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POETRY.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller worked at raking hay,
And cleared her forty cents a day.
Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine,
And so she worked in the sweet sunshine.
Singing as glad as a bird in May,
'Barbary Allen' the live long day,
She often glanced to the far off town,
And dawdled eleg wearily down.
And the sweet song died of a strange disease,
Leaving a phantom taste of cheese.
And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda water and a ginger cake.
The Judge rode slowly into view—
Stopped his horse in the shade and threw
His fine cut out while the blushing Maud
Marveled much at the kind he 'chawed'
He was dry as a fish, he said with a wink
And kinder thought that a good square drink
Would o'erco time. So the cup was filled
With the crystal wine the cold spring spilled;
And she gave it to him with a sun browned hand
'Thanks,' said the Judge, in accent bland;
'A thousand thanks! for sweeter draught
From a fairer hand' out there he laughed
And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day
And raked the Judge instead of the hay.

WILD GRAPES.

'Such a quantity of them,' said the Widow Winton, 'and doing nobody any good!'

The golden September sunshine was steeping all the uplands in yellow brightness; the avant couriers of the coming frost had touched the maples and sumachs with fiery red, and the wild grapes in the woods came freighting the air with sweetness. Such wild grapes, too—great blooming masses of purple, outlined against their rank, green leaves, as if some enchanted hand had hung all the forest aisles with glistening pendants of amethyst.

'The jelly they would make!' said the Widow Winton, shading her large black eyes with one hand, as she looked up where the vines had garlanded a copse of cedar trees. 'And the preserves! And the price they would bring in market! I really do think that when I rented the Glen Cottage, I ought to have had the privilege of these woods into the bargain; more especially as Mr. Esselmont is in Europe, and the grapes are doing nobody any good.'

And the Widow Winton drew a deep sigh, as the wind wafted a fresh gust of fragrance toward her—the sweet, indescribable aroma of ripening grapes in the crucible of autumn sunshine.

The Widow Winton, be it understood, was no angular matron or wrinkled old beldame, but a rosy little personage of two or three-and twenty, with laughing, sloe-black eyes, long lashed and almond-shaped, a saucy, retrousse nose, and lips like a cleft rose-bud. And as she stood there, with her dimpled hands interlaced above her eyes, a rebellious resolution formed itself in her heart.

'I will have them,' said the Widow Winton; 'as well as the schoolboys and the sparrows. And if I were to ask that crusty old agent, I know he'd refuse so I shall omit that little ceremony. I'll send 'em into town, and I'll take the money to get me a new fall hat, for mine has been positively shabby ever since the crape got soaked through in that summer shower, three weeks ago Sunday.'

And the Widow Winton went home to the little cottage on the edge of the wood, which had once been a porter's lodge to the Esselmont estate, and told her sister what she had determined upon.

'Fanny,' said Miss Charity Hall, who was ten years older than the widow, and a good many degrees graver, 'pray don't think of such a thing.'

'Why not? said Fanny.'

'It would be stealing!'

'No, it wouldn't,' stoutly argued Fanny. 'There they hang, doing nobody any good; and it's a wicked, sinful shame! And Mr. Esselmont is in Paris, and that cross old crab of an agent sets up a cry if one does but break off a sprig of autumn leaves. No Charity, there's no use arguing; the grapes I want, and the grapes I'll have!'

'I wouldn't,' said Miss Charity.

'I would,' said the Widow Winton.

And she took down a little wicker-basket, with a twisted handle and a double fit, and tripped off.

'How are you going to reach them?' said Miss Charity.

'I shall climb,' said the widow.

'You?' cried Miss Charity.

'Yes, I!' nodded the widow.

But she was yet engaged in gathering the purple spoils that hung, ripe and tempting, within her reach, when there was a crackling of dry leaves under foot, and a tall young man, in a suit of dark-colored cloth and a Tyrolese hat, stepped lightly into the forest glade.

'It's the new rector,' said the Widow Winton to herself. 'To think that he shou'd have blundered along at this very time of all others! But I may as well make the best of it.'

