

True Love.

I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eye shall fall
On him who fills my soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fane would climb;
You, but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul unharmed, sublime;
You but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how manhood, perfected,
May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded, I stood, as now you stand,
Till on my eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet!

Whipped Children.

Some women cuff their children out of pure laziness. It is so much easier to box little Johnny's ears than to tell him why he should not do this or that. It is so much less troublesome to slap Hannah Ann for breaking something than it is to teach her how to use it so that it shall not be broken.

Punishment of the flesh for the sins of the soul or the errors of the mind is a simple relic of barbarism, even if it is done because the person who punishes thinks it a duty to use stick or switch or whip or slipper on the tender skin of some little child. It never made a boy better yet, and it only crushes the spirit of a girl. You may repeat "Spare the rod and spoil the child" as often as you like; blind beating of the little ones does not carry out the idea, which is, that you must not let them go to destruction for want of reproof or admonition. It is a moral rod that is meant, not one of birch or willow.

Men love the fathers whose "You must not" was law; the mothers whose "I'd rather you would not" was a barrier not to be overleaped. But a cruel, unexplained beating has turned the heart of many a child from its parent forever. Walking through a village street, I saw an illustration of this one day.

Some furious cattle were being driven up the road beyond. Two boys started out of their gates, anxious, as boys always are, to be in the midst of danger. One mild woman called out gently: "Don't go Tom, you might get hurt; and at least you would make me anxious." Her boy came back and said: "I shouldn't get hurt, but I don't want to worry you, ma."

After the other boy flew a furious little woman, with a switch, crying out: "I'll beat you to a jelly, when I catch you, Jim!" but she didn't catch him.

As for the little girls born in respectable families, where they see nothing very wrong, they will follow their mothers as lambs follow the parent sheep. If she will only patiently teach them what to do they will do it; and when they are tired, or have their feelings hurt, and seem to cry without reason—when they say: "I don't want to, ma!"—the way is to talk to them, find out what they are thinking, what powerful little reason or terror moves them, and explain it away.

Any mother who remembers her own childhood will know that little girls keep a great many thoughts to themselves until kind, motherly questionings bring them out.

Whipped children are miserable little creatures, who make the whole house unhappy. Remember that, before you switch your boys or slap your girls.

A no-table event is a picnic where one must sit on the ground to eat.

General Sherman's Dream.

General Sherman denounced as false the story of his having once seated himself beneath the umbrageous shadow of a weeping willow and combed cannon balls out of his hair while a fierce battle was raging. One night, however, he took refuge in an old farm house near Milledgeville, Ga., and had fallen into a deep sleep when he was visited by an exciting dream. He thought the house in which he slept was surrounded by a band of guerillas, that dug a hole beneath the wall next which he lay, filled the hole with powder and touched it off. The explosion that followed was terrible, and the General thought he saw himself flying through the air in sections. With a howl he sprang out of bed, rubbed his eyes and hastily dressing himself went down the stairs. To his surprise his body-guard was nowhere to be seen. The inmates of the house were apparently asleep, but the General felt that something was wrong, and slipping quietly out of the back door he walked cautiously to the barn. He had no sooner got there than a lurid flame shot into the air, followed by a terrible explosion. Turning to see the cause the General was astonished to find the side of the house he had just left blown completely away, and congratulated himself that he had not been blown away with it.

A Bat's Wings.

There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed. The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size considering the size of the body; but besides this, the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membranous foliation, and in others the extended membranous ears are greatly developed. These membranous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as if in aid of the sense of sight. The modified impressions which the air in quiescence or in motion, however slight, communicates, the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of a bat be covered up, or if it be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thousand obstacles in its way, avoiding them all; neither dashing against a wall nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing adroitly through aperture or interspaces of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.—*Forest and Stream.*

Can't Drown.

A good swimmer can't drown himself on purpose. He may think he can, and go to try; but the man doesn't live who can help swimming if he is able just as soon as he begins to choke. Such is the opinion of an old sailor, who adds: "How many times we hear of folks changing their minds after they get under water, and of course there's lots that never let on what they meant to do. When you hear about a suicider weighting himself with lead or something, and the paper says it was done to hide the corpse, don't you believe it. Such persons are good swimmers, who know—perhaps from experience—that they've got to have a heft to keep them under."

She Was a Lady.

A rough-looking, burly Irishwoman entered a car on the Harlem Railroad the other day, turned over one of the seats, and, planting herself with a flourish, perched her number twelve brogans on the crimson cushion before her. Just then a brakeman came along and said to her politely:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you see that sign over there?"

"Av coorse Oi do," she quickly answered.

"Do you know what it says?"

"Faix, an' how cud Oi, if it don't sphake?"

"Well, it says that no gentleman will put his feet on the seat," stammered the confused train dispatcher.

"Then go 'long wid yees, yer dirty shalpeen; d'ye take me for a gintleman? Oim a lady, sur, that's what Oi am!"

As there was no derrick on the train she was permitted to enjoy the privileges of her sex.