

## GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

JOHN.

I've wandered in the field all day, a-plowin' the  
"stony streak";  
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped  
till my legs are weak;  
I've checked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane  
file)  
When the plow-pint struck a stone and the handle  
punched my ribs.  
I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their  
sweated coats;  
I've fed them a heap of hay, and half a bushel of  
oats;  
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin'  
feed,  
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make  
out a meal.  
Well said! the door is locked! But here she's left  
the key  
Under the step, in a place known only to her and  
me.  
I wonder who's dying or dead, that she's hustled  
off pell mell;  
But here on the table's a note, and probably this  
will tell.  
Good God! my wife has gone! my wife has gone  
astray!  
The letter, it says: "Good-bye, for I am going  
away.  
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far  
I've been true;  
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer  
man than you."  
A handsomer man than me! Why that ain't much  
to say;  
There's handsomer men than me goes by here  
every day.  
There's handsomer men than me. I ain't of the  
handsome kind;  
But a lovin'er man than I was I guess she'll never  
find.  
Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses  
wings!  
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to  
scorpion stings.  
Oh! she filled my heart wit' joy, she emptied my  
heart of doubt;  
And now with a scratch of the pen, she's let my  
heart's blood out.  
Curse her! curse her! say I. She'll sometime rue  
the day;  
She'll sometime learn that hate is a game that two  
can play.  
And long before she dies she'll grieve that she ever  
was born;  
And I'll plow her grave with hate and seed it  
down with scorn.  
As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time  
when she  
Will read the devilish heart of that handsomer  
man than me;  
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others  
do,  
That she that is false with one can be the same  
with two.  
And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes  
grow dim,  
And when he is tired of her, and she is tired of him,  
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly  
count the cost;  
And then, she'll see things clear and know what  
she has lost.  
And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in  
her mind,  
And she will mourn and cry for what she left  
behind.  
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me  
—but no!  
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not  
have it so.  
And yet in her girlish heart there was something  
or other she had  
That fastened a man to her and wasn't entirely  
bad,  
And she loved me a little, I think, although it  
didn't last.  
But I musn't think of these things—I've buried  
'em in the past.  
I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad  
matter worse;  
She'll have trouble enough, she'll not have my  
curse.  
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know  
that I can—  
That she always will be sorry that she went with  
that handsomer man.

Ah! here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor  
eyes blur,It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin'  
her.And here are her week-day shoes, and there is  
her week-day hat,  
And yonder her wedding-gown. I wonder she'  
didn't take that.'Twas only this morning she came and called me  
her "dearest dear,"And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise  
here.O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of  
Hell,Before you pitch him in, just keep him in Heaven.  
a spell.Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two  
apart.You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a  
lovin' heart.I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll  
learn to pray,And kneel as you used to kneel, before you run  
away.And if I thought I could bring my words on Heav-  
en to bear,And if I thought I should have some little influ-  
ence there,I would pray that I might be, if it could be so,  
As happy and gay as I was only half an hour ago.JANE (entering).  
Why, John, what a litter here! You've thrown  
things all aroundCome, what's the matter now? and what've you  
lost or found?And here's my father here, a-waitin' for supper, too.  
I've been riding with him—he's that handsomer  
man than you.Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on  
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old  
John.Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what  
has crossed your path?I was only jokin', you know. I'm willin' to take  
it back.JOHN (aside).  
Well, now, if this ain't a joke with rather a bitter  
cream!It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish  
dream;And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at  
me so queer.I hope she don't. Good Lord! I hope they did not  
hear.'Twas one of her practical jokes—she thought I'd  
understand;But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of  
the land.But one thing's settled with me. To appreciate  
Heaven well,'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes  
of Hell.

## A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it,  
Yes, I know; most fellows will.  
Went and tried it once myself, sir,  
Though, you see, I'm single still.  
And you met her—did you tell me—  
Down at Newport last July,  
And resolved to ask the question  
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball room  
With its music and its light;  
For they say love's flame is brightest  
In the darkest of the night.  
Well, you walked along together,  
Overhead the starlit sky,  
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—  
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,  
Saw the Summer moonlight pour  
All its radiance on the waters  
As they rippled on the shore;  
Till at length you gathered courage,  
When you saw that none were nigh—  
Did you draw her close and tell her  
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,  
And I'm sure I wish you joy;  
Think I'll wander down and see you  
When you're married—eh, my boy?  
When the honeymoon is over  
And you're settled down, we'll try—  
What? The deuce you say! Rejected—  
You rejected? So was I.

## CHARLIE'S STORY.

I was sitting in the twilight,  
With my Charlie on my knee—  
(Little two-year-old for ever  
Teasing, "Talk a 'tory, please, to me.")  
"Now," I said, "talk me a 'tory."  
"Well," reflectively, "I'll 'mence,  
Mamma, I did see a kitty,  
Great—big—kittie, on the fence."

Mamma smiles. Five little fingers  
Cover up her laughing lips.  
"Is oo laughing?" "Yes," I tell him,  
But I kiss the finger tips,  
And I say, "Now tell another."  
"Well"—all smiles—"now I will 'mence.  
Mamma, I did see a doggie,  
Great—big—doggie on the fence."

"Rather similar—your stories  
Aren't they dear?" A sober look  
Swept cross the pretty forehead,  
Then he sudden courage took,  
"But I know a nice, new 'tory,  
'Plendid, mamma! Hear me 'mence  
Mamma, I—did—see—a—elfunt,  
Great—big—elfunt—on the fence?"

## THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

The people of the State of Oregon and adjacent Territories should certainly congratulate themselves upon the glorious country they inhabit. In no other State in the Union will you find grouped together in such a remarkable degree, the elements of comfort and prosperity. The soil is unequaled in fertility, and the salubrity of the climate is unexcelled. The difference between this soil and climate and that of California is very marked. Here the winters are about the same as they are in that State, with the exception that here it never fails to rain sufficient to insure good crops. In fact since the first history of the country it has never been known to fail. A good year there is problematical, and when one crop is harvested, the farmer is speculating upon the next year in fear. He is kept constantly between hope and dread, and his life, in consequence, is one of feverish excitement and anticipation. How different is the life of an agriculturist in Oregon! He sows his crop confident that he will reap the reward of his toil. In the summer he is not enervated by a scorching sun; no north wind, whose breath is like the sirocco, causes him discomfort. He lives in a climate where cool and refreshing atmosphere adds a pleasure to life, and strengthens his entire system. And then our scenery, how magnificent. Pine covered hills and mountains dot the landscape and clear streams of mountain water from perennial springs gladden the hearts and freshen and keep green the earth. In the midst of these splendors an Oregonian would be less than human did he not think his State God's best and brightest land.