

## The Poet's Corner.

Mary.

BY JOHN B. TARR.

Maid-mother of humanity divine,  
 Above them arise thy supremacy,  
 Since God himself did reverence to thee  
 And built of flesh a temple one with thine,  
 Wherein, through all eternity to shine  
 His ineffable glory. Blessed be  
 The miracle of the maternity,  
 Of grace the sole immaculate design!  
 Lo! earth and heaven—the footstool and  
 the throne  
 Of him who bowed obedient to thy sway,  
 What time in lowly Nazareth, unknown,  
 Healed of life the long-excluded way—  
 Praise, till their tongues are tutored of  
 the own.  
 "Magnificat" in wondering love to say.

### Child of the Sun; The Silent Artise.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The silence of dead centuries  
 That lie entombed on yonder hills  
 Is hushed. These dear awful p-p-py seas  
 Wave on; I tell you! The silence fills  
 The land. Helicans, as if he heard  
 God speak through some still gorgeous bird.

His hab's about; the golden morn  
 Strides godlike on yon holy hill;  
 His wife and daughter grinding corn—  
 "Two we no longer grinding at a mill."  
 A mystery! You sun of old  
 Was god, was god and ample gold!

You golden hills had flocks of snow;  
 Those valley fields had far increase,  
 He saw his white sails fill and blow  
 By poppy fields in flower-rose.  
 The wood-dove sang for him his loves—  
 His harshness note the soft wood-love's.

The Sparrow's hand is laid upon  
 His field, his flocks, hard, fast and tight,  
 But, oh! his glorious golden dawn.  
 The golden doors that close at night.  
 His gold hued bees, her russet h east,  
 Are his! The world may have the rest.

### The Rose Over the Door.

BY CLARENCE KETTING.

A cottage all fitted and furnished,  
 stands daintily over the way,  
 And here a young pair to housekeeping  
 Came promptly the first day of May.  
 The place seemed to home-like and cozy,  
 The sun shone bright on the floor,  
 Yet one daisy eye saw them passing  
 A rose to bloom over the door.

Ah, how they watched over its growing  
 And trained it with tenderest arts,  
 And swift, as its bright buds unfolded,  
 The love of home grew in their hearts.  
 The husband came home in the evening,  
 All weary and worn from the store,  
 To find the wife's welcome the sweeter  
 For roses that bloomed over the door.

But "love," they say, flies out of the window  
 When poverty's waters before;  
 But against all trials and troubles  
 These two young hearts garnered full store.  
 For when fell the hush of the twilight,  
 They whispered and love's sweet lore,  
 Wove roses that bloomed over the door.  
 Neath roses that bloomed over the door.

And when the "dark days" closed around them  
 And poverty's waves o'erbore,  
 To keep the dear home how they struggled,  
 Where roses bloomed over the door.  
 And now all their "trial-time" ended,  
 They dwell in the sunlight once more,  
 And love brightly gleams in the hearthstone,  
 While roses bloom over the door.

Ye new-mated pairs who are building  
 Your home to-day, now heed, I implore,  
 This lesson that love's ligens longed!  
 Where roses bloom over the door,  
 So, ye who count home more than shelter,  
 Plant, ere the bright Spring time is o'er—  
 To make home the brighter and dearer—  
 A rose to bloom over the door.

—For Truth.

### Manliness! Freedom! Brotherhood!

BY WILL VALENTINE.

MANLINESS, Freedom, Brotherhood, those like  
 master chords  
 Thrill thro' the soul and emulate each noble  
 deed and thought;  
 Those the world admires, woman loves, and vir-  
 tues  
 ere rewards;  
 Those in nature cast in rough moulds sub-  
 limity hath wrought.

MANLINESS doth make a man what man should  
 ever be,  
 Temperate in passion, tender in love, and  
 firm in his jealousy.  
 Brave in action, fortitude, gentle in reproach,  
 and slow to punish.  
 Humble, and considerate to the lowliest  
 creature that on earth we see.

FREEDOM is that which makes man free his  
 self a king.  
 For he will not wear a galling chain, come  
 bow or where it may;  
 He it weakens in moral force, or tyranny, he'll  
 fling.  
 It is a miracle from his soul, cost him what  
 it may.

FREEDOM, grand impulse of the mind, which a  
 tide of daring brings  
 Godlike with power of will, endurance, and  
 calm loyalty;  
 From freedom's glorious birthright that seed  
 of honor springs  
 Which dares uphold both right and justice,  
 and truth's pure equity.

BROTHERHOOD is the bond that clasps all  
 within a bond of unity,  
 This the vital principle cementing every  
 country, tongue, and station.  
 It flows in the veins of the savage, the scholar,  
 the king, the blood of fraternity  
 Thro' the pulse of each and all till death  
 gives consummation.

BROTHERHOOD is that feeling which woe man  
 unto his fellow; then secure  
 That friendship by kindly sentiments and  
 noble generous deed.  
 Gendering that kindred spirit which has beau-  
 ties our race, and endures  
 To help, bless, and fortify every hour wherein  
 exist mutual needs.

