

### A Pleasant Recognition.

The bootblack at the corner stand on C. street was looking for a customer. He was as black as the ace of spades, and as he carelessly dusted off his stand with the stump of a corn brush, he occasionally peused and rolled his eyes hungrily up and down the street.

Presently a tall, raw-boned, middle-aged man, with a considerable length of goatee and not a little breadth of hat-rim, stopped and glanced at the stand with some show of interest.

"Have a shine, boss?" said the owner of the stand, giving his chair a parting slap with his brush. "Shine 'em up in a half a minnit, sah. You'll just have time to look over the mornin' papers."

Without deigning an answer, the lank chap climbed into the seat before him.

"Whar ar' yer rollin' them pants to?" was his first remark after the owner of the stand began to operate.

"All right now, boss. We mustn't muss 'em, you see. Its all feasible now, boss."

"Well, percede to business."

"I's movin' boss; I's movin', sah."

"De people of de Souf," said the boot-black, cocking a cunning eye up at his customer, "de people of de Souf (another look of the eye) most allus give us poor colored poy's any little feasible jobs dey's got."

"You think I'm from the South?"

"I's from de Souf myself, sah."

"Likely."

"I's from de Souf, sah—from ole Kaintuck, sah."

"Indeed?"

"Sartain, boss. I's from Lexin'ton, Kaintuck, sah," scrapin' away with an old case-knife at the mud on his customer's boots.

"I'm from Kentucky myself, and from Lexington," said the man beginning to look interested. "So you're from Lexington, eh?"

"Jes so, boss. Parctically I was born thar. Nice old town, boss."

"Very."

"I golly, boss; ef I didn't think from de fust dat I saw in you de rale old Kentucky gentleman. You've got a good deal ov de cut of dem law and med'cin students dat used to be 'bout de ole Transylvany 'versity; but you's aged a little boss—ahed a lee-tle grain more dan war de boys in dem days."

"I've often seen the old university."

"It was a fine old town, too. De main street was more dan a mile long; dar war beautiful trees 'long de streets, and de orphan 'sylum, and de baggin' factories, de wire works, and de—"

"The lunatic asylum."

"Yes, boss, shore 'nuff, dar was de lunatic 'sylum."

"And the river."

"An' de ribber; I golly, dat fust big bend in town fork of de Elkhorn up 'bove de city—practically dat was a mighty feasible proposition for cat-fish."

"Amazon."

"I say, boss, practically you never happened to know a colored boy name Columbus Parsons, as lived out on de road to 'ards whar old Harry Clay was borned—out to 'ards Ashland, did yer sah?"

"I knowed a colored boy named Columbus Parsons that rode old Woodpecker against Plowboy down at the Bluegrass course, and won the puss."

"De Lord love us! Was you dar? De great hokey! Practically I am dat same Columbus Parsons who rode ole Woodpecker and won de puss down dar to Bluegrass."

"The Columbus Parsons I knowed used to be a great fiddler—played for all the balls and parties for miles around."

"Dat was me, sah. I was de boy! Now you's beginning to know me."

"The Columbus Parsons that I used to know was a great singer—was lightnin' at all the nigger camp-meetin's."

"Dat was me, boss; I'm identically and practically dat same Columbus Parsons. You's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw, sah."

"The Columbus Parsons that I used to know went down to Frankfort and ran on the river as steward on the Bell Wagner."

"Yah, yah! You knows me—you knows me, boss; you knows me like a brudder, sah! In dem days didn't-I put on the apparel? Wasn't I attired? Practically, sah, you's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw."

"The Columbus Parsons that I used to know, the Columbus Parsons that rode old Woodpecker, the Columbus Parsons that used to sing at camp-meetin's, the Columbus Parsons that was steward on the Bell Wagner, that Columbus Parsons, busted open the trunk of a passenger, stole a thousand dollars, and was sent to the penitentiary for five years."

