

THE MILKY WAY.

Over the Milky Way, The ancient Hindus said, Unseen by light of day, To Swarga go the dead, Along its gleaming path, Between th' ethereal poles, When Vama calls them, each Must tread the bridge of souls.

Over the Milky Way, Song Grecian poets old Once, driven far astray, The sun's red chariot rolled, And each Olympian god That same wild path above With winged sandals trod Up to the throne of Jove.

Over the Milky Way, The northern tell with pride, As ray beams answering ray, Sulahmid met his bride, Lonely in heaven afar, His love's restless might Built out, with star on star, That vastness of light.

Over the Milky Way, Our later fancy runs With science self at play Among its mass of stars, Where reason can divine, As sazes wispy gases, Those thicker orbs outline The cosmic wilderness.

Remoteness infinite, Where sight its course may urge, Where thought may fearless fly, And track creation's verge, But swifter faith o'erleaps The farness of the spheres To where God's splendor sweeps 'Till all th' eternal years.

His love you pathway high, Built to life's summit land, And under this emulous sky Tell us, who longing stand, As stars in endless sun One stream of light prolong, There joys so frequent come They make one all day song.

Ah, not in vain for hope, And not in vain for me, That lane up heaven's blue cope Trails its white nebulae, I see the same eyes glow, That looked where Jacob lay, And the same dim wings up Over the Milky Way, -Theresa Brown in Youth's Companion.

to a whole day. He's tempered jes' like he paw, suth' twel he gits ober it." I asked Aunt Victory if Remie's father was dead. "Laws, no," said she. "Has he left you?" said Mrs. Temple. "He has dat."

"And doesn't Remie want you to let him come back?" Aunt Victory rubbed her right ear against her right shoulder with a coquetish gesture, and for the first time I realized that, according to African notions, she was a pleasing woman. "Well, sirs! Why, Miss Freddy, 'tain't my ole man Remie 'jects to, 'cose not! Hit am de torrer gentleman."

We were too used to negro morality to either feel or show any particular surprise. But it seen went to inquire whether the departed husband was divorced from her. No, of course he was not. That was why she had come to the Rock, as the Arkansans call Little Rock.

"I gwine get a divorcement fo' fo' ty dollar de lawyer man say," she explained, "done gw' im 'irty dollar a'ready. Den I go back t' de kentry. I p'intedy does rave t' be in de kentry agin."

"But it's such hard work, Victory!" I suggested, loath to see a promising cook depart. "Hard wuk! Taint nuffin t' de stove wuk. Gimme my hoe an' my row an' I'se happy. An' laws, Missy, it do pear like I can't breve in dis yere shut up town. Ain't no ashunne yere. I dose love de sunshine. All culled folks jes' natchelly drinks up de sun."

It was easy to learn her story when she was in such a mood. Sitting at ease, alone with us, in the kitchen (for Manda, the chambermaid, was at a colored ball), she poured out her whole humble tragedy.

The ole Miss who had "raised" her and taught her to cook had died. After her death she married a negro, and they went to "making a crop" on the plantation. This negro, Lige by name, accepting her picture, was a very decent man. "Yent never seen de like er Lige t' wuk. He raise de biggest' crop on de place an' he cyar so much mischief wid t' too, I dose jes' be laffin' all de time. An' he dose ben p'intedy kind t' me, I says dat fo' 'im, an' nee' did fault his victuals. Allers so proud er his cookin' w'en we all has a festival or a log rollin'! Yae'm, we did give a festival onet an' made ten dollars."

Perhaps I should explain that negro festivals are purely private affairs, wherein hospitality is exercised at a profit instead of expense, since the thrifty host sells the refreshments, after which is dancing at less jolly houses, and games at the houses of "professors."

At log rollings, however, the dinner is provided by the host. The logrollers clear the ground of felled trees, which they collect in heaps for burning.

As Victory's memory recalled the days of her past domestic joys and social triumphs we could see that she was moved. "Yae'm, Lige nee' did give me he's wada. Nee' did raise his hand agin me!" so she continued, rocking her supple body to and fro—"onlies' ting I have agin his behavior, den, ben he did be so foud'er ooon an' possum huntin'! Mos' de onlies' time I ever given him a past blank hard time ben de time he 'wisted on gwine 'possum huntin' an' whilist he ben gone dat boy, my fustis chile, ten bawo. Oh, I tell ye, Lige he was struck by dat! He did cry out loud, an' he name dat baby Remie, he did, kase 't' dar 'in in mine allus, an' he didn't go 'possum huntin' fo' a sterible long spell, not tweel I say I kinder cravin' 'possum meat myself. Oh, he did ben a good man t' me."

