

## SADNESS AND GLADNESS

There was a glory in my house,  
And it is dead;  
There was a baby at my heart,  
And it is dead.

And when I sit and think of him,  
I am so sad,  
That half it seems that nevermore  
Can I be glad.

If you had known this baby mine,  
He was so sweet,  
You would have gone a journey just  
To kiss his feet.

He could not walk a single step,  
Nor speak a word,  
But then he was as blithe and gay  
As any bird.

That ever sat on orchard bough,  
And trilled its song,  
Until the listener fancied it  
As sweet and strong

As if from lips of angels he  
Had heard it flow;  
Such angels as thy hand could paint,  
Angels!

You cannot think how many things  
He learned to know  
Before the swift, swift angel came,  
And bade him go.

So that my neighbors said of him,  
He was so wise  
That he was never meant for earth,  
But for the skies.

But I would not believe a word  
Of what they said;  
Nor will I even now, although  
My boy is dead.

For God would be most wicked, if,  
When all the earth  
Is in the travail of a new  
And heavenly birth,

As often as a little Christ is found,  
With human breath,  
He, like another Herod, should resolve  
Upon its death.

But should you ask me how it is  
That yours can stay,  
Though mine must spread his little wings,  
And fly away,—

I could but say that God, who made  
This heart of mine,  
Must have intended that its love  
Should be the sign

Of His own love, and that if He  
Can think it right  
To turn my joy to sorrow, and  
My day to night,

I cannot doubt that He will turn,  
In other ways,  
My winter darkness to the light  
Of summer days.

I know that God gives nothing to  
Us for a day;  
That which He gives He never cares  
To take away.

And when He comes and seems to make  
Our glory less,  
It is that by and by we may  
The more confess

That He has made it brighter than  
It was before;  
A glory shining on and on  
For evermore.

And when I sit and think of this,  
I am so glad,  
That half it seems that nevermore  
Can I be sad.

## SLY WIDOW BISBEE.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

There was nothing remarkable in the fact that the Misses Asher had never married. Wealth abundant was theirs, and friends and the esteem of the community entire. They lived the most serene life imaginable. They never disagreed—and there were three of them, of ages ranging from thirty-six to forty-two years. They never irritated one another. Abigail, Dora, and Fidelia were their respective names. Their individualities blent as happily as white and azure and sea-shell pink. Their existence was one harmonious round of sisterly affection, unostentatious charity, and devotion to their three pet cats.

That is, until Cosgrove appeared. Cosgrove was the new organist of Trinity, the most important church in Pottersville, and the church whereof the Misses Asher were communicants. Trinity Church stood directly across the wide street from the Asher residence, a noble old house with its colonnade veranda sheltered by superb horse chestnuts. However, the ladies in question had taken a decided fancy to the new organist, and evinced a disposition to second his efforts at obtaining a choir of boys. After a little they had even prevailed upon Mr. Cosgrove to come and make his home with them. Mr. Clinton Cosgrove was a dark, handsome-browed and handsome-eyed gentleman of thirty-three. His other features could not in strict truth have been termed handsome, though a graceful droop of mustache barely concealed a melancholy curve of lip which many had found attractive.

But there were, as the new organist discovered after a time, a number of the congregation not thoroughly in sympathy with his boy-choir arrangement. This it was which pointed the desirability of a compromise. Mr. Cosgrove determined upon a soprano soloist, and wrote at once to the metropolis. And so one balmy day in June Joy Folsom came down to Pottersville. Cosgrove had never met the lady, but she came highly recommended.

He hardly knew what he thought, when he had had his first interview. "Slim, timid, and a face like Saint—somebody's," he said rather indefinitely, as he walked slowly home to dinner at Ashers', where he now made it his home. He wondered if she could really have sufficient voice in that slight body.

The Misses Asher were much interested to hear about the new soprano. In personal appearance there was little difference between Miss Abigail and Miss Dora, or between Miss Dora and Miss Fidelia. A few more gray hairs, a deeper wrinkle, a lower voice, perhaps. Their toilets were quite similar, sedate, steel-colored silks, soft laces, and some quaint, old-fashioned jewels. Yet they were by no means old women; a little art—oh, never so little art—might have transformed Fidelia at least.

But Cosgrove was not thinking of this. His mind dwelt upon the newly arrived, and the probabilities of her

filling acceptably the position in question. Supposing she should fail. How he would dislike telling her she would not suit. The big brown eyes that looked so earnestly at him that afternoon—he could not forget them.

