

WALLS OF CORN.

Simp and beautiful, Heaven's dome,
Bends softly over our prairie home.
But the wide, wide lands that stretched away,
Before my eyes in the day of May,
The rolling prairie's bollow swell,
Breezy uplands and timbered dell,
Stately mansion and hut forlorn,
All are hidden by the walls of corn.
All wide the world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now here and brown.
What do they hold—these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?
He who questions may soon be told,
A great State's wealth these walls unfold.
No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warden's horn,
Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold
Left all unbarred, though thieves are bold.
Clothes and food for the toiling poor,
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door;
Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in the chamber dim;
Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;
Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn) want cometh not;
Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Gifts of a rich and fertile land;
All these things, and so many more
It would fill a book to name them o'er.
Were hid and held in these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.
Where do they stand, these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?

Open the atlas, combed by rule,
In the olden days of the district school,
Point to the rich and bounteous land
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.
"Treeless desert," they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsaken by men.
Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.
Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?
And how would the wise ones have laughed to
scorn,
Had prophet foretold those walls of corn
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn!
—Topeka Weekly Capital.

MY CHARMER.

BY M. A. B.

I felt vexed that my mother did not enter into my raptures concerning Lulu.
"She's the sweetest girl in the world!" I cried, enthusiastically. "So natural, so innocent, so free from anything like deceit. I don't think any other man in this world will have so lovely a wife as I will have."

My mother only smiled and answered nothing.

"She is so beautiful, and she has such a winning way with her that it attracts every one. Then she loves me so devotedly that she never gives a thought to any other man."

Still my maternal relative spoke not.
"Now, mother," cried I, losing patience, "why don't you tell me what you think of Lulu?" Surely you can't think there is any other girl who would be more suitable for me."

"Well," said my mother, slowly, "since you want my candid opinion, I can only say that I do not like your sweetheart. But then old women and young men can hardly be expected to look at a girl with the same eyes."

"But what objection have you to Lulu for a daughter?" I persisted. "Isn't she beautiful, graceful, intelligent and refined? Is it because she is poor that you object to her?"

"No, Frederic, not on account of her lack of fortune. I believe her to be a heartless, mercenary girl, who is not so devoted to you as you suppose."

"That was before I met Lulu," said I, with significance.
My mother sighed and looked out of the window.

"They say love is blind, and I think it is truly so in your case. Inez is a loyal, true-hearted girl as well as a beauty and an heiress, while I believe Lulu to be a mere fortune-hunter."

"Mother," I cried, hotly, "if you and I are to remain friends you must not speak in that way of my future wife."

"You asked my opinion and I gave it. Now let us drop the subject."

In no very good humor I took my hat and stalked out of the room. Leaving the hotel, I bent my footsteps to a grove near by, which was a favorite resort in warm weather.

"No doubt Lulu is in her room, reading or sleeping," I thought. "It is really too warm to do anything else than sit in the sultry afternoons."

Find a pleasant spot beside a huge fallen tree, I lay down and fell to sleep.

Mother is the best woman in the world, but she can not appreciate my beautiful Lulu. The idea of for a moment comparing her with Inez Rathmore? Of course, Inez is well enough, but she is not an angel like my Lulu."

I commenced to feel drowsy, and at length fell asleep. Voices on the other side of the fallen tree aroused me from my uneasy slumber. Reluctance to play the eavesdropper was overcome by a desire to hear the conversation, for I recognized one of the voices; so I lay perfectly still and listened.

"Yes, it is very tiresome," Lulu was saying, in her sweet, gentle tones, "to marry a man I do not love. But, Cyril dear, I must. I have always been accustomed to luxury in my uncle's home, and he expects me to make a good match, for he will give me nothing when I marry. But, love, do not look so sad. You will find some other girl to marry."

I ground my teeth in rage. Who was this man she called "love" and "dear"? When he spoke, my anger came, for I knew the voice to be that of Cyril Helstone, a young man who had been Lulu's lover before I came.

"You do not care for me as I care for you, Lulu," he said, "or you could not talk so."

