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Part Twenty-Ninth.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is paged separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 29.

THE STARRY FLAG.—STOCKTON BATES.

From proud Atlantic's surging waves
To where the broad Pacific lies,
And playfully the bright sand laves
Beneath clear, sunny skies ;

From far along Canadian lines,
The rocky borders of the land,
To where the Gulf in beauty shines,
And breaks upon the strand ;

From Alleghany's crested mounts,
And on the Rocky's summits gray,
Where, brightly, snow-fed crystal founts
Are welling forth alway ;

On Mississippi's mighty tides,
And on Ohio's silver stream,
Or where the Susquehanna glides,
Or Schuylkill's ripples gleam ;

Where Delaware, with current grave,
Is sweeping outward to the sea ;
In every land, on every wave,
The Starry Flag floats free !

And through all time this flag above,
In triumph o'er oppression's holds,
Shall, in the light of peace and love,
Unroll its glorious folds.

GRANDDAD'S POLKA.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

Granddad sat outside the door,
 Late in the summer afternoon,
 While the soft breeze waved his silvery hair
 And seemed like a far-off, low, sweet tune.

"Hark!" said Granddad. "What is that sound?—
 Is it the violin that I hear?
 Hark! There it is! 'Tis only the air,
 You say, in the waving trees, my dear?"

He closed his eyes, and smiled. Then, "Hark!"
 He said. "That's a fiddle—aye, a bassoon;
 Child, 'tis a band—don't you hear it now?
 Why, girl, don't you know that old, old tune?"

"'Tis the polky I danced long, long ago,
 With your grandmother, dead this many a year!
 'Twas the night I met her first, you know.
 She was prettier far than you, my dear,

"With dimples in her soft young cheeks
 That were pink as the roses in your belt,
 And her eyes were blue as the sky up there,
 With a mist in them making it seem they'd melt.

"Her neck was bare, and as white as snow,
 And her gown had a waist up under her arms,
 And 'twas short, and you saw her twinkling feet
 In slippers fit for a watch-guard charms.

"I wore a coat all collar, my dear,
 And a nankeen waistcoat, a satin stock;
 I could scarce see over, and white kid gloves
 And my hair on my forehead in one love-lock.

"Fifty years ago, it was,
 That ball where I met and danced with her—
 I can feel her breath on my cheek, while we
 Go round and round the room in a whir,

"The fiddlers playing the prettiest tune—
 I hoped it would go on endlessly,
 For me and your grandmother loved at once
 And we loved forever, Nancy and me.

*Author of "Jamie," "If I should die to-night," "Our Columbus," "Euoice,"
 "The Masque," etc., in previous Numbers of this Series.

“Hark! That’s the polky!” He raised his arms,
As though he clasped a partner fair,
A smile on his wrinkled, care-worn face,
And the soft breeze waved his silvery hair.

“Dear Miss Nancy,” he murmured. “So!
One! Two! Three! And now for a start!
Don’t you be timid! I know how it is—
Do I hear my heart, or is it your heart?”

“Miss Nancy, dear, they’re rare violins,
They cry like my soul for you, my love;
Nancy, my sweetheart, this polky is ours—
Look in my eyes, my dearie, my dove!

“And to think I thought I was lonely, sweet,
Thought I was sitting here all alone,
Thought you had left me you love so well—
Nancy, I thought you was dead and gone.

“’Twas all a dream! Why, sweetheart, I thought
I was old, and wrinkled, and threescore ten,
And my granddaughter wheeled me out in the sun,
And I was like the feeblest o’ men.

“I thought we had daughters and sons, sweetheart,
Some looked like you and some looked like me,
And I was called old and smiled at when
I gave my opinion of things, dearie.

“I thought I was often tired and cried,
‘Come to me, Nancy, I want you so,
For our boys and our girls they have their joys
And I’m in the way. Oh, come to me, oh!’

“I thought all this, and yet all the while
’Twas the polky music, and you and me
Was dancing our first dance, heart to heart,
And hand in hand, most joyfully.

“Do you love me, dear, as I love you?
Nay, nay, look up in my eyes and say
If you forgive me for telling you
So much on the very first happy day?”

“One! Two! Three! And away we go!”
He spread his hands, so old and thin—
And was it the breeze that sounded so
Like a far-off wailing violin?

Or was it indeed the tune of old,
 The polka Granddad thought he heard?
 We crept together, out there on the lawn,
 And the twilight came with mystery stirred.

"One! Two! Three!" smiled old Granddad,
 "Nancy, sweetheart, my timid doe!"
 He fondled something up in his arms
 We could not see and we could not know.

His old voice raised a ghost of a tune,
 A polka which no one there had heard—
 "One! Two! Three! And away we go!
 Sweetheart, you are as light as a bird!

"And to think that I dreamed as we danced, my dear,
 That I was old and that you was gone,
 And we'd sons and daughters, and I was here,
 Wheeled by our granddaughter out in the sun.

"Nay, but I have you and ever shall have,
 Light of my light, and warmth of my heart;
 We are full of sweet life, we are full of glad joy,
 We are young and together, not old and apart.

"I hold you, dear; I am young and strong.
 I *dreamed* the sadness." From underneath
 His eyelid rolled a tear. "Sweetheart,
 Naught shall divide us, not even death.

"One! Two! Three!" His arms sank down;
 The soft breeze waved his silvery hair.
 "The polky's done!" he sighed. We called—
 But Granddad was lying dead in his chair.

MRS. BROWNLOW'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

ADAPTED FOR PUBLIC READING.

It was fine Christmas weather. Several light snowstorms in the early part of December had left the earth fair and white, and the sparkling, cold days that followed were enough to make the most crabbed and morose of mankind cheerful, as with a foretaste of the joyous season at hand. Down town, the sidewalks were crowded

with mothers and sisters, buying gifts for their sons, brothers, and husbands, who found it impossible to get anywhere by taking the ordinary course of foot-travel, and were obliged to stalk along the snowy streets beside the curbstone, in a sober but not ill-humored row.

Among those who were looking forward to the holidays with keen anticipations of pleasure, were Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of Shadow Street, ———. They had quietly talked the matter over together, and decided that, as there were three children in the family (not counting themselves, as they might well have done), it would be a delightful and not too expensive luxury, to give a little Christmas party.

“You see, John,” said Mrs. Brownlow, “we’ve been asked, ourselves, to half a dozen candy-pulls and parties since we’ve lived here, and it seems nothin’ but fair that we should do it once ourselves.”

“That’s so, Clarissy,” replied her husband slowly; “but then—there’s so many of us, and my salary’s—well, it would cost considerable, little woman, wouldn’t it?”

“I’ll tell you what!” she exclaimed. “We needn’t have a regular grown-up party, but just one for children. We can get a small tree, and a bit of a present for each of the boys and girls, with ice-cream and cake, and let it go at that. The whole thing sha’n’t cost ten dollars.”

“Good!” said Mr. Brownlow heartily. “I knew you’d get some way out of it. Let’s tell Bob and Sue and Polly, so they can have the fun of looking forward to it.”

So it was settled, and all hands entered into the plan with such a degree of earnestness that one would have thought these people were going to have some grand gift themselves, instead of giving to others, and pinching for a month afterwards, in their own comforts, as they knew they would have to do.

First of all the question to be determined was, whom should they invite. It was finally settled that all the well-to-do families in the neighborhood should be asked, and a special invitation was to be given to Mr. Brown-

low's employers. This important item having been arranged, they visited the toy stores where the bewildering array of tempting novelties put Mrs. Brownlow at her wit's end to make a choice, for she intended that each of her little guests should have a gift.

Christmas eve at length arrived and the huge tree which Mr. Brownlow had bought was, after an obstinate resistance, finally induced to stand upright,—as fair and comely a Christmas tree as one would wish to see. The presents were hung upon the branches, and when all was furnished, which was not before midnight, the family withdrew to their beds, with weary limbs and brains, but with light-hearted anticipation of to-morrow.

Next morning the Brownlows were early astir, full of the joyous spirit of the day. There was a clamor of Christmas greetings, and a delighted medley of shouts from the children over the few simple gifts that had been secretly laid aside for them. But the ruling thought in every heart was the party. It was to come off at five o'clock in the afternoon, when it would be just dark enough to light the candles on the tree.

In spite of all the hard work of the preceding days, there was not a moment to spare that forenoon. The house, as the head of the family facetiously remarked, was a perfect hive of B's.

As the appointed hour drew near, their nervousness increased. The children had been scrubbed from top to toe, and dressed in their very best clothes; Mrs. Brownlow wore a cap with maroon ribbons, which she had a misgiving were too gaudy for a person of her sedate years. Nor was the excitement confined to the interior of the house. The tree was placed in the front parlor, close to the window, and by half-past four a dozen ragged children were gathered about the iron fence of the little front yard, gazing open-mouthed and open-eyed at the spectacular wonders within. At a quarter before five Mrs. Brownlow's heart beat hard, every time she heard a strange footstep in their quiet street. It was a little

odd that none of the guests had arrived; but then, it was fashionable to be late!

Ten minutes more passed. Still no arrivals. It was evident that each was planning not to be the first to get there, and that they would all descend on the house and assault the door bell at once. Mrs. Brownlow repeatedly smoothed the wrinkles out of her tidy apron, and Mr. Brownlow began to perspire, with responsibility.

Meanwhile the crowd outside, recognizing no rigid bonds of etiquette, rapidly increased in numbers. Mr. Brownlow, to pass the time and please the poor little homeless creatures, lighted two of the candles.

The response from the front yard fence was immediate. A low murmur of delight ran along the line, and several dull-eyed babies were hoisted, in the arms of babies scarcely older than themselves, to behold the rare vision of candles in a tree, just illumining the further splendors glistening here and there among the branches.

The kind man's heart warmed towards them, and he lighted two more candles. The delight of the audience could now hardly be restrained, and the babies, having been temporarily lowered by the aching little arms of their respective nurses, were shot up once more to view the redoubled grandeur.

The whole family had become so much interested in these small outcasts that they had not noticed the flight of time. Now some one glanced suddenly at the clock, and exclaimed:

“It's nearly half past five!”

The Brownlows looked at one another blankly. Poor Mrs. Brownlow's smart ribbons drooped in conscious abasement, while mortification and pride struggled in their wearer's kindly face, over which, after a moment's silence, one large tear slowly rolled, and dropped off.

Mr. Brownlow gave himself a little shake and sat down, as was his wont upon critical occasions. As his absent gaze wandered about the room, so prettily decked for the guests who didn't come, it fell upon a little worn,

gilt-edged volume on the table. At that sight, a new thought occurred to him. "Clarissy," he said softly, going over to his wife and putting his arm around her, "Clarissy," seein's the well-off folks haven't accepted, don't you think we'd better invite some of the others in?" And he pointed significantly toward the window.

Mrs. Brownlow, despatching another tear after the first, nodded. She was not quite equal to words yet. Being a woman, the neglect of her little party cut her even more deeply than it did her husband.

Mr. Brownlow stepped to the front door. Nay more, he walked down the short flight of steps, took one little girl by the hand, and said in his pleasant, fatherly way, "Wouldn't you like to go in and look at the tree; Come, Puss," (to the waif at his side) "we'll start first."

With these words he led the way back through the open door, and into the warm, lighted room. The children hung back a little, but seeing that no harm came to the first guest, soon flocked in, each trying to keep behind all the rest, but at the same time shouldering the babies up into view as before.

In the delightful confusion that followed, the good hosts forgot all about the miscarriage of their plans. They completely outdid themselves, in efforts to please their hastily acquired company. Bob spoke a piece, the girls sang duets. Mrs. Brownlow had held every individual baby in her motherly arms before half an hour was over. And as for Mr. Brownlow, it was simply marvelous to see him go among those children, giving them the presents, and initiating their owners into the mysterious impelling forces of monkeys with yellow legs and gymnastic tendencies; filling the boys' pockets with pop-corn, blowing horns and tin whistles; now assaulting the tree (it had been lighted throughout, and—bless it—how firm it stood now!) for fresh novelties, now diving into the kitchen and returning in an unspeakably cohesive state of breathlessness and molasses candy,—all the while laughing, talking, patting heads, joking, until

the kindly "Spirit of Christmas Present" would have wept and smiled at once, for the pleasure of the sight.

"And now, my young friends," said Mr. Brownlow, raising his voice, "we'll have a little ice-cream in the back room. Ladies first, gentlemen afterward!" So saying, he gallantly stood on one side, with a sweep of his hand, to allow Mrs. Brownlow to precede him. But just as the words left his mouth there came a sharp ring at the door bell.

"It's a carriage!" gasped Mrs. Brownlow, flying to the front window, and backing precipitately. "Susie, go to that door an' see who 'tis. Land sakes, *what* a mess this parlor's in!" And she gazed with a true housekeeper's dismay at the littered carpet and dripping candles.

"Deacon Holsum and Mrs. Hartwell, pa!" announced Susie, throwing open the parlor door.

The lady thus mentioned came forward with outstretched hand. Catching a glimpse of Mrs. Brownlow's embarrassed face she exclaimed quickly:

"Isn't this splendid! Father and I were just driving past, and we saw your tree through the window, and couldn't resist dropping in upon you. You won't mind us, will you?"

"Mind—you!" repeated Mrs. Brownlow, in astonishment. "Why of course not—only you were so late—we didn't expect—"

Mrs. Hartwell looked puzzled.

"Pardon me,—I don't think I quite understand—"

"The invitation was for five, you know, ma'am."

"But we received no invitation!"

Mr. Brownlow, who had greeted the deacon heartily and then listened with amazement to this conversation, now turned upon Bob, with a signally futile attempt at a withering glance.

Bob looked as puzzled as the rest, for a moment. Then his face fell, and he flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I—I—must have—forgot—" he stammered.

"Forgotten what?"

“The invitations—they’re in my desk now!” said Bob, with utterly despairing tone and self-abasement.

Mrs. Hartwell’s silvery little laugh rang out—it was as near moonlight playing on the upper keys of an organ as anything you can imagine—and she grasped Mrs. Brownlow’s hand.

“You poor dear!” she cried, kissing her hostess, who stood speechless, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, “so that’s why nobody came! But who has cluttered—who has been having such a good time here, then?”

Mr. Brownlow silently led the last two arrivals to the door of the next room, and pointed in. It was now the kind deacon’s turn to be touched.

“‘Into the highways!’” he murmured, as he looked upon the unwashed, hungry little circle about the table.

“I s’pose,” said Mr. Brownlow doubtfully, “they’d like to have you sit down with ’em, just’s if they were folks—if you don’t mind?”

Mind! I wish you could have seen the rich furs and overcoat come off and go down on the floor in a heap, before Polly could catch them!

When they were all seated, Mr. Brownlow looked over to the deacon, and he asked a blessing on the little ones gathered there. “Thy servants, the masters of this house have suffered them to come unto Thee,” he said in his prayer. “Wilt Thou take them into Thine arms, O Father of lights, and bless them!”

A momentary hush followed, and then the fun began again. Sweetly and swiftly kind words flew back and forth across the table, each one carrying its own golden thread and weaving the hearts of poor and rich into the one fine fabric of brotherhood and humanity they were meant to form.

Outside, the snow had begun to fall, each crystaled flake whispering softly as it touched the earth that Christmas night, “*Peace—Peace!*”

—*Every Other Saturday.*

HOW MICKEY GOT KILT IN THE WAR.

A pinsion-claim agent! Will, then, sor,
 You're the mon that I'm wanting to see!
 I've a claim for a pinsion that's due me,
 And I want yez to get it for me.

Will, no, sor, I niver was wounded,
 For the fact is I didn't inlist;
 Though I would have been off to the army,
 Had I not had a boil on me fist.

But me b'y, me poor Mickey, was kilt, sor;
 An', whin poets the story shall tell,
 Sure the counthry will then be erectin'
 A monument there where he fell.

He was not cut in two wid a sabre,
 Nor struck wid a big cannon ball;
 But he lepped from a four-story windy,
 An', bedad! he got kilt in the fall.

Yis, it was a rash le'p to be making;
 But, in faith, thin, he had to, I'm sure;
 For he heard them a shlamming an' banging,
 An' a thrying to break in the dure.

They were going to capture poor Mickey;
 An' to kape from their clutches, poor b'y,
 He had to le'p out of the windy,
 An' indeed it was four-stories high.

No, it was not the fall, sor, that kilt him;
 It was stopping so sudden, you see,
 Whin he got to the bottom it jarred him,
 An' that kilt him as dead as could be.