"Joey," said Miss Abigail, "I suppose that is a shortening of Josephine." "No—not Joey," said Cosgrove, slowly; "Joy: odd name, is it not? But I think we shall like Miss Folsom. I suppose you ladies will call on her."

"O, to be sure," said Miss Fidelia. Joy Folsom sang her first solo the following Sabbath, and sang it to the satisfaction of the organist. Slightly tremulous at first, her voice grew steadier by and by, and rose clear and pure as the voice of an angel. Everyone said afterward how beautiful she looked—dressed in pure white, and with such an innocent countenance. There was no question as to her suiting the people. Cosgrove felt vastly relieved. He got on excellently with Miss Folsom. She had no "quirks" about her, as have most musical individuals. She left everything to his judgment.

It was the most natural thing in the world that they should become friends. And as they became friends, it was quite as natural that she should tell him about herself. She was an orphan; she had been supporting herself as music-teacher in the great city. She had practiced the strictest economy that she might continue to study under a good teacher. She was poor! \* \* \*

The summer had slowly drifted by. Happy hours are not always swift. Sometimes so much occurs in short space that one cannot realize the actual length of time. They are days that seem like months—so full are they of strange surprise and joy. That was the way Joy Folsom found it. In the late August days she walked with quick step and bounding pulse. She sang with a new thrill in her voice. She was nineteen and tasting the happiness of first love. Ah, yes! In all the after years nothing half so sweet or pure may come to woman. One never again may know the same feeling of perfect trust and security. Look back to it through tears, O ye who have since lived and suffered, who have learned to doubt and to dread, who have stood face to face with selfishness, heartlessness, betrayal!

He loved her. They had not as yet discussed marriage, but he loved her. That was sufficient. \* \* \* Joy had made any number of friends since coming to Pottersville. Or, to speak more accurately, had accepted them. For she was by nature too shy and retiring to make advances in any quarter. The Misses Asher had called upon her, and she had dined with them twice or thrice. But they were all so much older than herself and so stately in dress and manner that she had not become very intimate with them. She felt a certain awe in their presence, which was by no means lessened at the thought that they were so friendly to Clinton Cosgrove.

Among others who had made kindly overtures to Miss Folsom was an elderly soul named Bisbee. She was a widow, and something of a gossip. Perhaps she had her eye on the soprano and the organist. Perhaps she had a vague notion how Trinity's organ loft stood veiled in shadow those still midsummer afternoons, when Joy Folsom's slim white-clad figure in the gloom moved slowly to and fro like a lily, and Clinton Cosgrove played soft interludes and whispered tender sentences while playing. At all events it was Mrs. Bisbee who met Joy that morning—a morning she never afterward could put out of mind—a horrid morning of shock and darkness. Mrs. Bisbee had walked home with her from the postoffice to Joy's boarding-place. And there Joy had gone straight to her own room, dazed and choking.

Mrs. Bisbee had naturally enough spoken of church affairs; of the music; of Mr. Cosgrove; of the boy-choir; and of the Misses Asher's devotion to the organist.

"Every one understands it, of course," the wily widow had said, carelessly. "And really it is a very good arrangement, you know. He has nothing but his salary; he is as poor as any one."

"You mean Mr. Cosgrove is poor," said Joy, a sudden color creeping up over her cheeks. "I don't quite understand what arrangement you mean, though."

"You don't? Why I thought everybody knew—I mean about Fidelia, of course. She is a year or two older than he is, but that doesn't matter much considering her fortune. O, yes, Miss Fidelia will be the making of him."

\* \* \* I don't quite know when the marriage is to occur."

"Miss Fidelia to marry Mr. Cosgrove," Joy repeated slowly, as if the intelligence were too stupendous for comprehension.

"Why, I supposed every one knew," the widow made answer.

Then, as they had reached Joy's home, no more was said.

The girl went slowly up the board walk to the house. It was as if a thunder-cloud had settled upon the fair world. Everything was black and hideous. All the sweetness had gone out of the flowers; the very tree leaves seemed to hang stupidly, as if death had touched their life source.

Suppose it were true. Then he had only been trifling with her. He had never asked her to marry him, because he had meant to marry Miss Fidelia Asher, who was rich. He had amused himself with Joy Folsom, because she was poor. Ah, yes! she was poor. In the city her home had been an attic chamber, bleak in winter, stifling in summer. Her work had been hard and incessant. Her progress had been so slow. O, life had been a pitiful strug-

gle. And now the cup of happiness was dashed from her lips. The world was made suddenly dark and terrible.