"I'se sorter high strung an' feery, an' w'en de stove didn't bake right, or a strain washday, or my fingers git so numb pickin' t' cotton dat I caryt sew like I uset, why I dose be sorter ill like, but laws, he jes' laff an' coax it outter me. Den de tarrer two chillen come an' die." Her face changed and quivered. "He ten mighty kind to me, den times," she said. "But a little space she was silent, then with a hardening of her mellow voice she went on:

"We got on fine fo' a spell. Me an' Lige, we us done ben raised by white folks—we ain't no niggers. We done wuk by hand an' 'saw a heap o' goods, an' live so happy an' feel so proud—not biggots, jes' honest proud—tweel—My Lawd!" a look of anguish keen enough to startle us came over her face while the swift flow of her words was broken by a sudden sob and she covered her face with her hands and screamed, "O my Lawd, he laff me! He dose taken up wid a nigger 'onant!"

Then just as suddenly she lifted her head, dried her eyes and said: "But by'n-by Lige he get tired o' her. He ben raised by white folks, an' he come a beggin' back to me to take 'im in!"

"And you took him back?" asked Mrs. Temple. The sphinx-like head was raised again with indescribable pride. Victory's grandfather was an African prince, she told us once, and I can well believe her.

"Metaken him back! Mis' Temple, I ben raised by white folks. He laff me fo' a black nigger. I never take him back!" "But how did he happen to do such a wicked thing?" said Kate Temple.

"How I know!" sullenly, "who live down de ribber, whar he go 'possum huntin', an' she gayly young ting an'—an' dey call her mighty handsome; an' some way, she 'tice him off. He ben too ashamed come nigh me, but he sen' wud dat he give me de mules an' ewer' ting, cep' only hundred dollars he have at de sto'. An' so he light out, but he nee' did git no satisfaction livin' wid her. She coudn't no mo' cook a meal o' victuals dat she cud match me pickin' t' cotton, an' she taken t' goin' on mighty bad wid torrer niggers; so dey parted, an' Lige come straight t' me. Mis' Thompson, he say Lige dose make mighty sho' he git me back. Huh—huh!"

I somehow inferred from her conscious air that Thompson was the other man in the case. I asked her, and she admitted that he was. "He was a mighty pleasant, good man," a preacher, with a gift for prayer, and all the sisters admired him.

I said, "But didn't it ever occur to you, Victory, that Mr. Thompson might be a prejudiced witness against Sanders?" "How dat, Missy?"

"He wants to marry you himself, you know; mightn't he tell lies about Lige?" "No'm. He's a plumb good man. Dar ain't no slich prayin' like his'n in de kentry. He dose hab a revival er 'ligion sense he come."

"But hasn't he another wife somewhere?" said Kate, who has cynic notions about negro pastors. "Dat jes' Remie's meanness," declared Aunt Victory vehemently. "Bret' Thompson swar t' me dat jes' de talk o' dem or nery, pusillanimous niggers in Dogtown, dat wudn't give nuffin t' de chole. Dat Remie, he is a good boy, but he's consumed about him, kase he won't go t' meetin' n'r t' ch'ch' n'r nuffin an' says dat Mis' Thompson ain't a mor' man. He is prejudeced, dat all, Mis' Temple. Dat story 'bout Sal Miller aint got wud o' truff in it. She got t' swar dat ar baby on somebody, an' so she taken po' Bret' Thompson dat aint skacely panted lips wid her. He say he skacely soon her. Aint nare critter 'cept Rame Sanders dose believe it. An' he believe anyting on earth agin Bret' Thompson. I knows Remie, he jes' almind' de plumb w'ile, git me take his paw back!"

"But could you? Would he come?" said my artful friend. Victory's great eyes flashed. "He dose come ev'ry month, ober t' see me from Newport, in de cyars, an' walk out six mile, fo' seben months pleadin' wid me!" said Victory. "look like he aint 'jectin'."