Och! he loved the owld flag, did brave Mickey,
 An' he died for his counthry, although
 He was not killed in battle exactly;
 He was lepping the bounties, you know.

'Twas the marshal was after him—yis, sor;
 An', in fact, he was right at the dure,
 When he made the le'p out of the windy,
 An' he never lepped bounties no more.

So av coorse, I'm intitled to a pinsion,
 An' the owld woman too, is, because

We were both, sor, dependant on Mickey,
The darlin' brave b'y that he was.

Av coorse ye'll not 'av any trouble,
So go on wid yez now, sor, an' fill
Out a lot of thim blank affidavits,
An' I'll swear to thim all, so I will.

It's swate, yis, to die for wan's counthry;
But, bedad! I can't help but abhor
Thim battles where people got hurted,
Since Mickey got kilt in the war.

AFTER THE BATTLE.—V. STUART MOSBY.

It was after the din of the battle
Had ceased, in the silence and gloom,
When hushed was the musketry's rattle,
And quiet the cannon's deep boom.
The smoke of the conflict had lifted,
And drifted away from the sun,
While the soft crimson light, slowly fading from sight,
Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle
Rang out on the clear autumn air,
And the echoes caught back from the mountains
Faint whispers, like breathings of prayer.
The arrows of sunlight that slanted
Through the trees, touched a brow white as snow,
On the bloody sod lying, mid the dead and the dying,
And it flushed in the last parting glow.

The dark, crimson tide slowly ebbing
Stained red the light jacket of gray;
But another in blue sadly knelt by his side
And watched the life passing away.
Said the jacket in gray, "I've a brother—
Joe Turner—he lives up in Maine.
Give him these—and say my last message
Was forgiveness." Here a low moan of pain
Checked his voice. Then—"You'll do me this favor,
For you shot me"—and his whisper sank low.
Said the jacket in blue, "Brother Charlie,
There's no need—I'm your brother—I'm Joe."

THE REASON WHY.—KATHARINE H. TERRY.

It isn't that I've got a thing agin' you, Parson Peak,
Nor agin' the many "tried and true" I've met there every
week,

It's not for this I've stayed away so many Sabba' days
From the cherished little meetin'-house where oft I've joined
in praise.

But listen—if you care to know—and I will tell you all.
I think 'twas 'bout two year ago—or was it three, last fall?—
The wealthy members voted that they'd have the seats made
free,

And most of us was willin' with the notion to agree.

Perhaps the meanin' o' the word I didn't quite understand;
For the Sunday after, walkin' 'long with Elsie, hand in hand,
(You know the little blue-eyed girl—her mother now is dead,
And I am Elsie's grandpa; but let me go ahead.)

Well, thinkin' o' the Master and how homelike it would be
To take a seat just anywhere, now that the seats was free,
I walked in at the open door and up the centre aisle,
And sat down tired, but happy in the light of Elsie's smile.

I listened to your preachin' with an "amen" in my heart,
And when the hymns was given out I tried to do my part;
And my love seemed newly kindled for the one great power
above

And something seemed to answer back: "For love I give
thee love."

But when the benediction came and we was passin' out,
A whispered sentence, with my name, caused me to turn
about.

'Twas not exactly words like this, but words that meant it all,
"It's strange that paupers never know their place is by the
wall."

It wasn't 'bout myself I cared for what the speaker said,
But the little blossom at my side, with pretty upturned
head;

And lookin' down at Elsie, there, I thought of Elsie's
mother,

And thoughts my better natur' scorned I tried in vain to
smother.

I've been to meetin' twice since then and set down by the wall,
But kept a-thinkin'—thinkin'—till my thoughts was turned
to gall;

And when the old familiar hymns was given out to sing,
One look at Elsie's shinin' curls would choke my utterin'.

And so I thought it best awhile to stay at home and praise,
 Or take a walk in field or wood and there trace out His ways.
 "It's better so," my old heart said, "than gather with the
 throng
 And let your feelin's rankle with a real or fancied wrong."
 But I'm prayin', parson, all the time (and wish you'd help
 me pray),
 When one and all are gathered home in the great comin' day;
 When men are weighed by honest deeds and love to fellow-
 men,
 I wont be thought a pauper in the light I'm seen in then.

THEN AND NOW.—MARY M'GUIRE.

I was so small they lifted me to see
 Her still, white face, lying mid folds of lace,
 In that hard bed.
 They told me she was dead,—
 The little friend whom I
 Had loved so much.
 I shivered at the touch
 Of the pale hand—I could not understand,
 Not then.

And when again, companionless, I strayed
 Through sunshine bright, and saw the yellow light
 Like billows pass
 Across wild fields of grass
 Where we had played;
 I turned aside and covered up my face—
 Remembering that dark space—
 And wondered why God made her die
 And let me live.

It rests me now,—the memory I keep
 Of that hushed face; no bloom in life's dark place
 Seems fair to me
 As death's white mystery,—
 That slumber deep.
 O little playmate of life's margin years
 (Alas! these tears),
 I wonder why God let you die,
 And made me live!

JOE STRIKER AND THE SHERIFF.

Our sheriff is a man of rather high intelligence, but he also has a singular capacity for perpetrating dreadful blunders. Over in the town of Nockamixon one of the churches last year called a clergyman named Rev. Joseph Striker. In the same place, by a most unfortunate coincidence, resides also a prize-fighter named Joseph Striker, and rumors were afloat a few weeks ago that the latter Joseph was about to engage in a contest with a Jersey pugilist for the championship. Our sheriff considered it his duty to warn Joseph against the proposed infraction of the laws, and so he determined to call upon the professor of the art of self-defense. Unhappily, in inquiring the way to the pugilist's house, somebody misunderstood the sheriff, and sent him to the residence of the Rev. Joseph Striker, of whom he had never heard. When Mr. Striker entered the room in answer to the summons, the sheriff said to him familiarly,

"Hello, Joe! How are you?"

Mr. Striker was amazed at this address, but he politely said,

"Good-morning."

"Joe," said the sheriff, throwing his leg lazily over the arm of the chair, "I came round here to see you about that mill with Harry Dingus that they're all talking about. I want you to understand that it can't come off anywheres around here. You know well enough it's against the law, and I aint a-going to have it."

"Mill! Mill, sir? What on earth do you mean?" asked Mr. Striker, in astonishment. "I do not own any mill, sir. Against the law! I do not understand you, sir."

"Now, see here, Joe," said the sheriff, biting off a piece of tobacco and looking very wise, "that wont go down with me. It's pretty thin, you know. I know well enough that you've put up a thousand dollars on that little affair, and that you've got the whole thing fixed, with Bill Martin for referee. I know you're

going down to Pea Patch Island to have it out, and I'm not going to allow it. I'll arrest you as sure as a gun if you try it on, now mind me!"

"Really, sir," said Mr. Striker, "there must be some mistake about—"

"Oh no, there isn't; your name's Joe Striker, isn't it?" asked the sheriff.

"My name is Joseph Striker, certainly."

"I knew it," said the sheriff, spitting on the carpet; "and you see I've got this thing dead to rights. It sha'n't come off; and I'm doing you a favor in blocking the game, because Harry'd curl you all up any way if I let you meet him. I know he's the best man, and you'd just lose your money and get all bunged up besides; so you take my advice now, and quit. You'll be sorry if you don't."

"I do not know what you are referring to," said Mr. Striker. "Your remarks are incomprehensible to me, but your tone is very offensive; and if you have any business with me, I'd thank you to state it at once."

"Joe," said the sheriff, looking at him with a benign smile, "you play it pretty well. Anybody'd think you were innocent as a lamb. But it wont work, Joseph—it wont work, I tell you. I've got a duty to perform, and I'm going to do it; and I pledge you my word, if you and Dingus don't knock off now, I'll arrest you and send you up for ten years as sure as death. I'm in earnest about it."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Mr. Striker, fiercely.

"Oh, don't you go to putting on any airs about it! Don't you try any strutting before me," said the sheriff, "or I'll put you under bail this very afternoon. Let's see: how long were you in jail the last time? Two years, wasn't it? Well, you go fighting with Dingus and you'll get ten years sure."

"You are certainly crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Striker.

"I don't see what you want to stay at that business for, anyhow," said the sheriff. "Here you are, in a

snug home, where you might live in peace and keep respectable. But no, you must associate with low characters, and go to stripping yourself naked and jumping into a ring to get your nose blooded and your head swelled and your body hammered to a jelly; and all for what? Why, for a championship! It's ridiculous. What good'll it do you if you are champion? Why don't you try to be honest and decent, and let prize-fighting alone?"

"This is the most extraordinary conversation I ever listened to," said Mr. Striker. "You evidently take me for a—"

"I take you for Joe Striker; and if you keep on, I'll take you to jail," said the sheriff, with emphasis. "Now, you tell me who's got those stakes and who's your trainer, and I'll put an end to the whole thing."

"You seem to imagine that I am a pugilist," said Mr. Striker. "Let me inform you, sir, that I am a clergyman."

"Joe," said the sheriff, shaking his head, "It's too bad for you to lie that way—too bad, indeed."

"But I *am* a clergyman, sir,—pastor of the church of St. Sepulchre. Look! here is a letter in my pocket addressed to me."

"You don't really mean to say that you're a preacher named Joseph Striker?" exclaimed the sheriff, looking scared.

"Certainly I am. Come up stairs and I'll show you a barrellful of my sermons."

"Well, if this don't beat Nebuchadnezzar!" said the sheriff. "This is awful! Why, I mistook you for Joe Striker, the prize-fighter! I don't know how I ever—a preacher! What a fool I've made of myself! I don't know how to apologize; but if you want to kick me down the front steps, just kick away; I'll bear it like an angel."

Then the sheriff withdrew unkicked, and Mr. Striker went up stairs to finish his Sunday sermon. The sheriff talked of resigning, but he continues to hold on.

SPEAK GENTLY.—DAVID BATES.

This beautiful, and well known poem, was originally published in Philadelphia, in 1845. The author died, January, 1870.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
How frail are all! how vain!
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them—"Peace, be still."

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

"IF IT WAS NOT FOR THE DRINK."

A. L. WESTCOMBE.

'Tis close upon the midnight chimes,
 The fire is burning low,
 My eyes are blinded so with tears
 I cannot see to sew ;
 I'm faint and hungry, and I fain
 Would eat a crust of bread,
 But I must leave it till the morn,
 The children must be fed.
 I sent them early to their bed,
 Their hunger to forget,
 And stole to see them as they slept,
 But still their cheeks were wet.
 I little thought, five years ago,
 That we to this should sink—
 And we might all be happy still,
 If it was not for the drink.

We have but rags upon us now,
 Our clothes are all in pawn,
 And one by one the things I loved,
 For rent and food are gone.
 There's nothing but my shadow now
 Across the empty space
 Where our old clock stood, year after year,
 With its round and cheery face.
 I used to like to hear it tick,
 And to see the hour draw on
 That brought my Joe again to me
 When his day's work was done.
 But when I hear his footstep now
 My heart begins to sink ;
 Yet he would be so kind and good
 If it was not for the drink.

I'm thankful that your mother's lot
 Can never rest on you,
 My Lizzie with the flaxen curls,
 And eyes so large and blue.
 There seemed no bitterness in death,
 As I stood beside your grave,
 For the Heavenly Shepherd had stooped down,
 The weakest lamb to save.

You'll never cry again, my child,
With hunger or with cold,
For the sound of weeping is not heard
In the city all of gold.
Yet still I miss your little face,
And the tears fall as I think
I might have had you with me still,
If there had not been the drink.

Oh! sometimes when I'm sitting here
I wish that I were dead,
And resting in the quiet grave
My weary heart and head;
But then again I look around
On Johnnie and on Kate,
And call the wish back as I think
Of what would be their fate,
Without my hands to wash and mend,
Without my hands to strive
To earn a little bit of bread
To keep us just alive.
For it's very, very seldom now,
That I hear Joe's wages chink;
But he would bring them all to me,
If it was not for the drink.

Ah me! it is a bitter grief
To feel one's love and trust
Have leaned upon a broken reed,
And built upon the dust!
This bruise is sore—but oh! my heart
Is sorer still to know,
And try to hide, whose hand it was
That gave the cruel blow.
For the drink has got that hold on Joe,
That he can't tell wrong from right;
He's dark and sullen in the morn,
But he's worse, far worse, at night.
And wicked words he often says,
That make me start and shrink—
But they would never pass his lips,
If it was not for the drink.

I feel ashamed to go to church,
Though a comfort it would be,
For the folk would think I came to beg,
If they my rags should see.

'Tis very long since I have had
 A gown that was not old,
 And my bonnet has been soaked with rain,
 And my Sunday shawl is sold;
 And so I have to stay at home,
 And silently to pray
 That God would pity my poor Joe,
 And take his sin away,
 While he sits sleeping heavily
 Without the power to think;
 Yet he would think, and he would pray,
 If it was not for the drink.

It makes me mad to see the man
 Who sells that curse, go by
 With his glittering rings and chain of gold,
 Holding his head so high.
 'Tis hard to see his wife and girls
 In silks and satins shine,
 And to know the money that they spend
 Should some of it be mine.
 And I'm ready oftentimes to wish
 That all the drink could be,
 With those that make and those that sell,
 Flung down into the sea;
 For almost all the country's woe
 And crime would with them sink,
 And men might have the chance for good,
 If it was not for the drink.

WASHINGTON.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the new wing of the Capitol at Washington, July 4, 1851.

Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. Mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as

well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, if this vision were a reality; if Washington actually were now amongst us, and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own day, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us: "Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity!"

Great father of your country! we heed your words; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who

come after us shall be denied the same high function. Our honor, as well as our happiness, is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California!

“VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?”

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.*

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
 Altogeddher on how you look at it, mine friends.
 Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der races,
 It depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
 Eef dhey don't pool togeddher right off at der sthart,
 Ten dimes oudt off nine dhey was beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
 Dhose dot's oudt would be in, dhose dot's in would be oudt;
 Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und dash,
 Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash;
 Budt, after der honeymoon, where vas der honey?
 She haf der oxberience—he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,
 Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?
 Vot you dink dot der oldt “Pilgrim faders” would say,
 Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth bay,
 To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
 Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, erc you tell,
 To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, where Varren fell;
 Dink off Vashington, Franklin und “Honest Old Abe”—
 Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe.

*Author of “Leedle Yawcob Strauss,” “Dot Baby off Mine,” “Mother's Doughnuts,” “Der Oak und der Vine,” and other popular dialect recitations to be found in previous issues of this Series.

I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!
I pelief every dime, in sooch "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come here eef you
blease,"
Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und little Lowceze
By dhere shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying der prayer.
Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures dhere?"

SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS.—FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

- "A little bit queer"—my Mary!
"Her roof not quite in repair!"
And it's *that* you think, with a nod and wink,
As you sit in my easy chair!
Drop it, I say, old feller;
Drop it, I tell you, do,
• Or language, I doubt, I shall soon let out
I'd rather not use to you.
- Shake hands, and I ax your pardon—
'Twas chaffing I knowed you were;
But a hint or a slur or a joke on *her*
Is a thing as I can't abear.
And what if she has her fancies?
Why, so has us all, old chap;
Not many's the roof as is reg'lar proof,
If a bit of a whim's a gap.
- She's up to the nines, my Mary;
Lord bless her, she keeps us right!
It's up with her gown and the house scrubbed down
As certain as Friday night.
Is it rheumatiz, cough, lumbager?
Is anything queer inside?
She'll physic you up with a sup in a cup
As tickles the doctor's pride.
- Is it mending of socks or trousers,
Or starching your best cravat?
Is it letting alone the joint with the bone,
And choosing the goose that's fat?
She hasn't her likes, my Mary—
And never put out nor riled;

She hasn't a fad, and she never had—
Excepting about the child.

Six years we was wed, and over,
And never a cradle got;
And nowheres, I swear, a more dotinger pair
On baby and tiny tot;
So when of a winter morning
At last we was 'ma and dad,
No Royal Princess had the welcome, I guess,
As our little stranger had.

Lord, wasn't she Christmas sunshine
To gladden the childless place!
She was nothing in size, with tremenjous eyes,
And the oldest-fashioned face.
She'd stare at the folks that knowing,
Laid over the nurse's knee,
As I'd laugh, and I'd say, in a joking way,
"She's older nor you nor me."

And wasn't she nuts to Mary!
Just picter her, them as can,
A-doing her best with her mother's breast
For Alexandrina Ann!
It was so as we'd named the baby,
By way of a start in life,
From parties, I knew, as could help her through,—
The Queen and my uncle's wife.