—For Truth.

### Liberty's Gate

BY L. A. MORRISON.

"The Truth shall make you free,"—John 8, 33.  
 Oh glorious freedom from sin!  
 From its bondage and thralldom and hate,  
 What a wonderful gladness comes in  
 To my soul! As at Liberty's Gate  
 I hear the sweet words of the Lord unto me:  
 "Come in," and "abide in my Word," "Be  
 free"

And over the portals, I read  
 In beautiful letters of gold,  
 A message that covers my need.  
 That he spoke in the temple of old:  
 "Ye believe in my Word, continue and ye  
 Shall know of the truth, and the truth shall  
 make free."

But darkness came; over my soul,  
 And doubt seems to hold me away;  
 "Can Truth have full power and control  
 To pardon and make me obey?"  
 When, lo! as I doubt, the sweet voice of the  
 Lord  
 Says: "I am the Truth" and "the Life and  
 the Word."

And now I rejoice in the light;  
 Through Him I have freedom restored;  
 This message has scattered the night:  
 That "Jesus" himself "is the Word,"  
 That "He is the Truth and the Way," and  
 through late—  
 Rejoicing, I enter at Liberty's Gate."

### The Dear Little Wife at Home.

The dear little wife at home, John,  
 With ever so much to do,  
 Stitches to set and babies to pot,  
 And so many thoughts for you.  
 The beautiful house-hold fairy  
 Filling your heart with light,  
 Whatever you meet to-day, John,  
 Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary  
 You needn't be cross or out,  
 There are war-like darts to gentle hearts,  
 There are looks that wound and hurt,  
 With the key in the latch at home, John,  
 Drop trouble out of a gth,  
 To dear little wife who is waiting,  
 Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,  
 A smile on her sunny face,  
 And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,  
 Will be there in her childish grace.  
 And the boy, his father's pride, John,  
 With the eyes so brave and bright,  
 From the strife and the din, to the peace, John,  
 Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,  
 Though the shafts of adverse fate,  
 May hurtle near, and the sky be drear,  
 And the lagard fortune wait!  
 You are passing rich already:  
 Let the haunting fears take flight,  
 With the faith that wins success, John,  
 Go cheerily home to-night.

—Margaret K. Sangster, in *Democrat's Monthly*.

### The Farmer's Boy

I know my face and hands are brown,  
 But I am strong and spry;  
 You cannot find in all the town  
 A happier boy than I.  
 With health, with hearty appetite,  
 With nothing to annoy,  
 It is a sweet and true delight  
 To be a farmer's boy.

My pants are patched, my cap is torn,  
 There's a smudge upon my nose;  
 My muddy shoes are badly worn—  
 They laugh at both the two.  
 My mother makes a suit for me  
 That I can soon destroy,  
 But it is always fun to be  
 A lively farmer's boy.

I love the mountains grand and steep,  
 They make me think of God;  
 As hillside pastures, where the sheep  
 Browse on the fresh green sod;  
 As spreading beech and maple trees,  
 As equisetum, oaks and cory,  
 As birch, the butternut, the beech—  
 I am a farmer's boy.

I run, with jack-knife, carve a whisp,  
 Or make a whistle and it:  
 Or scow upon the river ship,  
 Or on the old red mill;  
 The tallest trees can nimbly climb,  
 Can sing, can shout with joy,  
 Can have a splendid, jolly time,  
 And be a farmer's boy!

## VARIOUS TOPICS.

As to the relative merits of hard and soft  
 steel rails, the investigations in Germany  
 seem to leave the matter of wear indetermi-  
 nate, with the conclusion that the wear of  
 rails depends more upon the impurity of the  
 steel than upon its hardness or softness.

Companies that insure against loss by  
 wind storms are being organized in the  
 West. One of them has this advertisement  
 in a Kansas City newspaper: "The black  
 monster of the air has already appeared in  
 1888. Take out a tornado policy in the  
 Pioneer Cyclone and Windstorm Company."

At a fireman's picnic in Chicago the  
 other evening three young men called for  
 lemon beer at one of the stands, and in the  
 darkness the bartender gave them three  
 cups of kerosene oil. They drank half of it  
 before discovering the mistake, and then  
 thought they were poisoned. A doctor gave  
 them an emetic and they recovered.

George Fullmer, of Sanbury, Pa., on Sun-  
 day after church took a book, and seating  
 himself in a swing in his yard, read and  
 idly swung. The swing, made of an upright  
 post and a heavy crossbeam resting on a  
 tree, was old; the upright gave way and  
 the crosspiece came down, and, striking  
 Fullmer on the head, killed him.

Little John Alexander and a companion  
 of Newport, Vt., thought to have lots of  
 fun by scaring a clerk who slept in a store.  
 So they scraped on the door with a bit of  
 iron, and the clerk thought burglars were  
 trying to get in, and fired his revolver, and  
 a ball went through the door and entered  
 Johnny's head, hurting him very badly.