Joy remained all day in her room—to suffer. Pride came to her assistance, and, though it made the pain no easier, was something of a prop. The young all have this pride; as they grow older they get over having it. Sometimes they get over it too much. I know a woman whose husband has deserted her and swears he will never live with her again, and tells her he wishes she would die, because he never loved her, but married her against his will. And yet that woman keeps writing to him and pleading with him to come back. That woman has gotten over having pride—too far.

Joy felt that her life was wrecked completely. He should never again find chance to amuse himself with her. She would leave Pottersville at the earliest opportunity. She hoped she need not sing too many more Sabbaths. She hardly knew how she could ever sing again—she felt so crushed so hopeless.

The afternoon wore slowly by. She was forced to appear at tea-time, lest her action be remarked. After tea she had promised Cosgrove to meet him at the church to rehearse a new solo.

The Ashers always dined at seven. Their midday luncheon was a most informal repast. Cold meats and fruits and pastry were set forth, from which one should help himself precisely as he felt inclined.

At luncheon that particular morning the ladies had mentioned Miss Folsom in connection with an entertainment about to be given for some charity.

"She would sing, I suppose?" Miss Abigail remarked.

"O, certainly, she would sing!" said Miss Fidelia, the most energetic of the three.

Miss Dora offered no objection, but continued to make her luncheon off cheese and some hard ginger cakes.

Mr. Cosgrove spoke absently. "I presume she would gladly take part."

"If it were not so warm, I should call on her this afternoon," Miss Fidelia declared.

"We practice to-night," said Cosgrove, as absently as before.

"Then," said Miss Fidelia, "I will come over to the church and see her."

"We shall have a heavy storm to-night," Joy heard some one utter this prophecy, as she went down the board walk, when tea was over. She heard the words, yet gave them scarcely a thought. She cared little for gathering shadows in the sky; her world was already as dark as it ever could be. When evil news is brought, one always reaches out for little attendant circumstances to witness or disprove its truth. Joy had been tortured all the afternoon with the recollection of a thousand trivial acts and sayings of her lover. And so she had little interest in the color of the sky or the way the wind began to blow up the dust in the street. She went on, unconscious of now and then a single drop of rain flying against her cheek, on toward the church. She went in, as usual, through the little door facing toward the rectory. She heard voices in the organ-loft, and felt no surprise at discovering Miss Fidelia in conversation with Clinton Cosgrove.

But all the bitterness she had choked down during the day seemed now to rise up and suffocate her. She hesitated; they had not heard her enter. Cosgrove was playing his favorite "Largo"—playing very softly, and Miss Fidelia stood looking over his shoulder. The gas burned dimly.

Joy retreated softly to the little study. She could not bring herself to face them. She felt as if she had lost all self-control. She would go away quickly. She opened the door—but rain was falling in very large drops. No, she must wait a little. The wind was blowing terribly, moreover. She could not see a yard in advance. She would wait till the shower was over. The study was now pitch dark, save where the light glimmered faintly through the half-opened door—the light from the organ-loft. And she could still hear him playing "Largo." She sank down in the rectory's armchair, overpowered and heart-broken. The storm without grew wilder. She could hear the wind lashing the sides of the edifice and tearing away the strong old English ivy. The music ceased; Cosgrove and Miss Fidelia came down the steps from the loft into the study. Joy sat motionless and heart-sick. What would they think to find her there? Would they perhaps accuse her of eavesdropping? Oh, if only they might not observe her!

They did not appear to. Miss Fidelia opened the door.

"What an awful storm," she said, in a shocked voice. "Do you think we can get across the street?"

"Better to wait here," said Cosgrove.

"It will soon be over."

"But Abbie and Dora will be nervous. I think we'd better try."

Cosgrove hesitated.

The lady opened the door a second, and was passing out.

Joy could never explain to herself, or to others the singular impulse of the insuing instant. Swift as lightning all thought of self had left her; she knew nothing but one blind, unaccountable impulse, to reach out and hold Miss Fidelia back. This strange impulse, or instinct, seemed to thrust her from her seat and force from her a wild cry.

"Wait! Come back!"

Miss Fidelia turned; at the same moment came a frightful rush and crash—sounds which lasted for some seconds.

"Joy!" cried Cosgrove, amid the din. But the girl had fainted.

\* \* \*

"A terrible storm," said every one,

the following morning. Quite a respectable crowd came to take a look at the church steeple. Moreover, it was whispered about that the youngest Miss Asher had barely escaped from under.

"A regular Western cyclone," said some one. "We don't very often see our churches pulled down like that."