And she turned around to greet the bewildered new-comer with a sweet smile and the utmost self possession.

'Will you have some grapes?' said she holding out the twisted wicker basket.

'I—I beg your pardon!' stammered the stranger; 'but I must have mistaken my way. I supposed these were the Esselmont woods.'

'So they are,' said the widow, 'and I am stealing the Esselmont grapes—because, you see, I've rented the little cottage yonder, and I really think the grapes ought to go with the cottage—don't you?'

'Really,' said the stranger—the Widow Winton had perceived by this time that he was tall and straight, with pleasant hazel eyes and long, silky moustache. 'I know so little about the property here—'

'Oh, of course not said the widow sitting down on a fallen tree, with her little black silk apron full of grapes, 'But I can tell you, Mr. Esselmont, who owns the property, is in Europe: and the agent is such a cross old fudge that one can't ask for so much as a bunch of wild flowers—a regular crab, you know!' opening her bright eyes very wide, to emphasize the idea.

'How very disagreeable!' said the stranger, who had taken a seat on the mossy log, beside the widow, and was eating grapes as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

'So I just concluded to help myself,' said the widow.

'So I perceive,' said the hero of the silky moustache.

'Wouldn't you, if you were in my place?' said the widow.

'Certainly I would!, said the gentleman. 'And if you will allow me, I will help you to help yourself.'

'But you haven't time,' said the Widow Winton, dubiously.

'Oh, yes, I have! said the stranger—plenty of time I assure you I was only crossing the woods to call on the new rector, and—'

The purple cluster of grapes slid to the ground, as the Widow Winton started up in amazement and dismay.

'Oh, dear!' cried she; 'I thought you were the new rector!'

The stranger laughed.

'Do I look very clerical?' said he.

'Then you are the agent's son from Canada!' said she. 'Oh dear! Oh dear! And I've been calling your father a crab, and all sorts of names. Oh, dear! I beg your pardon, I am sure, but all the same, he is a crab!'

'Pray don't distress yourself,' soothed the stranger. 'I am no relation at all to Mr. Esselmont's agent.

The Widow brightened up a little at this.

'I am thankful for that,' said she. And now, if you will help me with the grapes we can get them all gathered before the agent comes this way on his afternoon walk. Can you climb?'

'I should rather think I could,' promptly answered the gentleman.

The widow clapped her plump little hands in delight, as the huge bunches rained down into her apron.

'There,' cried she, 'that's enough!'

'Are you quite sure?'

'Oh, quite,' said the Widow—'for jelly, marmalade and to send a lot to town to buy my new bonnet strings.'

The stranger sprang lightly to the ground, from the boughs of a stately beech tree.

'Then it's all right,' said he. 'And we have outgeneraled Mr. Esselmont and his cross old agent, after all.

'Haven't we?' said the Widow Winton, with her black eyes all dancing with mischief. 'And now if you'll come home with me, I'll give you a cup of real French chocolate, and a slice of sponge cake.'

'I shall be very happy to carry your basket for you,' said the stranger, courteously.

'There he is now,' said the widow' recoiling a little, as they neared the tiny cottage with its drooping eaves and pillared veranda.

'Who?' said the gentleman.

'The agent,' said the Widow Winston.

'He can't hurt us,' said the stranger.

And he walked boldly into the very presence of Mr. Sandy McPherson, with the basket of plundered grapes on his arm: while the widow followed, much marveling at his valor.

But, instead of bursting out into invective the agent sprang to his feet, and began bowing and scraping most obsequiously.

'Really, sir—really, Mr. Esselmont,' said he, 'this is a pleasure that I didn't expect.'

'Mr.—Esselmont!' cried out the widow.

'I beg a thousand pardons for not disclosing my identity before!' said the handsome 'encognito.' 'But you have no idea how I have enjoyed the masquerade. Will you allow me to introduce myself formally at last?'

The Widow Winton turned crimson said she.

'But I've been stealing your grapes,' said she.

'Every fruit and flower on the Esselmont estate is at your service,' said the young heir, with a bow and a smile.

