

POETRY.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Charlotte E. Norton.

Word was brought to the Danish king,

"That the love of his heart was suffering,

And pined for the comfort his voice would

bring.

"Oh ride as though you were flying!"

Better he loves each golden cur!

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,

Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl!

And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,

"Hurry!"

Each one mounting a gallant steed,

Which he kept for such days of need.

"Oh ride as though you were flying!"

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank,

Worn out chargers staggered and sank.

Erldes were sickened and girls were burst,

But, ride as they would, the king rode first.

For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one.

"Hurry!"

They have fainting, and filtered, and home-

went gone.

The little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying.

The king looked back on that faithful child,

Was was the face that answering smiled.

They passed the drawbridge with clattering

din;

Then he dropped, and only the king rode in.

Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn—

Silence!

No answer came, but faint and forlorn

As he returned on the cold grey morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing

The castle's portal stood grimly wide,

None ventured the king from that weary

ride.

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcome lay.

Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The paining steed with drooping crest

Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick soot choking in his breast,

And that dumb companion crying,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to

check—

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

"Oh, steed, that every nerve did strain,

Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain!

To the halls where my love lay dying."

SELECT STORY.

A JOB OF HOUSE-PAINTING.

The Widow Morrison was walking along

a green line, with a very becoming pale

lined parasol over her head, and

wearing a dress of black summer silk

embellished by splashes of fair rose colour

of the same shade as the parasol lining.

She had just "gone out of black" and

was extremely cheerful, for though she

had been very fond of her late husband in

a daughterly sort of way, she had only

known him three months when they were

married. He had been her grandfather's

school-master, and there was very little

romance about it.

She could not blame herself in any re-

spect. She had nursed him two years

through an illness in which he had been

usually unconscious, and he had said

the last that she was the best wife under

the sun.

She was not yet twenty-eight, she was

healthy and handsome and very rich.

She had quite the right to be cheerful

after two years of respectful mourning, not

even going as she used to herself, to a

party in all that time.

It was June weather, and she had come

down to the villa.

The place had been sadly neglected and

was much in need of repairs, and she had

just run over to the residence of the house-

painter of the village to talk about it.

"Some one who can 'grain' and do a

little decoration," she said. "I have a

fancy for that sort of thing—pretty panels

—not just like everybody else. Now have

you any one?"

"It is the hardest thing to get done up

here," said Mr. Prime, scratching his chin.

"But I'll do my best. I know a man that

can do that work if he won't; I'll go and

get somebody if he won't. You don't

mind expenses?"

"I am not obliged to think of that," said

the widow; "and I don't want a pretty house."

Then after a little more talk, she had gone

home.

Mr. Prime went out into the garden

when she was gone, and looked about in

the arbor and under the trees, until he

found, rolling upon the grass beside a duck

pond, a tall young man in a loose flannel

suit, who was making a sketch of a mat-

erial duck and her offspring.

"Something to say to you, Mr. Stafford,"

said Mr. Prime.

"Ah!" said Mr. Stafford, throwing a

teeming little shadow upon the water

with the flat side of his pencil. "Ah! let's

hear it!"

"You rather confided in me when you

came down here to board with us, Mr.

Stafford," said the house-painter. "You

said that art didn't quite pay you, and that

THE BEAVER'S SAGACITY.

Probably more has been written about

the industry of the honey bee and the

sagacity of the beaver than about any other

two members of the animal kingdom. A

recent number of the Boston Journal of

Commerce gives a most graphic description

of the intelligent and industrious beaver

as follows:

Beavers live in families, like human

beings. The male has one wife, and the

children stay at home until they are three

years old, when they go abroad seeking

companions of their own and set up house-

keeping for themselves. If by any reason

a general break-up of the "log" takes

place, the young beavers go down stream

to a dam up stream, where the water is shall-

ower, and generally bark from small trees

is more easily obtained.

The lodge, if not broken up by man,

remains in use for a long series of years,

and are admirably adapted to convenience

and safety. Each lodge on the bank of a

stream has three openings, and sometimes

more. The first entrance slopes up gradu-

ally from the bottom of the stream to the

chamber where the beavers live. By this

entrance they bring in their food, which

consists of short sticks of wood covered

with bark, cut short enough to be turned

or handled any way inside of the living

room. Another entrance, or way of escape

rather, goes straight down from the cham-

ber to a level with the bottom of the river.