"Don't you think you could forgive him?" Victory's handsome face hardened again. "De fust time I say t' him: Lige Sanders, I aint gwine take you back fo' my husband twel de sun drop! You git outter my house! Dat how I talk t' him. An' he go off mighty down, wid Remie. Nex' time I says, 'I don't want no wada wid ye, Mis' Sanders.' But I let him come in speak wid Remie, kase he did set a heap o' store on Remie, an' Remie on him. An' byrnye he got t' stayin' longer an' den Remie wud hab him stay t' dinner. An' Mis' Thompson say he make his brags er dat, an' say I ben turnin' my mine t' him. Dat file me. But de las' time w'en he come, he dose shaved his beard an' look so like de Lige I married dat—she bang out a clinched hand to strike her breast furiously—"something hot come up dar, mindin' me o' all dem times t' gadder an' de 'll'e dead chillen an' all, an' I ben fair choked. So I hit my hand mighty bovish like, an' marched outter de house, nev' passin' a wud wid him. An' de nex' day I dose rent de house as all t' Bret' Thompson fo' 'im an' 'rorrer called man wud butches 'gudder, t' keep twel I come back, an' I drawed out my money dat I got t' t' de sto', an' I come on p'ree. I dose promiss Mis' Thompsons I git a divorcement from Lige."

"And promised him, I dare say, to marry him afterward," said I. But Victory drew herself up proudly: "No'm, I dose go so easy. I only dose promissus git divorcement from Lige. I show Lige I don't nebbur forgive him!"

We both surmised that it was more anger against the erring Lige than love for Thompson (whom we unreasonably disliked) that was at the bottom of Victory's motives.

From this time our sympathies were entirely with the husband. Remie declared that Thompson stole his mother's money. He knew about the hiding place. "She wouldn't tell me whar she hid it," says Remie, with indignation, "but she owned up she told him."

There had been suspicions of Thompson, it appeared, in regard to some church moneys that were in his hands. Oh, yes, Remie admitted, he had paid the money back, but not until after they had lost their little hoard.

"I knows maw, she sets store by paw, still," said Remie, "but this fellow talks so smooth he's fair bewitched her. I did write to paw whar we ben, and I'm hopin' he'll git round. I wese him all the money maw let me keep outter my wages and my grip."

The trips, I suppose, were Remie's tips, which he received on various occasions. "Maw'll get her divorcement in two weeks, she says," Remie went on gloomily, "and she lows to go back t' de country right strait, but I aint goin' with her if you all will keep me."

Remie's prediction came true. With a profusion of thanks for our kindness, Victory gave us warning. She was going back in three weeks to her own house. We couldn't complain as far as we were concerned, especially as she had hunted up a new cook of great gifts in sauces and salads (according to her former employer), neat, industrious, indeed lacking little of perfection except a good temper.

Remie, on this official confirmation, as it were, of his fears, became a walking statue of gloom. It was at this period that he broke a Royal Worcester plate and three out glass wingedlasses, all of which of course just slipped from his hands while he "wasn't doing nothing." His ulcers over the wreck was such that Kate hadn't the heart to scold him.

He came to us later and begged Kate not to take any money out of his wages, due the next day. "Maw, she said you'd keep 'most all," he whimpered, "c'ause they're de finest kind of dishes and cost a terrible sight, she says. But if you'd please not this month, I'll sure wuk for you all next month."

Kate reassured him. She wasn't going to take his money, but why was he so anxious to have the wages this month? Then Remie confessed that his father was in town, and so was Mr. Thompson.

"And Thompson, he's all fixed up," cried Remie, "out of our money. He is a black preacher coat and a silk hat. Oh, he looks mighty fine. But paw dose look pint blank gashy. You see, Mrs. Temple, he did ben sick ever sence he went home the last time, and de house whar he ben burned down and he lost his good clothes and ever' cent er money, and now he's come here, all ragged, ainin' to git some work and some clothes and make it up to maw. And I don't want maw t' see him all in his rags and Thompson struttin' round in his high hat. So I was reckoning I'd buy him some clothes."

We sympathized with Remie, but as it turned out our sympathy came to naught. Either Victory's lawyer got the divorce sooner than he expected, or Victory herself found the money sooner; anyhow, a few evenings later Kate came to me to say that Thompson was calling on Victory.

at once wanted to look at a new experiment in puddings, left in the "cold closet," to reach which one must pass through the kitchen. True enough, there sat a smug faced, six foot negro, glistening all over, in a black broadcloth, with a gorgeous gold waist chain and dazzling linen.

Victory would not let us pass without introducing him. It was at this moment that there came a timid kind of half hearted knock at the door. Victory opened it and absolutely staggered back. "My Lawd, Lige!" she screamed, "whut's got ye?"

Lige indeed it was, and a forlorn spectacle than he presented is difficult to picture. He looked sick and wretched, and his clothes were no better than rags. What a contrast to the resplendent Thompson! "Yes, Viet'ry, it's me," said poor Lige. "I know I ain't fit t' come t' see ye in slich cloze, but I did wantter see ye so bad!"

