

Well Marian, fair violet violet,  
I've come. You know I know,  
For I've had like to the other eight hours,  
Now grown to a down-sleeping row,  
And I've thought and stoned and fall over,  
And that ever my thoughts,  
I'll give you a warning and send you,  
And go to the West your home.

I'll wake up at six in the morning,  
And tangle your hair and kiss you,  
I'll run up my father's shirt-boom,  
And give Tom's hair a good hair a pun,  
I won't have to be whipped for it either,  
As you were. You pore "Number One,"  
You got all the discipline over,  
While I come in time for the fun.

For the mother, you see, is so weary,  
And tired of think little work,  
And you're busy to make me,  
Whilst struggling with business affairs,  
But then, when your heart is high broken,  
And weary and worried, you cry,  
I'll go with my own little a pun  
To wipe off the tears from your eye.

And putting both fat arms around you,  
I'll kiss your soft, velvety cheek,  
And I'll tell you every thing to be better,  
As plain as a brother can speak.

And then "Number One," you will hug me,  
You know, to your warm, loving breast,

And will never tell mother your trouble,  
But leave her to health-giving rest.

And if I will down in the summer,  
And, tooth-aching, aches and pine,  
Don't I'll have your tendered touches  
Are small for "Number One," "Number Nine?"

But if I should slip out of trouble,  
To the bright other side of the sky,

And your arms that are tired were empty,  
But I know how you're sorrowing, cry?

It's queer how they love us—wes babies—  
It don't seem right though we could pay;  
And yet, how our arms close about us,  
To keep the dark shadow away!

Just a few years, sister darling,  
I'll grow up as quick as I can;

And then won't I smooth the rough places  
For you, when I've grown up a man?

4. SUMMER EVENING.

The summer sun is setting,  
The sky is red in the west,

And over all hangs silence,

And a feeling of peace and rest.

The sultry day is over,

The night begins to fade,

The fairies' weary hours,

Are standing in the shade.

The golden light of sunset

Shines on the corn-fields round,

And the breeze, as it passes over,

Makes a sweet, rippling sound.

The range of distant mountains

Looked dark against the sky;

And right across the river

A path of light doth lie.

I gazed my eyes were daised;

At the slowly sinking sun—

Till the stars peeped out above me,

Telling the day was done.

## HOW HE WON THE OLD MAID.

BY STEPHEN LYNCH.

Mr. Job Dusenberry stepped on board the train bound for Boston one morning, feeling a kind of queer sensation at the pit of his stomach. He concluded, at the time he first became aware of it, that it was occasioned by eating too hearty a breakfast in too short a time. Later, he came to a different conclusion about it.

He was going "down to Boston" to visit his brother Joseph, and stay "till after the Fourth."

The car was pretty full, but he succeeded in finding an unoccupied seat at last, and sat down to look about him. He had hardly begun to look, however, when another traveler entered the car in search of a seat. She was an old maid, Job knew, the moment he saw her. There are certain signs which can never be mistaken in the class of single damsels to which she belonged, that class being the primly-perpendicular one, nearly all angles and very little curves, and Job had seen too many of them to be mistaken. He couldn't say that he liked old maids, and yet, being an old bachelor, he felt a sympathy for their single condition which made his heart tender toward them.

She looked sharply about her in search of a seat. As it happened, Job's was the only one in which there were not two.

"I'd like the privilege of settin' with you," said she, fixing her eagle eye on Job's, in a way that seemed to dare him to refuse.

"Shall be delighted to have you," answered Job with alacrity, jumping up that she might have the place next to the window. "A beautiful day, ma'am."

"Lovely," answered his companion, in a voice that seemed to come from down cellar, as she proceeded to arrange her baskets and bundles about her feet. "Yes, sir, a lovely day. I told Almry—she's my brother John's wife—I told her it was goin' to be jest a splendid day for trav'lin'."

A light broke in upon Job's mind, John and Almry, he felt sure, were Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins. He had heard that Mrs. Stebbins had a sister from Vermont visiting him.

"I conclude you're Mr. Stebbins' sister, ma'am," said Job, anxious to find out if he were right. He had been advised to go over and see the lady, but somehow he never could make up his mind to do it.

"You ain't damaged any, be you?" asked, as she discovered him.

"No, I don't think I be," answered Job. "Had a smash up, hain't we?"

"Seems so," answered Miss Stebbins. "I guess there hain't nobody killed, an' that's lucky. I'm glad you ain't hurt. I was afraid you was."

Her solicitude touched Job's heart as nothing else had.

"You ain't damaged any, be you?"

"Not any to speak of," answered Miss Stebbins, "but my el'es is jest completely split. There's my bunni sailin' about over there. I wish you'd git it for me."