It is difficult to get a drink in Minne-  
 apolis on Sunday, but a shrewd fellow got  
 one the other evening. He went into a  
 drug store with a big bag in his hand, asked  
 the clerk what it was, went into raptures  
 over the rare specimen he had found, and  
 bought ten cents' worth of alcohol to pre-  
 serve it in. Then he went out and had his  
 drink.

The big timber raft now being built in  
 Halifax, and destined for New York city,  
 is nearly done. It will be 410 feet long,  
 50 feet wide, 35 feet deep, and will contain  
 2,240,000 superficial feet. The timbers will  
 be held together by an elaborate system of  
 chains. It is thought that if this monst-  
 er succeeds in getting to New York safely  
 from Halifax it will revolutionize the lumber  
 carrying trade.

Louis Wilson of Cameron, Mo., 8 years  
 old, was knocked down and run over in the  
 street, and a heavy wheel passed over his  
 chest, breaking the cartilages that connect  
 the ribs and the breast bone. He never  
 uttered a cry; but when his playmates  
 thronged around him in great excitement he  
 said: "Geewhiz! Why, you all run as if I  
 was a slide show." Louis will get well, the  
 doctors say.

A negro who borrowed money enough of  
 a Raleigh merchant to get a marriage license  
 explained his action by saying that he had a  
 pretty good sized cotton crop, and had  
 heard that the farm hands talked of demand-  
 ing more wages. He had therefore looked  
 about and having found a healthy widow  
 with three able bodied children would marry  
 her next Sunday and put the children at  
 work on the farm on Monday.

Charles Hatch, of St. Joseph, Ill., penned  
 some hogs belonging to Grant Glascock  
 which were trespassing. Then he told Glas-  
 cock about it, and demanded \$2 damages  
 before he would deliver the hogs. Glascock  
 objected. A quarrel arose. Hatch dared  
 Glascock to go out in the road and fight it  
 out. Both started for the road, but before  
 they got there Glascock struck Hatch in the  
 head with a club and killed him. Both  
 were well to do farmers.

Thomas J. Perkins, of Tallahassee, is a  
 man of regular habits. He has lived in that  
 one town 49 years; been in one business 34  
 years; occupied one office, desk, and chair  
 34 years; worn one watch 36 years; been  
 superintendent of one Sunday School 40  
 years; subscribed to one paper 42 years;  
 been a member, and trustee, and kept the  
 records of one church 44 years; lived in  
 one house 45 and with one wife 46 years.

The three-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kir-  
 ley, of Frankfort, Mo., fell into a well con-  
 taining nine feet of water, which was about  
 ten feet from the surface. With much  
 heroism Mrs. Kirley jumped into the well,  
 seized the child, fixed the little one's feet  
 firmly in the walls, and then waited for a

rescue. It came after long waiting, and  
 mother and child were both saved.

An Indian funeral procession in eastern  
 Oregon is thus described: "The defunct  
 had been set upon a horse, and a stick had  
 been lashed along each side of his body to  
 keep it in an upright position. The head  
 was not supported in any way, and as the  
 horse trotted along the body seemed bow-  
 ling in every direction and the head shaking  
 in a horribly grotesque manner. The widow,  
 dressed in her mourning paint, trotted along  
 behind on a lazy mule, to which she kept  
 vigorously applying the whip."

A Nova Scotia bear, not succeeding in  
 getting through two-inch planks that formed  
 five feet of the base of a sheepfold, reach-  
 ed above them, where lath boards were  
 used, and chewed and clawed there until he  
 made a hole big enough to scramble through.  
 The farmer heard the bleating of the flock,  
 jumped from his bed, and rushed to their  
 aid, clad in one garment and armed with a  
 three-tined pitchfork. The ghastly figure  
 was too much for the bear, who went out  
 the way he came in and escaped.

A private letter published in a Kansas  
 paper tells of a party of hunters and geo-  
 logists who were camped in southwestern  
 Kansas one night when a meteor fell near  
 them. In the morning they found a huge  
 mass buried in the ground, and still quite  
 warm. They managed to break off a chunk  
 of about a pound and a half weight, carried  
 it to Denver, and had it assayed. It panned  
 out about 20 per cent. of gold, 64 per cent.  
 of iron, and 11 per cent. nickel, with copper  
 and other metals. The party are going back  
 with dynamite and tools to get the rest of  
 the meteor, which they calculate weighs five  
 tons. If the assay holds out they'll get a  
 ton of gold.

### Fair Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Pol-  
 son's NERVILINE, for it has been placed in  
 the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give  
 you the opportunity of testing its wonderful  
 power over all kinds of pain. This is the  
 best evidence of its efficiency, for every  
 person can try for themselves. Polson's  
 NERVILINE is a positive (it cannot fail) cure  
 for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and  
 the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good  
 to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug  
 store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle.  
 Large bottles, 25 cents.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British  
 American Starch Company's make will be  
 found absolutely pure and of delicious flavor.

Welcome rational pleasures, but regard  
 their cost with intelligent reference to your  
 cash income, and lay your dearest devo-  
 tions on the altar of healthful and abundant  
 sleep.

**ROYAL**  
  
**BAKING**  
**POWDER**  
 Absolute