UNRETURNING.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The season trips with lightsome feet
  And radiant smiles through April days:
Its tuneful harmonies are sweet
  With one melodious song of praise.

Soft south winds blow among the woods,
  Their odorous cups the flowerets shake,
In lofty galleries multitudes
  Of choristers the air awakes.

All sights, all sounds, all gladsome things
  Are changeless to my painful sense—
And still each living rapture brings
  My loneliness no recompense.

The very brook by which we strolled
  With hand in hand a year ago,
Babbles its mirth as uncontrolled
  As if the world knew naught of woe.

I haunt the nooks we used to love,
  I turn the leaves we used to read;
Mute witnesses, where'er I move,
  For perished days will intercede.

God's will be done, with thee and me!
  My murmuring lips I fain would still,
And crush beneath a bended knee
  A yearning soul's rebellious will—

In vain, in vain! My fond desire
  Still clings to thee, where'er thou art.
The ashes of love's smoldering fire
  Lie warm around a woman's heart.

NOT A GOSSIPY CRITTER.

BY FRANC WATSON.

I'm a nurse myself, and my mother was a nurse afore me. The boys on Dingy alley, where I makes my home in a room over Caleb Marks' grocery shop and meat market, calls me "Sairey Gamp"—wherefore I haven't the least idee—but my own name, which is Sairey Weaver, is good enough for me any day. Nursin' mayn't be the most aristocratic of perfeshions, but there ain't a more enlightenin' one, or one where one gets more into the bosom of families, or sees more of whatever is goin' on. My opinion of the male sect has got to be a mighty poor one, and that may be the reason I refused the only offer of a pardner for life I ever had. True, John Tarline had only one good leg, and not much sense; but, as I said afore, the male man is a pesky, meddlesome, bothersome critter of very little use in the world, as far as I can see.

Mr. Hardiwick's was the last place I attended, and I am not goin' to forget it very soon, I can tell you. Thank goodness, I'm not one of those gossipy critters who gad about telling everything they hear and see. No one can lay that up agin me; but I've a downright good notion to tell what happened at Mr. Hardiwick's one night. Of course it won't go any further, and, dear sakes, I wouldn't have Mrs. Hardiwick know anything about it for the world.

Mrs. Hardiwick has everything heart could wish, except in her husband. If she could swap him she'd be a'nough sight better off; but then, you see, she can't do that, and I don't know as it makes any difference to me, as I don't have to put up with his tantrums.

I was called to Hardiwick's in the middle of the night; but I was expectin' it and had my basket packed and was ready. All went well and she got on nicely. The baby was a lovely child and her things and its things was just perfect. Poor, dear soul, she had everything she wished, with the exception of Mr. Hardiwick. He might be improved on considerable if he was made over agin; but I said that afore, and it aint any partic'lar business of mine anyway, though I'm allus a sayin' it.

Will you believe it, upon my word as a woman and no gossip, I hadn't been in the house a day when I caught 'im a kissin' the servant girl. Saw 'im with my own eyes as I was goin' through the dinin' room and the kitchen door was open jest a little bit. The very minute he went up stairs I walks in and took Kittie by the shoulders—she called herself Kittie, the hussy—and says, says I: "How dare you do it, indeed? Kissin' your master, and his sick wife and infant baby up stairs."

"'Twasn't me kissed him. He kissed me," says she, quick like, with her mouth puckered up, and as bold as brass. "Oh, all men are just like that."

"I s'pose they air," says I; "but, thank goodness gracious, I ain't pinned my happiness to none of the deceitful class."

She grinned, and I went up, but, as I looked at poor Mrs. Hardiwick sipping her beef tea so peaceful and contented like, I thought: "Little you know what is going on in this house, mum; but I shan't tell anything about it, leastways not till I'm done and paid off. Men is spiteful when they's crossed."

Well, dearie me, how that man carried on. His room was next to our'n, and he was everlastingly bustin' in at all onseasonable hours when he warn't wanted. One evenin', after ringin' the bell nine or ten times for Kittie—s'pose he kissed 'er every time, too—he opened the door to our room a little way and stuck in his head.