"Practically, boss, you's got a powerful feasible mem'ry, but dar was another Columbus Parsons down 'bout Lexington and Frankfort—partic'larly South Frankfort, 'cross de chain bridge—dat was a horse-aider, a fiddler, a singer and a steamboater, an' he was a low-flung, harum-scarum no-account feller. I guess he mout be de Columbus Parsons what you knowed, sah."

"You think so?"

"Sartin, suah, boss; but don't say nuffin' 'bout de feller heah, sah. You see, practically, it mout injure my good name, sah."—[Detroit Free Press.

### WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage  
For mansions tall and grand,  
Or change the little grass plot  
For a boundless stretch of land—  
Yet there is something brighter, dearer,  
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase  
Costly pictures, rich and rare;  
Though we have no silken hangings  
For the walls so cold and bare—  
We can hang them o'er with garlands,  
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can make home very cheerful  
If the right course we begin;  
We can make its inmates happy,  
And their truest blessings win.  
It will make a small room brighter  
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside  
When the evening hours are long,  
We can blend our hearts and voices  
In happy, social song;  
We can guide some erring brother—  
Lead him from the paths of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,  
And with sunshine brimming o'er,  
If against all dark intruders  
We will firmly close the door;  
Yet should the evil shadow enter,  
We must love each other more.

There are treasure for the lowly  
Which the grandest fail to find;  
There's a cabin of sweet affection,  
Bringing friends of kindred mind—  
We may reap the choicest blessings  
From the poorest lots assigned.

—Christian World.

### FAILED.

Yes, I a ruined man, Kate! everything gone at last;

Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the years that are past;  
Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled;

This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways,

I've dug, and delved, and plodded along thro' all my manhood days;

But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart,

For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—

Only a few years longer, and then I expected to stop,

And put the boys in my place, with an easier life ahead,

But now I must give the prospect up, that comforting dream is dead.

"I'm worth more money than my gold," O, you're good to look at it so,

But a man isn't worth much, Kate, when his hair is turning to snow;

My poor little girls, with their soft white hands and innocent eyes of blue,

Turned adrift in the heartless world—what can and what will will they do?

"An honest failure?" indeed it was, dollar for dollar was paid,

Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said,

Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and flush of shame,

One thing I'll leave to my children, Kate, and that is an honest name.

What's that? "The boys are not troubled?" They are ready now to begin

And gain us another fortune, and work thro' thick and thin?"

The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't so much to bear,

Their courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and despair.

"And the girls are so glad it was honest?" They'd rather not dress so fine

And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly mine,

They're ready to show what they're made of, quick both to earn and to save!"

My blessed, good little daughters, so generous and so brave!

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each other left,

No matter of what possessions our lives may be bereft?

You are right. With a quiet conscience and a wife so good and true,

I'll put my hand to the plow again, and I know we will pull through.

### MY HERITAGE.

[Ella Wheeler.]

I into life so full of love was sent  
That all the shadows which fall in the way  
Of every human being could not stay.  
But fled before the light my spirit lent.

I saw the world through gold and crimson dyes;  
Men sighed, and said, "Those rose hues will fade  
As you pass on into life's glare or shade."  
Still beautiful the way seems to mine eyes.

They said, "You are too jubilant and glad;  
The world is full of sorrow and of wrong;  
Full soon your lips shall breathe forth sighs, not song."

The day wears on, and still I am not sad.  
They said, "You love too largely; and you must,  
Through wound on wound, grow bitter to your kind."

They were false prophets. Day by day I find  
More cause for love, and less cause for distrust.  
They said, "Too free you give your soul's rare wine;

The world will quaff, but it will not repay."  
Yet into the emptied flagons, day by day,  
True hearts pour back a nectar as divine.

Thy heritage! Is it not Love's estate?  
Look to it then, and keep its soil tilled.  
I hold that my best wishes are fulfilled  
Because I love so much, and can not hate.