

(For the Torch.)  
HOW IT ENDED.

"Must we too part?" I said, "Yes part,"  
replied the maid,  
And we too parted;  
What was it all about, why did we thus fall out,  
We the true hearted?

Ah! heed me while I tell what our young hearts  
befell  
While twilight tarried;  
I then was gay and free, and how I longed to be,  
Longed to be married.

Truth lives in what I tell, I loved the maiden  
well,  
She my ideal;  
And in my heart I knew, fondly she loved me  
too  
Tenderly, real;

Sweetly said I to her, "Maiden would you  
prefer  
Long to live single,  
I have a house, I said, that is, the sails are laid,  
Love can you shingle?"

Oh! what a look she gave, worse than the  
yawning grave  
'Twas to my vision;  
Deeply did I repent, but my fond maiden  
meant—  
Meant quick division.

"You have no house, said she, but for idle  
poverty  
'Twould have been ready,  
Would have been fenced about, finished within,  
without—  
Then would I wed thee."

Ah! woe had stricken me in my prosperity.  
Just in my glory  
I my death sentence spoke, life's sweetest tie I  
broke—  
Friends giggled o'er me.

Then did I persevere, tried to persuade my dear,  
Never to leave me;  
Then did my love revoke every fond word  
she'd spoke,  
Sore did it grieve me.

When I saw words were vain, keenly I felt the  
pain  
Of that dark hour;  
And to my self I said, "'twere a young man  
and maid  
Love hath no power."

"Love is but simply this, in the bright hours of  
bliss  
He is all smiles;  
But in the midnight shade, love, the deceitful  
blade,  
Scornfully reviles."

Long years have passed—since then young boys  
have grown to men,  
Old men have died,  
And through that changeful life I've had a  
loving wife  
Close at my side.

I built my house, and then just like the most  
of men  
Sought me a lover,  
And she, the maiden fair, who drove me to  
despair  
Now shares my cover.

EAK.

A Miss Wicker has undertaken to walk two  
hundred and fifty miles in one hundred and  
twenty hours, at New Orleans.—*Ec.*  
Can Bertha Von Hillern walk q-Wicker than  
that.

(For the Torch.)  
LETTERS FROM JOSH MUFF.

MY DEAR HULDA:—I am feelin muchless  
to-day and now I have just received a  
telephone from the faculty of Harvard Col-  
lege, requesten me to lecture before the stud-  
ents on Mush a brane produce provender. A  
tha will pry me horse kear fair out & in—

warmpoun  
I did  
as I was bid."

& excepted the oportunittee. The good lookin  
clark, Mr. Hankock of the hotill, lent me his  
swallow tale kate & Friend Huvce lent me a  
wite necktie, & give me for a quarter a pertee  
nosegay for me buton hole.

Equiped I started for Camelbridge meetin  
the lusher at the door. I folloed him up to  
the other end of the church. While I was  
pullin of my linen overcoat, he whispered in  
me year, "Ware wood you like to do it, on  
the floor, or up in the pulpit." I was jest on  
the pint of askin, Do what, when I hapin to  
think I was in a meetin house, & he ment in  
reference to my lecter. I said in a *nawbalture*  
way, on the floor; havin adjusted my spect-  
tackels I took a full survey of the crowd direct-  
ly in front of me, and rite under me nose sit a  
lot of the meek & lowlee students, hair parted  
in the middle & lookin very much like a lot of  
inonent lambs.

I was informed the students never laff, so I  
was determin to make them laff, and it wasent  
very long before I begun to wax warm in  
lucydaint my subjeek. & here & there in dif-  
ferent parts of the eddyface a titter, then a  
supressed laf & finally insesent haffter, all  
over the house. I new i wood fetch em, so I  
jest pegged away for aboute 3 or 4 hours, when  
I was requested so stop and give my chin a  
rest. It was a grate relief to me I assure you,  
when I got threw. I made me mark as a lec-  
terer, & there is no dont I will rival Broecher or  
wee John Boyd in the lecter field. I cracked  
a lot of jokes for thare eddyfickachun, & pray  
wy not as I am very fond of it, & always was  
sence I was an infant. I believe in the komical  
part of this life, & so does Jack. Sir Thomas  
Moor, jocked on the gallows, and so did Any  
Bolin on her way to hev her head removed  
from her bodce, & i suppose I will untill I jocke  
myself out of the world to becomme a lecter-  
angel.