And wasn't the baby fêted!
She lay in her bassinot
With muslin and lace on her tiny face,
As ever growed smaller yet.
But it wasn't in lace nor coral
To bribe her to linger here;
I looks in her eyes, and "She's off," I sighs,
"She's off to her proper sp'ere."

Her treasures was all around her,
But she was too wise and grave
For the pug on the shelf and, as big as herself,
The doll as her grand'ma gave.
She wanted the stars for playthings,
Our wonderful six-weeks' guest:
So, with one little sigh, she closed her eye,
And woke on a hangel's breast.

And how did the missis take it?
 Most terrible calm and mild;
 With a face a'most like a bloodless ghost
 She covered the sleeping child.
 There was me, like a six-foot babby,
 A-blubbering long and loud,
 While she sat there in the rocking-chair,
 A-sewing the little shroud.

I couldn't abide to see it—
 The look in her tearless eye;
 I touches her so, and I whispers low,
 "My darlingest, can't you cry?"
 She gave me a smile for answer,
 Then over her work she bowed,
 And all through the night her needle bright
 Was sewing the little shroud.

In the gray of the winter morning,
 The sun like a ball of flame,
 Sent up like a toy by a whistling boy,
 The mite of a coffin came.
 He reckoned it only a plaything,—
 A drum or a horse-and-cart,—
 The box that had space, O Father of Grace,
 To bury a mother's heart!

Great God, such a shaller coffin,
 And yet so awful deep!
 I placed it there by the poor wife's chair,
 And I thinks, "At last she'll weep."
 But she rose with never a murmur,
 As calm as a spectre thin,
 And—waxy and cold and so light to hold—
 She places the baby in.

Then, moving with noiseless footfall,
 She reaches from box and shelf
 The little 'un's mug, and the china pug,
 And the doll that was big as herself.
 Then—God! it was dread to watch her—
 All white in her crape-black gown,
 With her own cold hands, my Mary stands
 And fastens the coffin down.

I carried the plaything coffin,
 Tucked under my arm just so;
 And she stood there at the head of the stair,

And quietly watched us go.
 So parson he comes in his nightgown,
 And says that as grass is man;
 And earth had trust of the pinch of dust
 That was Alexandrina Ann.

I was trying to guess the riddle
 I never could answer pat—
 What the Wisdom and Love as is planning above
 Could mean by a life like that;
 And I'd*got my foot on the doorstep,
 When, scaring my mournful dream,
 Shrill, wild and clear, there tore on my ear
 The sound of a manyac scream,
 The scream of a raving manyac,
 But, Father of death and life!
 I listened and knew, the madness through,
 The voice of my childless wife.
 One moment I clutched and staggered,
 Then down on my bended knee,
 And up to the sky my wrestling cry
 Went up for my wife and me.

I went to her room, and found her;
 She sat on the floor, poor soul!
 Two burning streaks on her death-pale cheeks,
 And eyes that were gleeds of coal.
 And now she would shriek and shudder,
 And now she would laugh aloud,
 And now for awhile, with an awful smile,
 She'd sew at a little shroud.

Dear Lord! through the day and darkness,
 Dear Lord! through the endless night,
 I sat at her side, while she shrieked and cried,
 And I thought it would ne'er be light.
 And still, through the blackness, thronging
 With shapes that was dread to see,
 My shuddering cry to the God on high
 Went up for my girl and me.

At last, through the winder, morning
 Came glimmering cold and pale;
 And, faint but clear, to my straining ear
 Was carried a feeble wail.

I went to the door in wonder,
 And there, in the dawning day,

All swaddled and bound in a bundle round,
A sweet little baby lay.

It lay on the frosty doorstep,
A peart little two-months' child;
Dumfounded and slow, I raised it so,
And it looked in my face and smiled.
And so, as I kissed and loved it,
I grajuly growed aware
As the Father in bliss had sent us this,
The answer to wrestling prayer.

In wonder and joy and worship,
With tears that were soft and blest,
I carried the mite, and, still and light,
I laid it on Mary's breast.
I didn't know how she'd take it,
She goes on an artful tack:
"The little 'un cried for her mother's side,
And the hangels has sent her back!"

My God! I shall ne'er forget it,
Though spared for a hundred years,—
The soft delight on her features white,
The rush of her blissful tears.
The eyes that was hard and vacant
Grew wonderful sweet and mild,
As she cries, "Come rest on your mammy's breast,
My own little hangel child!"

And so from that hour my darling
Grew happy and strong and well;
And the joy that I felt as to God I knelt
Is what I can nowadays tell.
There's parties as sneers and tells you
There's nothing bnt clouds up there;
I answers 'em so: "There's a God, I *know*,
And a Father that heareth prayer."

And what if my Mary fancies
The babe is a child of light,—
Our own little dear sent back to us here!
And mayn't she be somewheres right?
Here, Mary, my darling, Mary!
A friend has come in to town;
Don't mind for her nose nor changing her clo'es,
But bring us the hangel down.

GRANT.—MELVILLE W. FULLER.

General Ulysses S. Grant, the foremost military commander of the age, and twice President of the United States, was born April 27, 1822 and died July 23, 1885. The following beautiful tribute to his memory was written by the present (1889) Chief Justice of the United States.

Let drum to trumpet speak—
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannon to the heavens from each redoubt,
 Each lowly valley and each lofty peak,
 As to his rest the great commander goes
 Into the pleasant land and earned repose.

The great commander, when
 Is heard no more the sound of war's alarms,
 The bugle's stirring note, the clang of arms,
 Depreciation's tongue would whisper then—
 Only good fortune gave to him success.
 When was there greatness fortune did not bless!

Not in his battles won,
 Though long the well-fought fields may keep their name,
 The gallant soldier finds the meed of fame,
 But in the wide world's sense of duty done;
 His life no struggle for ambition's prize,
 Simply the duty done that next him lies.

And as with him of old,
 Immortal Captain of triumphant Rome,
 Whose eagles made the rounded globe their home,
 How the grand soul of true heroic mould
 Despised resentment and such meaner things,
 That peace might gather all beneath her wings!

No lamentations here,
 The weary hero lays him down to rest
 As tired infant at the mother's breast,
 Without a care, without a thought of fear,
 Walking to greet upon the other shore
 The glorious host of comrades gone before.

Earth to its kindred earth;
 The spirit to the fellowship of souls!
 As slowly time the mighty scroll unrolls
 Of waiting ages yet to have their birth.
 Fame, faithful to the faithful, writes on high
 His name as one that was not born to die.

THE PILOT'S BRIDE.—GEORGE M. VICKERS.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

“Deep locked in the ocean the secret lies
 Of many a ship that ne'er will rise,
 Yet 'tis easier far the world's wrecks to find
 Than to guess one thought in a woman's mind.
 Thus spoke Clyde Howe as he paced the deck
 Of the pilot schooner Nancy. “Neck
 And neck I've been racing for Molly's love,
 With the owner's son on the cliff above ;
 Sometimes she gives him a glance, a smile,
 Then I get the same—if I wait awhile ;
 The fact is I'm tired, and want to know
 Which one of us two's to be Molly's beau.”

Up on a headland bold and high,
 Clean cut and backed by the deep blue sky,
 Rested the mansion of Humphrey Lee,
 Massive and grim as a fort could be ;
 And many's the skipper who sailing by
 Has looked through his glass and wondered why
 No flag, no sentry, nor gun was seen,
 But only its magazine round and green,
 Which, though to the sailors bomb-proof appeared,
 Proved only a moss-topped spring when neared.
 Thus many from habit, and some in sport,
 Oft spoke of the place as Humphrey's Fort.

On the gray stone flags of his portico
 Old Humphrey Lee walked to and fro ;
 At times he would pause and look off to sea,
 Then turn and gaze at a shrub or tree,
 Or cross to the wall at the headland brink,
 Lean over the chasm and seem to think.
 Far down the red rocks of the sheer abyss
 Where ever the wild waves seethe and hiss
 Old Humphrey long peered ; then turned away,
 When right in his path stood, laughing gay,
 His son, young Vivian, tall and fair ;
 Handsome of form, and of haughty air.

*Author of “Buzzard's Point,” “The Cobbler of Lynn,” “Tribulations of Biddy Malone,” “The Potter's Field,” “Little Fritz,” and other favorite readings in previous Numbers. Also the beautiful Temperance Melodrama, “Two Lives,” in No. 8 ; and the very amusing Farce, “The Public Worrier, in” No. 27.

The young man laughed till his cheeks were red,
 He held his sides and then gasping said :
 " Why, father. I've just been watching the race
 'Twixt the frowns and smiles on your changing face ;
 And, asking your pardon, I'm forced to say
 That by odds the dark frowns have won the day !"
 " Aye, frowns, and too many, and smiles too few,
 Where all might be smiles, were it not for you."
 Then old Humphrey continued, more sad than stern,
 " Vivian, my son, try some good to learn ;
 Be manly, and tell me both frank and true,
 What is Molly, the fisherman's child, to you ?"

" Well, really, I've thought not the matter o'er,
 Since Molly's but one of a score or more
 Of the people I speak to or friendly greet
 When we pass in the roads or village street."
 Then old Humphrey took Vivian's proffered arm,
 And remarked that his question implied no harm,
 " But," said he, " this morning I came to know
 That the young woman's coming quite soon to sew ;
 She will stay for a week to help make and mend,
 Though aunt Leah will treat her as guest and friend."
 " I see," laughed his son. And the sunset bright
 Flooded Humphrey's grim fort in a golden light.

'Tis night, and the yellow May moon looks down
 On the restless sea and the little town ;
 It shows on its face, in silhouette,
 Two forms by the headland wall ; and yet
 An observer might easily reckon three,
 Though the bended form's but a withered tree.
 'Tis a lovely scene, and the ocean's roar
 Blends sweet with the tale that's told once more.
 " Molly," plead Vivian, " you soon must go ;
 I love you, then answer me yes—or no."
 " I cannot. I love not," said Molly, " but when
 The harvest moon shines, I will tell you then."

The trim schooner Nancy at anchor lay,
 Her white sails furled and her crew away,
 Away with mothers, with sisters and wives,
 For pilots and sailors lead risky lives ;
 And though long or short, when the cruise is o'er,
 Jack drops his anchor and skips ashore.

To the dim lit porch of a fisher's home
Slowly two earnest talkers come;
They sit on the worn bench side by side
Where the woodbines partly their faces hide.
"Clyde," 'tis Molly's low voice, "I will answer soon; ;
I will tell you one night by the harvest moon."

In the little port 'tis a holiday,
For the old to rest and the young to play.
The sun has gone down in a bank of red,
And a star or two peeps overhead ;
Yet still at old Humphrey's Fort are seen
The villagers dancing upon the green.
On a strip of beach, mid the jutting rocks
Whose slippery sides stay the waves' fierce shocks,
A group of maidens are seeking shells,
By the rest unseen till their shrieks and yells
From the depths of the roaring gulf below
Bespeak their presence and fearful woe.

One moment's confusion, one answering cry,
Then all to the wall in their anguish fly ;
First over its crest young Vivian springs,
Then follows Clyde Howe, as a loud cheer rings
From the men behind, who are slipping fast
Down the long rope ladder; and ere the last
Has touched the slant beach of crumbling shale
Horror strikes them all, and each cheek turns pale.
See! Clyde Howe in the angry billows leaps,
Is struggling hard with the tide that sweeps,
Sweeps Molly far out on a mountain wave,—
Sweeps both to their death, and a cold, deep grave!

"This purse of gold, and ten purses more,
To whoever brings safe that girl ashore!"
Young Vivian's voice has grown shrill with fear,
But no one remains his words to hear,
Save the women above, for the men have sped
For a lifeboat housed in the coast-guard shed.
Onward, yet onward, brave Clyde swims out,
Now lost in the trough, now tossed about;
And weaker, yet weaker the drifting maid
Still struggles, scarce seen in the twilight shade—
Now Clyde—now both in the gathering gloom
Drift swift from sight to their awful doom!

Hark! out from the shadows there comes a cry,
 'Tis a shout of joy and of victory!
 Old men and women gaze eager down
 Where Vivian waits with an anxious frown.
 Huzza! 'tis the lifeboat, one stroke more,
 And she rides the huge breakers safe to shore.
 "Take this purse, brave Clyde," young Vivian said;
 But the hero proudly shook his head,
 And trembling they stood, nigh about to swoon,
 When up from the sea came the harvest moon.
 "Sweet Molly, will you be my prize?" said Clyde;
 And she answered, "Yes, I'm the pilot's bride."

A GAME OF CHESS.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

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CHARACTERS.

FISHER FLODDER, an absent-minded man who is writing a manual on "The Art of Cultivating the Memory."

MAJOR TURLINGTON, whose pride consists in his invincibility at chess.

GUY LEIGH, who should have known better but did not.

MARIAN TURLINGTON, about to be made a victim of her father's pride.

AUNT MINERVA, made to be loved, but having the misfortune to lack lovers.

FANNY, a humble maid who is positive that she is the daughter of titled parents too modest to put in a claim for her.

SCENE.—*Drawing-Room, with stove. Door in center. Entrance at each side. Table with books. Handsome furniture, and piano. Flowers in stands.*

Aunt Minerva and Fanny discovered, the latter tidying the room.

AUNT MINERVA. I must say, Fanny, that for a servant you give your tongue many liberties.

FANNY (*dusting*). I only said, ma'am—

AUNT M. You only said that it was a shame to marry my niece to a man she has never seen.

FANNY. Her father has never seen him either, ma'am. Nor have you.

AUNT M. But he has seen *me* somewhere, it appears, and has openly expressed his admiration of me. A man of pe-

*Author of "A Bonnet for my Wife," in No. 28; and other Comedies and Farces especially suited for Parlor and Amateur Theatricals, which will be found in Dramatic Supplements appended to the earlier Numbers of this Series. A descriptive Catalogue sent free.

cular wit, a wide, far-seeing man whose judgments are singularly mature.

FANNY. Yes, he's not young.

AUNT M. Nor should any husband be young. Youth means flippancy, gush of sentiment, changeability. A husband should be—

FANNY (*eagerly*). Yes—yes—

AUNT M. (*severely*.) A husband.

FANNY. Oh!

AUNT M. Besides, who could come more highly recommended than Mr. Jonathan Chester? Our friends say every thing that's kind of him, his heart and his fortune. Ah! if he had only met me—that is, I mean to say, Fanny,—and mark this, girl,—age is a recommendation in a husband.

FANNY. Naturally you think so, ma'am.

AUNT M. Naturally I do nothing of the sort. Show me the man, young or old, who gives me encouragement—Fanny, you are simply unbearable. I certainly am not a mere chit of a girl, but it does not follow that I should view Methuselahs with matrimonial intentions.

FANNY. I only meant, ma'am—

AUNT M. You only meant it to be impudent. Do you think I did not hear you tell cook that you would rather marry a baby than the baby's grandfather! Highly indelicate in an unmarried woman to speak thus. You never hear *me* express myself in such language, I am sure. But enough of this. It is sufficient for me to say that when a girl like Marian falls in love with a foolish young man—

FANNY. Of course, Mr. Leigh's foolish *if* to be young is to be foolish. In that case I am foolish. So is Miss Marian. While you, ma'am—

AUNT M. Do not presume to say that I am foolish.

FANNY. I had no such intentions, ma'am.

AUNT M. 'Tis well, and to end the matter let me say that you shall connive at no more meetings between Mr. Leigh and Marian. The other gentleman arrives this morning.

FANNY. Oh, ma'am, has he ever had a wife before?

AUNT M. Certainly not.

FANNY (*hopefully*). I thought that may be he might—he might turn out to be—to be my father.

AUNT M. It is about time for you to give up expecting to find your father, Fanny. Are you not happy with us?

FANNY. But you're not my father, and I'd like to know who I am. It's no fun to know you're a foundling and that your name may be Smith, Jones or Robinson. Oh, dear!

AUNT M. Let well enough alone. Well, as I say, Mr. Jonathan Chester arrives this morning, and he marries Marian this evening. That is all you need to know.

FANNY (*aside*). All I need to know, but I thirst for more.

AUNT M. And when you have finished dusting this room you will go to Marian. Keep her in sight.

FANNY. Yes, ma'am.

AUNT M. No more meetings with Mr. Leigh.

FANNY. No, indeed, ma'am.

AUNT M. Remember now.

FANNY. I never forget what I remember, ma'am. I must inherit that from my unknown father.