Job secured a pole, and, after angling unsuccessfully for a while, got a bite and landed this new kind of fish on the bank where it lay in a very limp and dejected condition, having but little resemblance to the showy bonnet Miss Stebbins had worn.

"I'm comin' ashore," announced Miss Stebbins.

"Let me come an' git you," proposed Job, not without some trepidation, it must be confessed.

"No, I can git along 'thout puttin' you to any trouble," answered Miss Stebbins.

"What a self-reliant woman she is,"

## VOLUME VI.

PAOLI, ORANGE CO., INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1878.

NUMBER 44.

you, for I ain't much used to trav'lin', and I like to hav some one I can look to for protection, if it's needed."

Job mentally concluded that she was more capable of protecting herself than he was of protecting her. But he said he should be happy to do what he could for her.

"Air you any relation to the Dusenberry fam'ly livin' nigh Putney?" asked Miss Stebbins.

"No, I don't think I be," answered Job; "never heard I had any relation there."

"Mr. Dusenberry's deacon in the Baptist church, an' a real man, I althout thought," went on Miss Stebbins.

"Seem to me he favors you in complexion some. He's a smart-lookin' man, an' I should ha' said you was a connexion."

"I be," answered Job; "thought I'd go down an' stay till after the Fourth."

"So be I," added Miss Stebbins. "I've got some tradin' to do, an' it pays to do where you can look about an' choose."

Miss Stebbins, and Job proposed that they should visit a farmhouse near by and procure some.

"I'll set out here on this stone in the sun, an' dry myself, till it's ready," said Miss Stebbins, and took a position on a rock by the roadside. Job sat down by her.

Job frankly acknowledged his ignorance of such matters.

"Wall, sir," said Miss Stebbins, in a tone which seemed to imply that she didn't suppose he'd believe her, but it was true as gospel, nevertheless; "wall, sir, he charged me forty-two cents an' a ha' a yard, an' I couldn't get it a cent less."

He asked forty-five, but I beat him down two cents an' ha' a", an' Miss Pringle—she's the minister's wife—she got one just like it to Albany for thirty-seven cents! If that ain't outrageous, I'd like to know what is!"

"It's scandalous, ma'am," said Job, who began to admire her evident business tact; "simply scandalous, ma'am!"

"You're right," said Miss Stebbins, "an' I told Almry, bein' I'd never been to Boston, I was goin' down, an' I'd see if Solomon Greed'd got rich out of cheatin' me."

But now Job was in love with her; that is, he felt that she would make him a good housekeeper, which stood for the same thing in his mind as wife, and he wondered if he couldn't manage to secure her. He'd been wanting a wife for twenty years. He had had chances, but, like the foolish man he was, had let them all slip. Now he considered that the curious feeling he had experienced that morning was a presentiment of—he didn't exactly know what, but it evidently had something to do with Miss Stebbins.

He got out at a small station and bought some fried chicken and apple pie, and brought them in as a votive offering, sentimentally speaking, to the lady of his bosom's affection. She accepted them with a smile that made him happy for a week after, every time he remembered. Once he dreamed about that smile, and thought it sunrise, and got up and dressed himself before he fairly waked up. When he did come to his senses he found it was half-past 1, and went back to bed wondering if all men feel as he did when they're in love.

The train started, and, just as Miss Stebbins was trying to swallow a small chicken-bone, and making a very wry face over it, the cars gave an awful leap, and then—none of them knew very much about what happened for the next few minutes. When Job came to him, he was sitting in a shallow puddle of water, and the first thought which came to him was that he had turned into a big bull-frog. But, looking about him, in a bewildered way, for a solution of the mystery, he saw Miss Stebbins sitting on a floating portion of a wrecked car farther out in the pond, dripping like Undine, if not as agreeable to look at.

"Be you hurt, Mr. Dusenberry?" she asked, as she discovered him.

"No, I don't think I be," answered Job. "Had a smash up, hain't we?"

"Seems so," answered Miss Stebbins. "I guess there hain't nobody killed, an' that's lucky. I'm glad you ain't hurt. I was afraid you was."

Her solicitude touched Job's heart as nothing else had.

"You ain't damaged any, be you?"

"Not any to speak of," answered Miss Stebbins, "but my el'es is jest completely split. There's my bunni sailin' about over there. I wish you'd git it for me."

Job secured a pole, and, after angling unsuccessfully for a while, got a bite and landed this new kind of fish on the bank where it lay in a very limp and dejected condition, having but little resemblance to the showy bonnet Miss Stebbins had worn.

"I'm comin' ashore," announced Miss Stebbins.

