

## THIS HEART OF MINE.

BY ANITA.

This heart of mine is sadly human,  
And passion sweeps it oftentimes;  
Shall earthly pleasures never fill it?  
Or do I long for things sublime?

It flutters restless in my bosom,  
As if it pined sad and alone,  
Is it the poet's soul within me?  
That makes my spirit weep and moan?

My heart is empty of all pleasure—  
Such pleasure as the world can give;  
My path is shrouded still in darkness,  
I've lived—and still—on hope I live.

My heart is tired with Hope's beguiling,  
And Faith droops low with weary wing;  
How long can Patience bear her burdens?  
When shall these lips in rapture sing?  
BEIRNE, Ark.

## WHAT WORD?

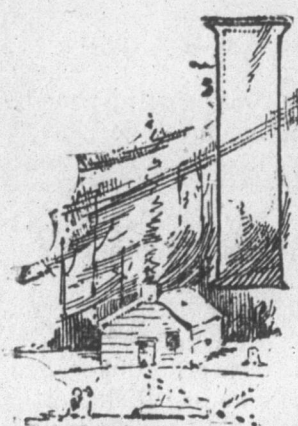
BY KIL, COURTLAND.

What was the word you said to me  
In the gleam of the sunset glow?  
When the moss-rose pressed her scarlet lips  
On the lily's cheek of snow?  
Ah! poets and sages their lives will spend  
And the tides will ebb and flow,  
But only the roses can tell, good friend,  
And only the lilies know.

But what was the word I said to you,  
In the heart of the ruby glare?  
The passion flower swung high the cross,  
The pansies were all at prayer,  
Ah! poets and sages their lives will spend  
And the tides will ebb and flow,  
But only the roses can tell, good friend,  
And only the lilies know.  
PENDLETON, S. C.

## LITTLE ROBBIE'S NERVE

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



IN the fall of 1873 my business called me into the pine regions of the State of Michigan. I had recently secured a patent of great value in the felling of heavy timber, and was introducing it among the logging camps and saw mills.

In this I was meeting with decided success, and was making money at a rate I had not, in my wildest dreams, anticipated.

I was a widower, and, as will readily be believed, was devotedly attached to my only child, an active and unusually bright boy of eight years. A father—particularly a doting one, as I admit myself to have been—is apt to exaggerate the abilities and attainments of his children, and I well know that the first branch of my statement will be given greater credence than the last.

I will not stop to argue the matter with the incredulous reader, but proceed to relate the story upon which I have already made a beginning, confident that it will convince the most skeptical of the quick wit and nerve of my little Robbie.

I had brought him with me to Michigan, and left him at school in East Saginaw while I conducted my profitable canvass among the pineries. Late in November the friend with whom I had left him wrote me that he had become exceedingly lonesome, and could not apply himself to his studies.

It required no great evidence to convince me of the truth of the report, for a month's separation from my boy had brought me to a similar state of mind. The letter decided me upon a course that for some days I had been considering—a foolish course any man in full possession of his faculties would have said. I directed that Robbie be sent forward to me in the vast pine woods.

Three days later he joined me, having been placed in charge of a kind-hearted lumberman, who delivered him safe enough, though with but little appetite for the sweetmeats I had provided in honor of his advent.

But the ripened harvest of dollars awaited my sickle, and not even the pleasure of playing with my boy could detain me from business.

I had worked all the camps in that section, and decided to start the next morning for a point on the river, some twenty miles away, where I was confident of disposing of a number of machines.

I was to make the journey on horseback, Robbie riding behind me. We had mounted, said good-by to our new but none the less warm friends, when an old skidder came running toward us.

"Don't start to-day!" cried he, when within speaking distance.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Cause we're goin' to have a storm, an' it's a long an' lonely stretch you've got before you."

"I see no indications of it."

"You would, if you'd been waitin', as I have, a fortnight for snow to start the sleds, so that you could earn the grub you was a-eatin'." We'll have a storm, and a big one at that, afore dark."

"But I've lots of time. It's only a few hours' ride."

"I hope so, for I sees you're bound to go. Well, hustle along, an' don't waste time a-talkin' to me."

The old man had judged me rightly; I did design to go, seeing nothing portentous of evil. Accordingly, I acted upon his suggestion, and rode away from the log buildings that constituted the camp.

