to the institution you visited. Perhaps you remember the rules. He was perfect in behavior for six months, which put him on parole another half year, and then gave him his freedom. He left the State immediately, and nobody who knows him now, has the faintest suspicion of the secret he carries,—nobody but myself. Not even the young lady he is to marry."

"He has not told her?" cried Peace, in a startled voice. "Oh, how wrong! and how foolish! If she should find it out by and by, how much worse than if he himself had told her. Indeed, he ought to tell her, for she, if she loves him, will be the very one to sympathize and to help him forget it. Louis, you must urge him to tell her."

"I do not know about that."

"But you must, dear. Promise me, the next time you see him, to suggest it."

"I dare not, Peace. I might be the means of wrecking his happiness eternally. No, don't ask me. Let us talk of something else."

"But I cannot think of anything else until you have promised me."

"I will promise to ask him to think about it," he said, reluctantly.

"Very well, dear. Because if she loves him, it will certainly make no difference in her feelings for him. Let me see; you say he was perfect in conduct. Then he was of the first grade, and wore gray. How distinctly I remember seeing them all at work. In the foundry building they were almost all third grade men, in red uniform, a lovely shade of red, too, a rich cardinal. I remember the light from the molten iron shining upon the workers, and making the color they wore even handsomer. Well, well, Louis, you are not vexed with me, are you?"

"Vexed?"

"You seem so silent, dear."

He let the oars rest, and leaning forward, drew her face close to his own.

"I am so glad to be with you again," he whispered. "So glad! I have missed you so much!"

The boat drifted as he held her thus—drifted placidly. They could hear the other rowers singing sweetly once again:

Soft and low, soft and low,
Wind of the Western sea.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder. How near she was! How dear she was! He could hear her heart beat, and feel her pure breath upon his cheek. Her knotted hair had loosened, and the red-gold rings were shining in the moonlight upon her dark, plain dress.

And still he held her closely, and they drifted.

"Why do you sigh, Louis?"

"If I should lose you," he said, gloomily, "what would my life be worth?"

"Do not think of such things. You will not lose me, dear."

"I must not, Peace."

Again the refrain of the singers came swelling across the still waters:

Wind of the Western sea,
And again Gordon sighed.

"You love me, don't you, dear?"

"What a strange tone for that question, Louis! A tone of doubt. Why, I could not more doubt you than doubt the stars in heaven!"

"You—you have perfect confidence in me, dear?"

"Perfect."

"And you will always love me, come what may?"

"Always, Louis."

"You—you want me to have no secrets from you, Peace?"

"None whatever."

"No, no," he said hastily, "and you are right, dearest."

They sat apart again, and he pulled steadily at the oars.

"That friend of yours, Louis," she said, presently, "of whom you were telling me. I suppose they put him at work of some sort?"

Gordon answered slowly: "He kept books in the office. He was considered a good bookkeeper."

"That was not bad. Would you—would you mind telling me where he is now, and what he is doing? You say he is to be married soon?"

"He is in this State," said Gordon. "He has a good business, fair prospects, and is engaged to a beautiful girl, whom he worships. He has been very happy of late."

It was her turn now to sigh, not wearily, but as if his words gave her some vague satisfaction. Happy herself, she would fain have all the world at peace.

They were out a half hour longer—a half hour sweet with lovers' whispered hopes and confidences! Then slowly he turned the boat shoreward.

The singers were repeating the "Sol-

dier's Farewell" with more perfect harmony than before.

Good-night; farewell, my own true love!

The words came floating across, distinct and sweet, as Gordon steadied the boat and assisted his sweetheart to the landing.

They strolled off leisurely then along the sandy shore and on toward the road.

It was not yet late when they had reached her home, and they sat awhile in the broad porch.

But Gordon seemed ill at ease, and this she was quick to discern.

"You have some worryment," she said, softly.

"You think so?" His tone was evasive.

"I am sure of it. Will you not tell me?"

"It is nothing," he said, breathing hard for a moment. "Nothing—only you required a promise of me this evening, and I—I hardly know how to keep it."

"What was that?" she asked, wonderingly.

"You asked me to urge my friend to—acquire the woman he loves with the fact that he has broken the law during his life." He spoke constrainedly.

