

## POETRY.

### ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY HOME.

Tell me, dearest, ere we sever,  
Tell me why we have to part;  
Tell me when we meet, if ever,  
May I ask thy hand and heart?

If your looks do not deceive me,  
Joyous tidings they impart;  
Whisper, when we meet, if ever,  
I may reign king of thy heart?

Ah! your smiles are so beguiling,  
And your eyes so clear and bright,  
That like beacons they are shining  
To e'er guide me through the night.

Oft in dreams I dwell and ponder  
On the joys we used to share  
In the sunny days of childhood,  
When love banished every care.

Tell me, dearest, tell me truly  
May I clasp your hand in mine?  
May I clasp thee to my bosom,  
Press my fervent lips to thine?

Dearest, I will ne'er deceive thee  
By an action, word, or thought;  
Tell me, dearest, ere I leave thee,  
That you will forget me not.

## Selected Tale.

### WHO SHALL WIN?

"It seems that we are both in love with the same girl. A very disagreeable discovery. Will, and one of us is to be pitied; but which one, the future must decide." And with these words, Lucius March rose from his lounging position before the fire, and striding across the room, looked into the mirror,

He saw reflected there a very handsome face—a face almost as white and fair as a girl's; brown hair, wavy and soft; great blue eyes, and full red lips, around which curled a moustache, which was his pride and delight.

He ran his white fingers through his hair, and took a long survey of himself, and then, in a tone of evident satisfaction, he said:

"Come here, Will, and look in the glass by the side of me, and see who is likely to win."

"Are you a fool?" roared young Dr. Browne, contracting his brows, and stopping suddenly before the fire, for he had been pacing the room. "Do you take me for a love-sick swain, and expect I am going to spend any of my time to find out who will win? Ask her to marry you. I'll not interfere. I'm not quite so senseless yet as to think Myra Dean would marry a homely, rough fellow like me, with only a good practice to support me, when Lucius March stands ready to offer her his heart, his hand, and his fortune. Let the subject drop here. It was by accident that you learned my secret. Forget it, marry Myra, and be happy."

There was a tremor about this strong man's lips as he said this, but it was unnoticed by the handsome young man who still stood before the glass.

"I'll talk sensibly, Will; but you'll see that I'll never see Myra again."

very little was seen of him during the evening, and he saw little else than Myra Dean in her modern white dress, as she went about among the guests, or floated in the "mazy dance." At last he saw her, leaning on the arm of Lucius March, and soon they disappeared from the drawing-room.

He frowned, and his heart beat high. She would soon be pledged to another. The thought maddened him, and he rushed out to the piazza to feel a breath of fresh air. With rapid strides he walked up and down the piazza, trying to still the tumult in his breast. He did not wait to see her again, but he went to his rooms, and tried to study, but could not; then he tried to sleep, but it was near daylight before slumber visited his eyelids. The next day he received an invitation to take the place of a distinguished and beloved doctor, who had died but a few weeks previous, and immediately accepted it. It would be such a relief to get away from the maddening glances of Myra Dean's blue eyes, and the sound of her voice, which thrilled him through and through.

He was sitting in a thoughtful attitude, with the letter of invitation in his hand, when Lucius March entered.

Dr. Browne made a few explanations in a short, crisp manner.

"I believe you are down on me, Will, about that love affair. I haven't proposed yet—didn't get an opportunity. But I'm safe enough. Come out, Will, and let us take a walk to the river. You look as if you need some exercise."

"I do; and I will go with you."

Dr. Browne buttoned his overcoat to his chin, and the two friends were soon walking briskly along arm-in-arm through the street. They walked a long distance, and when they were weary, they stepped into an omnibus, and seated themselves comfortably, for there was only one other passenger.

In one corner of the omnibus, and next to the Doctor, sat Myra Dean; but she was so closely veiled, that neither of the young men recognised her. They were talking busily, and so loud that Myra heard nearly every word they said.

"It's a pity, Will, we are both in love with the same girl, and it's a pity you must go away from the city. Would you marry her just as readily, Will, if she was poor? I must confess that I wouldn't."

"I should call such a question an insult to myself and Miss Dean, coming from any one but you," said the Doctor. "I love her, and not her money; and if she were penniless to-day, it would be the happiest moment in my life to make her my wife, and shield her from all harm. And I request you not to mention this subject again—it is very painful to me. No one would ever have known my secret if accident had not divulged it. To-morrow I shall be in a new place, with new scenes and new faces around me. I shall think of little else than my business, and probably never see Myra again."