For some miles there was a fair bridle-path through a wilderness of stumps and underbrush, and we made good progress. At length we reached a point where we were obliged to make a turn, and strike into the heavy timber, through which the remainder of our journey lay.

A railroad line had been projected

here some years before, and abandoned, after the timber on the course had been felled, a telegraph line constructed and some little grading done.

I well knew that it was but a poor apology for a road, and had only adopted it because it shortened the distance by more than one half, from that of the regular wagon road.

We were, as nearly as I could estimate, within five or six miles of our destination when, to my consternation, I saw that the prognostication of the old skidder was about to be verified. The sky had become overcast with clouds, the tall pines were rocking in the rising wind, and flakes of snow were beginning to flutter to the ground.

I tried to increase the speed of the horse, but found it impossible by reason of the numerous obstructions in the form of trunks of trees.

"Don't be afraid, Robbie," said I, in as cheerful tones as I could command.

"Not a bit of it. I think it just jolly. I'll make the eyes of the boys at home open."

A snapping sound cut short the lad's remark and caused his own eyes to open pretty wide, I fear.

An upward glance showed me the green top of a huge pine, describing in our direction an awful circle in the air.

I dug my heels into the flanks of the horse and shouted at the top of my voice.

This seemed to increase the terror of the animal, which stopped stock still.

Another instant and the tree was upon us.

I felt a sharp twinge of pain and lost consciousness.

My first thought was of Robbie, and the groan I uttered was caused not so much by pain as by the dreadful fear that I had lost him forever.

Judge of my joy when I saw him not only alive but actively engaged in clearing away the branches which covered me.

The horse had been killed outright, and my right leg broken above the knee.

With the assistance of the cool-headed boy I changed my position so as to lean against the body of the dead horse, which somewhat relieved my pain.

Our situation was desperate in the extreme, and Robbie realized it as soon as myself.

"Brace up, father," said he, "I'll run on, and be back before long with lots of help!"

But I at once interdicted this plan. The storm had become furious by this time, and I well knew that the boy could never face it and live.

Toward evening, however, it abated and finally ceased altogether. But the wind, howling through the only avenue afforded it, had piled the snow into enormous drifts, which precluded all thought of the child's working his way through them.

No words can describe my anguish. My pain was forgotten in the awful consciousness that my foolish fondness for my boy had brought him to a terrible death in the wilderness.

"Where do the telegraph lines run, father?" asked Robbie suddenly.

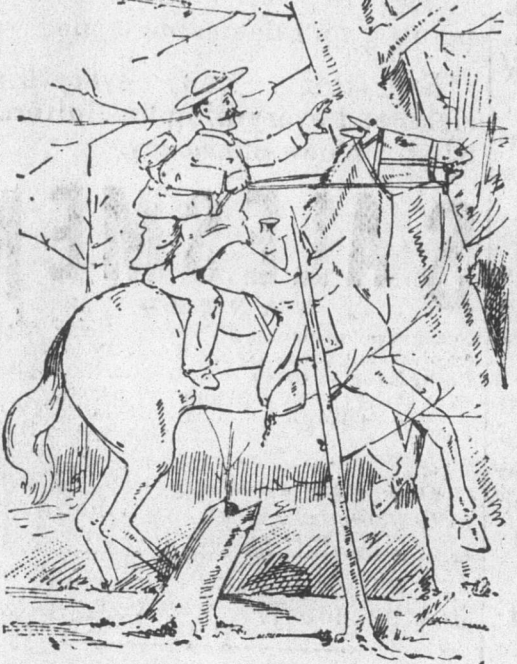
"To some point on the lake," I replied.

"And are they used?"

"O, yes; I understand they are a great convenience to the inland camps."

"Can't we use them, somehow?"

"No, my boy; we have no instru-



"ANOTHER INSTANT AND THE TREE WAS UPON US."

ment, and would not know how to use one if we had it."

Then I spoke of other matters, not wishing him to entertain hopes which I saw had no foundation.

Suddenly I awoke from an uneasy sleep and missed him from my side.

In terror I called his name, and with a sinking heart listened for the response that did not come.

An awful fear took possession of me. Knowing that he could never secure my consent, the daring little fellow had started off to meet his death, while trying to bring relief to me.

This terrible conclusion, coupled with the pain of my broken limb, caused me to lose consciousness.

When I revived, it was to find Robbie rubbing my hands and face.

"Where have you been?" I asked, in a tremor of joy at seeing him in the starlight.

