

## LOVE IS BEST.

Maiden, frolicsome and fair,  
Life is joyous, not a care,  
Love you know not, neither sorrow;  
Live today and trust to-morrow.  
"Should I love?" the maid replies;  
"Love steals youth, brings tears and sighs;  
Liberty is far above;  
Give me that and farewell love."

Maiden, now we meet once more,  
Changed your song from that of yore.  
When the leaping billows foam  
Round the crag that shield your home,  
When the sea fog creeps before you,  
Waving ghostly shroud shapes o'er you,  
Then your heart, with longing mad,  
Prays for him, your sailor lad;  
All the woman, rising, yearns  
For the love the maiden spurns.  
"Why not love?" the wife replies;  
"Naught in life yields sweeter prize.  
Love is lasting, Life is weary.  
Love lifts shadows dark and dreary,  
Pours the golden glamour o'er us,  
Hallows all that lie before us.  
Tired hearts have e'er confessed,  
Storm or sunlight, Love is best."  
—Mortimer Foy in Godey's Lady's Book.

## THE FALLEN PINE.

The poets tell us of a period (it is always "a long time ago") when all the animals conversed as well as sung, and when—if we believe the immortal legends—every created thing had its expressive tongue.

We are told that even the very stones had language audible and eloquent. The Old Testament gives us more than one instance of the time when what we now call the inanimate spake in instructive tones.

The story of the trees who wanted a rule over them is among the most interesting. There is another tradition which, while it does not lie in the authority of the Scriptures, has scriptural fact as its basis. Who is that has not heard the legend of the Aspen, which received the curse of a perpetual palsy because of its refusal to bow its head in sorrow on the doleful day of the crucifixion, when all nature was in mourning?

The story of the Aspen is the story of Pride. Let me tell you another—the legend of the Fallen Pine. This, however, cannot claim a birth coeval with creation or the crucifixion, for the impress of modern thought is seen in the coinage of the tale.

Have you ever traveled over among the Sierras, and have you ever listened to the croonings of the old priestesses and nuns there?

It will be a long time before the last vestiges of the early Spanish ecclesiasticism is gone from those regions in our far west, where its missionaries half wasted heroic lives, especially in the sunset lands of the New World. But I am not sure that what I am about to relate comes from the pious exile from the mother country. But where did the "good mother" who related it to me receive it?

Listen to the legend, though if you have traveled in the Sierras you may have heard the story there:

There is, by a wayside, a great fallen pine. You see in the slopes of the Sierras many of its companions—pines (not redwood) with a girth of more than thirty feet at your height above their base. At the foot of this prostrate monarch, its near companion of centuries ago, there still stands a mighty oak, tossing its brawny, mossy arms to the sky. It stands a vigil, perhaps now neither sorrowing nor exulting. If you enter the little cabin near by the "good mother," though it may be that she has never been a real mother at all, earning her title by deeds of devotion, heroism and sacrifice, and we might therefore say that the "ancient maiden" there will tell you; not like the story monger at Waterloo who rehearses for a sou the affair there to the great historian of "Les Miserables," but will recount to you the long, long quarrel betwixt the pine and the oak. As you may never travel there, or perhaps the old croon is there no more, for it has been years since I was there, I will therefore tell you the story as it came to me:

It was many and many years ago that the pine and the oak sprang up there, side by side. They grew together lovingly and happily until they had passed the period of their "teens," as the world expresses it. At length, and when, in the language of the modern pen, they began to hear the gossip of the world, when they heard of "society," when they heard of the jealousies among neighboring beauties, and the contrasting of the virtues of trees, then it was that troubles began. The winds that came from far off seas (for it is a stormy country there) tossed their branches together, and the "family jars" may be said to have then commenced in earnest.

The harsh wood of the oak rubbed against the tender pine, and white blood ran from the open veins. "You are becoming too familiar over there!" It was the pine that spoke thus, while the oak replied:

"Pooh! your smell is disagreeable, and that vile blood of yours has defiled my fingers!"

"You are a cross vixen; don't scratch me so," the pine now complained.

The clouds wept and with their tears washed the wounds of the pine. But they could not blot out the memory of the ugly words spoken.

Every time the winds came, and they came frequently, for it is, as I have said, a stormy country there—every time the winds came the wrangles were renewed, and the bitter and reproachful complaining words would come again.