But when he went away, Miss Charity took her younger sister formally to task.

'Fanny,' said she, 'are you not ashamed?'

'Not a bit,' said Fanny valiantly.

'Stealing fruit like a schoolboy, and romping like a child, remonstrated Charity.

'If Mr. Esselmont don't mind it,' said the widow, 'why should I? And we are going to the haunted springs to-morrow, and I shall show him to the rocky glen. Oh, I can tell you, Charity, it's great fun!

But as time crept on, Miss Charity Hall grew more uneasy still.

'Fanny,' said she, 'you must leave off flirting with Guy Esselmont!'

'Why?' said the widow.

'Because you are poor and he is rich; and people are beginning to talk.'

'Let 'em talk' said Fanny. 'We are to be married next month, and then we can set the whole world at defiance; and Charry—' hiding her face on the elder sister's shoulder.

'Well?'

'He says he fell in love with me that day he caught me stealing his grapes!'

'Humph!' said Miss Charity. 'Well, you've stolen his heart, so I don't see but that you're quits!'

SUPPORTING THE GUNS.

One of the Horrors of War Vividly Described.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their. saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods, Every cartridge box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here come help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to one piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us made us forget the foe in front The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of hill as if he who reached it first was to be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command: 'Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!' We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows these cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets plash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat—misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and cannister and the guns are served so fast that all the reports blend in one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot and the serpent like hiss of cannister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through the ranks. Grape and cannister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other,

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor the left, nor in the front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and no where on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from cassion to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—Detroit Free Press.

OFF-HAND TALK.

Slim Jim.

MATRIMONY.

My young unsophisticated fellow-masculine sufferer, from the double-barrelled pea shooter of experience let me shoot this pea of advice into your ear. Never, while you live, commit matrimony.

If necessary, die first.

Death, in its most aggravated and most torturing form, is a milk punch alongside of the abyss of the connubial state.

Matrimony is a snare—a base unmitigated, unpremeditated fraud, and calamitous catastrophe.

It is a yawning, bottomless abyss with spiked sides, out of which no light can ever come.

It is a vehement vortex that swallows and crushes like any angry anaconda.

Shun it my young friend as you would the shade of the deadly Upas tree.

Touch it not with a ten foot pole, but keep aloof—very aloof.

Once fettered by matrimony, there is no hope for the wicked.

The honeymoon waxeth but little balm of Gilead, and then waneth like unto the red hot setting of a summer sun.

The first born springeth up like a thistle, and its off down but hideth a multitude of thorns.

These thorns pricketh like cambric needles, and are as numerous as sands on the seashore or candidates for a vacancy.

There are troubles likewise. Direful dreadful troubles, that follow in the wake of the first-born as sparks make up the train of a shooting star.

The second boom is but an enlarged and improved edition of the first, and the pair are worse than cayenne pepper and an election riot.

They would exhaust the patience of a steam piano and demoralize the brain of a Republican office-holder.

And the wife—the fond maternal engineer of these pet misfortunes—having crossed the Rubicon of gentleness and been baptized in the mud of sour temper is forty degrees worse than the first and second booms.

Time has rubbed the blue off the grapes the fuzz from the peach, and she hangs upon your family tree a withered crab apple—sour and shriveled.

Yet, she forgetteth all this. She maketh herself believe that she is in the heyday of her youth—that her charms are yet resplendant, and that she is as fresh as a daisy dipped in dew, and, that you must obey her behests with the alacrity of a youthful lover.

Vain delusion!

Inglorious snare!

Baseless fabric of a dream.

Therefore young man, rather let the jimson weeds grow rank and wild about your hearts'rings, and your ardent affections go to seed than endeavor to send your name to posterity through the conjugal telephone.

Rather grow up ignorant of domestic bliss than unite your destinies with a hot tempered virago and a houseful of torpedoes. Life is short at best. Married life is shorter and by far the hottest.

Therefore, let the cool zephyrs of single blessedness fan you into glory forever and eternally.—Amen.

How Little We Understand.