Just about the same time Clinton Cosgrove was calling on Miss Folsom. "Won't you please explain how you came to appear so suddenly for Miss Fidelia's benefit?" he began, in a tone that puzzled the girl.

She looked at him, with a pale sort of despatch.

"I had been there some time," she said, slowly. "I was waiting for you to be at leisure. I saw you were conversing with your affianced."

"My affianced!" repeated the young man in stupefied accents. Then the truth may have dawned upon him. And so much may be read in glances!

"Joy," he said reproachfully, "some one has been telling you tales—and you have been listening. Miss Fidelia is an estimable lady, and a devoted friend—but Joy \* \* \* I shall never have \* \* \* any affianced \* \* \* except \* \* \* yourself."

And when they were married, in October, glorious month, the steeple had been rebuilt, and a reception was given them by the Misses Asher, who appeared in church in the richest of new dove-colored satins, the quaintest of laces. And if these estimable ladies ever had entertained any such hopes or plans as the widow Bisbee had asserted, they forthwith packed them away in lavender and common sense, and buried them under the recollection that Miss Fidelia probably owed her life to Joy Folsom.—Chicago Ledger.

## The Baggage-Check.

The American's earliest experiences in England with his baggage provoke him. He wants to "check" it, and he cannot do it. At home, if he is going from New York to Boston, for instance, he buys a ticket at one of the numerous ticket offices which are scattered over the city, states what train he is going on, and is informed of the hour at which the baggage-wagon will call for his effects. When it does call, the messenger in charge of it gives him a little brass plate on which is a number, and the words "New York" and "Boston" and attaches to his trunk, by means of a little leather strap, a duplicate of it. If the traveler drives directly to the depot, he buys his ticket, presents his baggage at the baggage-counter, and receives his brass check for it, the exhibition of his ticket being a warrant for the transfer of the trunks or parcels he has to the point to which he is going. If he is leaving an hotel, the porter who carries his trunk from his rooms will hand him the checks before he leaves the house. In any case he has no further concern with his traps until the end of his journey. Half an hour before he reaches Boston, an express agent—"parcels delivery clerk" they would call him in England—comes through the train, and, if the traveler wishes, takes the address at which he desires to have his things delivered, and taking his check, gives him a receipt on a small printed form. Within an hour or so everything is at the hotel or residence. If the traveler's personal comfort requires that his effects should accompany him at once from the train, he gives his checks, when he alights in the station, to his hackman, or to the badged and labeled employee of the hotel he means to visit.

All of this is of course thoroughly familiar to Americans; but English people know nothing of it, and have almost nothing in their system of travel which resembles it. To Americans the baggage-check is one of the greatest comforts of travel, and when they go abroad they miss it painfully.—Harper's Magazine.

## Like His Father.

The other evening there were several visitors at Col. Gradson's house. The Colonel takes great delight in "showing off" his little son, and when the boy appeared at the parlor door the Colonel said:

"Come in, Henry. Speak to the ladies and gentlemen. Ah, that's a man."

"He is a fine little fellow," said Mrs. Graftney, one of the visitors. "Come here, my little man."

The boy approached her and permitted her to lift him onto her lap.

"Why, you are heavy. How old are you?"

"Six years, goin' on seven."

"Yes, and you'll soon be a man. What are you going to do when you become a man?"

"Do like pa does."

"How does he do?"

"O, sometimes when he comes home at night he falls over a chair—"

"Henry!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Falls over a chair, and when maw gits mad he says it's a pretty way for a woman to go on just because a man takes two beers and—"

The Colonel had seized him.—Arkansas Traveler.

## How to Swim.

A gentleman of our acquaintance tells us the following good story, which goes to show that the average Austin boy has what Mrs. Partington would call a "judicious" mind. He, the boy, wanted to go in swimming.

"But, my son," rejoined the anxious parent, "swimming is unhealthy. It was only this morning that you were complaining of a pain in your stomach."

"That's so, pa; but I know how to swim on my back."—Texas Siftings.

He that does good for goodness' sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

## HUMOR.

A MANICURE—a doctor.

A TAKING fellow—a thief.

It is the hardship that sails on the sea of trouble.—Whitehall Times.

Don't go to Hot Springs; you are liable to get yourself into hot water.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

The chronic fisherman is forever dropping a line, but he never drops a lyn' habit.—Yonkers Gazette.

Some of our militiamen may not be experts in grammar, but they all know something about tents.—St. Paul Herald.

