

## Jubilee Foresters.

## Delicately Done.

### Only a Year Ago.

Little by little the ink gets dry,  
Working a portrait that makes me sigh;  
For this was the girl I kissed so sly,  
Only a year ago.

She leaned her locks on my shoulder bold,  
And she said that her love would never grow cold;  
But she met with a fellow who had more gold,  
Only a year ago.

He wanted a picture to grace his room,  
And he brought me this in the evening gloom;  
When he handed it out I read my doom,  
Only a year ago.

Then my blood ran cold as a winter's moon,  
While my Air Brush whizzed a merry tune,  
As I drew her face like a rose in June,  
Only a year ago.

And I buried my heart with its longings there  
Under the locks of her raven hair;  
I covered them deep in my great despair,  
Only a year ago.

And now I have doubts when the fairest sigh,  
Or whisper of love that can never die,  
If I trust no more do you wonder why!  
Since only a year ago.

### Making an Honest Living.

It is said that Mrs. Bonanza Mackay is advertising rewards for the detection of the person who circulated the infamous story that she once took in washing in order to make an honest living. There are lots of people like this. But t ink of it—a woman ashamed of doing honest work when poverty having left no alternative save dishonesty. It is a sad thing, and a monstrous thing, too. The people whose evolution from poverty to riches and honor has been due to faithfulness in small beginnings, are legion, and most of them are proud of it. Worcester has such people. One of its honored citizens to-day is a man who, when a boy, walked into Worcester with his brother. They had tramped all the way from Maine. They founded one of the most famous enterprises of the world, and their name is known wherever civilization has extended the bounds of trade. One is dead now; he died honored and respected. The other still lives and is active in his business. He has represented his ward in the legislature; he has been an alderman; he has done good with his money. He, too, is honored and respected. Once he had not money enough to pay his fare into the city. Worcester glories in the spunk of boys like these and so does every true American. When a woman like Mrs. Mackay thus advertises herself as having reached the pinnacle of snobbery, it disgraces decent people and outrages the idea of the Republic.—*Light, Worcester, Mass.*

Time with all his celerity moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—*Dr. Johnson.*

De Mille, the playwright, was dining with a party of gentlemen a few evenings ago, when one of the number, who had taken more wine than was good for his wits, became obnoxiously talkative. Efforts were made in many delicate ways to call the offender to order, but they seemed only to incite him to increased chatter. Finally, when it became apparent that the party must either put a stop to the foolish fellow's talk, or take an adjournment, Mr. De Mille turned to him and asked if he had heard the latest parrot story. The gabbler said he had not.

"You won't take offence if I tell it?"  
"How can I?" asked the victim, innocently.  
"Assure me that you will not think I mean to make any personal application, and I will tell it," said the dramatist.

"Of course I won't," and the offender gave the floor and his eager attention to Mr. De Mille.

"Well," said the playwright, "the parrot sat upon his perch in one corner of the room. A bull-dog, a new comer in the household, lay in another corner.

"'S-s-sick 'em,' said the parrot, 's-s sick 'em Tige!'"

"The new dog bounded to his feet and looked for something to sick, but finding nothing, lay down again.

"The parrot clambered down from his perch and waddled across to where the dog was lying.

"'S-s-sick 'em, Tige,' he said again.

"At this time Tige found something to sick. He pounced upon the parrot, tore him, shook him, and boxed him about, until the poor bird was well nigh dead. When the dog had been called off, the parrot labored up to his perch, looked about the floor where his beautiful feathers lay scattered, scanned himself minutely, noted his one remaining tail-feather, and said:

"'I know what's the matter with me: I talk too blamed much.'"

The dinner went on without further interruption. The preparatory denial of personal application had done its work, and done it delicately and well.—*Anatolian Magazine.*

### A Human Divining Rod.

A lad of fifteen has been found in Newcastle who is in himself a divining rod. A description of him says: "He was first taken into the vicinity of several known veins, and indicated correctly their position; then he was taken over an untried district and found several new veins, giving the exact bearings of one for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. A trial has since been made of this vein, which proves that the boy is correct, for the vein is both strong and promising. Taking hold of the boy's right hand, walking our usual pace, suddenly we were arrested in our course by an electric current passing from his body through mine, making me feel as though I had touched an electric battery. This condition remained so long as we continued on the vein, but the moment we passed over it the boy's normal condition returned. We tested the boy over and over again by returning and walking over the vein several times and each time we touched the vein with the same effect."

When a man is tempted to do a tempting thing, he can find a hundred ingenious reasons for gratifying his liking.—*Thackeray.*