CROSSING THE PLAINS.

Long day on day, and longer week on week,
Across vast prairies, lit by cloud or sky
Caught in some wild flower's pink or violet eye,
Winds on the weary train. Patient and meek,
The stumbling oxen go; on desert's bleak
And scorched, some worn-out horse is left to lie
Awhile, abandoned, suffering—then to die,
With vultures poised above. The mountains reek
With coolness, but below the plains stretch white
And hot. Illness, hunger, thirst, doubt, despair,
Know they; yet struggle on 'twixt hopes and sighs,
Until, at last, from some far western hight,
Through lips of dawn bursts, like a passionate prayer,
The blue Pacific 'neath their blood-veined eyes.

In a beautiful garden where only the whitest of blossoms opened their petals to the sun, a black, poisonous weed one day put up its head. And when the gardener came, in her white gown, with her soft hair falling in waves over her shoulders, she saw the black weed, and she was ashamed and afraid. Then, said some one unto her: "Is there not a black weed in your garden?" And she answered "nay, nay,"—and when she looked again, lo! a leaf had sprung up on the poisonous stalk. Then, again, said some one unto her: "See that you uproot the weed in your garden before it grows beyond your control." And she answered with some anger: "There is no weed in my garden; my blossoms are all white;" and when she looked again, two new leaves had forced their way out of the black stalk; and she sprinkled rose leaves upon it and tried to hide it from other eyes. As weeks passed, she found that it grew daily in strength and vigor, ever putting forth new leaves and shoots, until she found in dismay that its roots were running into her neighbors' gardens, and its poison permeating the very atmosphere of her own garden, so that it had grown hateful to her. Its horrible presence was with her, day and night. She no longer smiled, and her cheek had grown pale and her eye lustreless. It had become so strong a thing that she could neither cut it down nor uproot it; and always, always, she was pondering how she might best hide it. By day she thought of it, and by night she dreamed of it. She grew afraid of her friends, yet she was more afraid to be alone. If one spoke to her unexpectedly, the color sprung up her cheek, and her eyes grew wide with fear that the black weed had been found—for might not the wind have swept the rose leaves aside? And one midnight, unable to bear the presence of the dread thing longer, she arose and lo! she found that the weed had so grown that it was crushing all the white flowers out of the garden. Then cast the young gardener herself prone upon the ground, her troubled brow sinking low and her fair hair falling about her and hiding her; and she cried out in a passionate appeal: "My God, my God, tell me the name of this vile weed?" and He answered: "Child, it is called the *First Deception*; and the white garden wherein it was rooted—lo! it is thine own heart."

The proprietor of the New York *Ledger* is receiving laudations from the press generally, because years ago he made it a rule in the office of that paper that no jest reflecting upon women should be printed. It is really a pity if women are so narrow minded that they cannot appreciate a harmless joke upon habits, manners, absurd styles, or equally absurd fads; or so delicate and ethereal that a jest would seriously cheapen their dignity or womanhood. One funny remark about the high hat at the theatre, or the waist that is laced out of all semblance to grace and beauty, will do more good than a hundred dry, long-winded editorials. Tell a woman that a pinched waist is not pretty, and she will look wise and ignore the information; but laugh at her and tell her that tight lacing is making her nose a "red, red rose," and she will get scared in a minute. Long life to the harmless, good natured jest that brings one of our follies around where we can see it.

It is true that each life is but a wave in the ocean of time; but pray stand on the sea shore and consider how many different kinds of waves there are. There is the little noiseless one that steals in with the tide and slips out with the tide, because it feels that it is expected to do so, year in and year out—murmurs not, rebels not, grieves not, joys not, but is simply and duly content, having no will of its own. Then there is the wave that always comes tumbling to your feet, laughing and chiding you for sad reflections; there is joyous music in its every tone, and dullness flees at its approach. Here, too, is the wave that comes breaking over the gray sand with lonely sobbing, that makes your own heart ache—so dull, so despairing, is it. But ah! here is one that makes your blood leap along your veins. It comes thundering, roaring, in a terrible passion of rebellion across the tide-lands, and beats and beats along the rock walls that shut in its little world, and it cries and sobs like a human thing as it bruises and crushes its poor breast on the jagged edges of stones. You hold your breath while you watch it, because it fascinates you; it controls and forces your admiration, your pity, your passionate sympathy. Its memory influences your whole life; when a life goes out, and they say it was "only a wave"—ask them what *kind* of a wave it was.

A humane society was organized in Seattle on the evening of April 7. Many of the most prominent business and society people of that city are members, and take deep interest in the noble cause. Not only do humane societies lift burdens and sufferings from the backs of dumb beasts, but they also educate children to kindness and consideration for all things that live. No town is too small for one.

"Di Vernon," the bright and talented young woman who edits a department in the San Francisco *News-Letter*, read a paper before the women's press convention in that city recently, which is of interest not only to journalists, but also to those desiring to enter journalism. She is described as a lovely, sweet-faced girl, graceful, blonde haired, and possessing strong individuality.

R. W. Gilder, editor of the *Century*, says the general effect of the new copyright law will be to increase all literary values. Under its operations authors will have a wider market, and the publishing business will be strengthened and improved. The act will go into effect July 1.

Possession is a cruel thing. She opens your eyes to faults and blemishes, before undreamed of; she puts Satiety in the chair where Eagerness sat; she puts Unrest where once was sweet-eyed Content—ay, she pulls away lovely roses, and shows you sharp-pointed thorns.

The "Carrie Careless," whose syndicate letters have been read by most western people, is Mrs. Augusta Prescott, who also edits a department in *Harper's Young People*, and a woman's department in the New York *World*.

Although Lawrence Barrett was a Freemason, a Roman Catholic priest administered the last rites to him. He was burried in a protestant cemetery, but the sod wherein he rests was first consecrated.

One almost envies Victor Hugo his room made entirely of glass, the walls and ceilings transparent, at the top of his house, where he wrote his poetry, more than one envies his everlasting fame.

When you take a woman at her word, you take something else at the same time—strong chances of disappointing her.

Dear, when a man says he loves you, search for proof; when a woman says she loves you, search for her motive.

As soon as a woman says "yes" to a man, he begins to wonder vaguely why she didn't say no.

It will surprise many to learn that the popular author, F. W. Robinson, is an Englishwoman.

It is a noble soul that can be grateful when it knows gratitude is expected.