The editor of a sensational paper says that divorce cases, elopements, murders, and so on are the sin-news of war.—Washington Hatchet.

"YOUR room is better than your company," said the assignee of the bankrupt insurance corporation to its president, as they sat in the latter's elegant office.—Barbers' Gazette.

"LIVE and learn," remarked Balty to his wife during a little "scrap" they were having. "I know it, Balty, and death right now would find you needing repairs badly."—Merchant Traveler.

A CORRESPONDENT, who witnessed a marriage ceremony performed by the Cheyenne Indians, says that the bride was dressed in a six-inch grin and three streaks of red paint.—Newman Independent.

FIRST BOY—"They say you are a coward, a liar, a—a—a—" SECOND BOY—"Do you know what they call you?" FIRST BOY—"What?" SECOND BOY—"They don't call; they just whistle."—Texas Siftings.

It always makes a man feel as if he was meeting with an old friend when he happens in at a railroad refreshment counter and identifies his own last season's teeth marks upon the sandwich that is handed over to him.—Fall River Advance.

"PA, do the waters pout?" queried a youngster of his father. "Why, Johnnie, don't talk so foolish. What do you mean?" "Well, I heard you telling mother how the sailors, when you were at sea, used to fire cannon to break the waterspout."—Stockton Maverick.

"THERE is satisfaction in knowing that if you ever get to heaven there won't be any lace curtains for you to spoil with your horrid old tobacco smoke," sputtered a Brooklyn wife whose husband would smoke, curtains or no curtains.—Brooklyn Times.

SAM JONES, the revivalist, doesn't tackle kindly to the new name the revisers have substituted for Satan's dominions. "Why," he says, "you couldn't frighten a cat with sheol." Probably not. Nor could you scare a cat with the old word—unless you had a brick attached to it when you hurled it at the animal. Words are very unsatisfactory missiles to throw at cats.—Norristown Herald.

"How do you like my new suit, mother?" inquired Mrs. B. as she displayed herself in a bewitching, beautiful combination of cloth, ribbons, and tucks. "Very much indeed, my dear," replied the old lady. "It's very becoming and fits perfectly." And then she added pleasantly, "I hope you'll live to wear the suit out, and a hundred more like it." "Lord! I don't," ejaculated her loving husband, who had just read the bill.—Peck's Sun.

## EPITAPHS.

On a Poet.  
Put away his pens and paper,  
Ink and blotter, everything;  
Now extinguished is life's taper—  
No more lays on "gentle spring."  
There are no more threats to shoot him:  
He is done with earthly cares;  
Editors no more will boot him  
Down the editorial stairs.

On an Editor.  
Here his remains his friends have placed,  
To poet's he's no longer crusty;  
The festive cockroach eats his paste,  
His faithful shears are dull and rusty;  
No more with the knife of his wit doth he flay  
Our loathsome contemporary, over the way!

On a Reporter.  
With gentle hands we laid him here to rest,  
For he was genial and esteemed by all;  
We heard the clods they heaped upon his breast  
With a "dull thud" upon his coffin lid.  
And here he sleeps, all peaceful, safe from harm,  
No more assigned to beat-hall, trots or other sport.

No more to hasten at the fire alarm;  
He's gone where there are no fires to report.  
On the Devil.

He came for "copy" with demeanor civil,  
And waited for it with unruffled brow;  
On earth he did his duty as a devil,  
In heaven we trust he is an angel now.

On a Selfish Man.  
Few people ever tasted of his cheer,  
Few were the tears of grief that for him fell,  
His health was never drunk while he was here,  
But now, undoubtedly, he's toasted well.  
—Boston Courier.

In "Brain Rest," Prof. J. L. Corning gives seven rules whereby mental bankruptcy may be avoided. Avoid, first, excessive indulgence of the emotions; second, frantic, desultory efforts to accomplish in one hour an amount of mental work appropriate to double that amount of time; third, avoid every species of excess which experience has proven leads to general constitutional drain; fourth, avoid attempting to do two things at one and the same time; fifth, avoid petty social and other engagements which interfere with the function of sleep; sixth, avoid constipation, as experience has abundantly proven that this condition is productive of abnormal depression; seventh, avoid indigestible food.

A SOUTHERN physician has studied the subject of a difference between the northerners and southerners. In tropical countries the complexion of the people is that of convalescing from fever, and indicates that the conditions of the blood are no longer susceptible to febrile influences. The number of red corpuscles in the northern blood rapidly disappear in tropical regions subjected to malaria.

GRIEF ennobles. He who has not suffered can never have thought or felt.