

## A READER'S LAMENT.

I cannot read the old books  
I read long years ago.  
Moby Dick, Thackeray,  
Bulwer and Scott and Poe,  
Marryat's yarns of sailor life,  
And Hugo's tales of crime—  
I cannot read the old books,  
Because I haven't time.

I love the dear old stories,  
My thoughts to them will stray.  
But still one must keep posted on  
The writers of to-day.  
My desk is piled with latest books,  
I'm striving to dispatch;  
But ere I've finished all of them,  
There'll be another batch.

Hope's new one isn't opened yet.  
I've not read James's last;  
And Howells is so prolific now,  
And Crawford writes so fast,  
"Evelyn Innes" I must skim,  
O'er "Hubbuck" I must pore.  
"The Day's Work" I'll enjoy, although  
I've read the tales before.

And then there is "The King's Jackal,"  
"The Giddy," "Caleb West,"  
"Silence," "The Forest Lovers," and  
I can't name all the rest.  
I'll try to keep up with the times,  
But oh, I hope that I  
May read my "David Copperfield"  
Once more before I die.  
Carolyn Wells in the "Bookman."

## THE PARSON'S BOX

"Speakin' o' war," remarked Moot Rivers, the old Maine guide, as he tipped his cracker-box back against the front of the country store, upon whose platform a company of village loafers had gathered—"Speakin' o' war reminds me of a sort of Quaker parson that used to come up into these parts every winter and travel round amongst the lumber camps, holdin' religious services. That man was the dearest sot agin blood-sheddin' of anybody I ever see, before or since. He didn't even believe in war between man and varmints, sayin' that it was a crime agin God to take the life he had given any critter of his'n. He wouldn't eat meat becuz it was 'splain, and sometimes, I can tell ye, boys, the poor cuss was real hard put to it for a bellyful, here in the woods, whar the heat of our provender used to be wild meat. I've seen him go to bed half-famished, when he'd stop at one of my camps for a night and find me out of everything but tea and venison.

"The Parson—as we fellows up here called him: he was a good sort of a chap, too—was so determined not to shed the blood of any livin' critter that he wouldn't even fight varmints in self-defense. He didn't carry any wappin besides his axe and jack-knife, and these he only used for cuttin' his wood and buildin' his camps. What did he do when pestered by wild critters, then? That's what I'm agoin' to tell ye.

"The Parson travelled through the woods with a strong oak box, 'bout seven feet long and two and a half broad, set on a toboggan. It was the stoutest, best-built box I ever see, put together with four-inch screws, and bound on the inside with steel strips and brackets. The top raised up, lid-fashion, and was fastened on by eight big brass hinges. Inside there was a chain lock to hold the cover down, so the devil himself couldn't raise it without pullin' the box to pieces. There were two or three small holes bored in the end of the box for ventilation; and I'll be blamed if that feller didn't use to dump his duds in the snow and crawl into that box when ever wolves or painter or b'ar got arter him, and thar he'd cuddle down, as snug and peaceful as a kitten in a basket, and let them critters paw his chest around until they got tired of it!

Thar used to be scratches a quarter of an inch deep all over that box, whar varmints had clawed it; and the Parson has told me that sometimes he lay thar for a bull night or a half, till whatever critter was interested in him got his curiosity kind o' wore off, and left in search of softer vittles. More than once he come within an inch of freezin', and would 'a' froze ef it hadn't ben for the blanket he had in the box with him. But sartin sure no varmint that roamed the woods was able to crack the Parson's shell, and he wasn't no hard-shell Baptist nether.

"I s'pose he might 'a' gone on boxin' of himself up thar way till he got all the choppers in the woods converted, ef it hadn't ben for an accident that disturbed his arrangements and kind o' demoralized his principles. I'll tell ye how it happened.