"Looking into that telegraph matter," he replied. "I'm hoping—"

"Hope no more for that Robbie, but sit down beside me. Help may come in the morning." I added, not wishing to discourage him.

Help did come in the morning. About nine o'clock Robbie set up a joyous shout, and a moment later I saw strong men approaching.

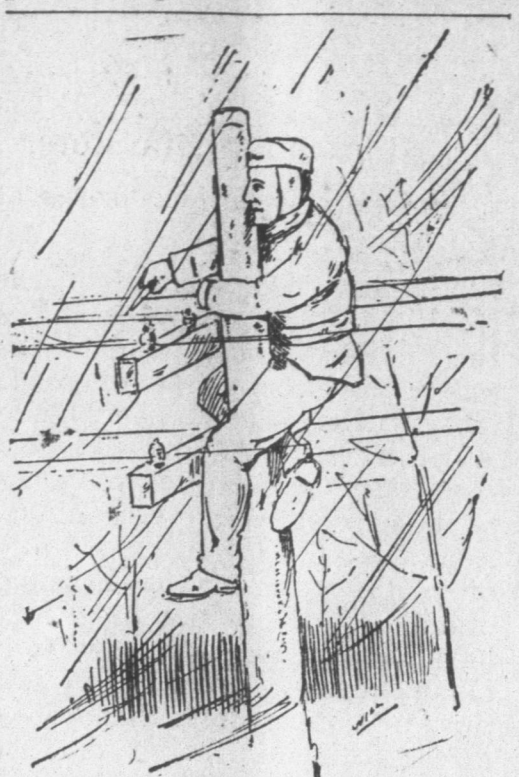
"How came you here?" I inquired,

as soon as my feelings permitted me to speak.

"I telegraphed for them," cried Robbie, as he turned a cart-wheel in the snow.

"That's about the size of it," said one of the men. "The lines wouldn't work this morning, and we were sent out to locate and repair the breaks."

"That's just what I figured on," said the delighted boy, "when I climbed a pole last night and sawed the whole



ROBBIE CUTTING THE WIRES.

six wires in two with my knife. I had an instrument and knew how to use it!"

Who will say that increasing years has added foolishness to my fondness, and that the handsome young man who sits beside me and makes disparaging remarks as I write, was not a bright and nervy boy?

## Surgical Operation Upon a Lioness.

Yesterday morning Keeper Havens, of the Gress Zoo, performed a very delicate operation.

The silver lioness, "Mollie," chewed up a piece of raw beef which the butcher had chopped up with a cleaver, leaving some fragments of bone in the flesh. It is not the custom of the keeper to give the animals flesh that contains any bone at all. In this instance a sharp sliver of bone pierced the lioness' gum on the outside of the jaw, next to the cheek, just below the left eye.

The place swelled up and festered, and the animal suffered a great deal of pain. Her head was swollen and she was unable to eat.

Yesterday morning Keeper Havens went to the cage, and by coaxing the lioness he got her to lie down, and then he slipped ropes over her fore feet, stretching them to either side of the cage and tying them securely.

"Mollie" kicked and struggled until the keeper fondled her awhile. After she was secured he entered the cage all alone, and, taking her head between his knees, he cut a small incision in the cheek, took his lance and drew out the sliver, an inch in length.

He did the work all alone, and no one else was present during the performance of the operation.

Yesterday afternoon, after she had been released several hours, he visited the cage, and she met him with a gratified look, holding the wound up to the bars of the cage as if she was glad that he had performed the operation that relieved her, and she appeared as docile and kindly as a kitten, although she had been fierce and resentful before.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## Cornfield Philosophy.

The burnt child fears the fire, and so he will try to find some method of playing with it without getting burned.

A drunkard can preach a good sermon on the evils of intemperance. He knows whereof he speaks.

Kindness is the grease that makes the world run smoothly.

The faster a man runs the farther he will go in a certain time and the sooner he will be tired.

The poison you put out for your neighbor's dog will kill your own canine if he eats it.

A sheep cannot climb a fence as readily as a goat can, and he is not so self-conceited, but he produces more wool.

A big head is no more a sign that its possessor has lots of brains than a large smokehouse indicates that its owner has plenty of meat. Both may be empty.