AUNT M. If I find you again derelict in your duty, I discharge you at once (*going*). Remember. [*Exit.*]

FANNY. Old cat! (*mimicking*), "If I find you again derelict in your duties I discharge you at once." Discharge me! as though I were a pistol. I'll discharge my duty to Marian first if it blows my head off. Poor dear! And what a sweet moustache Mr. Leigh has got. Umph! when my husband comes along he's got to have just such a moustache, only he'll be a handsomer man, oh, a great deal handsomer, proud and haughty, like this (*walking in an exaggerated fashion*),—sort of solemn and grand.

LEIGH (*peeping in*). Hi! Fanny! Fanny, I say, Fan-ny!

FANNY. Oh, is it you, sir?

LEIGH. How is the coast?

FANNY. Clear. The cat's away.

LEIGH (*entering*). Then the mice may play.

FANNY. Till they're caught.

LEIGH. Caught! Eh? what do you mean?

FANNY. That it's all up—exploded—done for—finished. My father must be a wonderful man, the English language has such a control over me.

LEIGH. The mischief with your father, how's the Major?

FANNY. The Major's all right. It's the gentleman who comes this morning to be married to Miss Marian this evening. (*Leigh laughs.*) And I'm powerless in the matter; if you so much as come into this room I'll be discharged; while as for meeting Miss Marian—

LEIGH. Go tell her I wish to see her at once.

FANNY. I will, sir, but really I wish you would speak a little more respectfully of my unknown father. The idea of telling him to go to the mischief.

LEIGH. Don't I tell Marian's father to go there?

FANNY. But you *know* her father, and you don't know mine. You can say many things about persons you know; you should respect the unknown.

LEIGH. I apologize to your unknown parent. There! now tell Marian I wish to see her.

FANNY. She'll be here in a minute.

LEIGH. Stay, Fanny.

FANNY. Fanny stays.

LEIGH. Surely a sensible girl like you cannot be foolish enough to think that Marian will submit to her father's preposterous whim?

FANNY. I can only speak for myself. I never displease my unknown father, I wouldn't be so undaughterly; and Miss Marian's love for her father—

LEIGH. Her love for me—

FANNY. Her love for her father will never permit her to marry a man he objects to.

LEIGH. He never objected to me till a week ago.

FANNY. When you beat him at chess. He'll never forgive that. He'd rather you'd burned the house down. And the same day you laughed at Minerva's wig.

LEIGH. It *was* on crooked, I'll swear to it.

FANNY. You shouldn't have laughed if she chose to wear it on one ear.

LEIGH. I was a fool.

FANNY. So I remarked at the time.

LEIGH. You impertinent girl.

FANNY. Of course I am. That is why I do all I can to bring you and Miss Marian together; that is why I pretend that Minerva's hair grows on her scalp; that is why I'd have let the Major checkmate me a week ago, rather than do it to-day with a new husband for his daughter.

LEIGH. Forgive me, Fanny, you are a faithful creature; your love for Marian is proverbial.

FANNY. Oh, is it? So is hers for me. Why I was only five years old when Minerva took me from the street (where I was wandering about, lost in a strange city, deserted by my

parents,) and made me the playmate of little Marian who had just lost her mother and was lonely. I wonder if anybody thought if I had ever had a mother and was lonely? I was only a foundling, speaking a gibberish my father had taught me—learned man that he must be. Why I did not know a word of the English language—I talked Sanscrit—even my name was unknown to me. I am convinced, of course, that I was born of noble parents. My father may be the Earl of Sanscrit.

LEIGH. You deserve to have a king for a father.

FANNY. No, thank you; I'll be content with common, every day nobility, so that it does not grind a hand-organ and send a monkey around with a tin cup for pennies.

LEIGH. But—

MARIAN (*entering*). Oh, Guy! Guy!

LEIGH (*running to her*). Marian!

FANNY (*dusting vigorously*). You are not to meet. I'll be discharged. Minerva says so.

MARIAN. Oh, Guy! our dream is ended.

LEIGH. Time is a dream. Eternity is the only wakefulness. We wake to never-ending joy.

MARIAN. How can you say that when our trouble is just beginning. Of course you know about this horrible marriage?

LEIGH. Which will never take place.

MARIAN. How do you propose to prevent it?

LEIGH. Did you never hear of an elopement?

MARIAN. An elopement! That I will never consent to.

LEIGH (*angrily*). Then you do not love me.

MARIAN. I might say the same to you for insanely persisting in winning at chess with papa.

LEIGH. Your promise to me, then, goes for nothing?

MARIAN. That promise is sacred to me.

LEIGH. And yet you will do as your father bids you in this ridiculous matter!

MARIAN. I will not marry Mr. Chester.

LEIGH. I should think not.

MARIAN. But neither may I marry you.

LEIGH. Then all your fond confessions to me were untrue?

MARIAN (*wringing her hands*). Oh, why did you win in that fatal game of chess?

LEIGH. Marian, listen to me!

MARIAN. Well?

LEIGH. You must acknowledge that your father is a very pig-headed man.

MARIAN. A week ago I might have said he was the most pig-headed of men. But since that game of chess, I-I have transferred my opinion.

LEIGH. To me I presume?

MARIAN. Why did you not take warning? you knew that the pride of his life was to be thought invincible in chess. Then his gouty foot was hurting him so.

LEIGH. Well, Marian, it amounts to this, either you go with me, my bride, this evening, or else—

FANNY. Oh gemini! Run! Here comes the cat!

Leigh runs to Right, Marian to Left. Exit.

FANNY. The cat really is not out of the bag. Whenever they talk about parting I casually refer to Minerva. This affair is assuming the proportions of a tragedy. Behold the Fourth Act,—the agony act! The heavy father! Slow music! Dark stage! The Major!

Enter, limping, the Major.

MAJOR. Girl, go!

FANNY (*walking like him*). The girl goes.

MAJOR. Girl, stay!

FANNY. The girl stays.

MAJOR. If a strange gentleman should come this morning, show him in.

FANNY. A strange gentleman, sir?

MAJOR (*testily*). I said a strange gentleman. Show him in.

FANNY. It will be a show. A regular circus.

MAJOR. What is that you say?

FANNY (*innocently*). I said I thought it looked like snow.

MAJOR. What is that to me? What do I care if it hails, rains, snows, thunders, freezes all at one time? What are atmospheric phenomena to me? I am above the atmosphere.

FANNY. You angel!

MAJOR. What is that?

FANNY. I said, "Oh, aint you!"

MAJOR. I am. (*Strides up and down.*) Girl, go!

FANNY. The girl goes (*walking like him*). [*Exit.*

MAJOR. The idea! I have not gotten over it yet. I never shall get over it! A whipper-snapper like Leigh to beat me! (*Stamps his foot.*) Oh! (*Holds it up.*) To try to beat me too! By Jove, sir, it is positive—ah—false pretense—it is

synonymous with breaking into a man's house. In my own house, under my very nose. The man who is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds—no, no, no, I don't mean that. The man—what *do* I mean? Bah! And that man to marry my daughter—to become my son! Never; never. How glad I am that I wrote to Featherly. He plays nearly as well as I do. *Nearly*. He sees the heinousness of the offense. He recommends his old friend, Chester, for Marian. Chester has long liked the family and asked all manner of questions concerning it—especially about Minerva, whom he doubtless regards in the light of Marian's mother. And she *shall* marry him! Oh! (*Lifting foot.*) Another twinge! He's the right kind of man; don't know a pawn from a castle. And—but why don't he come! Who is Jonathan Chester that he should keep me waiting? I'd like him to know that Andrew Turlington is not the man to be kept waiting.

AUNT M. (*entering, fanning herself.*) Brother!

MAJOR. Is that you, Minerva!

AUNT M. Has he come?

MAJOR. Who is *he*? Be plain, Minerva.

AUNT M. I am plain enough.

MAJOR. So the men always said.

AUNT M. Major, I should like you to know that there was a man who did not think so.

MAJOR. Born blind.

AUNT M. The very man who comes here to-day. I have heard that he wrote a sonnet about my curls. Colonel Featherly told me so. I wish to see what sort of looking man he is. Of course I shall thank him for the sonnet. But so long as you insult me I will postpone telling you what I came to tell you.

MAJOR. What did you come to tell me?

AUNT M. That Marian is crying her eyes out.

MAJOR. Women should not have too much eyesight. It gets them into all manner of difficulties.

AUNT M. And it is my opinion she has seen Guy Leigh.

MAJOR. Impossible! She has not left the house. You told Fanny not to admit him?

AUNT M. Fanny! That girl is too romantic to be honest. Now she believes her father must be a duke. (*Major rings bell. Enter Fanny.*)

MAJOR. Girl, did you let Mr. Leigh into this house to-day?

FANNY. I did, not, sir. I have been thinking that I'd like my father to be named Reginald Alphonso—

MAJOR. Name your father what you please. Girl, go!

FANNY (*aside*). I threw him the key; he let himself in. [*Exit.*]

AUNT M. All the same, Marian is in anything but a cheerful frame of mind. Now if it were *my* wedding-day!

MAJOR. We know what would be your frame of mind under such circumstances.

AUNT M. Oh, I am not such an unattractive person, I assure you. Why only last week—

MAJOR. A man picked up a rose you had dropped. Yes, we all know the rose story. Minerva, am I cruel in forcing this marriage upon Marian?

AUNT M. How should I know? Being such a strange person you should not consult me.

MAJOR. But Leigh beat me at chess, I tell you.

AUNT M. He beat you badly, and he is not such a beautiful player, either.

MAJOR. I tell you he is; he is the best player I ever met, beats Featherly and—no, no, he's a confounded bungler.

AUNT M. Certainly. Yet he beat you.

MAJOR. Beat me! He is the most profound—woman, he's a positive dolt.

AUNT M. So young, too.

MAJOR. Almost a boy—a mere lad.

AUNT M. And could not have had much experience at chess-playing.

MAJOR. None at all—positively none at all.

AUNT M. Exactly. (*Lays fan on table.*) And you've been at it all your life.

MAJOR. Forty years of it at any rate.

AUNT M. And yet he beat you.

MAJOR. Ha! Ha! Minerva—Minerva, if you were a man—

AUNT M. I only pay you for gratuitous insults to me. You are an ungrateful, goutish, unreasonable, highly seasoned individual. And the man *did* pick up the rose I dropped. And you look forty years older than I am, and you'll have gout in both feet yet.

[*Exit.*]

MAJOR. If Minerva were not my own sister I should say my family possessed fools. No experience, young, a bad player, a dolt—and yet he beat me. *Me*, Andrew Turlington the crack player of the regiment! Bah! a fig for the senti-

ment that makes me think of what Marian's mother would have liked her to have in the way of a husband. She marries Jonathan Chester to-night. She does—she does. [*Exit.*]

Enter Plodder. He carries hat-box and open book. Hat on head.

PLODDER. I find the door left accommodately open, and I enter. I may be a trifle absent-minded, but I come out all right, as I shall in this case, which is sadly interfering with the finishing of my book on the art of cultivating the memory. Let me see! (*Consults book.*) Ninety-seven girl children found in the month of May, fifteen years ago. I have traced seventy-eight of them. Some of them are grandmothers. And none of them my daughter. I am not the father of a grandmother. Shall I ever forget that day fifteen years back! Never! Let me see! (*Consults book.*) I had just misplaced her mother in a confectionery shop, where she had gone for an ounce—or was it a pound?—or a ton?—of peppermint-stick. I walked the city, my child's hand in mine, wondering what candy-shop it was. Suddenly I saw a book on the faults of memory on a book-stand. I looked at it, merely *looked* at it. When, a month later, I remembered the child I could not find her. Having the natural feelings of a father, I have been looking for her—at intervals—ever since. I have also been looking for her mother. I heard that there was a girl in this house—(*Looks at stove.*) That fire is nearly out. (*Puts Aunt Minerva's fan on shovel and so into stove. Puts hat-box on table, opens it, carefully deposits fire-shovel in it, and puts hat in coal-scuttle.*) I am glad they gave me a box with my new hat; it is so convenient. Let me see! (*Sits himself and refers to book.*) Number forty's eyes were not pairs. And she had not my initials on her arm. That was a brilliant idea of mine, to mark my wife and my little one with my initials. I can easily identify them as my property—when I find them. Number forty-one; aged fifty—*my* age. Number forty-two; aged eleven. My girl was five about fifteen years ago, so she must be more than eleven now. If I could only recollect her name, my dear little daughter. She was named after her mother. I am sure I must have called her mother by some name or other. My adored wife, who goes around the world like my tombstone, my initials on her arm! And then —(*Consults book.*)

LEIGH (*looking in, aside*). So there you are, you ossified old atom, you degenerate microbe. Why you are a mummy. Now for it! (*Advancing.*) Sir!

PLODDER. Number fifty-one had red hair and complained of people referring to white horses in her presence.

LEIGH (*clapping him on the shoulder*). Sir! I say, sir.

PLODDER. Number fifty-three had been married twice and divorced three times; or, was it the other way?

LEIGH. *Sir!*

PLODDER. Ah! (*Rises and shakes Leigh by the hand.*) Oh, how are you! You have the advantage of me, but I am very glad that you know me. Father and mother well?

LEIGH (*pulling his hand away*). Sir, are you indifferent to all pretensions to decency? Are you a thorough reprobate? Are you not ashamed of yourself? I know why you are here.

PLODDER. Yes? What beautiful intelligence—yes, I came—bless my life, what did I come for? The fact is I am slightly absent-minded, and—but my book will remind me.

LEIGH. You came on account of a young lady.

PLODDER. Ah! thank you. I have heard of walking dictionaries, but you are a perambulating encyclopedia, a locomotory diary, as it were. So I did—I came on account of a young lady. True! true!

LEIGH. That young lady will never willingly be yours.

PLODDER. Then she must be mine unwillingly. I am sorry, but she really cannot help being mine.

LEIGH. Do you know who that young lady is?

PLODDER. I ought to. Though for the time being her name has escaped me. I—I—

LEIGH (*with an exclamation*). Do you mean to say that you do not hold her of sufficient value to remember her name?

PLODDER. My young friend, you delude yourself. I love her, I adore her. But I am writing a volume upon the dexterity of cultivating the memory, and have been doing so for the past twenty years, and am so engrossed in my work that I have become a trifle absent-minded. The young woman in question is no doubt charming. Her mother was so before her,—my darling what-you-may-call-her.

LEIGH. You knew her mother! Then let that mother speak for her.

PLODDER. No one would be more pleased than I if that

could be brought about. I have been wishing it for the past fifteen years,—ever since I lost her.

LEIGH. Lost whom?

PLODDER. Her mother, my first love.

LEIGH. Her mother your first love?

PLODDER. The woman whom I selected from the world of women to wear my initials.

LEIGH. Mother! Do I understand you to say her mother?

PLODDER. My young friend you shall have the first copy of my book on the cultivation of the memory. You need it. It will be finished in the year—let me see! (*Refers to book.*)

LEIGH. You—you—oh, my brain reels!

Enter Marian.

MARIAN. Guy! Guy! (*Sees Plodder.*) Oh, horror!

LEIGH. Horror! It is worse than horror. It is blasphemy. This man your father selects as your husband, loved your mother before you.

PLODDER (*looking up*). Oh, there you are! So you are she, eh? Well (*shaking hands with her*), how are you? Would you mind rolling up your sleeve, my sweet one?

MARIAN. How dare you touch me! And know this, that though my father—

PLODDER. Surely, I forgot there was such a thing as parental authority. Roll up your sleeve.

MARIAN. What do you mean by this outrage?

PLODDER. Don't you belong to me? (*Looks at book.*)

LEIGH (*coming between them*). Not yet. Marian, give me permission, and I throw this man from the house.

MARIAN. My father bid him come.

LEIGH. If you do not give me permission to eject him, your refusal will be synonymous with bidding him stay and carry out your father's wishes.

MARIAN. How can I help myself? You *would* beat papa at chess, and you *would* say that aunt Minerva's wig wobbled.

LEIGH. That is enough. You accede to your father's wishes. Then I leave you.

MARIAN. If you leave me thus we part forever. Farewell!

Enter Fanny.

FANNY. Here comes the cat. (*Leigh and Marian run off.*) I heard them quarreling so I thought it best to refer to

Minerva. (*Sees Plodder.*) Conscience! So this is the husband! What a moth-eaten specimen. And reading a book as though nothing was going on. What an ideal father he'd make. (*Goes to him.*) Oh, you villain of the deepest dye!

PLODDER (*looking up*). Well, you haven't rolled up your sleeve yet.