"All Victory said was, 'Myiny! mymy, Lige!'" By this time—for half unconsciously Victory had opened the door—Lige had shambled into the circles of light. He saw Thompson. As if by magic his humility was rent from him. His limp form straightened. Head erect and eyes burning he shook his fist at the preacher.

"You black nigger! is you darin' come t'wixt me an' my wife!" Manda, who was on the other side of the table, an admiring listener to Brother Thompson's eloquence, jumped up with a scream. "You hush!" said Victory quietly, "don't ye be skeered up, Mandy, he won't do no harm!" She turned herself to Lige with actual dignity: "Who you ta'kin' 'bout, Mis' Sanders? Not me. I aint no wife er yours. I got my bill o' divorcement dis very day."

Lige gasped. The tears rolled to his eyes. "Onyhow, she aint ainin' to demean herself to a low down, tramin' nigger like you," said Thompson, from his glistening height of broadcloth. "Miss Viet'ry lows t' become the bride of a gentleman in the perfection."

A swift blow from Lige's fist knocked the rest of the sentence out of time. Like a tiger Lige flew at the white shirt bosom and the gorgeous watch chain. But, weakened by illness, he was no match for the brawny preacher, who knocked him half across the kitchen.

Manda tittered. "Stoop!" cried Mrs. Temple. "Victory, stop!" Heeding her no more than the wind, as Lige, bleeding but undismayed, dashed about at Thompson, Victory herself flung the dish towel tight over Thompson's unsuspecting head, pulling from behind with such force and fury that, thus harassed in the rear, he made a misstep and all three went down together, under Lige's onslaught.

"Git you razor, Lige!" shrieked Victory. "You let my husband 'lone or he cut you wid a razor!" I believe that it was quite as much the bewildering effect of Victory's conduct as Mrs. Temple's commands that sent a calm on the turmoil.

Thompson crawled to his feet and glared at Lige, also on his feet, flourishing a razor, while Victory panted, supporting herself by the table, and Mandy called on the police out of the dining room door, as if they were hidden up stairs.

Remie's appearance at this moment rather helped the confusion, since he supposed the house to be afire and ran to the water faucets. "What does all this mean, Victory?" Kate demanded, as soon as she had suppressed Mandy.

"Hit mean dat I aint gwine hab no black nigger sass my husband!" answered Victory. "Mis' Thompson, sah, I bids you good day fo' eber mo'. An' I 'll'ebes ever word Bome dose tell me gin ye," she cries sputhally.

"I shall have to ask you to leave too," added Kate. In vain Thompson begged Victory to think of the past and her promises.

"I didn't promissus you nary!" cried Victory in high wrath. "I nev' said I'd marry you. I said I'd git a divorcement from Lige, an' a big fool I ben t' do it; but I dose it."

"May be," snarled the goaded Thompson, "you didn't promissus you'd never take Lige Sanders back fo' your husband!" "Well, I aint taken him back," came the reply, with a toss of Victory's head and a roll of Victory's eyeballs. "fo' de Lawd, I gwine marry him fresh. Dat whut I gwine do!"

"Laws bless you, Victory!" cried Lige, "I sho' did reckon you turn me loose, w'e go see me in dem po' ragged cloze an' him so fat an' sassy."

"Yes, on de money he stole from us!" shouted Remie, who was for having his ear in the matter. "Lige you a fool sho'" retorted Victory. "aint I jes' ben had my hair turned t' ye longer dem po' cloze de minnit I seen ye, ye did look so distressed! An' w'en he begun a pickin' on ye, looked like I cudn't bar de sight er him."

"Oh, laws, Viet'ry!" gasped Lige. Thompson gave his former mistress a murderous glance; but he fished his hat from under the table, and muttering a kind of apology to Mrs. Temple went out with Mandy.

Perhaps Mandy consoled him. Kate and I thought it well to follow his example by ourselves. There is nothing more to say except that on the following Wednesday Aunt Victory baked her own wedding cake.—Octave Thanet and Lara N. Brown in New York Herald.

Why Some Marriages are Failures. One reason why marriage is so often a failure is that the average man falls in love with a woman because she has two or three of the qualities which he attributes to the ideal woman, and never gets over blaming her afterward because she doesn't have the rest. Women don't make any such mistakes. They don't expect to find in the average man any of the qualities possessed by their ideal, and they are very seldom disappointed.—Somerville Journal.

He Catched Him. Colonel Bluff—You might as well acknowledge that you stole the chickens, uncle. I found a piece of the brown coat you wore that night in the hen shed.

Uncle Ebon (triumphantly)—Now, I coteh you, colonel. I didn't war a brown coat dat night.—Puck.