"Me and him was on the way to the Jennings lumber camp, away up near the head waters of the Allegheny. It was pitiful cold weather, in February, and we was anxious to reach shelter before nightfall. The Parson's box was a kind of hard draggin' up them hills, but he stuck to it, and said it wasn't any wuss than my pack, anyway—which was true enough, I guess.

"Wall, it got to be along about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I'll be gosh darned ef I didn't hear a wolf, two or three miles back, give his long-drawn howl on our trail! Now, thinks I, Mr. Parson and Mr. Rivers, there's goin' to be plenty of excitement for ye in about an hour! The Parson knew what was comin' as well as I, and he says: 'I think thar's room for two in my box, Mr. Rivers. Will thee not flue me thar, when we are obliged to seek safety, until these poor critters become weary of their thirst for human blood?'

"'Thankin' you for yer hospitality, Parson,' says I, 'it will agree with my constitution better, I think, to climb a tree and pick off them varmints, one by one, till the coast is clear for a warm supper and a dry bunk.'

"'O Lord!' says he, lookin' up with mournful eyes, 'the bloodthirstiness of man, made in Thine image! Nevertheless, I will continue with the, my friend, until the peril is upon us. Then, perhaps, thee will reconsider and enter the box with me.'

"'Thar remains to be seen, Parson,' says I, 'for I didn't want to hurt his feelin's too bad all 't' once.'

"In the meanwhile the howl of the first wolf had ben answered by an-

other, and another, and putty soon the woods seemed to be full of the yellin' devils. It wasn't a great while afore we could see 'em skulkin' arter us amongst the trees, and I come to the conclusion it was time to get fixed for business. 'Get into yer box, Parson,' says I, 'for I've picked out my tree and the limb whar I'm goin' to set.'

"'Thee will not flue me, then?' says he, beginnin' to pitch out his plunder. "'Not this trip, Parson,' says I. 'Sometime, when it ain't so cold and so late in the day, perhaps, I'll flue ye.'

"'Farewell, then,' says he. 'And may God restrain thy hand.'

"I got hooked himself into his box, and I got out o' the straps of my pack and took old Spitfire up the tree with me.

"We had hardly got fixed afore the hull pack o' wolves, about twenty on 'em, was swarmin' round us. They didn't give a look at me, but began to nose around the Parson's box, and I kind o' held off with old Spitfire, becuz I'd never reely seen how the Parson conducted his campaigns, and was a flight cur'us to observe how the varmints would use him, anyway. Arter smellin' round for a few minutes, the wolves begun to scratch and gnaw at the box, and finally they sot to work to tip it over.

"'Now, as I was sayin', the Parson's chest o' refuge was sot on a toboggan, to which it was bound by thongs. Whed stopped on the side of a small mounting, and when the wolves begun to push and haul at the box, the toboggan slewed around till it was 'plated down hill, and then off she went like a duck on ice.

"'Thunderin'!' thinks I to myself 'Is the Parson goin' coastin' amongst all these trees? Sure enough, he was, and gatherin' headway all the time, with the wolves rottin' arter him, and surprised like. 'Parson!' I yelled, unlook that box and stop her, or thar won't be a splinter left of either of ye!

"'I dunno whether the Parson heard me or not, but ef he did, thar wasn't much time to follow my instructions, for in half a minute the toboggan was goin' like a log in the rapids, and then like a bullet out of a gun; and afore I could get my jaws closed ag'in, ker-whack! she struck a big hemlock! The Parson's box bust open lengthwise, just like a pea-pod, and out he come a-flyin' and sailed along on his coat-tails for a good ten yards, just like a patridge when she lights. The minute he struck the snow, he was up ag'in, leggin' it for a tree. I reckon he had it all planned out while he was in the air, for I couldn't 'a' chose a better tree myself, nor shinned up it any livelier.

"When the Parson got perched, I could see his white face among the branches, lookin' down at the wolves, that were howlin' and leapin' up on the tree. 'Shoot, Mr. Rivers! shoot!' he yelled. 'For God's sake, save me from these beasts!'