"Now, Cyril, it is you who are talking foolishly. I love you with all my

heart, but I have more prudence than you. Were we to marry, what would we live on? You have nothing but your profession, and I am dependent upon my uncle. No, no; much as I love you, I will have to marry Frederic Carlyle."

On the other side of the tree, I solemnly registered an oath that no such marriage should ever take place.

"I will work hard and make fortune for us, if you will only wait," pleaded her companion.

"It would be years before you could gain wealth by your profession, and 'love in a cottage' does not suit me. I prefer life in a palace, even though I must have Frederic Carlyle for an incubus."

"My darling, my darling!" I heard Cyril cry; "how can I endure to see you another man's bride?" Then I heard the sound of passionate kisses, and soon afterward they left their seat and walked off toward the hotel.

As their retreating footsteps sounded in my ear, I groaned in agony of spirit. So this was my true, innocent darling, for whose sake I had almost quarreled with my mother!

"She cares for nothing but my money," thought I, "and that she shall never have. Thank fortune, I have found a pretext for leaving you. But if you wish to group about you the sympathies of all and to be considered a charming and agreeable fellow, talk to them of yourselves, seek some way of bringing each into action in turn; then they will smile at you, think well of you and praise you when you are gone."—Balzac.

GOOD MANNERS.

What to Talk About.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must with some be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is honest and man." But when there is no need to express an opinion let poor Bouncer swagger away.—Dr. John Hall.

How to Be Entertaining.

One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that you preserve an almost absolute silence concerning yourself. Play the comedy, some day, of speaking of your own interests to ordinary acquaintances and you will see feigned attention swiftly followed by indifference and then by weariness, until every one has found a pretext for leaving you. But if you wish to group about you the sympathies of all and to be considered a charming and agreeable fellow, talk to them of yourselves, seek some way of bringing each into action in turn; then they will smile at you, think well of you and praise you when you are gone."—Balzac.

Politeness in Public.

What is politeness in public? It involves the prompt perception of the rights and comforts of others, and the willing and graceful concession of these. Where this is done, even if the manner be not all that could be desired; the spirit and purpose answer. These are apt to be evident in the manner. And where there is a purpose and effort to make others agreeable, the essence of true politeness will appear. But selfishness, that seeks only personal enjoyment, at the expense of all others, is the essence of all impoliteness.

There appear in public life many who are polished as to outward manner who are, at the same time, at variance with all the rules of good conduct. A stately bow, a polished expression, do not answer for that regard for the comfort of others which is the material element in good conduct.—Philadelphia Call.

How Napkins Are Used.

Some people unfold their napkin at table and carefully fasten it around them like an apron; and I have seen the same people gather up the crumbs at the close of a meal and carefully shake them over the tablecloth. There are others who would let it slide onto the floor and make every one uncomfortable to regain it. And I have observed the absent-minded person use it for a pocket handkerchief, and calmly proceed to appropriate it, feeling quite mortified afterward when the contents of his pocket were revealed. There are those who tuck the napkin under the chin, as one does when about to feed an infant, and some who on leaving the table carefully fold it as if for future use. This is not good form, unless a ring is supplied. It is a pretty custom to keep rings for guests, each ring of a different pattern, or designated, if for ladies, by a different colored ribbon. It gives a guest an at-home feeling, as if he had some share in the home. Otherwise, on leaving the table the napkin should remain on the left side of the plate, discarded, without any attempt at folding.

Rare Epitaphs.

Among the communications which you have printed on this subject I have not observed any reference to the well-known one in Massachusetts.

A sorrowing and pious parent had inscribed the following two lines to the memory of his dead child:

We can not have all things to please us,
Poor little Tommy's gone to Jesus.

A sympathetic reader, mistaking the point of the lament, added the lines:

Cheer up, dear friend—all may yet be well,
Perhaps poor little Tommy's gone to—

The following, on a blacksmith, is in Shropshire. I forgot where:

My sledge and anvil decline,
My bells, too, have lost their wind!

My horse is dead, and I am laid;

My coal is out, my iron's gone;

My nails are drove, my work is done.

If not too long for your columns

the following epitaph (I believe unpublished in any generally accessible form), in Bramfield Church, Suffolk, will interest students of "style":

Between the remains of her brother Edward

And her husband Arthur,

Once Bridgett Applewhite,

Once Bridgett Nelson.