Henry H. Smith, the journal clerk of the national house of representatives, is considered the most able legislative expert in the country, and his knowledge of parliamentary law is unexcelled. He has held his place for twenty years.

GETTING RID OF BORES.

A Pretty Girl's Method of Nullifying Her Own Attractiveness.

No observer of feminine beauty can fail to see that its happy possessors are harassed. It was remarked to a particularly handsome girl that she must often be an object of admiration for men who possessed no attraction for her, and, as she was very tender hearted, she must find it difficult to discourage their attentions without being guilty of hardness of heartedness. She laughed and replied:

"Yes, it is very difficult at times to get rid of men you don't like and not hurt their feelings. I found out a novel method for doing this some little time ago, and in some cases it works to a charm. You may know that it is often the case with men that they have strong dislikes for certain things to eat, for certain odors, and for certain sad songs. The first thing I do now when I am burdened with attentions from a man who bores me is to find out if he has a weakness of this sort. I don't ask him myself, but have a friend draw him into a confession. Now, it is positively true that I have scared away men by the methods of associating myself in their minds either with the food, odor or music that offends them."

"One man who could not possibly be discouraged by my frigid manner had, I ascertained, a horror of sweetbreads. The night of sweetbreads being eaten by people about him upset him completely; in fact, it made him ill. Well, we have supper instead of dinner at 6 o'clock on Sundays, and, as it is informal, some of our friends who may be calling late in the afternoon will often sit down with us. The man who bored me in this case found out that by calling at 5:30 on Sundays he would receive the necessary invitation when the supper hour found him there, and as this allowed him a good opportunity to be in my company a very long time he settled down to the regular custom of coming to our Sunday suppers. I got very tired, for he was really dreadfully uninteresting, and he liked me most repugnantly, so I set myself to find out if he disliked intensely any particular dish. To my great joy I learned of his antipathy to sweetbreads."

"The next Sunday night we of course had sweetbreads, and the way that man suffered was the funniest thing you ever saw. He stood it, though, and nibbled at a crust of dry toast and sipped clear tea to keep at his post. The next Sunday he came again, and when more sweetbreads appeared he almost fainted. Then, in the most natural manner, I told him that I adored sweetbreads, and I had decided they were just the thing for Sunday night suppers. That was the end of him. He never came to the house again except to make a short formal call."

"Then another man who pestered me with attentions abominated the smell of peppermint. He simply could not remain in the room where the odor was. I immediately developed a wonderful appetite for peppermint candy, and there was invariably a box of it about when the bore called. I finished him soon."

"Another had the habit of calling in the evening, and always staid interminably. I was at a loss how to get rid of him until, quite by chance, I learned that the sweet song of Tosti's called 'Goodby' had the effect of depressing that man so that he was ready to commit suicide. It really affected him seriously, and after hearing it he was despondent for hours. I at once had my mother grow inordinately fond of Tosti's 'Goodby,' and whenever the bore called she asked me if I wouldn't please sing her favorite song. I had only to do this three times when the bore ceased his calls. Now of course these plans will not answer in every case, but it is well for girls to know them, for occasionally they can be called into play."—New York Sun.

Two Clever Women Thwarted. The other day two women entered one of those dry goods store restaurants which have recently sprung into being, and seating themselves at a table asked the waitress to bring the bill of fare. One immediately hastened to say that she didn't care for anything. The other wanted a cup of tea. As soon as it was brought she tasted it and exclaimed:

"Dear me, this is altogether too strong. Bring me a cup of hot water, please." The waitress brought the water and then went away. As soon as her back was turned the woman, smiling to her friend, began to manipulate the cup of tea and the cup of water. First she put a little water in the tea, and then a little tea into the water, until finally the two were evenly divided, and lo! instead of one there were two cups of tea. Of course her friend, who did not want anything the moment before, was now ready to take some tea, and two cups of tea were secured for the price of one. At least that was what the woman thought until they came to pay the check, when they found upon the bill of fare this item:

"One cup of hot water, six cents." As the tea was only eight they really saved two cents.—New York Sun.

Counting a Billion. The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 100 or 170 a minute; but let us suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 12,000; a day 288,000, and a year, or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,513 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 30 minutes, according to the above rule. Supposing we were to rest a poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need 19,026 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 45 minutes.

Suburban Colorings. Artist (with elevated eyebrows)—Humph! You've been having your house painted, I see.

Suburban Host (proudly)—Yes. Looks gay, don't she?

Artist (with cutting irony)—Why didn't you put on more colors?

Host (apologetically)—The store I went to only had six colors.—New York Weekly.