"I got a rest over a limb and begun to onhit old Spitfire. Every time she spoke, a wolf keeled over, snappin' at the snow, and makin' himself a red rug to lie on. Once in a while the Parson would give a yell, and towards the last they was whoops of triumph. In less than half an hour every wolf was dead, excep' three that sneaked away. Then I got down and went to see how the Parson was. He seemed to kind o' miss his box, for I never see a man quite so disturbed about a few pesky wolves. 'Have you killed 'em all, Mr. Rivers?' says he, with chatterin' teeth.

"'All but three,' says I. 'And you needn't be afraid they'll come back.'

"'Sure!' says he.

"'Sure,' says I.

"'But it was fifteen minutes afore I could get him to come down. 'It is dreadful, this carnage!' says he, shyin' away from the dead wolves. 'You must excuse my confusion and inconsistency, Mr. Rivers, but I was never in such a plight before. In the seclusion of my box, I knew nothing of these terrors.'

"'You'll get used to 'em, Parson,' says I, 'now that the box is gone. And when you set down to supper at Jennings's, to-night, I'll bet you'll be glad you ain't cooped up here, waitin' for them critters to get tired o' the smell o' yer carcass.'

"'Thar is somethin' in that,' says he. 'And, by gum! if the cuss didn't eat a hunk o' b'ar's meat with his beans and mush, that night, at Jennings's!'—James Buckham, in Field and Stream.

## Eggs at Easter.

The origin of the custom of giving eggs at Easter is not of great antiquity, dating back to a Persian legend that has been more or less written up, in memory of which it is still customary to give presents of colored eggs in Persia on a certain festival in the Spring. Easter eggs have had various names, being called pasch, pace, or paste eggs, and the uses to which they have been put are many. One deserves our particular notice, as it is connected with our American custom of allowing the children to roll their eggs on the lawn at the White House. This rolling of eggs is one of the very old customs, the finest grassy slopes being selected for the purpose. The children, in rolling the eggs, repeated some such ditty as the following: "Carland, parland, paste-egg day." But this custom was not entirely confined to the children, for in some places the older, well-dressed people indulged in the sport, having their initial or some distinctive marking on the eggs, for the one that held out claimed the rest. Our Southern negroes have such a "game."

Both tansy pudding and bacon and eggs were very generally eaten at this time, the bacon to show abhorrence of the Jews; though on the Continent it was very customary to abstain from eating flesh at Easter in order to escape fever for the rest of the year.

## SHE SHOPS.

She shops!  
She does not mean to buy,  
For funds are low and prices high,  
So many people wonder why  
She shops!

She shops!  
She keeps herself apprised  
Of all the bargains advertised,  
And with a gusto undisguised—  
She shops!

She shops!  
The tired assistant sighs,  
For long experience makes him wise—  
He knows wherein her weakness lies—  
She shops!

She shops!  
She hurries to and fro,  
And when the sun is setting low,  
A thousand captured samples show  
She shops!

—Pearson's Weekly

## BLUE BELLS AND JONQUIN.

Out in the dear old garden, under the hawthorn hedge, where Willie and I stood sorrowfully, on that Tuesday morning in June, just before he started for the Black Hills to seek for gold.

"Give me a bunch of those lovely flowers, Carrie," he said, "for their blue blossoms will remind me of your eyes, my darling."

And as I stopped to gather a handful of blue-bells and jonquils that grew at my feet, he caught me lovingly in his embrace, and pressed me tenderly to his heart, whispering in my ears:

"Darling, will you be true to me while I am absent—will you think of me alone when I am gone? Oh, Carrie, my darling love, will you wear my image in your heart during those long, weary months of waiting, while I am wrestling the precious ore from the mine—doubly precious, my darling, since its possession will break down the barriers that divide us—for, Carrie, dearest, it is not my want of a name, but my want of gold, that stands in the way of our union?"