I find there is a grate thirst for learnin  
in the Hubb. you will see boys & small children  
stretched out on the ground layen on thare  
stunicks readin newspapers, you will see them  
in the horse keers, you will see them in the  
theaters, in the churches, in the parlors, in the  
kitchens and in fact every ware; by the way,  
this reminds me of an incident I heard & it  
occured aboard the last train from st. John.  
Wile coming through Mane, ware they hang  
men for selling likor, I mean the kears, a  
lades swooned onto the floor, and everybody  
on the kear rushed for to pick her up. Some-  
body that was bossing the job asked for some  
likor to bathe her brow, as quick as litten a  
dozen botels sprang from as many St John  
gentlemen like a flash, & all wanted a hand in  
the job. howsomever she come too, and  
thanked them all in a neat little speech. Mor-  
ral:—Judges of Mane, repeal that law, & you  
will be happy. Everybody rides here, and if a  
person is only goin to see thare next door nay-  
bor the must take a horse kear. & I noticed  
crowds of men & weemen waiting for the  
kears, & as soon as one have in site thea wood  
all rush to git a seat, & you may be sure the  
men would git thare 1st, & okupie all the seats  
first, & of course the weemen would have to  
stand. I have made it a pint to give up my  
seat every time to the opposite sex; sometimes  
they would thank me & other times some wood  
knot—mabee tha where plebians & a stranger  
to good breeden. Howsomever it struck me as  
perkulur. & a nother thing i noticed was the  
freedom tha spoke to each other of thare bis-

nis & domesstick afares, partikulerlee one  
man spoke longer than all the rest, he said  
how as he was out all nite playin jack potts,  
(wat ever that is) & wen he went home next  
mornin his wife wanted to no ware he was all  
nite. "Oh, he said, I was down to the lodge &  
I was obliged to stop all nite on account of  
it being ruff crossing the ferry." Then she  
said, & it wouldnt pickel. So she will su for  
a reforme & go home to live with her mother.  
Such is a spesmention of the gay I hear every-  
time I ride, as I feel kind of sleepee I guess I  
will pen no more to nite. Kisses to all the  
children & a heap of them for you.

adeu until death  
from your lovin &  
afelchun husband,

JOSH MUFF.

P. S.—My late nurse has jest sent me a per-  
fume note, wunt read it untill you see it, dear  
hulda.  
From Josh.

N. B.—I have jest open this lecter agen to  
say the bile on me year have gone, & the  
cherplest tells me i wunt have the gout in  
me feet this summer.  
Josh.

PERSONALS

Kate Field has written a book on "The Tele-  
phone," which will be published in London.

Proctor Knott aspires to the gubernatorial  
chair of Kentucky, but it is not for Proctor.

John Russel Young accompanies Gen. Grant  
on his trip up the Nile, and graphically de-  
scribes the journey in letters to the New York  
*Herald*.

Mr. Charles Fechter will shortly appear in  
his original part of Oberreizer, the Swiss, in  
Charles Dickens's and Wilkie Collins's "No  
Thoroughfare," at the Broadway Theatre, New  
York.

Mark Twain and his family are going to  
Europe in April. The "innocent" intends to  
remain "abroad" two or three years, "his said,  
passing most of his time in Germany.

The *Post* says: Rosina Vokos has the most  
bewitching laugh, Lotta the cutest kick, and  
Kate Claxton the finest "shiver" in the busi-  
ness.

The tallest man in the country is John Far-  
well of Texas, and the St. Louis *Journal* thinks  
he's the identical "Farwell, a long Farwell,"  
mentioned by our old friend Shake.

Mr. Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in  
California, still lives at Coloma, in that State.  
In this place he made his great discovery thirty  
years ago, and has remained there ever since.  
He made a fortune in mining, but has spent  
nearly all of it, and is now a comfortable cul-  
tivor of grapes.

Mr. Mackey, the bonanza king, has bought  
the Kensington mansion of the notorious Baron  
Grant, the largest private dwelling in London,  
which cost the builder \$3,500,000.

Says Charles O'Connor, "No guilty person  
should ever plead guilty. He's got as many  
chances before a jury as a perfectly innocent  
man." And generally more chances before the  
governor, after conviction.

On the front of a house in Albert-terrace,  
Knights-bridge, has been recently painted, in  
large letters, the inscription, "Naboth's Vine-  
yard." The house is the residence of Mr.  
Charles Reale, and the legend is supposed to  
refer to a prevalent idea that some one covets  
the site, desiring to pull down the modest ten-  
ements and erect magnificent mansions.

It is thus that the New York *Evening Mail*  
falls to abusing our goodly month of March:  
"March, the old buster, comes in with a  
bluster. Its winds and its dust they are hor-  
rid. Better April with showers, or May with  
its flowers, or even July hot and torrid. Bet-  
ter August, September, October, November, or  
even December, so harsh, than the wild, rant-  
ing roar, of this hateful old blower, detestable,  
blustering March."