A MODERN FIANCEE.

She with a milk-pail on her arm,
Turns aside with her young cheeks glowing,
And sees down the lane the low, dull tread
Of the drove of cows that are homeward going.

"Bessie," he said,—at the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder,—
"My mother is feeble and lame and old:
I need a wife at my farmhouse yonder.

"My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me;
Will you be my guardian angel, dear,
Queen of my household, to guide and cheer me?"

"It has a pleasant sound," she said,—
"A household queen, a guiding spirit,
To warm your heart and cheer your home,
And keep the sunshine ever near it.
But I am only a simple child,
So my mother says in her daily chiding;
And what must a guardian angel do
When she first begins her work of guiding?"

"Well, first, dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than the rarest beauty;
And my mother, fretful, lame and old,
Will require a daughter's loving duty,
You will see to her flannels, drops, and tea,
And talk with her of lungs and liver;
Give me your cheerful service, dear:
'The Lord he loveth a cheerful giver.'

"You will see that my breakfast is piping hot,
And rub the clothes to a snowy whiteness;
Make golden butter and snowy rolls,
And polish things to a shining brightness;
Will darn my stockings, and mend my coats,
And see that the buttons are sewed on tightly;
You will keep things cheerful and neat and sweet,
That home's altar-fires may still burn brightly.

"You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious winter nights beguiling;
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is a cheerful face that is always smiling,
In short you'll arrange in a general way
For a sort of sublunary heaven;
For home, dear Bessie, say what we may,
Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

The lark sang out to the bending sky,
The bobolink piped in the nodding rushes,
And out of the lowing clover-blooms
Came the sweet, clear song of the meadow thrushes.
And Bessie, listening, paused a while,
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor,
"But, John—do you mean—that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?

"To be nurse, companion, and servant girl,
To make home's altar-fires burn brightly;
To wash and iron and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home and friends,
Nay, even the name of a mother's giving,—
To do all this for one's board and clothes;
Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!"

And Bessie gayly went her way
Down through the fields of scented clover,
But never since that summer day
Has she won a glance from her rustic lover,
The larks sing out to the bending sky,
The clouds sail on as white as ever;
The clovers toss in the summer winds,
But Bessie has lost that chance forever.
—JULIN MILLS DUNN.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

In ancient times the law was this,
It was amiss one's wife to kiss,
To kiss a miss on Sunday,
The law of love is turned about;
Sweethearts and wives receive, no doubt,
More kisses, after church is cut,
On Sunday than on Monday.

Kissing was called a game of chance,
Remembering the forbidden dance—
More fit for Bay of Fundy;
A wicked, deep-designing art,
It made the Pilgrim Fathers start,
To learn a young man lost his heart
Who kissed a girl on Sunday.

The code of kissing suffered change,
But other laws peculiar strange,
Remain, like Mrs. Grundy;
The light of progress burned away
Miasmal mists of yesterday,
And one may smile, as well as pray,
Upon a pleasant Sunday.

These curious rules are past their prime,
The General Court will have in time,
To change the laws for Sunday;
All barbarous forms they must o'erthrow,
Or else amend the statutes so
That beard of man shall cease to grow
From Saturday till Monday.

THE MIDNIGHT FIRE.

The wild alarum bell rings out
Upon the midnight air;
Excited men in frenzy shout;
The sky is all aglare.

From windows white-clad women folk
Protrude their night-capped heads,
And, trembling, watch the flame and smoke
That called them from their beds.

With twenty men to man the rope
The engine trundles by:
Niagara No. 1—let's hope
The reservoir's not dry!

The ceaseless clangor of the bell,
The clamor of the boys,
The whole excited village tell
The meaning of the noise.

But soon the glare fades slowly out
Niagara's quenched the flames;
The farmer firemen turn about,
And go back to their dames.

And as they drain a steaming cup
Of tea, they tell a yarn
Of how the fire fiend gobbled up
The Widow Jones's barn.

—*Somerville Journal.*

LEARNING TO DANCE.

"Oh, put the liniment on the shelf,
And stop the Vichy's fis,
For I'm able to go about myself
In spite of the rheumatiz;
The hinges of my knee may creak,
And cry for suppling oil,
But I'll get along for all their squeak,
And buckle me down to toil.

"But tell me truly, trusty Dan,
If you think there's any chance
For a stout and middle-aged man
To learn the glib-toed dance?
I know that I am stiff and stout,
My grace is out of curl;
But I fain would not be thought a lout,
Though not so slight as a girl.

"At White House blows-out where'll be the fun,
When viols softly sound,
To sit like a dumpish son of a gun
And not go capering round?
'Oh, do you dance the Lancers, sir,'
Or 'will you polk this polk?'
Like a graven image, must I not stir
Among that dancing folk?

"That's just what's coming, sure's you're born;
The rest of them all will trip,
And look at me with pitying scorn
Who can not hop nor skip.
Oh, won't you put Juba on your knee.
While I sprawl through my sprawls?
Oh, won't you teach the step to me
You learned at the Albany balls?