SMALL quantities of nickel are obtained from various localities in the United States and other countries, but the world's chief supply is stated to have come thus far from the mines of a French company in New Caledonia, whose output has been about 1,000 tons yearly. At the copper mines near Sudbury, Ont., however, nickel has now been found in such quantity that Dr. Peters has offered to produce 2,000 tons of the metal annually. Late discoveries of nickel ore have also been made in the Ural. The increase in the supply of this metal is expected to bring into extensive use the valuable alloys of nickel with steel and with copper.

In round numbers 10,000 missionaries are sent out by the various Christian nations to preach the gospel to 1,000,000,000 heathen—one missionary to every 100,000 of the heathen.

PHYSIOLOGISTS say that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one everything.

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### Every-Day Things.

The sun each day pursues his course;  
The little brooks and rills,  
Each day, come trickling down the vale,  
From sources up the hills.

Each day old ocean beats his bounds,  
His tides recede and flow;  
And day by day the loud winds roar,  
Or gentle zephyrs blow.

And so, dear children, each day brings  
Appointed work for you;  
Some act of duty, charity,  
Or kindness, you may do.

Count no good deed too trifling,  
No duty as too small;  
For little things combine with great  
To make the sum of all.

And he who does the best he can,  
With all his heart and mind,  
To make the world a pleasant place,  
A sure reward will find.  
—Edith M. Norris, in *Yankee Blade.*

### Grandma's First Day at School.

Every one about the house knew that school was to begin on Monday, and Bess was saying for the twentieth time:

"I'm all ready, grandma, everything. Just think! it's only to-morrow."

"How times have changed since I was a little girl and went to school!" said grandma, with that far-away look in her eyes that was always there when she was "memberin'." as Bess said.

"O, grandma, I never thought that you ever went to school, as old as you are."

"I was just as young as you are once, my dear," said grandma.

"Tell me 'bout when you went to school," begged Bess, drawing close to dear grandma.

"I was eight or nine years old before I started to school," grandma began.

"We lived in Ohio, and it was more than sixty years ago."

"Every one had to pay to go, and the school only lasted three months in the winter, when it was too cold to work."

"My little brother John went with me."

"My mother wove a piece of flannel on the big loom from the wool of our own sheep. Then she colored it brown with walnut hulls. From this she made me a brand-new flannel dress, very long, with tucks in it to let out as I grew."

"Father went to the woods, and shot a deer and skinned him and tanned the hide. From this deerskin he made me a pair of buckskin shoes. They were tied together with leather strings, and were stiff and heavy."

"Mother next sold some tallow, and bought a square of real store flannel of a bright red color. She cut this in two on the bias, so as to make one piece larger than the other. The smaller of these three cornered pieces was for me to wear around my neck as a handkerchief. The larger one was to serve as a shawl and hat, for I wore it over my head."

"With all my new things on and a little tin bucket in one hand, with our dinner in it, and the little primer my mother had bought me hugged to my breast, we started to school right after breakfast, father, John and I."

"Father carried his ax on his shoulder, going on before us and 'blazing' the way. By 'blazing' I mean he chopped a large chip out of the trees on each side, and cut away the underbrush for a path. The school-house was a mile and a quarter from our house, over hills and through hollows."

"The school-house was built of big round logs with clay stuffed in to fill up the cracks. There was a wide chimney where a log fire burned."

"The seats were logs split with stout legs stuck in them. We sat on the flat side. My feet never touched the floor. They used to get very tired hanging down, and I would swing them back and forth to rest them. There were no backs to these seats, and no desks in front of them."

"I did not know what a school was like, and I felt very strange. I was afraid of the teacher, he was such a large fellow, and went around carrying a big stick three or four feet long under his arm. He was called the master."

"Father told him our names, and then went home, telling us not to get lost, but come straight home by the path he had made. I felt like crying when father left, everything was so strange."

"That day the teacher put all the big boys and girls in one class and the little ones in another."

"When noon came we all opened our dinner buckets and ate our dinners, for some of the children had come three miles."

"We then all went out-doors, and the big boys played ball very much as boys do now. The girls and smaller boys played 'blind man's buff,' 'drop the handkerchief' and 'black man' just as children do now. It was almost dark before we reached home that night. The teacher went with us to stay a week at our house, as he did with all the other pupils. That was the first day I ever spent at school."

—*Youth's Companion.*

### A Question of Method.

"This talk about us fellows wanting to marry for money is all foolishness," remarked young De Troy excitedly. "Love, and love alone, should prompt a young man in choosing a life partner. Do you suppose that before I would propose to a girl I'd hem and haw around and try by hook and crook to get her to tell me how much she was worth?"