When it turns squarely and comes out in

the bottom of the stream. Down this hole

they drop the sticks when they have eaten

of them, and then drag the white naked

pieces of wood out of the bottom to float

away. The third entrance, which is also

also, and is usually, turning in many ways,

and serves a good purpose when besieged

by an enemy. All these entrance ways

are arched over with sticks and plastered

with mud and grass. The bottoms of these

entrance ways are also laid with short

sticks like a course. The lodge or chamber

itself is a house six to eight feet

square, laid against the wall with sticks

like a log cabin. When a stick in the wall

of this cabin rots, it is carefully removed

and another put in its place.

The beaver exercises great diligence and

wisdom in procuring and storing its food.

Think back on the trunks of large trees

not suitable for him and his family, and

so they cut down the tree for the smaller

limbs, on which the bark is more tender

and nutritious. The beaver is suffi-

cient to fell a large tree, each family being

left to enjoy the fruits of its own labor. It

is said that it will kill all socialists,

trouble breeders, and those who are too

lazy to work. When a tree which they are

working begins to crackle, they desert

it, and go to another. The object of this

is to save their own labor. They will

plunge into the water one after another,

"plunk," "plunk," "plunk," till all

are in, where they wait with great caution

lest the noise of the falling tree might at-

tract some enemy to the place, maybe

some fox with a gun. Now is this all?

They know how to regulate the cutting of a

tree so as to make it fall always in the

water. This is done so as to enable them

to transport their short sticks by water to

the lodge. Master beaver places it under

his throat and pushes it before him to the

place where it is to be sunk at the mouth

of the entrance way to the lodge.

A book might be written on the beaver's

dam. This is, without doubt, the most in-

genious and scientific structure built by

any creature save man. The object of this

dam is to raise and hold the water so as

to cover the entrance way to his chamber.

This makes the beaver both comfortable

and safe. The dam is constructed of sticks,

mud, and stones gathered together

with great skill and labor. The breadth

of the base and top of the beaver dam is

DROUETS' DIAMOND.

The Prince de A—a great admirer

and collector of diamonds, observed one

evening, as he was seated in the Kursaal

of the famous watering place of B—, that

his neighbor wore a most superb

diamond ring on his finger.

Fascinated by this jewel, the prince

could not refrain from saying: "Sir, that is

a superb gem you are wearing!"

M. Drouet, who was an actor at the

Varieties, drew the ring from his finger.

"Alas," he sighed, "I am not in a position

to wear a real stone of that size. It is a

paste imitation given me by my fiancée,

and it cost 10 francs."

The prince held the ring to the light,

then shaded it with his hand, and put it

to all the tests employed by the connois-

seurs.

"My opinion is still unchanged, sir," said

his highness, notwithstanding what you

tell me. I am prepared to lay any wager

you please that I am right. The diamond

is of great value."

"Monsieur," replied M. Drouet, with a

deprecatory shrug, "I am a third rate actor

at the Varieties, and cannot afford to lay

wagers. You are a stranger to me—my

ring you say is of great value—take it

away and submit it to other judgments,

and when you have found ten-franc ring

is but paste, return it to me at this place

to-morrow, for the sake of my little

Melanie." So leaving the ring with his

highness, M. Drouet made his exit, with

professional bow, and an imaginary round

of applause.

The prince was right in his judgment,

Lewis Emanuel, the diamond dealer of

Hamburg, chanced to be at B—, and

announced the stone worth 10,000

francs, and cheap at the money. At the

rendezvous M. Drouet and the prince were

equally punctual. The poor actor turned

pale and staggered when the prince told

him the result of his inquiry, and offered

to become the purchaser of the ring at the

price mentioned by the Hamburg mer-

chant.

"Monsieur, you are very good—very,"

said M. Drouet, "and you will perhaps

form a bad opinion of my intellect if I

hesitate to accept your generous offer, for

the reason I am about to give. I told you

the ring was the gift of fiancée Melanie.

You do not know her, how should you?

She is the soul of sentiment and of affec-

tion, and she might be wounded if I

parted with her gem of amour without her

consent. If you will be good enough to

allow me to write to her in Paris and

await her answer, should she consent, the

ring is yours. In the meantime, I ask

you to take charge of it, and if possible,

confirm your judgment, for I cannot be-

lieve in my good fortune."

When M. Drouet saw the prince's signa-

ture, the poor fellow was literally over-

whelmed at the honor he had received in

his recent association with so lofty a per-

son and he uttered a profusion of apolo-

gies for the freedom he had been guilty

of in his intercourse. The prince dis-

missed him very graciously, and M. Drouet

proceeded to write to his distant and much

loved Melanie.

In a few days M. Drouet received an

answer from Melanie, not by post, but

through the agency of that young person's

vener