

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

Ballad of a Brave Cattle-Man. BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Across the broad brown Texas hills, With blossoms to our bronches' knees, With singing birds by broken rills, We rode through seas of drowsy bees, We talked. The topic? Guess. Why, sir, Three-fourths of a man's whole time he keeps To talk, to think, to be of use; The other fourth he sleeps, To learn what the mighty know of love, I laughed all constancy to scorn, "Behold you happy, changeful dove! Behold this day, all storm at noon, Yet now 'tis change to calm and sun, Yes, all things change—the heart, the head, Behold on earth there is not one That change not," I said.

He drew a glass, as if to scan The plain for steers; raised it and sighed, He craned his neck, this cattle-man, Then drove the cork home and replied: "For twenty years (forgive these years)— For twenty years no word of strife; I have not known my twenty years One day from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face— That dark-browed, bearded cattle-man, He pulled his beard; then crouched in place A broad right hand, all scarred and tan, And toyed with something shining there From o' his holster, keen and small, I was convinced, I did not care To argue it at all.

The ardor of my speech grew still As we rode on that perfect day, The brown birds piping from the hill; The crickets had their own way, I wondered, marveling much, "Was she of Texas grown?" Was she Of Saxon blood, that boasted such Eternal constancy?

Well, we fell weary with the day, God's bars of gold across the west Before us drew and made us stay Beside a blossomed hill and rest, But rest I could not. Know I must The story of my Texas guide; His daughter's love, and trust; His best, immortal bride.

The camp fire blazed, the bronchos grazed, And he peeped in bloom and grass Would blink as by the bright flame dazed, Or sniff to small sheep pastures pass. The massive Texas stars stood out, Bright camp fires of poor, weary souls, Boned Heavenward. While all about Couches Peace, with white patrols.

I would not sleep until I knew, "Nor twenty years, my man, said I, "Is a long time." He turned and drew A short pipe forth, also a sigh, "The twenty years or more," said he, "Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow I do not doubt that this may be; But tell, Oh! tell me how."

"'T would make a poem true and grand; All time should note it near and far; And if I fail, my man, my man, Should stand out like a winter star, America should heed. And then 'The doubtful French beyond the sea— 'T would make a poem truer, nobler men To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he, "Nay, that I know, and I am of mine; But read me where this wife was born, And I'll pilgrim at the shrine, And kneeling, as a pilgrim true— He scowling should in my ear, "I can not show my wife to you; She's dead this twenty year."

—The Independent.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES. A Washington woman files her claim for \$200 for suggesting that Garfield be fed on rice and milk.

Scarlet cloth with eider-down woven in it is a light and comfortable fabric for winter underdrifts.

Round and oval-shaped brooches are imported now that every lady is shipped with long, slender, lace pins.

Fleeced capes attached to a yoke-like collar complete some of the most tasteful cloaks worn by young girls.

Furrowed plush with the ridges across the breasts makes elegant skirts to wear under broadcloth overdresses.

A cash-bow at the back is not as fashionable as when tied in front in long loops with the ends hanging to the foot of the skirt.

White felt poke bonnets trimmed with white uncut velvet, white feathers and some gilt braid will be worn by young ladies.

Mrs. Howe says women do not fall in love any more. Place a woman in front of the milliner's window and see if she doesn't.

A woman's bonnet is usually an affair of her. But as much as she loves her bonnet, lovely woman rather prefers an affair of offer.

The Oriental cloakings most fashionable this winter are of mixed silk and worsted in fine camel-hair shawl designs, and of rich and subdued coloring.

The leg-of-mutton sleeves have not proved successful, but the close sleeves are now slightly curved at the top to lift them above the armbone.

White gloves and white bonnets are once more in fashion and will be used, together with a great deal of lace to brighten dark dresses at the theatre and opera.

Copper-colored silk and velvet combinations dresses are among the most stylish of the season. Embroidery on velvet and multi-colored beads give the trimmings.

wide braids trim the skirts. Rifle-green cloth is the fashionable color for such dresses.

Matelasse silks are revived for winter dresses where they most often appear as pelisses. The new designs have very large squares, and are puffed out at the padded, cords and tassels of satin and jets are used with coaks' feather borders, or fur bands trim matelasse garments.

A two-story building is to be erected in Farmington, for, as a traveling item says, "the manufacture of ladies' and misses' hats."