"No," remarked young Inswim, "a thousand times no. You'd find out some other way."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Isn't the man who paints a fence a hue or of wood?

## BITS OF FUN.

A HEAD waiter—The "next" in a barber shop.

"NOTHING is harder to bear than a long succession of pleasant days," sighed the umbrella maker.

POOR people with too many naughty boys in their families should send some of them to a nautical school.

INTERVIEWER—What do you regard as the chief instrumentality in converting the heathen? Returned Missionary—Indigestion.

A MAN said the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

DOCTOR (feeling the patient's pulse)—Um, um, I think I shall have to bleed you. Patient (feebly)—Can't you wait, Doctor, till you send in your bill?

NEVER be critical upon the ladies. The only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes.

TELL a woman that she looks fresh and she will smile all over. Tell a man the same thing, and if he doesn't kick you it is either because he has corns or dares not.

LOVER—Don't withhold your consent on account of my income, sir. I can support your daughter on \$25 a week. PATER—Then you are a jim dandy. I never could.

MRS. SKINPHLINT—Jeremiah, that's an awful cold you've got. Mr. Skinphlint (crossly)—You needn't make any fuss about it, Jane. It didn't cost me a cent to get it.

SHE (at the mint)—Ah, now I know, Harry, why I think you are good as gold. He—Oh, get out! She—No; but you are, really. You are pressed for money, you know.

CUSTOMER (to bartender)—That's the poorest whisky I ever tasted. Taint fit to drink. Bartender—Sorry, sir, it's the best we've got. Customer—That so? Well, give me a little more of it.

### RETRIBUTION ON THE RAIL.

Little Tommy McVail,  
As he rode on the rail,  
Yelled for his mother to open the window.  
Fate marked him for that,  
For out blew his hat  
And into his eye blew a cinder.

WHEN Mrs. Shaller read a news item stating that "a man in New York threw his wife from an upper window in a family jar," she looked surprised, and "wondered if the man knew his wife was in the jar at the time."

MRS. DE SENSE (to benevolent friend)—I presume these idiot asylums do some good, but I can't see how they can hope to make idiots self-supporting. Small Son (gloomily)—I guess they set 'em to writin' children's books.

"LOOK here," said the credit man, "we can't sell you those goods on four months' time." "Vy not? I gives you my note." "But do your notes sell on the street?" "Mine gracious! no, or I would go home and make notes instead of clothing."

EMPLOYER—"William, Mrs. Spriggins complains that she received only one of all the bundles she had put up here last night." William—"That's funny, sir. I wrote Mrs. Spriggins on one bundle and put ditto on each of the others."

MR. SUNDRIES (to his youngest)—Neonah, darling, what makes you the sweetest baby in the whole wide world? Neonah—I deth, papa, that when God made me he mutht have put thome thugab in the thand that I wath made of.

UNFORTUNATELY worded: Fender-son (arguing in defense of his favorite theory that personal beauty is not woman's chief attraction)—I contend that beauty has nothing to do with a young woman's chances of getting a husband. I'll leave it to any married woman in the room if it is not so.

### Jem Browne's Stratagem.

FOR several years before his death frequent draughts of sherry became a necessity with Jem Browne. Owing to poverty, however, he was ill able to provide it. Attracted by the announcement "Funerals supplied," Browne one day, when fatigued in his rambles, waited upon an undertaker, his face buried in a handkerchief, his voice inaudible from emotion. The man ran for a decanter of wine; Browne drank and was relieved. He asked several questions about scarfs and hat bands, coffins, hearses, mutes and coaches. The undertaker assured him that he would provide all. Browne at last stood up to leave.

"But you have not told me where I am to find the remains," remarked the undertaker.

"You said you would find everything—find the body," exclaimed Browne, as he left the house and rapidly turned the corner.

### Fine Sage.

Metaphorical language is sometimes misleading. When one begins to "call names," even in a complimentary fashion, there is a chance that some literal person will wonder what he means. A gentleman visiting a little town "Down East," says:

I called on business at the house of an old lady, and entertained myself in looking over her library.

We fell to discussing books, and, thinking of Emerson, I asked her if she knew much about the "Sage of Concord."

"Concord, where?" she asked.

"Concord, Massachusetts," I answered.

"Is it any better'n any other sage?" she innocently inquired.