FANNY. My sleeve! What has that to do with it? Oh, you cannibal, you Fee-jee Islander!

PLODDER. I should like to see your arm.

FANNY. My arm!

PLODDER. Your arm, I say, and stop this nonsense.

FANNY. And you are the husband that is to be!

PLODDER. I am the husband that is.

FANNY. What! (*Screams.*) You are married already?

PLODDER. We certainly are. I have sent my wife to a confectionery shop,—I forget where. Married! why I should say so. (*Reads book.*)

FANNY. Oh, it was done while I was away! Poor Mr. Leigh! Oh, why didn't I come in sooner and stop it, I who love her so. Oh—you terrible old creature! How dare you do such a dreadful thing in cold blood?

PLODDER. Yes, it was terrible. But we'll make it up when we meet. Come, let me see your arm.

FANNY. I'll let you see my hand (*beating him*), and she shall be divorced from you, she shall, she shall. [*Exit, crying.*]

PLODDER. Good gracious! She's not the same girl! Then there's two of her. She couldn't have developed into twins? Which is mine? That last one has tenacious fingers. My! how they do stick to hair. And she is going to divorce my wife from me! She will have one excellent plea,—desertion of fifteen years standing. Let me see! (*Consults book.*)

Enter Aunt Minerva.

AUNT M. I certainly smell burning feathers. (*Goes to stove, shrieks and pulls out her fan.*)

PLODDER. (*abstractedly.*) Eh! Oh, I beg your pardon.

AUNT M. Who put my pet fan in the stove? (*Sees Plodder.*) Who are you, sir?

PLODDER. I am writing a volume on the ease of acquiring a good memory and it has made me a trifle absent-minded. I very much fear that I looked upon your fan in the light of fuel, and—but you have not let me see your arm.

AUNT M. My arm! Your meaning?

PLODDER. I am endeavoring to rectify an old mistake.

AUNT M. An old mistake? If you presume to refer to me—

PLODDER. I am not so sure that I do. You are about seventy-one.

AUNT M. Seventy-one? I am forty.

PLODDER. Yes you are. You're seventy-one.

AUNT M. Seventy-one what?

PLODDER. Seventy-one arms.

AUNT M. Really—oh! (*Simpers.*) I see! I see! You are an artist. You have heard of my figure—a gentleman has written a sonnet upon my curls. Well—ah—my arm may not be perfection, may be aristocratically thin, as it were—but why do you wish to see it?

PLODDER. I heard of you.

AUNT M. Really. Such is the fate of certain women; no matter where we go men pursue us. If, sir, you design to paint a Venus, or a Juno—positively, this is embarrassing!

PLODDER. My dear, don't be timid.

AUNT M. Oh, I'm not, but really, sir, your affectionate epithets add to my perturbation.

PLODDER. Then you acknowledge that a something within you tells you that I am he?

AUNT M. Oh, sir, spare the natural feelings of my sex! The suddenness of it all—the romance of it all—the—the—oh, give me a little time to collect myself.

PLODDER. Not at all. There has been too much collection of time already. I have been looking for you—at intervals—for the past fifteen years.

AUNT M. Fifteen years! Oh, had I but known it!

PLODDER. I will be a father to you.

AUNT M. I—I *do* feel girlish. But really you are not so old yourself.

PLODDER. Well, now that I have found you—(*Looks up.*) Why, you are neither of the others. There are three of you.

AUNT M. Three of me!

PLODDER. Don't be precipitous like the tenacious fingered one. Let me see! (*Consults book.*)

AUNT M. But you have been looking for me for fifteen years. Such devotion—such persistency of a reigning idea.

PLODDER (*dreamily*). Fifteen years.

AUNT M. And you will be as a father to me! Sir, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I am yours. (*Falls into his arms.*)

Enter, the Major.

MAJOR. What! what! What have we here? Minerva, have you gone childish? What does this mean?

AUNT M. Oh, brother, he has been looking for me for fifteen years. Fifteen years!

MAJOR. Who has?—who has?

AUNT M. This—this delightful gentleman.

MAJOR. Jonathan Chester, the man who will marry your niece this evening, ma'am.

AUNT M. (*shrieking and jumping away.*) What! the man who sonnetized my curls!

MAJOR. Sir, I demand an explanation of this extraordinary conduct.

PLODDER. I have been guilty of no conduct, extraordinary or ordinary. I am here for the most laudable of purposes. I am here in the hope of meeting a young woman.

MAJOR. My daughter, sir.

PLODDER. I think not *your* daughter.

AUNT M. He means me.

PLODDER. You are his daughter? You certainly are not mine.

AUNT M. I—I—

MAJOR. Explain, sir, explain.

AUNT M. He has explained, Major—he thought *I* was your daughter.

PLODDER. I think I must be in an insane hospital. Let me see! (*Consults book.*)

MAJOR. You are here for the purpose of seeing a young lady, sir? Answer me.

PLODDER. I am most certainly here for the purpose you ascribe to me.

AUNT M. And here she is—you have been looking for me for fifteen years.

PLODDER. Are you sure? Indeed (*to Major*), I am a trifle absent-minded through writing a volume on the—

MAJOR. Answer me one question—don't you make a fool of yourself, Minerva!—Do you play chess?

PLODDER. I am too absent-minded to play any thing—unless it be a bass-drum.

MAJOR. Then come to my arms, my son, that is to be.

AUNT M. (*embracing him.*) Brother that is to be, you mean.

PLODDER. Help! Help! Fire! Murder!

Enter, Marian, Leigh and Fanny.

FANNY. There he is. He said he was already married to her and she'd gone to get confectionery.

AUNT M. Married to whom?

FANNY. Miss Marian.

MAJOR (*to Leigh*). What are you doing here, sir?

LEIGH. I am here to bid farewell to hope and happiness. When your daughter can thus deceive me there remains for me nothing but to say adieu!

MARIAN. Guy!

LEIGH. Never, madam. Your maid asserts that you are this man's wife.

FANNY. He told me so.

MAJOR. } His wife!

AUNT M. }

MARIAN. Oh, what means this terrible confusion?

AUNT M. Why he told me he had been looking for me for fifteen years.

LEIGH. He told me he had loved Marian's mother.

MAJOR. My wife! But (*to Leigh*) we will settle this family affair between ourselves, sir. Will you leave my house!

LEIGH. I am going. Mrs. Jonathan Chester, I wish you joy of your husband.

MARIAN. When you insult me thus it is indeed time that we should part, and—

FANNY. Here comes the cat! No, she's already here. Oh (*flying to Plodder and shaking him*), what do you mean by this? Tell me, or I'll put an end to your invaluable existence. Mr. Leigh, don't go—Miss Marian, don't let him go—Miss Minerva—Major—

PLODDER (*calling*). Help! Help! She's the heavy-handed one. (*Fanny shakes book from his hand. As it falls a paper drops from it.*) Oh, yes, oh, yes; there it is—there's the paper. As I came in a man asked me to hand that to Major Turlington. Being a trifle absent-minded I forgot all about it. (*Plunges forward, gets paper and hands it to Major. Fanny still holds him. Major opens paper.*)

MAJOR. What! what! what have we here! Another

insult! (*Reads.*) "Sir;—The practical joke of asking me to be the husband of your daughter, a lady I have never seen, is beyond bearing. I am not such an old fool but I can see that you are jeering at me. I am a very bashful man, but I will say that in a modest way I have for years loved your sister—"

AUNT M. What is that? Oh!

MAJOR. "And I shall not ask her now to be my wife when you can thus insult me. Only last week I picked up a rose which she had dropped, and I wear it next my heart.

Jonathan Chester."

AUNT M. Oh, he will not ask me to be his wife, won't he! Where's my bonnet?

[*Exit.*]

MARIAN. Oh, Guy (*going to him*)!

MAJOR (*to Plodder*). Then, sir, who are you?

FANNY. What are you?

PLODDER. Let me consult my book. (*Reads.*) "Fisher Plodder is my name, America is my nation, any where is my dwelling-place—"

FANNY (*putting her hands to her head*). Oh, my good gracious! Oh, my!

PLODDER. I am slightly absent-minded. I have for twenty years been writing a book on the method of acquiring a reliable memory. It will be a text book—when it is finished.

MAJOR. Go on! go on!

PLODDER. Some years ago I misplaced my wife. Fifteen years ago I lost my little daughter. I am looking for both. I heard that in this house was a young woman—

LEIGH. Yes, yes—

PLODDER. Who did not know who were her parents.

MAJOR. Well?

PLODDER. I found not one young woman, but three young women. That is, one of them had been young once. Being slightly absent-minded I did not, for the time being, know one from the other. Now I know there are three women here, two men, and all in an advanced state of mental decomposition. I will go where insanity is not held at such a high premium. I have (*going to hat-box*) some dignity left me. (*Puts fire-shovel on his head, and picks up hat-box.*) I will go and reflect upon the ridiculous side of human nature.

FANNY. Stay!

MAJOR. Girl, hold!

FANNY. The girl won't hold. I have possibly found an impossible father. (*To Plodder.*) What marks were about the person of your misplaced daughter? You asked to see my arm—

MARIAN. And mine—

PLODDER. My daughter and her mother were marked, for possible contingencies, with my initials. I would know your mother if I saw her—(*Fanny and Plodder converse, aside.*)

MAJOR (*To Leigh*). But you have nothing to do with this matter. Leave my house!

MARIAN. And I go with him.

MAJOR. You dare—

MARIAN. After what has occurred I refuse to be separated from him I love.

MAJOR. You would marry the man who beats your father at chess!

FANNY (*rushing forward, dragging Plodder with her*). Behold the duke, the prince, the learned man—my long-lost father! Behold upon my arm the evidences of his paternity—F P.—Fisher Plodder. It all comes back to me—the verse he recited, my mother taught me in infancy in case I should lose him—“Fisher Plodder is his name, America is his nation, any where is his dwelling-place, and memory his salvation.”

PLODDER. My daughter, oh, my daughter!

FANNY (*to Major*). And, sir, don't turn this young man away. I witnessed that game of chess, and—and Mr. Leigh, he—(*faintly,*) oh!

MAJOR. }

LEIGH. }

MARIAN. }

Well?

PLODDER (*aside to Fanny*). Say he cheated.

FANNY (*loudly*). He cheated! (*Faints in her father's arms.*)

PLODDER. My daughter, what a memory she has.

MAJOR. Cheated! cheated! Then you did not win the game honorably? You dolt, you mere lad, you execrable player—Leigh, my boy, take her, make her happy. You can't play chess worth a cent. And—ha! ha! (*Enter Aunt Minerva in bonnet and shawl.*) What have we here?

AUNT M. Yes, may you be happy, now that I am about to be happy. I heard all outside. Fanny, I congratulate you on the finding of a father who has been the means of advancing my prospects in life.

PLODDER. Come, daughter, let us go see if we can find your—your—let me see—(*Consults book.*) your mother, marked like a handkerchief with my initials.

AUNT M. Take me with you! take me with you!

MAJOR. Minerva, he cheated—gad, he cheated. Ha! Ha!

AUNT M. He did no such thing.

LEIGH.

MARIAN.

MAJOR.

FANNY.

} He did.

AUNT M. (*crushing Plodder's hat on his head.*) Oh, that! What's that to me? I am going—

MAJOR. Where?

AUNT M. To find the man who wears my rose next his heart—who has bashfully loved me for years—who wrote a sonnet (*meaningly to Leigh*) on my hair—my hair.

MAJOR. Ha! Ha! Ha!

PLODDER. Come, daughter, your mother may still be purchasing mint-stick. Come, madam (*to Aunt M.*) you help me to find my wife, and I'll help you to find your husband. And all happiness here! And three cheers for my success in finding my daughter.

FANNY. No, three cheers for Miss Marian and Mr. Leigh.

AUNT M. No, three cheers for modest Jonathan Chester.

MAJOR. Ha! Ha! Ha! No, no, a thousand times, no. Three cheers for the man who cheats me at chess! Hip!—

LEIGH. Hold! Hold! Rather, let it be three cheers and a tiger for the man who has brought all this happiness about, the absent-minded man, the man who cannot play a game of chess—

MAJOR (*hotly*). Meaning me, sir?

LEIGH. Fanny's father.

Cheers--Fanny and Plodder bowing right and left, as

Curtain falls.

REST FOR THE WEARY.—EMMA F. SWINGLE.

Oh, where shall a wandering pilgrim through life,
 By care and by sorrow oppressed,
 Find rest from his labors, or cease from the strife,
 Or peace for his grief-laden breast?
 I ask of the mountains, the meadows, and trees,
 I ask of the winds and the sea;
 But list to the answer that's echoed from these:
 "No rest for the weary in me."

But surely there's rest mid the blessings of earth,
 As the world with its pleasures moves on,
 But to taste of its sweetness to sorrow gives birth,
 For we grasp them and lo! they are gone.
 Then I ask of the penitent kneeling in prayer,
 Where rest for the weary can be,
 And a "still, small voice" I hear whispering there,
 "O weary one, come unto me!"

A princess imprisoned on Britain's fair isle,
 In castle so cheerless and dim,
 Found sweet consolation in reading the while
 The promises given by Him.
 In slumbers the Bible had pillowed her head;
 And her dreams were of captives set free,
 For the voice of the Saviour had whispered and said:
 "O weary one, come unto me!"

Her comfort by day and her pillow by night;
 A friend in her cell to abide;
 She found in its pages a heavenly light,
 When the light of the world was denied.
 And when her sweet spirit from bondage had fled
 And her soul was forever set free,
 Her cheek was still pressing the pages that said:
 "O weary one, come unto me!"

Blest thought! that a heaven's prepared for us all,
 When life and its trials are past,
 And we who are waiting to hear the glad call,
 Shall rest from our labors at last;
 For man cannot wander away from his care,
 Though his home be on land or on sea;
 For a "still, small voice" will be whispering there,
 "O weary one, come unto me!"

ONLY A SMILE.—FLORENCE McCURDY.

'Twas only a smile that was given
From a friend that I chanced to meet,
With a face as bright as a sunbeam,
In the busy walks of the street.
My soul was in darkness and sorrow,
And my heart all burdened with pain;
And tears to my eyelids came welling,
And I strove to stay them in vain.

'Twas only a smile that was given,
And the donor went on her way,
Yet it brought to my heart a sweetness
Through the whole of that live-long day.
'Twas a glance so tender and hopeful,
So sweet and so loving and true,
That my troubles—I quite forgot them,
And I found myself smiling too.

A FAIRY TALE.—E. F. TURNER.

Once upon a time there was a very small child all alone in the streets of a great big city in a great big world.

Now this child, unlike all the children ever heard of in fairy tales, was not the daughter of a great king and queen, and she didn't wear a frock trimmed with jewels, and she didn't have lots and lots of nurses to look after her, and she wasn't the heiress to the crown of a country, where all the pavements were made of solid silver, the area railings of polished steel, the king's palace of ivory, and his throne of pure gold, with so many precious stones sticking out of it that it was quite uncomfortable to sit down upon. No! she was simply a very small girl indeed, with nothing of the proper fairy-tale small girl about her at all.

She didn't quite know how it was that she came to be all alone. She had an indistinct idea of a room somewhere near the sky; at least she thought it was near the sky because the clouds seemed close to her when she

climbed up on a chair and looked out of the window, and the room was right at the top of ever so many stairs. She seemed to recall, too, that the room was very bare and empty, and that she had often been hungry and thirsty and cold there, and that her mother had been there, lying, on a bed and looking, oh! so pale and thin, and had told her that she was going away to leave her, but that they should meet again in a bright, beautiful country. And she remembered too,—and as she remembered it the tears came into two little eyes and she sobbed piteously,—she remembered that one day her mother's face looked whiter, much whiter, than before, and that she lay quite still and made no answer when the little girl called to her. And then some rough woman had told the child that her mother was dead, and that the room was wanted for some one else, and she must go.

And so she had put on a little threadbare jacket and a little torn hat, through many holes in which her golden hair peeped out, and had gone away all alone—it might have been yesterday, to-day, she knew not when—out into the streets of that great big city in that great big world.

It was a winter's evening, that once upon a time, and the snow was falling fast, and it was very cold. The little child was thinly clad (unlike a proper fairy-tale child), and had had no food for a long time,—years, it seemed to her.

As her little steps wandered on, she passed a great many shops, and saw heaps and heaps of warm clothing and food inside great windows, lighted up with ever so many bright lights; and she wondered how it was that she was so cold and hungry, and why some one did not come out of one of the big shops and give her clothing and food; and she thought how strange it was that all those things should be inside the big windows that she could just look into when she stood on tip-toe, while she was standing there, such a very tiny girl and wanting ever so little of what she saw.