"You think he would fear to do so?"

"I know it," he said, in a voice of pain.

"But," she said, argumentatively, "I am sure I know women better than you do; and I am confident it would be the best thing possible. Besides, the woman who would allow it to make a difference would be unworthy of his love or friendship."

"You mean what you say?" he asked, rather breathlessly.

"Of course I do."

"And you would not change, if—if you were she?"

"I should only think the more of him for having trusted me."

Gordon was silent for a moment. Then he made a movement to put his hand in an inner pocket of his coat.

"I—I have his picture here," he said, with some effort. "I will show it to you."

He drew the small card portrait forth, and slowly reached it to her. Then he turned away his face and was silent.

"O," she said, half laughing, "you have made a mistake, dear. You have given me yours instead of his."

Gordon had risen to his feet. She did not understand. Need he explain? It was not too late. Not too late. Need he go farther?—there was yet escape.

He stood so, without uttering a word. Perhaps it was but a moment's space. Yet to him it seemed an age. An age! And a struggle was going on in his heart. A terrible struggle. His brain whirled fairly, and strange lights danced before his eyes.

He heard her last light words mocking him: "You have given me yours instead of his. You have made a mistake!"

It was not too late. And some demon was tempting him.

Suddenly the lights ceased to dance before his eyes; the roaring sound was quiet in his ears. He was himself once more, and calm as the dead.

"I have made"—he faltered somewhat nevertheless. "I have made—a mistake. I gave you—his picture."

He dared not look at her.

She gave a cry, as if he had struck and almost stunned her.

"You! You! O, Louis!"

Her voice was faint and horror-stricken.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I knew it. I release you!"

And, turning, he rushed away down the path and out at the gate.

She watched him go; she did not recall him, but stood silent in the moonlight; and the vine shadows crept slowly about her feet.

"Heavens!" she said, shuddering. "How—how things come home to one, at times! How easy it is to talk! * * *

How he shocked me! * * *

She stood there still; she had not moved since he left her. The wind was sighing softly among the fragrant vines. The moonlight was more beautiful than ever.

After a long time she stirred a little, and found that she was weeping without her own consent or knowledge. Weeping softly! and saying something over and over to herself with passionate delight:

"How brave he was! How brave he was!"

And now she started, and hurrying down to the gate, looked eagerly to see if he were not returning.

Even she went out into the road, in the direction she knew he must have gone. She went down the road to the first turn, and into the other street. Could she not find him? Was she to look always in vain? Must she wait until to-morrow?

She turned to go back, and had reached the corner, when some one stood before her.

"Peace!"

It was his voice, husky with agitation.

"Louis! I have been looking everywhere for you," she cried, with infinite relief. "I thought—I was sure—you wouldn't go without bidding me good-night."

"And you—understand?"

She laid both hands upon his shoulders; she had recovered her serenity, and could look up tenderly at her soft eyes wet with tears.

"I understand," she said, gently. "And now suppose we agree to forget all that. We have so much happiness to consider, present and future, we have no time for gloom."

He drew her face upon his breast; for the moment he was weak as ever woman. Perhaps she heard him sob.

"My darling!" he said, brokenly; "my faithful darling!"

"CHARLEY," said mamma, "you have been a very naughty boy; you have been playing marbles; and you know I told you mustn't, for it is gambling, and gambling is very wicked. Now I hope you will never gamble again."

Charley promised that he wouldn't, and his mamma was so delighted that she took him to the parish fair and gave him money to take chances in almost everything there.—*Bos on Transcript.*

Once Upon a Time.