I thought he was goin' to say: "How are you, and how is the baby, my dear?" but that wasn't what he said; not by a long sight. He had a kinder cross look, and he said:

"My dear, where's my best shoes got to?"

Mrs. Hardiwick looked up from her pillow, with her face jest as white as her cap, and answered:

"Have you looked in the closet?" says she, so timid like.

"Yes," says he, with a snap like a trap.

"Perhaps they're in the shoe box under the bed," says she. "They might have been put there." And he slammed the door.

I guess he must of found 'em, as he stayed away quite awhile; but bimeby he come in agin with his galluses hangin' down, and he says, says he: "Dearest, who's stolen my striped breeches?"

Mrs. Hardiwick's face turned jest a ghastly color, but she spoke up jest that noble like and told the truth (she is a saint, and deserves a good husband, what she hain't got), and she says: "They aren't stolen, dear. I traded them for that Venus at the Bath on the mantel."

He was a brute and blurted out: "Those elegant trousers—best fit ever had—disreppitable crockery," and was going on at a great rate when I says, says I: "Sir, you mustn't decompose the lady. It's agin the doctor's orders and I wont have it." I put my foot down and looked kinder fierce, and he started for the door.

I thought he was goin' to slam it; but I must say that much for him, he didn't but went out kinder cowed and meek.

'Bout half an hour after that he come in agin, dressed very swell, like a dude. Then he said, oh, so sweet and pleasant: "Don't expect me home early, darling. I'm going to a Masonic meeting to-night. Be a good wife; keep quiet; don't get excited and you'll soon be up and around."

When he was gone, Mrs. Hardiwick said, with a sigh which seemed to come from way down by her heart, "Oh, I'm so relieved! I was afraid he'd miss some of the other things, and the old-clothes man did say, 'No gentleman would ever wear them again.'"

Then, after a little while she went to sleep, and I went to sleep too, I fancy, for when I waked up it was twelve o'clock and past. She was snorin' lovely; so was baby, bless his soul, and I was thinkin' I'd go to bed, for she didn't need sittin' up with a single mite. I had jest got my frizzes off and hung on the gas bracket, when "clang!" went the door-bell, as though all the boys in the neighborhood had hold of the handle.

That gad-about of a servant girl had locked the door so as the latch-key could not open it. I did'nt want Mrs. Hardiwick waked up, or the baby either, so I grabbed my frizzes, stuck them on under my cap and more than flew down the stairs. I unlocked the door and opened it just a little ways

"Who's there?" says I.

"Oh, it's me," says somebody.

"Who's me?" says I.

"It's Hardiwick," says several at once.

"There's some one with you," says I.

"Yes," says he; "Jinks 'n Harris 'n Seymour—only four 'n no more. Brought 'em home t' see the baby, y' know. 'S all right!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir. You've been drinking, sir, and so have these gentlemen," said I, for I was indignified at their actions.

"None'r your business," he grumbled. "Open the door, I tell you."

How could I help it? I opened it, and in they come, and went into the parlor, where Mr. Hardiwick finally made out to light the gas, and they all sot down.

"Cant you get's a bite to eat, nurse?" asked he.

"No," I answered, short off, for I was mad clean through; "everything is locked up and my lady is asleep as you ought to be. As for you, gentlemen," says I, "you'd best find your way home where your wives are prob'ly settin' up an' waitin' for you." I spoke forcible, but they didn't seem to mind it and Harris he began to pound on the pianner and sing.

"There's sick folks in the house, sir," says I, "and you'd all better git home while you're able. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Hardiwick, Haven't you a bit of respect for your wife an' the precious baby; carryin' on so?" says I.

"That's it," says he. "Brought frien's home t'see baby. Trot 'im out, nurse. Bring 'im down, I say."

What could I do? Tipsy folks must be humored, so I've heard, and I concluded to humor them. "Sit down, now, and behave yourselves and I'll bring it down," says I. Up stairs I went.