The little child looked wistfully into the big bright windows one after another, but she shook and shivered so that she ran on at last although she felt very strange and heavy and giddy, and she ran and ran until she found that she had passed away from the bright lights and was in a dark road in which the snow was lying much more thickly, and looking much whiter, than in the streets through which she had gone.

The little girl's limbs would carry her no farther, and she half-sank down in the snow; but she saw suddenly, looming out in the dark by the wayside, a large, wooden shed, the door of which was standing wide open, and, turning her fast-failing steps to it, she crept timidly inside. It was quite dark there, and she lay down on the floor with her little head pillowed against a piece of wood.

Wondering drowsily why it was that she had ceased to be hungry or cold, and why her limbs seemed as if they had no feeling at all, the child lay there, and gradually her eyes closed.

Suddenly she became conscious of a dazzling light; and looking up she saw a beautiful fairy standing by her side, with white rustling wings, and a halo of light shining all round her. She was looking down on the child with a look of sweet compassion on her face.

"Little one," said the fairy in a soothing, gentle voice, and as she spoke she bent over the child and stroked the small face, "welcome into fairyland."

The child looked round her in speechless wonder; and behold! the dark wooden shed had vanished and she was lying on a grassy bank, surrounded by lovely flowers of all colors, and the sun was shining above, and birds were singing all about her, and near her troops of children all dressed in dazzling white were at play, making the air ring with joyous peals of laughter that seemed just to chime in with the singing of the birds; and fairies, like the one standing by her, were watching over the children as they played.

She was so filled with wonder that she answered not the fairy, and again the sweet voice said:

“Little one, welcome into fairyland.”

“Am I in fairyland?” answered the child this time. “They took mother away from me, and said she was dead, and told me to go, and I was very cold and hungry, and I ran ever so far, and I thought I was lying down in a great, dark place. And oh! don’t send me away; let me stay here, please, *please* let me stay here, and not go into the snow again. I am such a little thing to be all alone in the great big streets, and I will be so good if I may stay.”

The tears started into the child’s eyes as she pleaded her cause, and the fairy stooped down and kissed them away.

“Yes, my child, you shall stay with us in fairyland, and never go into the great streets again.”

“Oh! thank you,” said the child, and she threw her arms around the still bending fairy, and kissed her again and again.

“Just now,” the little girl said presently, “I was, oh! so cold and hungry and tired, and now I feel so peaceful and rested, and as if I could never be cold and hungry again. Why is it?”

“There is neither hunger nor cold here, my little one. The sun is always shining as you see it now, the birds are ever singing as you hear them now, the flowers never fade, and the leaves never fall, and those children now at play are ever bright and happy. Many little travelers like you have found their way into our bright land through paths of sorrow and suffering; but see them now how joyous they are.”

The fairy pointed to the group of children, and the little girl followed the movement with her eyes. She looked in silence for a minute, and then she spoke again: “You are so good and kind, and I seem to ask so many things, but oh! forgive me for one question more. The children that I see, have their mothers been taken

from them as mine was taken from me? and will they ever be with them again?"

"My darling," answered the fairy, with infinite tenderness in her voice, "they have already seen their mothers again, and you will see your own lost mother. Look at me—look into my face—you knew me not at first, but you know me now, oh! you know me now, my little one."

The child looked into the fairy's face for an instant—the word "Mother!" burst from her lips, and the two were folded in each other's arms.

Next day, when workmen came into the shed,
They found a child there, lying cold and dead.
And on the little upturned face they saw
A smile so bright and joyous that in awe
They stood uncovered. But the mortal clay
Alone was there—the soul had winged its way.

"WE ALL LIKE SHEEP."

"We all like sheep," the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still.
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan
In low, and rich, and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin
And nose gets farther off from chin.

"We all like sheep," sopranos sing
Till all the echoes wake and ring;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the bassos growl
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singer's taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,
And then, to make their meaning plain,
The singers altogether say,
"We all like sheep have gone astray."

ORTHOGRAPHY.—WADE WHIPPLE.

Marier! Here's a letter kum
 From my ol' friend Kris Bar;
 P'raps yew think it soun's more plum
 To call 'im Kristofer.
 Heze bort a farm out West, an' here
 He fills this letter chok
 With nuz^e ov what he raised last year,
 An' tidin's 'bout his stock.

But what gits me in this, ol' gal,
 Iz how the critter spells.
 Kris allers was eriginal,
 But sizzers! How it tells
 Agin a kollege chap ter reed
 The way he duz upset
 The parts o' speche! it puts ter seed
 My spellin' ettyket.

I aint at spellin' wat the Frentch
 'U'd kall ofay, but, Sis,
 I kalkerlate I never rentch
 The alferbet like this—
 Just lissen—here heze got a wurd
 'Bout what heze had tew pay
 For ginny-hens, an' spells the burd
 "G-u-i-n-e-a!"

Git out! That burd'd yawp frum now
 Till kingdom kum ter heer
 Its name spelt thataway; but how
 Duz this style fit yer ear?
 Hiz gote is spelt "g-o-a-t,"
 Hiz kow with "c," I swar,
 An' heffer—wall, that jist gits me—
 "H-e-i-f-e-r."

Now aint thet fer a kollege man
 The wust yew ever heer?
 But dog my cats! I haint began
 Ter fish out all ther kweer,
 Dad-fetched, all-fired orthogerfy
 Thet's here—Marier, say!
 Wot sort of pcekok's spelt with P-
 "E-a-c-o-c-k?"

An' now heze munkst hiz garden weeds;
 Hiz kaller's spelt with "C-
 A-l-l-a;" his murtel reeds
 "M-y-r-t-l-e."
 Thet's orful, aint it? Wall, jist wait;
 Here's wun thet t'others recks!
 Hiz floks—like's bloomin' at ar gate—
 Iz "p-h-l-o-x."

Great Seezer! Every step he takes
 Heze gettin' wusser. My!
 A spellin' bee hiz hunny makes,
 It's "h-o-n-e-y."
 An' landy Moses! Marcy me!
 Heze chuckt the books away;
 Hiz rooter-beggar is "r-u-
 T-a-b-a-g-a!"

Thar, thar, Marier! Ef it churns
 Yer laugh ter that ekstent
 I'll stop; but 'fore the thing ajurns
 This invite he hez sent.
 He wants us thar on Krismus day,
 Ter feest on fezent pi;
 Hiz fezent starts "p-h-e-a,"
 Hiz Kris "C-h-r-i."

Thet jist gives me a pinter; Ile
 Return hiz komplernents,
 By antserin' in thet same stile
 An' spellin' 'thout no sents.
 An' when the envelope I 'dress,
 For Kristofer, I swar,
 Ile rite it "C-h-r-i-s-
 T-o-p-h-e-r."

"SHOUTIN'."—F. L. STANTON.

There's lots an' lots of people (if you'll just believe my
 song),
 What says we shoutin' Methodists is got the business wrong.
 Well, they're welcome to their 'pinions, but of one thing I'm
 secure:
 If they ever git religion they will shout a hundred, sure!
 I was once into a love-feast, an' talk of shoutin'—why,
 It almost shook the windows in the everlastin' sky.

An' the Presbyterian people—they were happy, not a few,
An' the Baptist brother come along and joined the shoutin',
too.

I tell you, folks, religion is a curious kind o' thing;
It gives a man a heart to pray, a powerful voice to sing!
An' if you've only got it—though there aint no shoutin'
heard—
The people's bound to see it, if you never say a word.

In this little church at Smithville, that is dear to one and
all,
Where the footsteps of the Master in the mystic silence fall,
As He walks among the people in this little church, if we
Only had some old time shoutin' how much better it would
be.

We're sailin' in the same old ship, no matter where we
roam;
The Baptists and the Methodists, we're all a-goin' home;
An' no matter how we travel, by our different creeds enticed,
We'll all git home together if we're only one in Christ!

The paths we tread are sometimes rough, and flowerless is
the sod;
"This world is not a friend of grace to help us on to God."
But the lights of Canaan shinin' o'er the river's crystal tide
Seem to woo us to the city that is on the other side.

Then let us sing together, for we're bound to get there soon;
"On the other side of Jordan"—will some brother raise the
tune?

"Where the tree of life is bloomin'," sheddin' blossoms o'er
the foam,

"There is rest for the weary," an' we're goin', goin' home!

A NIGHT RIDE ON THE ENGINE.—EMMA SHAW.

OVER THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Beside the engine-driver grim
We stand, and, in the twilight dim,
Look out upon the forest wild,
The rocky *debris* heaped and piled
About the track where shining steel
Outlines the way for truck and wheel.

Like flaming, never-sleeping eye
The head-light blazes; as we fly,

Its radiance makes the gloom more dense;
 Each heart is filled with awe intense
 That man should ever dare to try
 This road to build 'mongst mountains high,
 Through cañons weird, and gloomy pass,
 By rock-girt lake and lone morass.

On! On, until we seem to fly,
 Beneath the star-bespangled sky!
 Huge shapes loom up on either side,—
 Like Titan giants typified;
 A transient gleam lights up the snow
 Which crowns each brow, and scarred seams show
 Where swept the fearful avalanche,
 Destroying trees both root and branch,
 And proving its all-potent sway
 By leaving chaos in its way.

Now some lone lake reflects our light
 An instant, ere 'tis lost to sight,
 And then our passing gaze we fix
 On river,—black as fabled Styx,—
 Far, far beneath us, winding through
 A cañon wild; next to our view
 A lone night-watchman holds in sight
 The flag which signals, "Track all right!"
 Then's lost in the surrounding gloom,
 As into tunnel, like a tomb,
 We swiftly plunge, and with a thrill
 Dash onward through its damp and chill.

Emerging from this cavern dark
 We see, far off, a tiny spark,
 Which broadens to the switchman's light,
 In all its blaze of colors bright,
 As fast we thunder to the town,
 Then sudden stop,—the brakes hard down,
 To see—although 'tis past midnight—
 Bronzed faces, 'neath a glare of light,
 Look out with curious eager stare
 The little while we linger there,
 Ere, by that almost magic wand
 The train-conductor's waving hand,
 We're started on our westward way;
 For trains, like time and tide, ne'er stay

For laggards. Swift the lights recede,
And we right onward, onward speed!

Where fire has swept across the land,
Huge trees, like ghoulish figures, stand
Outreaching branches leafless, bare,
As if to breathe a voiceless prayer
That Nature'd grant them yet once more
The emerald robes they wore of yore.

On trestled bridge we slowly go,
O'er Stygian rivers far below,
While thund'rous, deaf'ning dash and roar
Tell how tumultuous waters pour
O'er jagged rocks, in foam-wreaths white,
Half hidden by the gloom of night.

We look ahead, and with a thrill,
See rifted crags crowd closer still
About our track, and at their feet
Wide-branching pine trees seem to meet
And mingle. Still we climb the steep,
And round wild, darksome ledges creep;
Till, far before us, softly gray,
Eternal hills foretell the day.
We watch the faint rose-tint of dawn
Broaden into the flush of morn,
When, suddenly, each flinty spire
A halo wears of sunrise fire!
Up comes the sun; the mists are curled
Back from the solitary world,
Which lies about—behind—before!
Our strangely-wild night ride is o'er.

DOMESTIC MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

ANDREW STEWART.

It was Sabbath evening, and Bob and Mrs. Johnston were seated at either side of the fire, crackin' soberly as befitted the time and the occasion. They had been to church, and heard a sermon in which the preacher had denounced hypocrisy as the besetting sin of the age, and pictured what a beautiful world this would be if every-

body in it were to speak the simple truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in all the affairs of life.

"It wis a'thegither a noble piece o' oratory," Bob was saying, "an' it wid be a grand thing for humanity, Maggie, if we could a' jist act up to the advice we got the nicht. Hoo smoothly and sweetly the wheels o' life wid gang if ilka body was honest and truthfu'."

"Weel, I dinna see ony use in preachin'," replied Mrs. Johnston, "if folk dinna try, at least, to act up to what they're tell't. I'm sure, Bob, it wid be guid for baith o' us to ha'e our bit fauts—for there's naebody free o' them—pointed oot and corrected by them wha ken maist about them."

"Feth, these are guid, plain, sensible words o' yours, Maggie. I'm maybe jist as free frae fauts as maist folk, though I'll admit I'm no a'thegither perfec', an' I dinna ken wha should be sae able to point oot a body's fauts an' correct his failin's as a mau's ain wife. It's a capital idea. Noo, supposin' we begin the nicht, Maggie, an', for oor ain edification an' improvement, tell ane anither o' a' the wee bit defec's we may see in ilk ither, so that we may mend oor ways an' improve oor characters, as guid kirkgaun folk ocht to dae."

"But hoo div ye think the thing 'ill work, Bob?"

"Nae fear o't workin'. We maun jist aye keep in min' that onything said is for oor guid, an', though we maybe dinna like it, still we maun jist thole, an' mak' the best o't. Like a laddie takin' castor ile, we may grue an' thraw oor mou' a bittie, but, at the same time, we maun tak' oor moral pheesic like sensible folk."

"An' will you begin?"

"Weel, I dinna min', an', seein' it's for baith oor guid, I maun jist caution ye again to see an' tak' onything said in guid pairt. Will ye min' that, na?"

"There's nae fear o' me," replied Mrs. Johnston, firmly. "Ye're shorter i' the grain than me a guid bit, an' much likelier to lose your temper, sae ca' awa', an' say yer warst aboot me, gin ye like. It'll no move me, no a bit."

I can stan' finely onything ye can say against me, if ye only speak the truth."

"But keep in min', Maggie, the warst that may be said is a' for oor betterment, an' no to hurt oor feelin's. Keep that aye in view, or I'll no begin."

"I'm mindin' that, guidman, so gang on as sune's ye like; I'm waitin'."

"Weel," began Bob, dubiously, "I think ye'll admit, Maggie, that it wid be a great improvement in this hoose if ye'd rise, say, for instance, an' oor earlier in the mornin's than ye're in the habit o' daein'."

"I'll admit naething o' the sort, Bob Johnston. I get up in fine time to dae my wark; sae what mair div ye want?"

"There ye are, noo, awa' wi't already, before I ha'e richt got begun. Noo, I'm sure, Maggie, ye ken it has been a lang complaint o' mine aboot gettin' my tea sae close on the back o' my parritch."

"But ye ha'e naething to compleen aboot. Be thankfu', guidman, ye get tea ava; there's mony a puir creature has to ——"

"Tuits, tuits, Maggie, that's no' the question ava. I'm sure Willie and Jamsie ha'e often to sup their parritch jist ploutin' het to be in time for the schule, an' escape palmies."

"Ye may talk till doomsday, guidman," replied Mrs. Johnston, with an indignant toss of her head, "but ye'll no get me up afore eicht o'clock, sae ye may let that flee stick to the wa'. Ye'll mak' little by barpin' on that string. I'll gi'e ye full liberty to mak' the parritch yese' gin yer no' pleased, an' surely that's fair eneuch."

"Weel, weel, Maggie, let's say nae mair on that point. I ken it's a kittle subject wi' you, an', besides, a'e man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink; but mind what we agreed to dae was jist in the spirit o' love an' kin'liness to point oot fauts, and leave it to oorsel's to mend them sae far as possible."

"But I dinna see ony faut in lyin' till eicht o'clock. Hooever, I suppose it's my turn noo?"

"Yes, fire awa'; turn about's fair play," said Bob.

"Weel, a' that I ha'e to say is this, that I think ye should try an' tak' the beam frae yer ain e'e before ye look for specs in ither folk's."

"Come, come, Maggie, ca' canny, my lass; dinna get excited an' speak havers,—doonricht nonsense, in fact. What are ye bletherin' about a beam in my e'e for, eh?"

"I'm no' excited—it's yersel' that's excited, an' it's naething but truth I'm tellin', and finely ye ken that. Ye ha'e muckle mair need to try an' mend yer ain life afore ye try and pick holes in mine."

"Maggie, for ony sake, calm yersel', and think on what ye're sayin'. Let reason an' sense gang thegither, an' let's talk kindly, an' withoot temper—but about that beam ye were speakin' o', what div ye mean by a beam in my e'e, Maggie?"

"I jist mean this, an' I'm as calm as a judge, and no the least excited, that it wid be tellin' yer wife an' family if ye'd bide in the hoose at nicht a wee oftener than ye dae. If ye canna get me *up*, I canna get you *in*, sae pit that in your pipe an' smoke it! Lo'd, the cheek o' some folk castin' up the like o' that!"