"Down and up, and up and down,
Now, bully for you, my boy!
I'll have that step done very brown
In a minute or two. What joy!
You see, she—that is, I want to learn,
It's more like, don't you know, romance,
And though rheumatism twist and twinge and burn,
I'm bound to learn to dance."

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips:
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls
That know what to do and to day;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare, what is silly, to leave,

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
That are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls
There's a constant and steady demand.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Without a chilly, drizzling rain,
Dripping gently on the window-pane
In listless fashion,
Within a warm, delicious heat
And two poor love-sick hearts that beat
With common passion.

A book, uncut, lay on her knees,
She scanned the cover, ill at ease
And strangely silent;
While to her brow, where blushes vied,
A consciousness of love denied
Each hazel eye lent.

A curl lay cuddled on her cheek,
Where dimples played at hide and seek
With tender graces,
And I, engulfed in silly gloom,
Strode up and down the quiet room
With nervous paces.

She muttered something half aloud;
I nearer drew until I bowed
Above her shoulder.
Her hair just brushed my trembling lips,
I stooped and caught her finger-tips—
And then I told her.

—*Dewitt Sterry, in Judge.*

IN THE CROWD.

BY NORA PERRY.

In the crowd, there she stands
With a rose in her hands;
Strong and straight, like the rose,
Lifts her head; no one knows
Of the thorn that doth prick
Her heart to the quick.

No one guesses while red
The rose lifts its head,
And its odorous breath
Fills the air, that death
With pain-poisoned dart
May be eating its heart.

No one guesses or knows
Where a proud heart bestows
Its passion and pain,
Its loss and its gain.
No one guesses or knows
What is death to the rose.

—*From New Songs and Ballads.*

Reasons Why John L. Sullivan

COULD HAVE WHIPPED ANY OF HIS GREAT PREDECESSORS.

(From the Chicago News.)

You have heard hundreds of men, when speaking of Sullivan, say, "He wins by brute strength," and I have seldom seen a man who advanced the truth, which is that Sullivan is as clever as any man. His unquestioned ability as to being the hardest hitter ever seen has caused the overlooking of the fact that his blow is always planned where it will do the most good, either upon the jaw or jugular; again, it is certain that could an adversary so land his blow, Sullivan would fall as quickly as another, and yet, having knocked out about sixty men, he has never been harmed.

The truth is that Sullivan is a careful, scientific fighter. You have heard how John Barleycorn had got the better of him, so that he couldn't stay. Last Saturday's mill furnished him an opponent who for years has been in training, that when the occasion offered he might meet Sullivan in the pink of condition. Yet the first round saw Ryan winded, while Sullivan is reported as finishing the battle perfectly fresh. Then, rumor has said, Sullivan might not stand punishment. The chances are that Paddy gave him more than one hard rap, and yet we find him doing his work at the finish just like machinery.

Do I think his equal as a pugilist ever trod the earth? Certainly not. Take the records of the Englishmen. Whenever a man was knocked out with the raw uns even, it was considered a fluke, and don't think that Tom Hyer, Ned Price, or John C. Heenan ever put a man to sleep. The latter in his fight with John Morrissey could hit his man just as one would strike a sandbag, and still the latter lasted long enough to win the fight. How many times do you think that Sullivan would have been forced to swing his right on such a man as Morissey? Why, the first round would have ended the fight. Sullivan has knocked out twenty or thirty men with pillows on his hands and the Roman gladiators couldn't hit hard enough with brass knuckles to end a battle at a blow.

Even in imagination the ancients never conceived such a hitter as Sullivan. Achilles, Ajax, and those babies were supposably cut for the stuff, yet when the gods wished them to win they furnished a club or a big rock, and old Sherm Thurston and Dad Ryan were about right when, after reciting the exploits of prize fighters for all time, they finished with: "John L. Sullivan was placed on earth to show the nineteenth century what could be done in the shape of a man."

Literary Notes.

Peterson's Magazine for January — the "queen of the lady's books," as it has been called—excels even itself. The beauty of its embellishment and the high character of its original stories are beyond all price. Is the Squire In? the leading steel-plate, is one of the very best; and First Grief, another steel plate, is almost as good, if not quite. The colored design for painting on silk or satin, or to be worked in embroidery, would cost at a retail store 50 cents, yet is furnished gratis to subscribers for *Peterson* as a New Year gift. The fashion plate is double size, engraved on steel, and colored by hand. The high character of *Peterson* for its stories is more than maintained, in this number. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Edgar Fawcett, Frank Lee Benedict, and the inimitable author of Josiah Allen's Wife being among the contributors. In addition there is an interesting article, illustrated, on The Homes of American Poets. More than fifty wood-cuts of fashin, patterns in embroidery, etc., are also given. All this for only two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs. Specimens will be sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ACCOMMODATION	11 20 a. m.
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A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 6.10 p. m. train to Halifax.

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EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35 a. m.
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D. POTTINGER,
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RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 17th, 1886.

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