Endly Faithful has quit bringing servant girls to this country. She found that few of them retained their situations over three months, some fell into evil ways, and all soon became too independent to thank her for her philanthropy.

When a man speaks of a woman he raves over her beautiful complexion, her delicately-out features, her glossy hair, and all the rest of it. When a woman wishes to describe one of her sex she simply tells what she had on. Each particularizes what each values the highest.

Mirabeau hats of felt have a high tapering crown with a band of velvet fastened by a clasp of brilliant stones, and a tuft of feather curls over the left side. Husar blues, myrtle green and terra-cotta are the colors, and the trimmings are of the same shades.

Birds are cunningly poised on a bunch of rosebuds on the bonnet tops, as if lured there by them. A large bird with the head thrust upward in full relief is on severely plain bonnets, and its tall feathers are made to curl around the crown.

Broad feathers of yellow-green shades form the entire trim of a bonnet with pale pink velvet crown.

For traveling, shopping and generally useful costumes the tailor-made cloth suits find most favor, and this favor promises to last, as these dresses are worn two seasons without requiring change.

Nut brown and myrtle-green triclot cloth and rough finished English cloths of small, dark checks and plaids are the materials used. A charming finish for the neck of dresses consists of a bias velvet band of either red or blue, with one end lapped over on the left side and fastened at the throat by a buckle of silvered bronze or beaten silver.

Platted white lace falls below the buckle as a cravat bow, and the whole may be worn with a military collar of embroidered linen, or with a puff or veil of crepe de lisse.

A correspondent thus describes Mme. Bernadetti, the fair Russian who aspires to be known as the most beautiful woman in Paris: "I saw her at the opera, looking the very type of perfect, if soulless, loveliness. In features she resembles greatly the portraits of Mme. Recamier. The eyes are of a deep blue, the nose aquiline, the mouth small and shaped like Cupid's bow. The exquisitely shaped head is set to perfection on the white rounded throat, and the shoulders in mould and in coloring would put to shame the most artistic fever sculptured in marble. If her face were only expressive it would be divine. She will be next season one of the queens of Parisian society."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Chanfrau is doing South Carolina. Frank Mordant is in New Mexico. Miss Thursday sang in New York, Friday.

McKee Rankin was in Cincinnati, Monday. "Romany Rye" draws well in New York.

Madame Modjeska has made a great hit as Rosalind at Brooklyn. The advance sale for the Boston Ideal engagement at Cleveland was \$4,000.

Mme. Nilsson's concert in Boston have aroused an unusual amount of enthusiasm in that city.

Signor Campanini was the most remarkable endowed singer the public has known in the past ten years. Next to him comes Capoul.

Joseph was the soloist at Thomas' First Symphony concert in Philadelphia last Wednesday, and played a concerto in G minor by Saint Saens.

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RELIGIOUS.

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She Got Two Bites. "Your girl may be pretty," said Harry, "But wait, Charlie, till you've seen mine. A girl any fellow would marry."

But wait, Charlie, till you've seen mine, Alton, my dear boy, you'll see beauty united to sweetness and grace, With such a high notion of duty— Why, candor is writ on her face."

"Indeed," replied Charlie, "such graces Might well adorn maiden or dame; 'Tis seldom we look on such faces— Pray tell me, old fellow, her name."

"Her name," replied Harry, "is Etta— The daughter of old Deacon Stone, And I would be willing to bet a Small sum that she loves me, alone."

"What, Etta?" cried Charlie, in passion, "You can't mean that sweet little elf! She knows not of flirting the fashion— 'Twas Etta I spoke of myself!"

"That's all," muttered Harry, "then surely We've both been deluded 'th plain, And ere she had hooked one securely She's got to go fishing again."

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Georgians use onions and whisky to cure chills. There is no such thing as an ex-candidate. —New Orleans Picayune. "Such graces Might well adorn maiden or dame; 'Tis seldom we look on such faces— Pray tell me, old fellow, her name."

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without a word being heard, the happy couple left the altar man and wife.

Gay uniforms abounded in a wedding assembly in Christ Church, St. Paul, a few evenings ago, when Lieut. Wallace was married to Miss Catherine, the daughter of George L. Otis, inside the chancel and spanning the altar-cushions was a beautiful arch of evergreens, foliage, and flowers, while the font and lectern were masses of blossoms and dark-green leaves.