The house cat was lyin' on the rug afore the fire fast asleep, and an idee come to me to fool 'em. So I took 'im up, slipped one of baby's frocks over 'is fore paws, tied a blanket tight over 'is head, wrapped 'im up nice in a small shawl, and down I went with 'im in my arms.

They was tipsier than ever. Hardiwick had got a bottle of brandy from the sideboard, and they was all settin' around with their dirty boots on the table, drinkin' and laughin' like mad.

"Here," says I. "Here is the little darling. He looks like 'is papa—a reg'lar chip o' the old block," says I, smilin' to myself.

"I gave it to Mr. Seymour, who took it very awkward; then I went up-stairs and locked the door to our room. I could hear down the chimbley, though, jest as plain, and you may be sure I listened.

"'S fine looking boy, Hardiwick," says Seymour.

"Course 'e is!" answered Hardiwick.

"Does look like you, too," says Harris.

"Y'do me too mnch honor," answered Hardiwick.

"Wh—what's this? Confound it! he bit me," says Seymour. "Here! take 'im!"

Then he must of give him to Jenks, for I heard him yell. Then Harris took him, and I could hear him curse dreadful. Then Mr. Hardiwick yelled three or four times, and after that the street-door banged, and the three went roaring down the steps. The cat was screaming like fury all the time, and bimeby I heard Hardiwick come stumbling up the stairs to the door of our room, and he says, says he: "Here, nurse, baby's got convulshuns or something. Come an' take 'im."

"Oh, no," says I; "he ain't," and I opened the door jest a little ways and looked out. "He's jest playful, sir, and loves to be with his pa. All babies is like that, sir."

The old cat squalled and scratched, and it was a sight to see Hardiwick holdin' 'im. The sweat was runnin' down offen his face fine.

"Wish you'ld take 'im, nurse," said he, kinder despondent. "I'm so tired an' sleepy."

"Better take 'im to bed with you, sir," says I. "Jest keep 'im for one night, that's a dear, good, kind gentleman. I'm sure he will be good and not make you any trouble."

Then he started for his room and I locked the door and jammed a pillow in my mouth, so's I wouldn't laugh out loud, and I listened.

'F course I couldn't keep awake all night, but I believe I'm kerect when I says Hardiwick walked the floor the best part of the night with that cat. And how it did squall! Hardiwick swore dreadful. My sakes alive! It wasn't until most mornin' that that cat got the best of him. I heard it yell three or four times, terrible, and then Hardiwick yelled, too, and screamed out:

"Oh, good Lord, it's a changeling!" Then I heard him roll around in the bed and kick agin the wall and curse awful.

I was up early, and when I looked out I see all the boys on the street, and some men, too, starin' at somethin' on the wall back of the yard. It was that cat dressed in a long frock, and it was yowlin' and tryin' to paw it off. Bimeby Hardiwick come down to breakfast, all a mass of scratches, lookin' very sad. He didn't say nothin' at all, but was white and quiet, as if he'd seen a ghost.

I kinder guess he thought he had committed murder, or arson, or somethin', for he looked relieved and astonished when he see the baby in its cradle, suckin' 'is thumb as happy and contented as you please; but he didn't say a word. P'raps the cat on the wall may have given 'im an idee.

He was sa e not to mention it, though, and you may be sure I'd not tell any one, for I'm no gossip, as you very well know. Things what happens at places where I works is kinder sacred like, and I never tells them to any one, leastwise to any one who would tell 'em ag'in; but of course this is all in strick confidence.

Paris Love-Making Fashion.

The amatory tastes of the youthful Gauls are rather peculiar. Parisian dandies have lately taken to paying their addresses to elderly dames, who are what is called bien conservees, while youthful beauties are rather left out in the cold. The belle who is been conservee may be 50 or 60; in fact, the older the better, provided the wig fits on well and that the ratelier has bien put in its place by an experienced dentist. A countess who is not at all old was asked why she persisted in giving herself rather an antiquated appearance. Her reply was characteristic of the times: "Mon cher," I do so to please the young fellows better. If I failed to do so they would all run after that horrible old hag of a baronne, who is 65 if she is a day."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Pine-Tree Diet.

