

THE COLUMBIAN

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NO. 16.

SHADOWS.

A burst of golden sunshine,
A whispering of the leaves,

A joy in childhood's playthings,
A casting of them aside,

JILTED TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT.
Kenneth Ward and Katie Dene had been boy-and-girl sweethearts;

Kenneth Ward and Katie Dene had been boy-and-girl sweethearts; but the death of Kenneth's parents and his adoption by a wealthy uncle who took him away to live in the city, separated the juvenile lovers,

At first Kenneth's mind was filled with desperate schemes for carrying off Katie to some undiscovered island,

But time soon effaces the sorrows of the young. Kenneth was put in a boys' school, where ambition to excel, and to head the rush in every bout at football gave ample occupation to his thoughts,

Miss Grace had been the idol of Seth Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to whose suit, it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not unwilling ear.

I suppose it was an accident—at any rate it so happened—that Kenneth's first visit in the old place was to the Dene's. He didn't know Katie at first—could hardly realize, indeed, that the yellow-headed tomboy, whose quarrels he was always taking up, and with whom he used to quarrel now and then himself, could have grown into so bewitchingly beautiful a woman.

Katie seemed a little hurt that Kenneth should have so totally forgotten her. She would have known him, she said, had they met on a deserted island. He hadn't changed a bit—only to grow ever so much handsomer, she was on the point of adding, but checked herself with a blush.

"You said that on old man who had palsy," I said that to my house and hadn't shook none since. He died.
"You said that your family was well. I found that your family are all sick."
"By my family is well. Them people living in that house is not my family; my folks live in town."
"I ought to whale you," said the man, "for I know you have lied somewhere. I'll see you again in a day or two, and if by that time I have found the township, section, and range of the lie you told, look out."—Free Press.

A PROLIFIC MOTHER.—Mrs. Mary Austin, who lately died at Washington, had forty-four male children, eleven of whom survive. She was a doctor of medicine and surgery, and served through the war with the rank of major. Dr. Mary Walker is small potatoes indeed as compared with this lady, never having even had twins, while Mrs. Austin had triplets six times.

was deathly pale, while his frame trembled violently. Grasping her hand with a quick, nervous movement, he exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion:
"It is a sin to marry without love. I fancied, when I asked Grace Dandridge to be my wife, that I loved her—at least that I loved no other. But now that I have seen you again, a love that I had learned to look upon as a childish fancy has come back with the augmented fervor of manhood. Oh! Katie, it is you I love, and you only! Will you not be mine? It is not yet too late!"

Kenneth Ward let drop the hand which a moment before had lain trembling in his clasp, but which was now firm and steady. He had received his answer, and knew it was irrevocable.
"You are right," he murmured, despairingly; "I must keep my promise, though it break my heart!"

Neither spoke again till they parted at Katie's mother's door with the single word, "Farewell!"
Kenneth found his uncle in a fine position on his return the evening before the day set for the wedding.

"Mr. WARD.—I trust you will forgive whatever pain this will cause you. I esteem you too highly to give you my hand without my heart. The latter has long been bestowed upon my cousin, Seth Ransen; and it was only the impurity of friends that induced me, in a moment of weakness, to accept another's offer. But at the last hour, I found myself unequal to the sacrifice of a true love to a feigned one; and yielding to Seth's persuasion, I consented to his plan of a secret marriage, and am now his wife. I remain, with much respect, your friend."

"Bravo, Kenneth!" cried his uncle, as the young man broke into a hearty laugh; "I'm glad to see you treat it so! The loss is her's not yours."
It was the day after the wedding that was to have been, that Kenneth Ward, dusty and travel-stained, presented himself before Mrs. Dene, and asked for Katie.

"She has gone for a walk in the wood," was the answer. "She hasn't been quite well for a day or two past."
Kenneth waited to hear no more; he hurried along the old familiar path; and there, where he had spoken the rash, impassioned words, which Katie had answered so nobly, he found her seated, leaning her head wearily upon her hand, the picture of despondent sorrow. He was quite close before she looked up; and when she did so, he was startled to see how wan and haggard were her features.

"Wish me joy, Katie!" he cried.
"I do wish you joy, Kenneth.—Mr. Ward, she answered listlessly; "but I hardly expected to see you here; and where is your—your wife?"

A Concatenated Narrative.
Cackston, who wanted to sell his farm, was approached by a man who wanted the place.
"Health is good, down there?"
"Health is good," exclaimed Cackston with enthusiasm.

"I tell you what's a fact: Sometime ago an old man who had been shaking for years with palsy came to my house, stayed a week, and hadn't shook none since."
"Is your family well?"
"Splendid health, sir."
Next day the man again approached Cackston and said: "You have misrepresented your place to me and I'm going to whale you right here."

"I made no misrepresentation," he nervously replied.
"I asked you how health was down there..."
"Ah! I said that health was good. Now, sir, health is good. Everybody wants health, and its good wherever you find it."
"Who said that on old man who had palsy?"
"I said that to my house and hadn't shook none since. He died."
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A WESTERN MAUD MULLER.

Miss Muller, so the gossips say,
Flirted in quite a shameless way;

And the Judge—but we mention this sub rose—
Blushed up to the roots of his bulbous nose

The Traveled Lady.
A jaunt over a railway is often as good as a trip to the minstrels. Last week we took a spin over the Michigan Central, and during our waking moments were highly edified, amused and instructed by the tone and conversation of two ladies in the seat furthest our own, across the aisle and about the binnacle.

Overdosing.
Children should consume as little medicine as possible. If properly fed and cared for, they throw off illness readily. Some simple remedy, known and tested in the family, is all they require in light attacks of cold, colic, or the small ailments common to childhood.

Odolities of Kissing.
The Providence Transcript alleges that no man has kissed Susan B. Anthony for 30 years. Much blame attaches to the men.

Varieties.
Connecticut now has but one active gin distillery.
London Queen: The bridegroom provides house linen.

When the spring bonnet comes into the house, money flies out of the pocket-book.
The boot-tree is known by his boot.
The scissors has two blades, crying steal, steal.

A Man Ought to be Arrested for Procrastinating.
The Texas Siftings prints the following: There is an old negro in Austin who claims to have studied "Hosify outen a book."

A Sagacious Son-in-Law.
One of the old veterans of Wall street was giving some fatherly advice to one of his clerks about to be married, and in closing his sermon, he said:
"Directly after the ceremony, there will be a banquet of course. When your wife turns over her plate she will find a check for \$50,000 under it."

It is my opinion that you should not take a young woman to a hardware store to get one of these wooden contrivances to mash potatoes, and said, "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office-boy, started to wait on her.

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