We eat and drink. The greater part of mankind is engaged in planting and harvesting, and preparing food to keep the race alive.

Does the wisest savant understand plant life? Can he understand how one seed produces wheat and another rice? Not in the least.

No we understand the process of digestion? Do we understand how the food we eat becomes bone and muscle, nerve and blood-vessel? Doctors study dissect and analyze; but how little they understand.

A celebrated French doctor said: 'A doctor is a man who pours medicines, of which he knows little, into bodies, of which he knows less.

St. Paul said it all long ago in the words: 'Here we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part, then shall I know even as also I am known.'

Yes, the wisest only knows in part.

Sir Isaac Newton the greatest of philosophers, said that the more he learned the more he found to learn.

Each advance in knowledge opens up new fields to be explored. We see the sun, we know light and heat come from from that great luminary. But what is the sun? What are light and heat? Who knows?

As one of our great thinkers has said: 'A child in the nurses arms understands mystery as well as a philosopher, and that is not at all.'

Perhaps we shall understand when we reach a higher life.

Now we are told that light is made of motion, a vibration; but does that definition satisfy us?

Who understands the mystery of life? Nobody. We understand our present life and the life in store for us as little as the caterpillar understands the future in store for it.

The worm crawls about on the ground or on a plant, for a time, then spins a a shroud for itself, and goes to sleep. By and by a butterfly comes from the chrysalis, and lives an entirely different life. Does it understand the change?

So our present life is an unknown quantity. We do not understand ourselves. We know not what an hour may bring forth. Let us learn what we can and progress with the times.

Excelsior is a good motto.

Onward and upward is another.

Here a little and there a little. Don't be discouraged because you do not understand now, the understanding will come in time. A stone, a weed, a new planet will keep a scientific man busy for weeks. An etymologist will spend hours tracing a word to its origin. Plants animals, rocks, stars, light, heat, color, life and death all teach us how little we understand, and how much there is to be understood. So chemists will keep on analyzing, geologists will continue to hammer and surmise, and we shall know in part till faith is lost in sight, and knowledge becomes perfect.—Demorest.

IT IS RUMORED,

[New York Sun.]

That John Kelly, of this city, is politically dead.

That Hop Lee is to have a place in Garfield's cabinet.

That so is Mrs. Sprague.

That the government clerks are glad its over.

That so are their salaries.

That neither party claims Ben Butler.

That H. L. Morey was waylaid and assassinated on his return from the polls last evening.

That you can't sometimes most always tell how it will go.

That Mrs. Hayes hates moving day.

That Grant is for a third term and all that it implies.

That Kate it for Conkling.

That Conkling is for himself.

That little Billee is going for them both.

That Gen. Banks has got off the ragged edge.

That the young Republicans had a real good time with seed cakes and mineral water one night soon after the election.

That Gen. Grant is to be Garfield's court jester.

That Boutwell's national book-keeping is safe for another four years.

That we ought to be glad that Grant has got through talking.

Gleanings.

There is a right way and a wrong way of rubbing a man's mind as well as a cat's back.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating whatever is good wherever it may exist.

Taking a penny that does not belong to one removes the barrier between integrity and rascality.

Truth is always present; it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles.

An eccentire but pious man has built a house on posts forty feet high, at Plympton, Oregon, in order that he may live nearer heaven.

The religious movement against 'banged' hair is extending. Bishop Elder of Cincinnati has issued a prohibatory order on the subject.

The size of an animal's yell is in no wise proportionate to the size of its body. One little cat can make more noise while one is on the point of going to sleep than a canvass full of elephants.

Once upon a time a mule, without having received an invitation, attended a convention of animals that was called for the purpose of discussing the best methods of family government. "What do you know about all this?" asked the president, tauntingly; "have you ever raised any children?" The mule wept. "Ah, no," she said, "I have never raised anything but full-grown men; but land of the pilgrim, you should see how raised them—you should see me raise a man that weighs as much as David Davis." Upon a rising vote the mule was immediately elected financial secretary, with powers to send for persons and papers.