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**MY LADY'S LOVE.**  
What need have I for stars or moon?  
My lady's love doth grant me noon.  
No night is here, no clouded night,  
Fear hath no sting, so passeth by,  
Shine bright or no,  
Love flourish we,  
My smallest fault he sees,  
If cold the wind,  
Call I to mind  
My lady with soft silks bedight.  
What lack have I of joy or bliss  
When I can wot me of a kisse?  
The longest way doth count a mile,  
So sweet the dreams which me beguile,  
My lady's fayre  
Hath thwarted care,  
My heart is in the spring alway,  
For dear delight  
Both give the night  
The sweetest essence of the day.  
—New York Tribune.

**THE FARMER FISHERMAN.**  
Some of the Interesting Features of Mackerel Fishing in Old New England.  
Catching mackerel was the poetry of fishing. Ordinarily there was only danger enough to give zest to its prosecution, while the rivalry between vessels and even between different individuals of a crew had all the elements of sport.  
Each cove had its clipper that could outstrip others, at least in the opinion of its local champions, and each of the larger ports usually had several claimants to the honor of being the swiftest of the fleet. The fame of the more noted of these spread from end to end of the coast. The names of swift fishing schooners became household words among the seafarers, and at many a fireside and grocery from Eastport to New London discussions of their respective merits divided attention with tales of big catches of fish.  
Evidently there was a pride in the vessels and a reliance upon the industry, and though the returns sometimes failed to meet expectations—for the sea harvest is an uncertain one at best—reasonable prosperity prevailed, and there were happy and contented homes along the shores of the northeastern states, where in many cases fishermen spent their winters with their families, and some even deferred going to sea in spring until after "the planting was in." Then these farmer-fishermen devoted the remainder of the season to the sea, leaving the "gardening at home" to be attended to by the "women folks" or by boys too young to pull an oar or haul a line.—Joseph William Collins in Harper's Magazine.

**Wrestling With English.**  
English speaking people are wont to think that other languages are much more difficult to pronounce than their own. Particularly is this true with regard to the vowel sounds of the languages, and, perhaps, more so with regard to the German vowels than to others.  
This is not the only truth, however, and there find as much difficulty in pronouncing correctly the 29 different vowel sounds in the English language. This was somewhat ludicrously illustrated in the German department of the university recently.  
Fraulein Schoen, instructor in German at the university, had not very long ago the name of Harry Hare, a well known young man on the east side, on the class roll. The fraulein was accustomed in calling the roll to address all the gentlemen in the class as Herr So-and-so.  
One morning Mr. Hare was absent from recitation, and when the fraulein came to his name she called out:  
"Herr Harry Hare!"  
No one responded.  
"Herr Harry Hare!" again called Fraulein Schoen, while the class, noticing the alliteration, began to smile.  
"Is Herr Harry Hare here?" queried the teacher, and this time the class roared.  
Any one who doesn't think it was funny should try to read this tale out loud, and then imagine that he wasn't to the manner born.—Minneapolis Tribune.

**As a Frenchman Sees Us.**  
One moment you are tumbled through streets full of rats and holes, the next moment you are ushered into the seclusion of as luxuriously appointed a hotel as is to be found in the wide world. In the morning you spend half an hour in a torture chamber, shot along on an endless chain and filled with tumbling human beings. In the evening you dine off gold plate and drink out of crystal vessels. As you walk up the streets you are accosted by a shivering, ragged, hollow cheeked mortal, who claims that he has no place to sleep and has had nothing to eat. In another moment you are in a palace, and from scores of boxes women lean forth, with the price of thousands of good dinners on their arms, shoulders and in their hair.  
At several of the public balls, one of which I attended for an hour or two, women appeared in costumes and behaved in a manner that made my youthful memories of the Mabelle seem somber and saltless. So far as my own experience goes, it has seemed to me that much of the immorality here among the upper classes is rather mental than physical. The intercourse between men and women is very free, or so it appeared to me, but the worst feature of it is the stories and slanders that they themselves circulate about one another. A certain unconscious hypocrisy is prevalent among the people of all classes.—"America and Americans From a French Point of View."

Some nice patterns in files received by mail at the Central Drug Store.

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**SHORTHAND CONFIDENCES.**

**Two Stenographers Exchange Stories as to the Blunders They Have Made.**  
They were both old time stenographers, employed somewhere by the week, but the consciousness of being able at will to produce pages of hen's tracks which only they could decipher—and sometimes even they failed to do so—invested them with a feeling of intense superiority to the rest of mankind.  
But this normal feeling was for the moment usurped by one of humility, as they sat on the sofa, the light turned gently down, and the soft radiance of the flickering jet in the street alone illuminating the apartment. It was an hour for confession, and he paved the way by saying:  
"The first job I ever struck I lost through carelessness. My employer dictated a letter to a client asking him to meet him at a hotel called the Seven Ravens. I wrote it out the Seven Elephants."  
"A wholesale chemist was my first employer," she murmured. "He used to keep a diary. One day he dictated to me the fateful words: 'Bought a carload of sulphuric acid. Quite a good day's business.'"  
"How did you transcribe it?" he inquired eagerly, for he had registered a vow in his inmost soul that he would never marry a perfect idiot.  
"I didn't get it quite right. 'Bought a carboy of sulphuric acid. Good God! It's poisonous.'"  
He moved a little way from her, but remembered his own early struggles and edged back again.  
"Dearest," he whispered, "do you remember the convention which nominated Garfield?"  
She thought he was trying to find out how old she was, but curiosity got the better of discretion and she confessed to a dim memory of that occasion.  
"I was hired then to report the speeches. A New Yorker got up and said the dissensions among their opponents were very timely, for they bade fair to create a break in the ranks of the Democratic party."  
"Oh, tell me," cried the fair girl, with a sudden accession of interest, "how did you get it?"  
His head fell on his breast.  
"I cannot. I dare not tell you."  
Rising, she turned the lamp down still lower. "This man said the dissensions among their opponents bade fair to create a break in the ranks of the Democratic party?"  
"He did! And I transcribed it 'pants of the Democratic party,' and what is more, it was printed in the papers that way the very next morning."—Chicago Dispatch.

**THE SHEEP OF LEBANON.**  
They Are Fattened Like the Famous Geese of Strassburg.  
Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that.  
The tree owner purchases one of those queer big tailed Syrian sheep, the tall of which weighs 20 pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness, and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strassburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more, the women of the house feed it, and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call leading her sheep by a string and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half a dozen geese of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged at the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object; for at the killing time the fat is tried out and put into jars as meat for the winter.

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