Ah! little did my Willie think that it was not for the want of gold or a name that Uncle Nathaniel had forbidden him ever again "to darken his doors." No, he had learned that I had given my heart to Willie Vanderbeck—for this was the name my hero had borne ever since that early May morning twenty-two years ago when old Dr. Vanderbeck, going out to visit a patient, had found my Willie—then a wee, chubby infant—with one little rosy fist crammed into his mouth, while his eyes were smiling up into the astonished face of the good old doctor from out of the wicker basket in which my darling lay. And the doctor had taken him in and given him a home until his death a few years previous. But now Willie was going to brave the dangers of those horrid Black Hills that he might return and make me his wife. Only a few short hours remained before our parting and heaven alone could tell when he would return to me again.

"Ah, Carrie! sweet love!" he whispered, trying to cheer me, "when I come back with the yellow bags your uncle's doors will be open wide to welcome me, for it is gold, sweetheart, that is the 'open sesame' to hearts and homes in these days of mammon worship," he said bitterly.

"You are mistaken, Willie," I answered. "It is not your poverty nor the want of a name that closes Uncle Nathaniel's door on you. Listen, and I will tell you what it is."

Then I went on, and told him how father had made his will two years previous to his death, when uncle had first come to live with us, giving all his wealth to me, with the proviso that I should marry George Hammond, Uncle Nathaniel's only son. But shortly before his death, and after George had behaved so badly toward poor Nellie Benson, our seamstress, father made a new will, in which he left everything to me without any restrictions, and this will father put in a little tin box which was always locked up in his desk; but after his death this last will could not be found, and Uncle Nathaniel says that father destroyed it before he died. The first will leaves me entirely in my uncle's power, and his heart is set on George and me marrying. "And now, Willie, dearest, you know the cause of this determined opposition to our union, and why I cannot banish the gloomy forebodings that haunt me, causing my heart to sink when you speak so hopefully of returning with gold to remove the barriers which uncle will always oppose to our union. But no matter whatever it will cost me, I will be true to you."

Eleven little months have passed, since then, but, ah! such months of agony to me!

Scarcely was my darling's back turned when my Cousin George returned from the city and formally proposed for my hand; but I had only one answer to give him:

"Cousin, I am already engaged to marry the only man I can ever love."

Then followed a stormy scene with my uncle, until, blinded with tears, I fled from his presence and stole out here to weep, where none but the blue bells and jonquils could witness my wild grief. Oh! how I longed for the touch of the dear hand and the sound of the dear voice, to calm the tumult in my aching heart, which my uncle's angry and cruel words had aroused!

For long hours I sat there beneath the shade of the fragrant, blossoming hawthorn, listening to the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill, that seemed to echo the sad voice of my aching heart. The sun went down behind great banks of gold-colored clouds, while I sat there in the gloom of the twilight trying to school my undisciplined heart, and gain fortitude to meet my cousin without looking the longing which I felt when in his presence.

The stars came out silently, one by one, and the breeze began to stir the branches of the trees, fanning my hot, fevered cheeks with its dewy freshness.

Still I lingered until I heard a step

on the walk which I recognized at once as my uncle's. I crouched close under the branches of the trees until it had passed; then, creeping under the shadow of the hawthorn, I reached the house unperceived and stole to my chamber. There I cried myself to sleep, with the miniature of my absent darling clasped closely to my bosom.

But why do I linger—why do I struggle to keep the dead past unburied? Oh, Willie, my beloved! you can understand why I am marrying my Cousin George!

When the sad news of your death first reached me, I thought my heart was broken; but I prayed—ah, darling, how fervently I prayed that I might die, too, and join you in that world where neither sin nor sorrow ever enters. But it was not the will of heaven to take me then. I had a duty to perform. My dead father's commands were ever before my eyes. Love was buried in my breaking heart forever; but duty—ah! the duty against which my sinful heart had rebelled, now cried aloud for my submission to the will of Him who gave me being, and I have yielded. Oh, Willie! my beautiful, my own angel love! look down and strengthen me to bear my cross with patience!