How quiet was the farm that afternoon! Everything nodded and dozed in the sun or rested in the shade. How the sun streamed down on meadow and field! The corn-blades drooped and wilted. In the old field I could see the men in the wheat, their arms swaying in perfect rhythm with the swinging cradles. And how like silver the bright blades flashed as they turned! The bees droned and drummed lazily about the old-fashioned "cypresses" under the sitting-room windows. We always called it "cypresses," you know, because that wasn't the name of it; and they buzzed in vagrant fashion up and down the long rows of flowers that lined the path to the front gate. The morning-glories had closed their bright eyes of blue and pink, but a forest of o'clocks were getting ready to wake up; the hollyhocks stood up like blossoming beanpoles. I always used to think that Aaron's rod, when it "brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms," looked like a hollyhock; it yielded almonds, but it looked like a hollyhock, I know. The breath of the old-fashioned pinks—no, dear, they were not carnations; he had no carnations then; they were just pinks—came sweetly on the air; and the frowzy bush of "old man" at the corner looked old and wilted indeed; in the big ing heat a tall group of sunflowers stood up like a cluster of hospitable umbrellas; the big bunch of "ribbon-grass" looked as seasonable as a striped summer silk, with the larkspurs drooping over it on one side, and on the other a group of "rugged" robins standing up, cherry and blue as the skies. As though it was not sensibly warm enough to sight as well as feeling, a colony of poppies stood blazing away above their pale leaves, while the coxcomb and Prince of Wales feather added an unnecessary touch of warmth to the pate. And here, there, everywhere—and trying to get somewhere else—the "Bouncing Bets" swarmed all over the garden, crept through the garden fence, and ran right along in the corners and right by the dusty roadside, among the disreputable dog-fennel and plebeian rag-weed, clear down to where the big slough crosses the road. I laid under the big Morello cherry tree by the new well—the one near the house, you remember, seventy-eight feet deep, and yielded the coldest, clearest water in America—and lazily watched a few straggling, fleecy clouds sailing aimlessly across the blue skies, as though they had lost their reckoning, and were only waiting to be picked up and set right. I could hear the old clock tick solemnly away in the sitting room. It limped a little on its way around the dial, and always ticked loudest on the left hand swing of the pendulum; and it had a startling way of going off at unexpected times in a funny sort of noise that sounded like a cough or a chuckle, whichever would scare you most. The girls had gone to town. Grandma sat in the open sitting-room door sewing. Grandfather stood in the cool shade at the long work-bench at the end of the kitchen, making a new singletree for the light wagon. They could not see each other. I doubt if they heard, or at any rate observed, each other's voices; but I could very plainly see and hear each one, and I forgot my book listening to them, and trying to guess their thoughts from their dispirited, changing, abrupt fragments of song. And the occasional flutter of leaves stirred by a wandering breath of wind, the shadows dimpling the second growth of red clover, the straying note of a restless bird, the long, dusty road, stretching far away past the woods to the "high prairie," the flash of a butterfly's wings—how it all harmonized with the broken songs that fell almost unconsciously at times from the old lips, while the singers were over with the business of the house; while the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet, they break forth into singing.—*Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

United States. This country leads the world in fish culture. Our experts do not despair of being able in time to vastly increase the swarms of fish on our sea-coast. It is known that from time to time there is a short supply of salt-water fish, but experiments are now being made with the spawn of cod, haddock, sea bass, Spanish mackerel, and other denizens of the ocean, which will undoubtedly be successful. It is said that an acre of water can be made to furnish many times the quantity of food produced annually by an acre of land.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Old Hickory.

It had been quite essential to the self-respect of the new republic, at the outset, that it should have at its head men who had coped with European statesmen on their own soil and not been discomfited. This was the case with each of the early successors of Washington, and, in view of his manifest superiority, this advantage was not needed. Perhaps it was in a different way a sign of self-respect that the new republic should at last turn from its tradition, and take boldly from the ranks a strong and ill-trained leader, to whom all European precedent—and, indeed, all other precedent—counted for nothing. In Jackson, moreover, there first appeared upon our national stage the since familiar figure of the self-made man. Other Presidents had sprung from a modest origin, but nobody had made an especial point of it. Nobody had urged Washington for office because he had been a surveyor's lad; nobody had voted for Adams merely because stately old ladies designated him as "that cobbler's son." But when Jackson came into office the people had just had almost a surfeit of regular training in their Chief Magistrate. There was a certain zest in the thought of a change, and the nation certainly had it.