After the fatigues of a married life,

Borne with inordinate patience

For four years and three-quarters, bating three

weeks,

And after the enjoyment of the glorious freedom

Of an easy and unblemished widowhood,

She resolved to run the risk of a second marriage;

But dea h forbids the banns;

And having with an apoplectic dart

(The same instrument with which he had form-

Dispat hid her mother)

Touched the vital part of her brain,

She must have fallen directly to the ground

(As one thunder-strook).

If she had been a fool and supported by

Her intentuous husband,

Of which invisible bribe;

After a struggle for above sixty hours

With that grand enemy to life;

(But the crain and meriful friend to helpless old age)

In tenfold number, plaintive groans, or stu-

pefying sleep.

Without revery of speech or sense,

She died on the 11th day of Sept. in the year of

our Lord 1713.

And of her own age 44.

I beg to inclose copies of two

curious epitaphs, both of which are to

be seen in the graveyard at Wigtown,

in Gallowayshire, Scotland.

Here lies the corpse of Andrew Cowan, of Croft

Angry, who died June 3, 1776, aged 60 years.

And his son William, who died the same day, 1776, aged 12 years.

In memory of the "Wigtown Mar-

tyre."

Here lies Margaret Wilson, Daughter of Gilbert

Wilson in Glenvernach, who was Drowned

Aug. 1855, aged 48.

She left earth and stoned witness bears

That lives a virgin Martyr here.

Marter'd for owning Christ Supreme

Head of his church and no more to die

But she is a Virgin Martyr.

And owning Purity.

They her condemned by unjust law.

Within the Sea I'd to a stake

The actions of this cruel crime

Was Lagg Strachan, Winstan, and Graham.

Neither young man nor yet old age

Could stop the fury of their rage.

—Dor. London Spectator.

HUMOR.

There are always fore feet in stock yards.

Most people like to feel stove up in cold weather.

ALLOPATHIC doctors consider drugs a physic-all necessity.

An exchange tells of a "wide-awake policeman." Had too much dinner, poor fellow!

The French way of spelling Stephen is, "E-t-i-e-n-n-e." The French are a brave people, but they can't spell worth a cent.

SOME of the coffee served nowadays is so weak that it looks shameful to the strong, active digestive organs to take the poor helpless thing.

"MAMMA," asked little Carrie, "can you tell me what part of heaven people live in who are good, but not agreeable?"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

The woods are gaunt, the fields are brown, And sorrow fills our cup, For as the mercury goes down, The price of coal goes up.

—Boston Courier.

TH: NAST is going to lecture. We breathe a fervent prayer that for the sake of Mr. Nast's family, he will draw better than he has for the last year.—Buffalo Express.

A NEW YORK florist, in laying down bouquet regulations, remarks: "If you send a bouquet to adorn the house, it should be in a basket or a majolica vase, the latter having the advantage of being pretty to preserve after the flowers fade." He forgot to add that it should be sent in a heretic.

"Does not the practical joking of some of your scholars annoy you at times, Mr. Blackboard?" "Very much. I have always had an abhorrence of practical jokes in any form, but to some of the prankster played by the boys, such as placing bent pins in my chair, for instance—my dislike is particularly deep seated."—New York Times.

FAIR CALENDAR—You, I want to work Mr. Chasuble a pair of slippers, and I thought you might lend me one of his old shoes to get his size. Curate's Landlady—Land, Miss! the shoes is all given out four days ago, and it was only yesterday morning a lady as had heen his shoes was all bespoke, come here imploring of me to let her measure the wet marks in the reverend gentleman's bathroom immediately he had gone out.

KENTUCKY LOVE LYRIC.
With one mad jump
A great big lump
Sprang up into his wizen;
A long big thrill
His sull did ill
As he waded up into his wizen
She also said
In manner dazed,
Her heat wad love did burn;
She'd che rul give
Her right to live
If he was on y' r'ne

CHANGED THE CLIMAX: An Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American were discussing the merits of painters of their respective countries. The American, after listening to all the others had to