Yes, out in the dear old garden for the last time. When I am "Mrs. George Hammond" I must never revisit this spot, where Willie and I parted only eleven little months ago, never to meet on earth. I wonder do our angels still retain their bright, earthly smiles. And will the tunes which we loved on earth sound as sweet in our ears when we meet again as they did when we listened on earth to their low, tender cadences? But why should I shrink from asking that which is ever in my heart—"I wonder will my Willie greet me with the same loving smile and press me to his heart with the same impassioned fervor as he used to in those dear, past days, before he crossed the dark river to the beautiful summer land?" But I must not pause to think; duty calls me to the side of him who will be my husband ere this time to-morrow. But surely there is no sin in lingering here, near the flowers my darling was so fond of, for to-morrow, blue bells, you and I must part forever. One kiss, lovely flowers, and then adieu—adieu—bonny jonquils, that my Willie loved so well. I will wear your blossoms in my bosom this evening for the last time. But what is this that glitters in the rays of the crescent moon, where I have uprooted the beautiful flowers and hastily plucked great handfuls of the sweet blossoms! Ah! see, as I lift it from the brown mold, how it glitters! Yes! it is still the little tin box which held, and perhaps still holds, my father's last will!

Ah, heaven! had this been found only eleven months ago—yes, here is the will, stained and damp, where the winter's snows have lain above it; but yet every word of the well-known writing is visible, even in the faint glimmer of the young May moon.

"Oh, my lost love!—oh, my poor, broken heart!" I cry, while I weep pitiful tears over my young, wasted life.

But it is growing late, and I hear a step coming up the long, graveled walk, under the lindens that grow on either side of the road leading from the turnpike up to our old mansion.

"Some late visitor," I tell myself, "who is coming to witness my marriage on the morrow. But shall it be? No, thank heaven! No duty compels me now—no father's voice, reaching back from the clay, demands my immolation."

But, hark, the sound of angry voices, as borne toward me on the evening air. I hear Uncle Nathaniel ordering someone to leave "his grounds"—his grounds no longer, but my own now.

But what voice is that which replies: "I will not go until I have seen her and heard her own lips repeat what yours have spoken?"

Oh, joy! joy! Can I believe my senses or am I only dreaming? Is that a voice from the dead, or is it my darling Willie's voice I hear? I grasp the little tin box with a firmer clutch and fly as fast as my trembling limbs will bear.

Yes, there stands my Willie alive, and oh! so grand and beautiful—face to face with my uncle, a look of firm determination shining in his large, dark eyes. But now he sees my white robes and the stern look fades on his face, as he rushes forward and gathers my fainting form close to his dear, dear bosom.

"Oh, my lost love!" is all I can utter, but Willie, all unperturbed of the strangers who are flocking out upon the lawn, is pressing long, happy kisses upon my upturned face.

Blue bells and jonquils are in my bosom and peep out shyly from the misty folds of my bridal veil, and Willie, too, wears them in his buttonholes. I hear one young lady whispering to a bevy of her friends:

"Good gracious! what singular taste young Vanderbeck's bride displays. I vow those are blue bells and jonquils which she wears, instead of orange blossoms. How dreadfully shocking!" Willie, too, hears her remark, as she shrugs her pretty shoulders and titters audibly; but he only twines his dear arms more closely around me, while the loving light in his dark eyes grows deeper and far more tender, as he whispers in my willing ears words of love, which banish every care and sorrow from my heart.—New York News.

Aunt Ethel—Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's? Beatrice—Yes, auntie, I was. Aunt Ethel—Then, there's the half crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you. Beatrice—He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!—Punch.

War is no picnic; but people always come home from picnics looking as if they had been to war.

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