The pine called the oak an obstinate and cruel neighbor, vowing he would no longer live by his side. Hear his resolution:

"I am going to leave you; I shall grow far away from you;" and forthwith the pine turned his head away in disdainful pride. He grew away from the oak. He grew rapidly—far more so than his neighbor—and was soon high up in the sky, his branches leaning far and anxiously to the morning light. He wafted back, it is said, this farewell to the oak: "Good-by, Scrub! You can scratch my face no more!"

From this time on it was a war of words only, for the branches of the pine grew further and further away. The pine boasted of his virtues, and of the

oak's inferiority. Again there was a "Good-by, Scrub!"

The oak was piqued and wounded to the core. He shouted up to the pine: "I know I don't care what you say about me! I know I am prized above you for my noble qualities of strength and toughness and weight."

"You boast of your virtues, you clumsy thing!" retorted the pine. "You say you are useful, while I am not only useful but I am ornamental—a joy in the world. I am light of weight; am easily wrought. I travel over all the earth; am found in every place and in every mansion under the sun, especially where there is a toy that delights the eye or the heart of childhood."

"Yes," quickly responded the oak, "but I make the vessels that bear you in your journeys over the sea."

"Bah!" said the pine, "you lie hidden away under the waters while I ride high above you in the heavens. You are a very 'beast of burden,' and without me there would be no mast, no spar. Furthermore, as I am above the waters, with my eyes I see all the gay fashions of the world!"

"Fashions forsooth!" said the oak. "I know the fashions, for I wear them three times a year, while you, like a poor prude, have the same unvarying dress the whole year round—that old fashioned frock which you cannot change!"

This remark stung the pine to the very heart. There is no one who likes to have his or her garments criticised—"made fun of," so to speak. The pine flung back this in reply:

"You are a booby; you are a fickle, fadey thing; your colors soon change."

"Oh, yes," said the oak, "I know I change my livery; I get a new garment every year, fresh and beautiful, from the great milliner, Nature; and even if my old clothing does fade, the world says that in the sober seasons of the year my garb is lovely and becoming."

And the pine continued to grow further and further away with its branches.

The oak stood leafless and trembling in the winter's cold, while the gay neighbor was rejoicing in its evergreen splendor, as it saw the many scions of its family around the varied mansions of earth—ornaments of a fadeless type.

The oak cast his eye downward and beheld the rich wealth at his feet. "Whom do you feed?" he cried, as he saw the great harvest of acorns scattered around, and upon which the beasts of the field and fowls of the air were feasting and fattening.

"I feed the sick!" replied the pine with a sigh. "Not only this, but the very ships which you boast of making, all receive a coating that comes from me."

Then the oak said: "If you do feed the sick, I warm and comfort the poor, the peasant and the prince alike."

"Yes, and I embellish the world even with so poor a thing as the smoke that I send away," impatiently retorted the pine.

And so they continued to boast and to quarrel all the years ran on. I need not tell you all that the good mother recounted to me of the long, long troubles between those neighbors. But the pine grew further and further away, its branches gathering weight with every summer sun. Again the storms came—for I have told you it was a stormy country there among the Sierras—and the autumn's rain had pelted the earth and the forest with long and steadfast fury.

"See how I defy even the blasts of winter!" exultantly cried out the pine: the winds that rushed through his branches were heard only in sighs and moans.

The oak, with his shorn limbs, stood trembling, while the fierce tempest came; its fury passed by, and the oak waved in obeisance. But the proud pine, with heavy mantle and crown high in the heavens, his hold on the earth weakened by the softening winter rains, and leaning far away from the line of rectitude in his efforts to avoid the oak. But I need not tell the story further—for lo! the pine is fallen!

And the good mother will tell you, as the moral of her song, that the story of the pine is also the story of pride.—M. V. Moore in Atlanta American.

### Verbal Slips.

The verbal slips that a preacher or lecturer inadvertently makes are often remembered long after every thought in his address has been forgotten. They are often laughably funny.

A lecturer said: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention; indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you could form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes on me."

A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming: "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans."

Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 80,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Still more curious was another clerical slip. A gentleman said to a minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."—Rehoboth Herald.

### Origin of the Dog.

The question of the origin of the dog has recently been discussed by Professor Nehring, who believes that it has descended from various still surviving species of wolves and jackals. The latter animals can be tamed, and many attempts to domesticate wolves have been successfully made in modern times. Herr Ronge has so completely tamed a young wolf that it follows him exactly as a dog might do.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Mr. Ham (the eminent tragedian)—Yes, we opened our new play in Chicago on the 23d of February. Friend—And did you have a long run? "Well; no, we didn't have a long run, but after the second performance we had a long walk—all the way from Chicago to New York."

"NINETEENTH CENTURY" of PRESIDENTS