"Let me come an' git you," proposed Job, not without some trepidation, it must be confessed.

"No, I can git along 'thout puttin' you to any trouble," answered Miss Stebbins.

"What a self-reliant woman she is,"

Job thought admiringly. "She'd take care of a man, now."

She gathered the ruined, "alaspy" about her, stepped off the extemporized raft, and waded ashore without screaming snakes, or anything of the kind. Job concluded that she was one woman in hundred. So she was.

"You're all mad an' scum," said she, after inspecting Job closely. "I'll git a stick an' some grass an' kinder clean you up."

And for the next ten minutes Job experienced new and novel bliss in being "cleaned up" by this energetic woman, who had now obtained complete possession of his heart. "She's a man," he had charge of my place, now, she'd make things fetch in asthain, I wish she had."

The conductor announced that it would be two or three hours before they could proceed.

"Don't you feel as if you'd like suthin' to eat?" asked Job. "I guess you didn't finish that chicken."

"I would like somethin'," answered Miss Stebbins, and Job proposed that they should visit a farmhouse near by and procure some.

"I'll set out here on this stone in the sun, an' dry myself, till it's ready," said Miss Stebbins, and took a position on a rock by the roadside. Job sat down by her.

Job frankly acknowledged his ignorance of such matters.

"Wall, sir," said Miss Stebbins, in a tone which seemed to imply that she didn't suppose he'd believe her, but it was true as gospel, nevertheless; "wall, sir, he charged me forty-two cents an' a ha' a yard, an' I couldn't get it a cent less."

He asked forty-five, but I beat him down two cents an' ha' a", an' Miss Pringle—she's the minister's wife—she got one just like it to Albany for thirty-seven cents! If that ain't outrageous, I'd like to know what is!"

"It's scandalous, ma'am," said Job, who began to admire her evident business tact; "simply scandalous, ma'am!"

"You're right," said Miss Stebbins, "an' I told Almry, bein' I'd never been to Boston, I was goin' down, an' I'd see if Solomon Greed'd got rich out of cheatin' me."

But now Job was in love with her; that is, he felt that she would make him a good housekeeper, which stood for the same thing in his mind as wife, and he wondered if he couldn't manage to secure her. He'd been wanting a wife for twenty years. He had had chances, but, like the foolish man he was, had let them all slip. Now he considered that the curious feeling he had experienced that morning was a presentiment of—he didn't exactly know what, but it evidently had something to do with Miss Stebbins.

He got out at a small station and bought some fried chicken and apple pie, and brought them in as a votive offering, sentimentally speaking, to the lady of his bosom's affection. She accepted them with a smile that made him happy for a week after, every time he remembered. Once he dreamed about that smile, and thought it sunrise, and got up and dressed himself before he fairly waked up. When he did come to his senses he found it was half-past 1, and went back to bed wondering if all men feel as he did when they're in love.

The train started, and, just as Miss Stebbins was trying to swallow a small chicken-bone, and making a very wry face over it, the cars gave an awful leap, and then—none of them knew very much about what happened for the next few minutes. When Job came to him, he was sitting in a shallow puddle of water, and the first thought which came to him was that he had turned into a big bull-frog. But, looking about him, in a bewildered way, for a solution of the mystery, he saw Miss Stebbins sitting on a floating portion of a wrecked car farther out in the pond, dripping like Undine, if not as agreeable to look at.

"Be you hurt, Mr. Dusenberry?" she asked, as she discovered him.

"No, I don't think I be," answered Job. "Had a smash up, hain't we?"

"Seems so," answered Miss Stebbins. "I guess there hain't nobody killed, an' that's lucky. I'm glad you ain't hurt. I was afraid you was."

Her solicitude touched Job's heart as nothing else had.

"You ain't damaged any, be you?"

"Not any to speak of," answered Miss Stebbins, "but my el'es is jest completely split. There's my bunni sailin' about over there. I wish you'd git it for me."

Job secured a pole, and, after angling unsuccessfully for a while, got a bite and landed this new kind of fish on the bank where it lay in a very limp and dejected condition, having but little resemblance to the showy bonnet Miss Stebbins had worn.

"I'm comin' ashore," announced Miss Stebbins.

"Let me come an' git you," proposed Job, not without some trepidation, it must be confessed.

"No, I can git along 'thout puttin' you to any trouble," answered Miss Stebbins.

"What a self-reliant woman she is,"

Job thought admiringly. "She'd take care of a man, now."

She gathered the ruined, "alaspy" about her, stepped off the extemporized raft, and waded ashore without screaming snakes, or anything of the kind. Job concluded that she was one woman in hundred. So she was.