

POETRY.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew in the early morn,
What we knew each close of day,
If we only knew of the battles fierce
That we must wage, by the way.

SELECT STORY.

THE CASES WILL ALTER.

The bright sunshine made a golden
mirror of the merry dancing brook,
and transformed with silver gleams the maple
leaves that spread a canopy of green over
the farm house on the hill side.

"I don't know whether she is or not,"
snapped Mrs. Greenleaf, "and what is
more, I don't know."
Isaac Greenleaf sat on the porch,
his eyes fixed on the hay makers in a
distant harvest field, but his thoughts
were not with them. The fact was the
old gentleman was in trouble.

"Becky, do you know where Jennie
went?" asked the farmer, thoughtfully,
tipping his chair back against a pillar of
the porch, as his wife made her
appearance with a pan of rosy apples in one
hand and a chair in the other, preparatory
for a moment's enjoyment out of the
hot kitchen, while she prepared the fruit
for supper.

"Well, now, Becky, that's just what I
bin thinking 'bout this whole afternoon.
Ebenezer come over inter the medder this
morning and he believed the painter
man was making love to you Jennie, and
I tell you he was powerful 'bout it.
That was the very first inkling I had of
the matter. I never seen the fellow, nor
I don't want to, but Jennie must be
learned some sense; I've got to talk to
that girl as soon as she come home."

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that girl as soon as she come home."

"Why, father, what has Evered done
that you should treat him so cruelly?"
questioned Jennie, her eyes sparkling with
mischievous delight. "Do believe that you
are angry at something or somebody?"

"Yes, child; but I've promised," said
the farmer, gravely, and a good mason
never goes back on his word.

you shall not marry that sketching fellow,
and that you shall marry Ebenezer Flint.
Do you hear me?"
"Yes, father, I hear you."
Jennie, with her blue eyes flashing and
her rosy lips tightly compressed, walked
deftly past him and up stairs to her
own room, fully determined to marry that
"sketching fellow" or die an old maid.

"I'll tend to all that, Isaac. But you
had better take Ebenezer along with you,"
said his wife, anxiously; "you know he is
up to city ways, and would be a mighty
sight of help to you."

"Well, now, Becky, I ain't going to do
any such a thing. I'm not in my dotage
yet. I guess old Isaac Greenleaf can take
care of himself yet awhile!"

Two fine looking young men were
walking to and fro in the depot at New York,
waiting for a train; and having nothing
better to do, they were scanning and
commenting upon every one that chanced to
pass their fancy.

"Mark, do you see that old gentleman
with the broad brimmed hat on? There he
is with his hand on his pocket book,
reading the notice, 'Lookout for Pick-
pockets;' and that sharper just behind
him acts very much as if he had spotted
him," said one of the young men.

"That is none of our affairs, Harry,"
was the indifferent response. "He, like
many others, will have to pay the penalty
for living green. I imagine from the way
he covers his pocket book that he has
plenty of stamps."

"Yes, Mark, but I am obliged to help
that old codger. Don't you see that
Masonic badge as large as a silver dollar
fastened to his coat? He is a Mason
beyond a doubt, and if I am not mistaken
he is in trouble before five minutes.
Let us draw a little nearer."

"The young men pressed up through the
crowd a little closer to the unsuspecting
old gentleman, both fully convinced that
the sharper intended business, and waited
for him to make a move. They had not
long to wait. The train backed in on the
track, and as all were pressing forward
eager to be first in the car, the light-
fingered rascal relieved the old man of his
pocket book, and was in the act of posses-
sioning himself of his watch when the two
young men, one on each side of him, very
decidedly requested him to return the
pocket book, which the thief finding him-
self caught, was quiet prompt in doing.
Then with a good bye to Mark, the young
man called Harry took the old gentleman
by the arm, and after seating him comfort-
ably returned him his money, saying:

"Here is your pocket book, sir, which
came very near bidding you a long fare-
well."

"Becky," said the farmer, "this young
man is Harry Preston, and I tell you he's
bin a powerful sight of help to me.
Now, wife, don't go to saying 'I told you
so,' for that always makes a man out of
sorts. You was right for once, anyhow.
Where's Jennie?"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Preston,"
said Mrs. Greenleaf, extending her hand,
with a welcoming smile. "But, Isaac,
you don't tell me you got into trouble, do
you? Didn't you wish for Ebenezer
'bout that time?"

"No, I didn't. I kinder guess I asked
for Jennie," returned the farmer, with a
look he had intended for a frown, but
which ended in a good-natured smile.
A call from Mrs. Greenleaf brought
Jennie, blushing like a rose, to the
door.

"Mr. Preston," said the farmer, with a
glance full of love and pride, "this is our
Jennie, and a likelier girl don't live, if I
do say it myself."

"I agree with you, sir. You cannot
say too much in praise of your daughter,"
said Harry, smilingly. "I cannot enter
your home and accept your hospitality
under false colors, Mr. Greenleaf. Jennie
and I are old acquaintances, and I feel
proud to declare myself her lover."