"But, Maggie ——"

"Jist haud yer weesht, for I'm no' dune. Only to think—rippin' up the like o' that, as if I was some lazy Mrs. M'Clarty, that lay in her bed a' day lang."

"What's the maitter wi' ye, Maggie? Will ye haud yer tongue?" ejaculated Bob, in a vain endeavor to stop the flow of his wife's eloquence.

"Ay, what's the maitter wi' me—ye may weel ask that. There wis naething the maitter wi' me till ye began to tear my character in bits. Me! the mither o' yer bairns; me! that has wrocht the pints aff my fingers to serve ye; me! that has made mysel' yer obedient slave, trottin' aifter ye like a collie dcug to mak' ye comfortable and happy; me ——"

"For ony sake, woman ——"

"Dinna woman me, ye blackguard that ye are. I sup-

pose ye think yersel' perfection, ye nesty conceited creature that ye are. Ye've an awfu' stock o' impidence. Man, the hail toon's talking about you an' yer daft-like caipers. They say ye ha'e a bee in yer bonnet, an' that ye maun be either hauf-daft, or hail stupid, an' ——"

"Wha says that?" exclaimed Bob, rising in wrath like a lion, and shaking his fist in his wife's face. "Wha says I'm either daft or stupid, or ha'e a bee in my bonnet? But, lo'd, I see, Maggie, ye're jist hatchin' up stories to spite me. Fine like conduct this for a wife to misca' her ain man, to his vera face, in that way. But that's jist anither o' yer fauts; ye're as fu' o' spite as an egg's fu' o' meat, an' ye're no sweer to tell a lee to get it oot on a body."

"I'm a leear, am I?" said Maggie, in wrath. "Weel, ye're anither. Ye're as big a leear as Tam Pepper, aye, an' a sly drinker to the bargain."

"Woman!" shouted Bob, "that tongue o' yours 'ill be yer ruin. It could clip cloots. It wags like the clapper o' a bell, an' I dinna believe ye're responsible for its action, or I'd ——"

"Ye'd what?" exclaimed Mrs. Johnston, reaching for the poker; "what wid ye try an' dae? Wid ye lift yer haun' to yer wife? Jis try't."

"I never said I'd lift my haun'."

"No; ye'd better no. But I ken yer meanin' by yer mumpin'. It was that ye intendit. Ye've murder in yer heart."

"Woman, ye should be ashamed o' yersel'; ye're a lood-tongued randy."

"Weel, ye're a paitterin', useless creature."

"You're a confirmed gossip."

"You're an upsettin' lump o' deception."

"You're a disgrace to the name o' Johnston."

"You're a credit to naebody that kens ye."

"Ca' awa', ye flytin' vixen. I'll argy-bargy nae mair wi' ye," replied Bob, taking down his pipe from the mantel-piece. "Ye're a sair thorn i' the side o' ony man

that has to pit up wi' ye. Woman, ye ha'e stabbed me to the vera heart wi' that tongue o' yours this nicht. Ye ha'e misca'd me wi' a' the ill names that could stick aboon ane anither for a' that was bad an' vile. I'll no pit up wi' that ony langer. I'll pit an end to't this nicht. I bear ye nae ill-will, Maggie; guid kens that; but aifter the epithets ye ha'e applied to me, I dinna see hoo this hoose should be disgraced wi' sic a monster as I seem to be. Maybe when I'm awa', and sleepin' aneath the waters o' the Tay, ye'll fa' in wi' a man that'll be kinder an' better to ye than I ha'e been—sae fareweel, Maggie."

"What div ye mean, Bob Johnston?" cried Maggie, starting to her feet in consternation at the solemn tones of her husband.

"I jist mean, Maggie, to rid ye at ance an' for ever o' sic a conceited, upsettin', guid-for-naething, hauf-daft incapable an' leear that ye're tied to, an' to gi'e ye anither chance o' daein' better in the future wi' somebody that'll be kinder to ye than I appear to ha'e been. I houp yer next man, Maggie——"

"Oh, dinna speak that way, for ony sake, Bob," cried Mrs. Johnston, bursting into tears, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulder. "I didna mean what I said, an' fine ye ken that. Oh, what's come owre ye, Bob? Dinna look that way. Think on yer bairns; think on yer wife. It was a' in fun."

"If it wis fun to you, it wis death to me," said Bob, in a tragic voice.

"But I didna mean't, Bob; an', besides, ye ca'd me as bad as I ca'l you. Sae sit doon, like a man, an' licht yer pipe, an' say nae mair aboot it."

"As sure's ocht, Maggie," said Bob, when he had re-lighted his pipe, and placed his feet on the fender, "I think we're a couple o' auld fules. I'm dootin' we're baith owre auld i' the horn to become patterns o' virtue in a nicht's time. Character's no made up o' a word or twa o' advice, hooever guid it may be; sae I'm thinkin', Maggie, we maun be content to bear an' forbear wi' ane

anither, instead o' rippin' up auld sairs in a fit o' reformin' zeal. There's my haun', guidwife. We took aue anither for better for worse, and if we canna aye keep the better side o' oor nature up, let us, for guid sake, try at least an' keep the warst side oot o' sicht."

A PERFECT FAITH.—S. B. M'MANUS.

My darling kneeled down for her evening prayer
 And out from her gown peeped her little feet bare,
 And a halo of light touched her golden hair,
 And I thought of the dear Christ-Child.
 The moonbeams fell soft on the wee, little girl,
 And lovingly lingered on dimple and curl,
 And peace mocked the presence of tumult and whirl,
 And a holiness seemed to pervade.

Then arose the sweet words, "Dear God, everywhere,
 Please listen to-night to a little girl's prayer:
 Bless papa and mamma, and keep in thy care
 All the folks that I love and I know;
 And make them all happy, dear Father, I pray,
 And help me to be a good girl every day;
 And one thing more, God, I'd like awful to say,
 But it may not be right if I do.

"I wish, Mr. God, that to-morrow you'd let
 The blue, thirsty sky, with clouds covered get,
 And you'd ask them to rain a little mite wet,
 For one who'd be glad if they would.
 My papa, he brought me just only to-night,
 A gossamer cloak and it fits me all right,
 And I want to see quick if it's leaky or tight,
 From the hem clean up to the hood.

"And now, God, Amen; don't forget what I said;"
 And with heart full of faith, she slipped into her bed
 And soon into dreamland her happy thoughts sped,
 And anon, came a splash on the pane;
 And all through the night and far into the day,
 The hot, burning earth drank its fever away,
 And be-cloaked and be-hooded, I heard my girl say:
 "I knew God would let the clouds rain."

THE DYNAMITER'S DAUGHTER.

E. STANWAY JACKSON.

Muffled tones in secret conclave
 Tell of deeds already done;
 Ruthless orders executed
 Heedless of the dangers run;
 Bringing ruin, death, and terror,
 Only two short days before;
 Now the lots are cast to settle
 Names for two explosions more.
 Breathless silence while the chairman
 Speaks in accents whispered low,
 "Netherson and Stowe are chosen,
 Three days hence they strike the blow."

One by one they leave the meeting,
 Netherson his home to seek;
 Through the slumbering city by-ways,
 Facing fitful night winds bleak.
 Furtively through shadows stealing,
 Cast by lofty buildings near;
 Like an awful spirit watchful,
 High above one star burns clear;
 While beyond the narrow opening,
 Robed in mystery by the gloom,
 Stern as sentinels on duty,
 Towers and spires forbidding loom.

Visions lurid chase each other
 Through his terror-heated brain;
 Dark and darker seems the prospect,
 All regrets he knows are vain.
 Easy 'twas to plan for others,
 Now the work his own becomes;
 Must he steep his hands in murder?
 How the thought his heart benumbs!
 Must he cast all pity from him?
 Must he crush each feeling mild?
 Kill, aye die, yet never falter?
 Then he thought upon his child.

Morning came; she stood beside him,
 Knowing naught of what was near;
 Dimpled cheeks in sunny tresses,
 Eyes like sparkling fountains clear.

"Father," gently speaks the maiden,
While her arms his form embrace,
"In the paper I've been reading,"
Something blanched her glowing face,
"How some men explosives hiding,
Cruel harm have done, and wrong;
Wounding people poor and helpless,
Fighting not the great and strong.

"Father, dear, it seems so dreadful!
And I hear the people talk,
'Curse the hands that work such evil,'
And I dread abroad to walk;
It were well if they were punished,"
And her voice more awesome grew;
"I'd be glad to know they'd caught them,
Yes, dear father, so would you."
Then she kissed his chilly forehead,
With a kiss impassioned, warm;
Knew not that within his bosom,
She had fanned a raging storm.

Then she went to school and left him;
Soon forgot the evil thing.
All alone, she thought she left him,
But her words incessant ring
Through and through his inmost being,
Peopling the teeming air,
With the forms of fiendish creatures,
Circling near him everywhere;
Laughing, jibing, taunting, mocking,
Flashing on him eyes of flame,
Goading him to desperation,
Hurrying on to darkest shame.

Slowly sped the days of waiting,
Came the fated hour at last;
Netherson had gained his station,
Stowe to his had safely passed,
There deposited his missile,
On a little distance went,
Scarce a pause, a booming shudder
Through the startled air was sent.
Stones, and bricks, and glass came falling,
Dust clouds filled the air around;

And when men could search the ruins,
In their midst a child was found.

Stricken down in girlhood's morning,
Tender, delicate, and fair,
Breathing still, but crushed and mangled,
Blood-stains dyed the flaxen hair.
Tenderly strong arms upraised her,
Near at hand was willing aid;
Soon their palpitating burden
In the hospital was laid;
But the man who wrought the evil,
Wist not who was hurt or killed;
Fled in silence, never heeding
Whether beds or graves were filled.

Scathless from his coward's exploit
Netherson his home has gained.
Evening shadows fallen round it,
Dark and voiceless it remained.
Fearing first to meet his daughter,
Now her absence wakes his dread,
Has some evil overwhelmed her?
Does she know his hands are red
With his fellow creatures' life blood?
Does she shrink from his embrace?
Seems once more that gloomy chamber,
Peopled by a fiendish race.

Night crept on with gloomy silence;
"Oh, my daughter, come again!"
But no voice, no footsteps answer,
While he sees the crimson stain,
Through the midnight darkness glowing,
On his hands like flaming light;
There he sat enchained in silence,
Spell-bound by the ghastly sight;
Like a culprit iron fettered,
There he sat, nor moved, nor spoke;
Night was passed, the light grew broader;
Once again the world awoke.

Gently glowed the springtide morning,
Bringing hopes of love and life,
Though it snapped the spell of silence,
Could not soothe the inward strife,

Could not calm the wayward passions,
Fiercely warring in his mind ;
Hate of power, the dread of equals,
Fear lest others would unwind,
Thread by thread, the secret meshes,
Woven by his own poor skill ;
Self, and worse, his child in danger,
Wilder grew the tumult still.

Watch him reading now the paper ;
" Yesterday, at four o'clock,
Several streets were rudely shaken,
Damaged by the sudden shock
Caused by dynamite explosion.
When they cleared the wreck away,
'Neath the debris, badly wounded,
Nearly dead a sweet girl lay ;
Long and full her flaxen tresses ;
To the hospital conveyed—"
Quickly all the truth flashed on him,
Then aside the sheet was laid.

She, the only one that loved him,
Loved with fond affection she,
Should he run the risk and seek her,
Or from quick detection flee ?
Others grieved, and others suffered,
Now the plot had wounded him ;
She, his darling, suffering, dying,
Every other sense was dim ;
Like a lion by hunters driven,
Held at bay he madly stood ;
Till upon him flashed her features,
And the hair all stained with blood.

Long he pondered, undecided ;
Then o'erborne by impulse strong,
Formed a hasty resolution ;
Hurriedly he passed along,
Sought the place, the ward discovered,
There he knelt beside the bed ;
And the last faint rays of sunlight
Fell upon his prostrate head ;
Wan the cheeks so lately ruddy,
Lost was every golden tress ;

One brief glance, he could not bear it,
Down he bent in blank distress.

“Weep not, father, darling father,
Yes, the pain grows very bad;
Long with you I may not linger;
Lonely you will feel and sad.
Father, I forgive the people—
Do you think they’ll catch the men?
Sure I am, I never wronged them,
Tell them, father, tell them then—
Kiss me, father, I am dying;
Oh, so dark - now bright it seems;
Listen, father, are they singing?
Angels, like I’ve seen in dreams?”

Tender words, how deep they cut him,
One long kiss, he left the bed,
Daylight, life, and love seemed dying;
From the building as he fled
Two strong men his progress hindered;
Vain to make attempt at flight;
Quickly to the station hurried,
Walls and doors shut out the light,
Baffled, thwarted, captured, prisoned,
As upon him close the doors,
Freed from pain, his daughter’s spirit,
Angel-guarded, heavenward soars.

THE BIBLE.—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Bible is fragrant with the breath of new-mown grass, and Sharon Rose, and the blossom of the “apple tree among the trees of the wood.” You hear in it the murmur of bees, and the dash of waters, and howl of fierce Euroclydon. You see in it the glitter of dew, and the crimson of cloud, and slumber of lake, and the foam of raging Gergesareth. Through this chapter drips the moonlight upon Ajalon, and through that carols the new created flocks that fly through the “open firmament of heaven.” Where is there in all the world poetical description like Job’s champing, pawing, snorting, lightning-

footed, thunder-necked, war-horse? How tame are Cowper's, Milton's, Bryant's, Dryden's tempests, beside David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon, and shivers the wilderness of Kadesh. See here how easily the Almighty holds the waters in the hollow of his hand; the five oceans held to the tip of his finger as a grass-blade holds a dew-drop. It seems as if to the feet of the sacred writers the mountains had brought all their gems, and the sea all its pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its glory, and eternity all its stupendous realities; and that since then, poets and orators and painters have been drinking from an exhausted fountain, and searching for diamonds amid realms utterly rifled and ransacked. Oh! this book is the hive of all sweetness; the armory of all well-tempered weapons; the tower containing the crown-jewels of the universe; the lamp that kindles all other lights; the home of all majesties and splendors; the stepping-stone on which heaven stoops to kiss the earth with its glories; the marriage ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering, white-robed multitudes of the sky stand round to rejoice at the nuptials. This book is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands, the song into which hath struck all harmonies, the river of light into which hath poured all the great tides of hallelujah, the firmament in which all suns, and moons, and stars, and constellations, and galaxies, and immensities, and universes, and eternities, wheel, and blaze, and triumph. Where is the young man with any music in his soul who is not stirred by Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or St. John's anthem of the ten thousand times ten thousand doxology of elders on their faces, answering to the trumpet blast of archangel with one foot on the sea and the other on the land swearing that time shall be no longer. In the latter part of the Psalms, we see David gathering together a great choir, standing

in galleries above each other: beasts and men on the first gallery; above them hills and mountains; above them fire, and hail, and tempest; above them sun, and moon, and stars of light; until, on the highest round, he arrays the host of angels. And then standing before this vast multitude, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of a great orchestra, he lifts his hands, crying, "Praise ye the Lord; let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." And all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones, respond in magnificent acclaim, "Praise ye the Lord; let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

I cahnt endure the stoopid, wude,
 Unculchawed chap,—the vulgar boah,
 Who weahs in the morning the same pair of twousers
 He woah the day befoah.
 It makes me mad and vewy cwiss,
 With pain and gwief I almost woah,
 To see the next morning the same pair of twousers
 He woah the day befoah!

And when I mingle with the thwong,
 Down to the club or on the stweet,
 It makes me fwantic that a man
 Can be so doocid indiscweet,
 So wough and weckless and so wude,
 I weally want to spill his goah,
 When he weahs in the morning the same pair of twousers
 He woah the day befoah!

Now there are deeds I can excuse,
 And wongs I can forgive,
 But such a cwiminal as this
 Shouldn't be allowed to live!
 Why, the ideah! the monstwous wetch
 With wage and fuwy makes me woah,
 Who weahs in the morning the same pair of twousers
 He woah the day befoah!

THE LEGEND OF ST. FREDA.—SARAH D. HOBART.

There once was an ancient city
Beside the silvery sea,
Where the white ships lay at anchor,
And the glad waves tossed in glee.

And down by the wharves the houses
Were low, and dark, and small;
But beyond, the streets were spacious
And the mansions grand and tall.