It must be remembered that Jackson was in many ways far above the successive modern imitators who have posed in his image. He was narrow, ignorant, violent, unreasonable; he punished his enemies and rewarded his friends. But he was, on the other hand—and his worst opponents hardly denied it—chaste, honest, truthful, and sincere. It was not commonly charged upon him that he enriched himself at the public expense, or that he deliberately invented falsehoods. And as he was for a time more bitterly hated than any one who ever occupied his high office, we may be very sure that these things would have been charged had it been possible. In this respect the contrast was enormous between Jackson and his imitators, and it explains his prolonged influence. He never was found out or exposed before the world, because there was nothing to detect or unveil; his merits and demerits were as visible as his long, narrow, firmly set features, or as the old military stock that encircled his neck. There he was, always fully revealed; everybody could see him; the people might take him or leave him—and they never left him.

Moreover, there was after the eight years of Monroe and the four years of Adams an immense popular demand for something piquant and even amusing, and this quality they always had from Jackson. There was nothing in the least melodramatic about him; he never posed or attitudinized—it would have required too much patience—but he was always piquant. There was formerly a good deal of discussion as to who wrote the once famous "Jack Downing" letters, but we might almost say that they wrote themselves. Nobody was ever less of a humorist than Andrew Jackson, and it was therefore the more essential that he should be the cause of humor in others. It was simply inevitable that during his progresses through the country there should be some amusing shadow evoked, some Yankee parody of the man, such as came from two or three quarters under the name of Jack Downing. The various records of Monroe's famous tours are as tame as the speeches which these expedition-brought forth, and John Quincy Adams never made any popular demonstrations to chronicle; but wherever Jackson went there went the other Jack, the crude first-fruits of what is now known through the world as "American humors." Jack Downing was Mark Twain and Hosea Biglow and Artemus Ward in one. The impetuous President enraged many and delighted many, but it is something to know that under him a serious people first found that it knew how to laugh.—*T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Magazine.*

Values in the Time of Henry VIII.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, just before the Reformation, the ounce of silver was worth 4s. 4d., or, in other words, the shilling of Henry VIII. was in intrinsic value 1.05 the modern coin. The wages of an ordinary laborer were 6d. per day. The rents of cottages varied from 2s. 8d. to 4s. per annum. Six or eight days' labor was, therefore, sufficient to pay the year's rent. At the present day, taking an agricultural laborer's wages at 1s. a week, and cottage rent at 2s. a week, or 25s. a year, it requires forty days' labor to pay the yearly rent. No doubt the cottages at that time were mere hovels, but I fear a large number at the present day are little better. About the same period wheat was 6s. 8d. per quarter, the price of a pig 3s. 8d., and of a cow 10s. A laborer earning 6d. a day, or 3s. 3d. per week, could purchase a quarter of wheat with a fortnight's labor, which would now require three weeks, or a pig with one week's work, which would certainly now require the labor of three. Leaving out of view the cost of clothing and of the higher agreements which modern habits require, there can be no doubt that the common people before the Reformation enjoyed an amount of rude plenty which has never since been equaled.—*London Notes and Queries.*

An English journal recalls the fact that our first President never saw a steamboat, our second never saw a railroad train, our seventh never heard of the electric telegraph, and our seventeenth lived only long enough to know of the existence of the telephone.

HUMOR.

"This is fun!" ironically yelled an angry man who sat on a tack. It was more likely satire.—*Breakfast Table.*

The girls in Brittany are not allowed to sell their hair. In this country the girls don't have to, as it's a sell itself.—*Waerloo Observer.*

The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come down to square root, he is there every time.—*Chicago Sun.*

Girls shouldn't whistle. It reveals to the young men that they have wind enough to make excellent scolds.—*Philadelphia Chronic & Herald.*

A VERMONT editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "O gods!" to "O gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

MARY ELLEN CHASE says "there will be three women to one man in heaven." Then there will be two women out of every three that will be almighty loneliness.—

"USED you pretty rough, didn't he?" remarked a sympathizing by-stander to the man who had just got a awful licking. "Well, no," replied the subdued one. "I thought he polished me on very nicely."—*Burdette.*

"ALONZO, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked, dreamily. "No, laring, I do not," he replied. "Well, Alonzo, that ghosts to show you are not superstitious." Then they fell into a sweet, calm sleep.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

"Why do they always paint angels as blondes?" asked Mrs. Frank of her husband, as they stood looking at a picture in the art gallery. "Be ause," answered