### COUNT MOLTKE, AGED 70.

The most potential man in the world just now, says the London *Lancet*, is General Moltke, and the days of his years are threescore years and ten. We will leave military critics to do justice to the military genius of Moltke, and to say where he is to be placed in comparison with Grant, and Wellington, and Napoleon, and Marlborough, and the older heroes of the world. What we design now is much more simple, but equally interesting. The "still strong man," about whom one hears so little, who can be "interviewed" only by Bismark and by the Royal family of Prussia, and without whom all Bismark's grand designs might have been unavailing, the man who is renewing the art of war, and concentrating with such terrible efficiency the whole force and manhood and discipline of Germany, is seventy years old. The King of Prussia, himself seventy-three, has made him a count in honor of his seventieth birthday; but to us it is far more interesting to know that he has reached that age, than to hear that he has become Count Moltke. Grant is not yet fifty years old. Marlborough was all done with war by the time he was about sixty. Napoleon died at the age of fifty-two. Wellington's military career was over before the age at which Moltke began to distinguish himself. Indeed, before the war with Austria, Moltke had kept his power and his genius very much to himself.

Here, then, is a point for physiologists, that a man of seventy may alter the complexion of the world, and the relation of nations, and the history of civilization; that he may at this age have physical power for going through arduous bodily exertion, and mental power for solving the most tremendous military problems. Meantime, let the example of Moltke cheer old men, and make many young men more modest.—*Ibid.*

### POKER PICTURES.

The curious productions known as poker pictures, or poker drawings, have neither paint nor inlay, neither pressing nor cutting. They are nothing but panels of wood in which dark shadings have been produced by the application of red-hot tools. Many school rooms, many country mansions, and some churches, are in possession of specimens of this kind of art. A Study of a Female head, a Tiger killing a Deer, the Temptation of Christ, Cornelius sending for St. Peter, the Savior bearing the Cross, the Good Samaritan, the Head of a Rabbit, Oliver Cromwell—these are among the subjects of such pictures known to have been produced in this eccentric department of art. Connoisseurs of poker pictures talk about Smith of Skipton, Cranch of Axminster, Thompson of Wilts, and Collis of Ireland, as artists of some note. About the beginning of the present century, there was an exhibition of poker pictures in London, comprising fifty-three specimens by a Mrs. Nelson, and thirteen by Miss Nelson. The pictures were, without any

### Reflections from the "Mirror."

Boy—"Please, ma'am, have you any cold wittles?" Lady—"No, my lad, they are all hot." Boy (innocently)—"Then ma'am, I'll wait till they're cold."

A little girl, excited by the brilliant display of her aunt's gold-plugged teeth, exclaimed, "Oh! Aunt Nellie, how I wish I had copper-toed teeth like you."

A richly-dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked: "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

In Utah "sweet clover" grows from six to ten feet high, and a shrewd Yankee thinks a good thing might be made by tapping it for sap in the "sugar season."

The son of a farmer in Dutchess county hid himself in his father's hay-mow to learn to smoke. As soon as the stones in the foundation cool off, the farmer will build a new barn.

RETURNUM.—A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulled up after him the rail on which he went out. The constable made the following return: "Sightable—conversable—non est come-at-a-ble—in swampum—on stumpum—rails-up."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A gentleman coming to an inn in Ohio, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was.

"I'm a Yankee," said the fellow, "and have lived sixteen years here."

"I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that, in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the inn yourself."

"Aye," answered the hostler, "but the landlord is a Yankee, too."

ANECDOTES.—"Boy, the corn which you are hoeing there appears to be quite small?"

"Yes, sir, we planted little corn."

"But it looks yellow."

"Yes, sir, Dad had to go all the way down to Uncle N.'s to get yaller corn to plant."

"I shouldn't think you would have more than half a crop."

"No, sir, we don't expect but half a crop—we plant on shares."

A gentleman whose proboscis had been lost, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered about the table, every thing was going well; the child peeped about, looking rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? he hasn't got any."

A boy was once watching some of his schoolfellows as they pelted an old gentleman's windows with snowballs. The old gentleman finally rushed out of the house

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For *Dysentery* or *Diarrhoea*, but one mild dose is generally required.

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