Restaurant waiter (in Washington)—"Member of Congress, sah?"

New customer (handing his hat and coat)—"Yes."

Waiter—"What State, sah?"

Customer—"From Maine."

Waiter (vociferously)—"Bread an' milk an' pie fer one."—*Omaha World.*

Lincoln's Immmortal Phrase.

C. C. R. has heard the originality of Lincoln's famous phrase, "Of the people, by the people and for the people," called in question, and asks the *Gossip* to enlighten him. This phrase, as everyone knows, occurs in Abraham Lincoln's address at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettyburg on Nov. 19, 1863. The text of the sentence is as follows: "We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." The phrase was not original but a quotation conscious or unconscious, from Theodore Parker. In an address to the Anti-Slavery Society, May 13, 1854 (printed in "Additional Speeches," vol. II., page 25), the great Abolitionist spoke of democracy as a government of all the people, by all the people and for all the people." A lady who was a member of his household for many years says that the phrase, though the result of long and careful hammering at a favorite thought, even yet failed to satisfy him. "It was not," she says, "quite pointed enough for the weapon he needed to use so often in criticising the national action, to pierce and penetrate the mind of the hearer and reader with the just idea of democracy, securing it there by much iteration; and I can distinctly recall his joyful look when he afterward read it to me in his library condensed into this gem: 'Of the people, by the people and for the people.'" But even Parker was not original. As early as 1830 Daniel Webster had used these words in a public speech: "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people." And here is how the same idea was handled by Chief Justice Marshall as far back as 1819: "The govenment of the Union is emphatically and truly a government of the people. In form and substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them and for their benefit." (McCullough vs. Maryland; reported in 4 Wheaton, 316.)—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

German Jokes.

A PESSIMIST.

Schultz—What makes you look so blue, Miller?

Miller (sighing)—I was just thinking that in nine months and a few days and 1888 will have passed into oblivion.

HER ONLY CHANCE.

A.—Why does Miss Elderly go on the ice every time there is skating?

B.—Because that's her only chance to see men at her feet.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

Officer (to awkward recruit)—Ready! Present arms! Aim! Great Scott, he looks like a spavined monkey blowing a flute!

SAT DOWN ON.

Lady—Are you acquainted with Miss Schmidt?

Dude—Yaas, I talked with her for half an hour the other night. Awful stupid creature.

"How so?"

"Why you see she nevah opened her mouth the whole time I wath taking to her."

"What! Didn't she even yawn?"

HE WAS DISGUSTED.

A.—Were you invited to the dinner at Baron von Geizig's yesterday?

B.—Yes, I was there.

"I feel sorry for you, for they set an awful poor table."

"That's what I heard, so I made up my mind to fare miserably; but somehow or other we had a spendid dinner. I never was so disappointed and disgusted in my life."

A CHEAP BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Wife (who is playing chess with her husband)—Don't you know that to-day is my birthday?

Husband (abstractedly)—Is it?

"Yes; ain't you going to give me anything as a birthday present?"

"I had forgotten all about it. Certainly, I'll give you something. I'll let you take a pawn."

LOOKING OUT FOR THE BUTTERED SIDE.

Smith—I am going to dinner. Won't you go along and take dinner with me?

Jones—Not to-day, but I'll accept your invitation for to-morrow. Your wife was kind enough to invite me to dinner to-day.

Had a Doubt.

A well-known thief having been put on trial for an offense, and all the testimony going to show that he was guilty, the Judge charged the jury to give him the benefit of any doubt. This resulted in a disagreement, of course, and when an explanation was asked for one of the doubters replied: "I am certain the fellow was guilty, but I had a doubt whether the court wanted him convicted or not." Moral: The court probably didn't.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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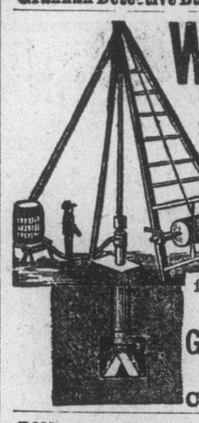

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