The bride wore a white tulle full veil, and the bridesmaids white satin and half veils. The officers were in full uniform and the civilians, of course, in the conventional black. "This party was exceedingly distinguished-looking," writes the lover of adjectives who reported the ceremony for the Pioneer-Press, "and signs of admiration could be heard, as they gazed, from many fair lips along the aisles."

What is described as an "exceptionally beautiful church wedding" occurred in Covington, Ky., one evening last week, the parties to the marriage being Mr. Whitaker and Miss Spilman. The local papers report that the elite of Covington, with many notable society people from Cincinnati, attended. A chain of Episcopalian silver inclosed the part of the church set apart for the clergyman and the bridal party. Pendant from the chain was a garland of flowers. The chain of Episcopalian wedding favor of silver. The groom and his attendants entered by way of the chancel. From the other direction first came the ushers, then Miss Minnie Spilman, sister of the bride, who was the ring-bearer. She carried the circle on her finger and more in her other hand a wreath of white flowers. Other little novelties, with floral novelties. Then came the bride. Her costume was made of white satin, trimmed in front with duchesse lace. A veil enveloped her face and figure. She wore a pair of massive solitaires, the gift of her affianced husband. Her sisters, who acted as attendants, wore pretty dresses of white muslin and lace. When the ushers reached the altar they laid the silver chain and garlands of roses at the foot of an altar bearing a book of flowers, a vase of flowers, a book of hymns, and a book of psalms. The bride and groom were holding in his hand a pencil of flowers, apparently having just finished recording in the book the names Whitaker-Spilman. The service, "which very much resembled that of the Episcopal rite," was performed by a Presbyterian clergyman.

IMPLETIES. Talmage has lately shown signs of falling. His congregations have refused to laugh.

The Philadelphia News has ascertained that moths alone prey on the fashionable prayer rugs.

Pennsylvania has a minister by the name of Hornblower, and although his congregation have offered to pay the expense of a change of name he insists that the old one is all right.

Rev. Abijah Green, of New York state, preached a sermon on "Fools," and then blew out his gas at the hotel, and went to bed to be suffocated. We are glad to hear of a man who preaches what he preaches.

The Japanese do not believe that Adam was the first man. They claim it was a chap named Hu Sing, and that he made his wife of clay and baked her for forty days before she was done.

A Judge in Hampden county, Massachusetts, has decided that a saloonkeeper has no more right to put up screens before the door and the bar on Sunday than on any other day of the week. "This is right. The balance of the week ought to have an even chance with Sunday."

A well-known and eccentric minister of Newburyport was many years ago being ferried over to Long Island, to see a sick brother. The night was stormy, and the timid divine was praying audibly, when the ferryman said: "Parson, I shouldn't think such a good man as you are would be afraid anywhere." "Good graces!" said the minister, with considerable display of temper, "you don't sup me I want to go to heaven by water, do you?"

Satisfactory. Mrs. Wallace, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I have used BRADDOCK BROTHERS' for nervous and headache, and have recommended them to my friends; I believe them to be superior to any other medicine I have used, and can recommend them to all suffering a cure for biliousness." Price \$1.

Old Ike got up at 4 o'clock yesterday morning and went out into the wood-shed to shoot a chicken-tick. Looking up into the sky he saw the comet. Soon as his eyes caught sight of the throw down his gun, ran into the house, and "de ole 'oman" up by yelling: "Git up, ole 'oman; git up an' say yo' pra'r quick, kase de debil's gun is frowin' red-hot balls of fish at de ole man's head."

Over seventeen years ago two farmers in Bayham township, Canada, quarreled about a boundary line, and in a fight that resulted in the death of one of the men. During the long years the fence had occasioned a dozen encounters, has been several times moved and removed at night, provoked three assaults, and almost provoked assassination. One day by week a third party brought about a reconciliation. A surveyor was engaged to locate the line, and he discovered that one man had an inch of the other man's ground. The fence has been moved over, and the seventeen years' war brought to a termination.

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A curious band of religious enthusiasts have recently emigrated from Chicago to Jerusalem. The wife of a lawyer in that city a few years ago lost three children by the wreck of a ship, and the misfortune so affected her mind that she became a prey to delusions as to the speedy resurrection

of her children and personal revelations from the Deity. Strange to say she has presented her husband and other persons to share her delusions. Not long ago it was revealed to her that she and her followers should sell their possessions and set that for "musical." They readily have recently arrived at the Holy City, and profess to be making converts to their own eccentric faith.

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A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880. My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted with Rheumatism.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

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