

Choice Miscellany.

FOLDED HANDS.

BY MINNIE ADELE HAUSER.

Folded beneath the waving grasses, on the starlit, westward hill...

Dimpled hands, like waxen lilies, folded with a baby grace...

Fair white hands, like snowy daisies, folded o'er a youthful heart...

Wearied hands, like withered roses, folded o'er an aged breast...

As I look from out my casement when the stars are all a-bright...

Did they weave their web of living with a gold and silver thread...

Tell me, O! some white-winged angel if the story thou dost know...

But no answer breaks the silence o'er the weaving loom long ago...

Shall my hands, like theirs, be folded on the starlit, westward hill...

PLUCKY.

In certain Western towns it requires much nerve to run a newspaper...

The editor of an enterprising weekly attacked the rum interest in a Western town...

"See here! Did you write this?" The editor, coolly glancing over the column indicated...

"Well, ———— [here followed profanely] do you know that injures my business?"

"I hope it does!" "You hope it does?" "That's what I said."

"Well, all I'm here for is just to warn you that if you ever print another word against the liquor business in this place...

"You mean that you will use personal violence?" asked the newspaper man, pulling a sheet of paper towards him...

"I mean that we will kick you out of this little office, yes."

"You will kick me out of this little office? Good!" continued the editor, scratching away with his pen.

"Well, all I'm here for is just to warn you that if you ever come back after being kicked out," said the saloon-keeper, unhesitatingly.

"Pun shanty over, etc.," murmured the editor, as he calmly scrawled it down.

The bully began to look a little dazed at the matter-of-fact tone of the question and showed signs of losing some of his bravado.

"We'll make it hot for you all around," growled the saloonist, as he started for the door.

"You said that before, you know," replied the editor, quietly, as he laid down his pen and began leisurely to sharpen a lead pencil.

"We mean it, too!" snarled the liquor man, feeling that he had perhaps caught a Tartar.

"I'm glad to hear you speak so frankly," replied the editor, squaring himself around in his chair and fixing a pair of fearless blue eyes on his intruder.

"Do you know what I intend to do? I shall publish every word of this interview in my next paper. I shall let the good citizens of this place know that you have been here and have threatened me and my property with violence."

presence while I write up the article in question."

There was an impressive silence. The bully eyed the editor in speechless rage, but that person returned the look without flinching.

The saloon man departed without another word. The editor dipped his pen into the ink-bottle again, and a report of the interview appeared in the next issue of the paper.

He still holds his own against the liquor man, and at last accounts had not been molested in any way.

WHY HE SWORE OFF.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day boys," said a drummer to several of his companions, as they settled down in a smoking car and passed the bottle.

He was greeted with shouts of laughter, by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense; but he refused to drink and was rather serious about it, too.

"What's the matter with you old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is?"

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you will laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same, I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you all know. I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it."

"Not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand."

"Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed it to the pawnbroker saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice."

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker. "Got 'em at home," replied the young man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his condition. "My wife bought 'em for our baby. I want a drink." "You had better take these shoes back to your wife, the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, she won't because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—the last night, and as he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case and wept like a child."

"Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions gazed at each other; no one laughed, the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

The Country Editor, says an exchange, is a man who reads newspapers, writes on almost any subject, sets type, folds papers, makes up mails, runs errands, saws wood, works in the garden, is blamed for thousands of things he never thought of, works hard all day, helps people into office who forget all about it afterward, and very frequently gets cheated out of half his earnings. He puffs and does more to help up the town than anyone else, and the maise and the fog are benefited, yet they will not take his paper, but will borrow it, read it, and curse the editor.

When the State writes "Criminal" over the door-way of the most elegant drinking-saloon, as well as over the lowest grog-shop; when it places at the bar of justice the tempter by the side of his victim, and when it stamps every package of liquor as a dangerous beverage, meriting destruction as a public nuisance, it has done much to warn the young and unwary, and to turn their feet aside from the downward path.—Judge Pitman.

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Wolfville, Oct 16th, 1885.

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