

Do You Know?
Do you know, sweetheart, that under the snow
A million roses lie?
They cover the clouds which hang below
The sun in the sky?
That a rainbow shows the day was gone
Over the darkest place?
The fair new moon goes rounding on.
To the fullness of her face?
That our garden grows so small and slow,
Is winding toward the river?
Then under the ice its initial flow
Makes music sweet as ever?
That the naked trees are all a-shrub
With the sweet blood in their veins?
That blindly reaching they yearn and sob
For the blessed April rains?
That the precious seeds of life are pressed
Under the frozen sod,
In the great earth wars through her fruitful
breath
With the spirit of her God?

Evanescent.

What's the brightness of a bair?
What's a month of pearls and coral?
Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Fresh the men of many mortals.
Should the crowd, then, ages since,
Have shut their ears to singing Homer,
Because the music died as soon
As boats the violet's aroma?
Ah, for me, I thrill to see!
The bloom a velvet check does;
Made of dust—I well believe it!
So are illegs! so are roses.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

How Mr. Coffin Spelled It.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin who lived on Brush street, sat in their cozy back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove and sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling-schools." "Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," he laughed; "come now, spell 'buggy'."

"Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied.

"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg.

"Not much—that was right."

"It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would."

"But it is spelled with two g's, and any school-boy will tell you so," she persisted.

"Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.

"I don't care what you know!" she squeaked; "I know there are two g's in 'buggy'!"

"Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked.

"It looks that way."

"It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle of you strung on a wire!"

"And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes, you are!"

"Don't talk that way to me!" he warned.

"And don't shake your fist at me!" she replied.

"Who's a—shaking his fist?"

"You're."

"That's a lie—an infernal lie!"

"Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with your meanness for forty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"

"Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, springing up; "you can go now, this minute!"

"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.

"I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me farther!"

"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard?"

That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the neck-tie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear, and tried to lift her off her feet, but he twisted up on the neck-tie until his tongue ran out.

"Let go of me, you old fiend!" she screamed.

"Git down on yer knees, and beg my pardon, you old wild-cat!" he replied.

They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table and had her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs, she shouted:

"You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?"

He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court-plaster on her nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Miss Emily of Rockford Ill., has obtained a verdict of \$25,000 against Mr. Stevey of the Chicago Times. The libel on which the suit was based was contained in a letter from Rockford, professing to be from prominent citizens there and was so outrageous, slender, charging Miss Emily by name, with gross immorality, and naming the alleged partner in her sin. There was not a slight shadow of foundation for the charges.

Saved From Suicide by a Dog.
A Good Action Rewarded.
Sad and despondent Arnold B. was walking home after one more fruitless search for work. Many weeks since he had pawned his best clothes, sacrificed his gold watch, and paid his last cent for advertisements in the papers. He had slept in a mean room in the suburbs for a month, and lived on free lunches for nearly two weeks. He was thinking of the friends who had ceased to know him when he had ceased to treat them, of numerous promises that never brought him anything, and thus brooding over his misery, he neither heard the noise nor saw the crowd that filled the streets towards the close of the day.

Coming to the gate of the yard he had to cross to reach his room, he was roused by the sight of a boy of fourteen, who was beating a large Newfoundland, hatched to a dog-eat, to make him climb, with his load, up a flight of crazy stairs.

"Leave that dog alone," shouted Arnold angrily.

The boy looked at him with contempt, but did not answer. Again the stick came down with furious force, and was split in two upon the stairs. The dog, hearing a protector's voice, had bounced towards him, upset his cart, and was lying at his feet.

"Here! Rover! Here! I say." The animal imploringly fixed his eyes upon Arnold's; but did not move.

"Here!" repeated his master, pale with rage, and once more raising the broken stick. But Arnold did not give him time; he flung the stick into the next yard, and applied his boot somewhere upon the young miscreant's body with such vigor that he sent him reeling into the arms of his mother, who was just opening the door to see what was the matter.

Arnold disengaged the dog and set him free. The intelligent brute licked the hands of his protector and jumped around him to express his thanks.

"What do you keep that ruffian here for?" said the boy to his mother, with an oath. "You know he'll never pay you. He is a thief, an ass—." He did not finish, for Arnold coming in, gave him a look that made him seek shelter behind his mother.

"It is not enough to lodge in my house, without paying for it," shrieked the latter at the top of her voice. "You must begin to beat my boy now!"

"Madam," answered Arnold politely.

"I have given your boy no more than he deserved; and as to your rent, you may rest assured that I will pay you as soon as we can get work."

"Fine way to talk! Everybody can get work, except those who are too proud to do it."

"I fear those who are too proud to work would be too proud also to live in a place like this," retorted Arnold, with an attempt to smile.

"What now! Insult! If my house is not good enough for you, you may leave it; but pay me my month's rent first."

"You know I have no money," gently remonstrated Arnold.

"What is that to me?" I want my rent and I must have it."

Arnold was silent for a few minutes; his face grew ghostly pale. Taking off his overcoat: "Here," said he, "this is the last thing I have that can be turned into money, go and sell it for whatever you can;" and he left the house.

"Beggar!" shouted the boy, from the half-open door. "Thief!"

But Arnold heard nothing. He was walking briskly along an alley that led him out upon the fields; there he stopped, and casting a rapid glance over the city, said, bitterly: "Since there is nothing for me there, let us go." His frame was trembling; he thought it was the cold: "True," he said, "I have no overcoat. I must walk faster." And he started almost at a run, never stopping until he reached the shore. From the edge of a rock he seemed, for a few seconds, to question the depth of water, then, a leap—a splash—and Arnold B. was buried under the waves. His first feeling was to struggle for life, but he conquered it immediately, and, ceasing all motion, opening his mouth, he felt the water fill his body, and saw himself go down, his face downward, until he was lying flat upon the sand. He did not suffer, but his mind had suddenly acquired a lucidity it had never known before. He saw his whole life at a glance as in a mirror, and knew he was sorry for what he had done. All at once he thought he was seized violently, and lost consciousness.

It was Rover, the brave dog, who had followed him, and was paying his debt.

Rising to the surface with his precious load and swimming vigorously, he soon laid Arnold upon the shore. There he kept barking furiously until he attracted the attention of some strangers.

The body was carried into a fisherman's hut near by, and a physician sent for. A few old envelopes found in his pockets revealed Arnold's address; a messenger was at once dispatched, and found there a letter which had just arrived for the unfortunate young man.

It was an answer to one of his advertisements, offering him a situation as preceptor to a rich man's family.

Arnold was brought back to life; when he opened his eyes the first thing they met was Rover's big curly head looking kindly at him from the foot of the bed. He knew at once how he had been saved; his first words were: "At last I have one true friend, if it is only a dog!"—*Pest and Pest*.

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