"Becky, don't you hear that? This is
that picture painter, sure as I live! One
more circumstance to-day will finish me.
I declare, I don't know what to do.
Jennie's promised Ebenezer, and he's our
nearest neighbor; but then you have
done me a kind turn and I—"

"I do not want you to feel under obli-
gations to me, Mr. Greenleaf, but you said
that I could ask any favor of you, and it
should be granted," said Harry, with an
arch smile. "I know that it is hardly
gentlemanly in me, but 'all is fair in love
or war,' and I crave the hand of Jennie,
knowing full well that I possess her
heart."

"I guess we'd better let him have
her, for I'm sure she will never have
Ebenezer," said Mrs. Greenleaf, with a
knowing shake of her head and a glance
of admiration toward Harry. "Besides,
if you've promised him any favor, I s'pect
the young man's got the right of asking
for our Jennie all the way along."

"And, father, a good Mason never goes
back on his word," said Jennie, leaving
the side of her lover and stealing her
hand into the good honest palm of her
father. "I love Harry, and could not
even to please you, father, marry that
old miser."

"HER AIN COUNTRY."

What Called the Lonely Scotch Lassie Home.

She was just a little Scotch lassie. A
timid, sweet-faced little creature, with an
aurore of tawny hair to frame her shy
face.

She had come to this country three
years before. At her father's death she
had been left alone with for an aunt, a
good kind woman, who was a mother to
the girl.

They were left almost penniless, depend-
ing on their own exertions. Much was
said of the employment to be found in
America, and her good wages paid.
Lisette's aunt decided to come and try
their fortunes in the strange country.

"But what o' Kenneth," the girl had
asked. "I gae him a promise to wait for
him till he comes hame for me, this
winter, and then I'll go to him."

"Leave yer address with some friend,
Clyde Burgin was a gude one, and when
he comes hame for ye, he can come
over the waters for ye, or ye can come
back to him. We must gae, lass, fer
there's naught to do here."

So they came and found a home and
employment in this country. The first
year was a happy one to them. They
were charmed with the novelty of it all,
and though they worked hard they were
making and saving money. And Lisette
would be glad to show it to her lover
when he came for her. Over and over
she planned her wedding outfit, day after
day she dreamed of the little home that
would be theirs, in their "ain country."

The weeks slipped happily by, but
when the Christmas came and no Ken-
neth came over the waters, and the
months slowly dragged away till the
summer time had come and yet no lover,
the happy smile faded. The cheeks lost
their bloom, and the laughing eyes lost
their light and sparkle now. Each
morning's dawn brought whisperings of a
hope that might be fulfilled, brought ex-
pectancy and yearning love. Each
evening's sunset on the bosom and dreams
of a loving heart.

The fall the aunt sickened and died,
leaving Lisette alone in the dark, strange
world. She had been a patient, loving
nurse all through her aunt's long sickness
and was heartbroken at her loss. People
said sorrowfully that she would soon join
him in their long home, she looked so
white and languid. And she thought
some. They remembered that her aunt
had said her father had died of consump-
tion. They argued with her about work-
ing so hard, but she only shook her head
decidedly. "I must," she said. "I am
going back to my ain country when I
can save 'em' to take them there." Her
aunt's illness had used up all her little
store. So she worked on, patiently, quietly,
always talking of that home of hers, in
the far away country; working, striving
to reach it. They all loved the girl,
these kind neighbors of hers, and it
pained them to see her fading away from
them. They helped her all she would
permit them, but she was strangely in-
dependent, and liked best to be left alone
in the little white she had out of the mill.

It was one evening the autumn after
her aunt's death, that she toiled home,
weary and heart sick. The sun was just
sinking its great red self behind the
sore tipped clouds, smiling a good night
to the tired world. "Ye are sinking on
to my hopes," the girl cried; "I have
nae use to linger here, but I cannot get
to my ain country."

greater happiness she never doubted the
contents would give her. She fastened
heart and eyes on the outside. Then she
broke the seal, and, in the full red light
read:

"LISSETTE, MY AIN, MY ONE LOVE.—They
tell me I am dying, and with my last
strength I would tell o' my love for ye.
I have ever loved ye. When I went back
for ye that Yuletide, he—Clyde Burgin,
told me ye had gone and left na word for
me, and I believed him—forgive me,
Lisette. When I went away to forget ye,
I couldna. And when they brought me
hame to die he told me that ye had been
true to me, that ye wanted ye for his own
bride. But we will be happy yet, ye will
soon come up hame, and I will be waitin'
for ye. Good-bye, Yer ain, KENNETH."

A little stilled moon, and the white-
faced girl slid down on the floor, her head
bowed on her arms. The twilight came
in and filled the room. Then it changed
to gloom, and then the stars began to
twinkle. And still she knelt there, quiet,
save now and then a moan, and a low
murmur of "Kenneth, Kenneth, my ain,
Kenneth. Father, mother." And now
the stars were hidden, and darkness filled
the room. A storm was brooding, muf-
fled thunder filled the air. The lightning
flashed all around her, but still she knelt.

And now the rain poured in torrents over
her, through the open window. She
raised her head, and dragged herself back
into the room, still the pitiless rain
beat over her. She lay there still and
motionless, now a sob broke the stillness,
and then all was still.

The bright sunshine of the morning
bowed into the room. The twilight came
in and filled the room. Then it changed
to gloom, and then the stars began to
twinkle. And still she knelt there, quiet,
save now and then a moan, and a low
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flashed all around her, but still she knelt.

"Lisette," has gone home to her own
country."

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been carelessly opened between the two
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