Here loathsome vice was hidden,
There virtue walked secure;
And those were the homes of the wealthy,
And these were the haunts of the poor.

In a dark and lonely garret
Where the sunlight's radiant flame
Through the narrow cobwebbed windows
Feebly and faintly came;—

Alone in the rosy morning,
Alone in the twilight shade,
With God and her precious lily
Dwelt a little orphan maid.

All day through the crowded city
She begged her bitter bread,
And at night in the lonely garret
She laid her weary head.

And as one eve she lingered
By the old cathedral grim,
Where swelled the organ's music
And rang the holy hymn,

Amid the roll of anthems,
And wailing of the psalms,
She heard the old priest pleading,
"Bring, bring to the Lord thine alms!"

Through sounding aisles and arches,
It rang like a trumpet call;
"Who gives to the dear Lord Jesus
The holiest gift of all?"

"I am small and poor," said Freda,
"No offering can I bring
Save my flower, within whose petals
Are folded angel's wings,—

"My lily, with snow-white blossoms,
And green leaves arching o'er;
But life will be darker than ever
When it blooms for me no more."

The wind from the distant forest
Came with a dirge-like moan,
"Why should I fear?" said Freda,
"Will the Lord not keep his own?"

Then home she ran through the darkness,
And out from the garret's gloom
She brought her beautiful lily
With its fragrant, rare perfume.

Her eyes were sadly tearful
As she passed thro' the wondering throng,
But she thought of the holy Saviour
And her fainting heart grew strong.

And she said, while her blue eyes brightened
With the light of a love divine,
"I give to the dear Lord Jesus
The only treasure mine!"

Gold gleamed upon the altar
And gems of richest cost,
But the priest said, bending reverent,
"This child has given the most!"

Then lo, a beauteous marvel!
The dew-drops pearls became;
Each flower was a golden lily,
Each leaf was a leaf of flame;

And there beside the altar
The Christ-child seemed to stand,
And the crown reserved for the sainted
Gleamed bright within his hand,

And his voice in silvery accents
Rang through the lofty hall:
"A crown of light for Freda
Who gives to the Lord her all!"

Ah! richer than gold or silver,
 And wealth and rank above,
 In the sight of the dear Lord Jesus
 Is a child's unsullied love.

With heavenly store forever
 Doth He repay our gifts,
 And when we take our burden
 Its weight from our hearts He lifts.

For thorns He gives us roses,
 Bright smiles for earth's cold frowns;
 For moans the harp's glad music,
 And for crosses golden crowns!

THE WORLD.—ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

The world is a queer old fellow,
 As you journey along by his side
 You had better conceal any trouble you feel,
 If you want to tickle his pride.
 No matter how heavy your burden—
 Don't tell about it, pray;
 He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder
 And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully cover your sorrow,
 And the world will be your friend.
 If only you'll bury your woes and be merry
 He'll cling to you close to the end.
 Don't ask him to lift one finger
 To lighten your burden because
 He never will share it; but silently bear it
 And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow;
 You must laugh at his sallies of wit.
 No matter how brutal, remonstrance is futile,
 And frowns will not change him one whit.
 And since you must journey together
 Down paths where all mortal feet go,
 Why, life holds more savor to keep in his favor,
 For he's an unmerciful foe.

TSAR OLEG.—J. J. KENNEALY.

Tsar Oleg was riding through holy Kieff,
With the bright, flashing trooping spear and shield,
And his loving people bent low where he passed,
As the wind sweeps over the full-ripe field.

When with staff upheld in the swaying throng,
The royal soothsayer stood in the way,
And he cried: "Beware! Death shall smite thee, O King,
From the milk-white steed thou hestridest to-day!"

Tsar Oleg, he pondered and mused awhile,
And anon he alit from his gallant steed:
"An' if this must be, I will ride thee no more,
Go, lead him, ye grooms, to some green sunny mead."

When a herald came out of the Grecian bounds,
And for tribute refused blew a challenge of war,
Tsar Oleg leaped on a berry-brown steed,
And led his hosts to the southward afar.

Till he girdled the Bosphorus-gazing walls,
And made the Cæsars bow down to fate,
And, departing, he said: "Be forever a mark!"
And he fixed his shield on the city's gate.

And in triumph to holy Kieff he returned,
With hostages, plunder, and martial spoils,
And he said in his heart: "We have fought, we have won,
We will rest now, in glory, from warlike toils."

When he sudden remembered the warning voice
That smote his ears as he rode to war,
And he bade the soothsayer before him stand:
"How twinkles, O prophet, my fateful star?"

"How prances the faithful and baleful steed?
Will he neigh, will he leap to the trumpet still?"
"Oh, my liege, nevermore; for these seven years' wind
Hath his bones all bleached on yon green hill."

Up rose Tsar Oleg and called for his horse,
And he followed the seer to that south sloping lea;
He went, gyved and guarded, that soothsayer gray,
And yet with a steady, proud step walked he.

And the King saw the bones of his milk-white steed,
 Where the tops of the deep grass rose and fell,
 And the silver shod hoofs and the bridle of gold,
 And the golden stirrups, he knew them well;

And he set his hoof on the hollow skull,
 While his nobles stood round him with bated breath,
 And he asked, with scorning: "Thou prophet of ills,
 Comes hurt from a carcass, or death from death?"

And he spake to his guards: "Let the false prophet die!"
 "The fates know me royal," he thought in his pride,
 When lo! from the skull sprang an adder fanged,
 And stilled with its venom his heart's high tide.

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF ADAM'S FALL.

Monsieur Adam, he vake up—he sees une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Voila de la chance! "Bon jour, Madame Iv." Madame Iv, she vake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put on his eyeglass to admire ze tableau, and zey make von promenade. Madame Iv, she feel hungry. She see appel on ze arbre. Serpent se prone sur l'arbre—make one walk on ze tree. "Monsieur le Serpent," say Iv, "vill vous not have ze bonté to peek me some appel? j'ai faim." "Certainement, Madame Iv, charmes de vous voir." "Hola, mon ami, ar-r-retez vous?" says Adam—"stop! stop! que songezvous faire? Was madness is zees? You must not pick ze appel!" Ze snake, he take one pinch of shnuff, he say: "Au, Monsieur Adam, do you not know how zere is nossing proheebet ze ladies? Madame Iv, permit me to offer you some of zeese fruit defendu—zeese forbidden fruit." Iv, she make one courtesy—ze snake, he fill her parasol wiz ze appel. He says: "Eritis sicut Deus. Monsieur Adam, he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu; know ze good and ze eveel—but you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess than you are now." An' zat feenish Madame Iv.

"NEARER TO THEE."—I. EDGAR JONES.

"Nearer my God to Thee," rose on the air,
Each note an ecstasy, joyous and rare,
Tones that were triumph peals shrined in a song,
Breathing of victory gained over wrong;
Out on the listening air, mocking at fear,
Ringing its clarion cry, fearless and clear,
Up from a soul redeemed, noble and free,
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer my God to Thee," thrilled on the air,
Each note an agony linked with a prayer,
Out on a sinking ship, land out of sight,
Borne by the wailing winds into the night;
White-maned and angry waves howling in scorn,
Wild shrieks of helpless hearts over them borne
Still rang one trusting voice high o'er the sea,
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer my God to Thee," thrilled on the breeze,
Far in a heathen land, 'neath the palm trees,
Rising in soulful notes, earnest and calm,
Trust and tranquillity winging the psalm;
Fierce faces round about, fever and death
Mixed with the tropic flower's balm-laden breath;
One lonely child of God bending the knee,
Saying with uplifted face, "Nearer to Thee."

"Nearer my God to Thee," echoed a street
Worn by the night tread of murderer's feet,
Up from a cellar, dark, noisome with slime,
Out o'er a motley crowd hideous with crime;
Curses and oaths obscene fouling the ear,
Still rose the trustful notes, trembling but clear;
Poverty, suffering, singing their plea,
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer my God to Thee," rose from a room
Where a man, old and blind, sat in the gloom,
While his poor hands caressed, there on the bed,
One who was once his bride, silent and dead.
Worn were the wrinkled hands folded in sleep,
Closed were the patient eyes, slumbering deep.
"Called to her home," he said, "waiting for me;"
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

“Nearer my God to Thee,” triumph or prayer,
 Winging its way every hour on the air,
 O'er the whole world from a numberless throng,
 Blending their smiles and their sighs in its song;
 Priceless the memories, sweet and profound,
 Linked like a chaplet of pearls by its sound.
 Grant its petition till all the world be
 “Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.”

AS JACOB SERVED FOR RACHEL.

'Twas the love that lightened service!
 The old, old story sweet
 That yearning lips and waiting hearts
 In melody repeat.
 As Jacob served for Rachel
 Beneath the Syrian sky,
 Like golden sands that swiftly drop,
 The toiling years went by.

Chill fell the dews upon him,
 Fierce smote the sultry sun;
 But what were cold or heat to him,
 Till that dear wife was won!
 The angels whispered in his ear,
 “Be patient and be strong!”
 And the thought of her he waited for
 Was ever like a song.

Sweet Rachel, with the secret
 To hold a brave man leal;
 To keep him through the changeful years,
 Her own in woe and weal;
 So that in age and exile,
 The death damp on his face,
 Her name to the dark valley lent
 Its own peculiar grace.

And “There I buried Rachel,”
 He said of that lone spot
 In Ephrath, near to Bethlehem,
 Where the wife he loved was not;
 For God had taken from him
 The brightness and the zest,

And the heaven above thenceforward kept
In fee his very best.

Of the love that lightens service,
Dear God, how much we see,
When the father toils the livelong day
For the children at his knee ;
When all night long the mother wakes,
Nor deems the vigil hard,
The rose of health on the sick one's cheek
Her happy heart's reward.

Of the love that lightens service
The fisherman can tell,
When he wrests the bread his dear ones eat
Where the bitter surges swell ;
And the farmer in the furrow,
The merchant in the mart,
Count little worth their weary toil
For the treasures of their heart.

And, reverently we say it,
Dear Lord, on bended knee,
For the love that lightened service most
The pattern is with Thee.
Oh, the love, the love of heaven,
That bowed our load to bear ;
The love that mounted to the cross,
And saved the sinner there !

What shall we give? How offer
Our small returns, to tell
That we have seen the Saviour,
And are fain to serve Him well ?
Take, Lord, our broken spirits,
And have them for Thine own ;
And as the bridegroom with the bride,
Reign, Thou, with us, alone.

As Jacob served for Rachel
Beneath the Syrian sky ;
And the golden sands of toiling years
Went swiftly slipping by :
The thought of her was music
To cheer his weary feet ;
'Twas love that lightened service,
The old, old story sweet.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.*—S. JENNIE SMITH.

CHARACTERS.

PILGRIM, young girl in pilgrim's garb.

BEAUTY, handsome girl in gaudy attire.

FAME, intellectual looking person dressed tastefully.

WEALTH, girl dressed in expensive clothing, and diamonds.

RELIGION, fair, sweet looking girl in pure white.

All wear their names, in large letters, on belt or sash, and should imagine a road at one side branching off into a broad, and narrow one.

* *Enter Pilgrim.*

PILGRIM. Here am I starting alone upon the wearisome journey of life; no one from whom to expect help or counsel. Before me are two roads; this, broad and seemingly pleasant; that, narrow and uninviting. Which to take I can not decide. I have heard that the former leads to destruction; the latter to everlasting happiness. Oh! if I had a guide to lead me, I would venture upon the narrow road, rough though its appearance. But alone I shrink from encountering the dangers which I hear one meets with in that direction.

Enter Beauty.

BEAUTY. Nay, fair maiden, choose not the narrow road, but take the one which is broad and lovely. I am called Beauty. If you are willing, I will be your guide. Every hour in my society will improve your appearance, and ere you have accomplished half your journey, you will be so transcendently beautiful that men will fall at your feet and worship you. Wherever you go, a train of admirers will follow. Truly that will be sufficient to make you happy.

PILGRIM. Say no more; I do not care for beauty. Neither do I believe that it will bring me happiness.

BEAUTY. What! You do not care for beauty! Unnatural woman! But surely you will let me guide you along this pleasant path. You must not take that thorny one. You would sink beneath the load of trouble awaiting you there.

PILGRIM. It is useless to prolong your argument. Yours is a siren's voice. I will listen to it no longer.

BEAUTY. I go, but you will have cause to repent your decision. Farewell. *[Exit Beauty.]*

*Written expressly for this Collection.

PILGRIM. Once more I am alone and undecided what course to pursue. But I will sit here and wait for some one to pass this way. (*Sits on a large stone.*) Perhaps I may find a friend who will at least advise me what to do. (*Sings.*) "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Enter Fame.

FAME. Good day, sweet maiden, I have heard from one of my sisters that you are looking for a guide to accompany you on your journey. You did wisely in rejecting her, for beauty will not always last, and the love which that provokes is but transient.

PILGRIM. May I ask your name?

FAME. I am Fame. If you choose me for your guide, you will become known throughout the wide world, and your name will be honored for many generations after you have departed this life.

PILGRIM. But I am searching for happiness now; not honor when I am in my grave. On which road would you lead me?

FAME. On the wide and beautiful one. You do not suppose I would lead a tender maiden like you upon that narrow, thorny road?

PILGRIM. But 'tis the narrow one that I wish to travel.

FAME. Foolish mortal! Are you not aware that the narrow road is beset with dangers at every step?

PILGRIM. I expect to meet with dangers and to bear many crosses, but I can endure all, for the narrow road will lead me to happiness.

FAME. Then you will not accept me as a guide?

PILGRIM (*decidedly*). No. Leave me. (*Exit Fame.*) Now that she has gone, I almost regret having rejected her offer. I am growing weary of waiting here, and the shades of night will be falling—Oh! for some one to help me!

Enter Wealth.

WEALTH. Did I hear you calling me, my dear? If so, I am at your service. What do you desire?

PILGRIM. I am about to start upon the journey of life, and fearing to go alone, am in search of some one to guide me.

WEALTH. And some one has come. I will be your guide.

PILGRIM. But who are you?

WEALTH. I am called Wealth. If I accompany you, you will want for nothing that money can procure. Feasts fit for kings will be provided at any time you desire, clothing that dazzles the eye by its brilliancy will fill your wardrobe, hosts of friends will ever linger near your side, and when you are weary of all these things, you will rest on soft luxurious couches. (*Pointing to the broad road.*) The road on which we —

PILGRIM. But 'tis the narrow road I wish to take.

WEALTH. Surely you will not remain here expecting some one to lead you on that thorny road. The idea is preposterous! None but fanatics travel that way. You'll find no one else willing to go in that direction, and will wait here in vain.

PILGRIM. Then, though my heart seems to tell me it is wrong, I will accept you as a guide, for even now the sun has sunk to rest, and I fear to be left in the darkness, alone and unprotected.

Enter Religion, unobserved by the others.

WEALTH. That is sensible. You can not conceive of the bliss in store for you. But we must hasten on our way, or—

RELIGION (*stepping forward*). What! would you lure her on to destruction? But first stand aside and let me speak; then she may choose between us.

PILGRIM. Yes, allow her to speak, for already I feel as if she were the guide for whom I have been longing, and I know that one with such an angelic countenance cannot lead me astray.

WEALTH. And will you be enticed by a fair face and honeyed words? Listen to me. In my society you will find far more happiness than you will in hers. Every step will only increase your joy.

RELIGION. Sweet maiden, I am Religion. This is my guide book (*holding out a Bible*), Christ is my King, and heaven is the goal to which I will lead you. These are my directions: (*Reads.*) "Enter ye in at the strait gate, etc."

PILGRIM. Now I am assured that you are the guide for whom I have been waiting. Go with me on my journey (*drawing near to Religion*), teach me to keep in the right path, and help me bear all trials for our King's sake. Full well do I now remember when, as a child, I sat on my mother's

knee, and she told me of this journey which I must take, and read to me that passage from her guide book.

WEALTH (*with outstretched arms*). Cannot I save you from that wily creature ere it be too late?

PILGRIM. I am already saved. I have accepted Religion as my guide.

RELIGION. And you will never regret your decision. The road on which we are to travel seems a rough one, but it has many joys that are known only to the faithful. True, you may have crosses to bear, but with my aid you will learn to endure them cheerfully, ay, gladly. Believe me, the flowers on the broad road hide many thorns that its travelers never escape. But, after all, our goal is the chief end in view. There we cannot fail to find rest and joy.

Beauty and Fame enter and join Wealth.

RELIGION. Let me not underestimate the worth of these three sisters. As companions, rightly used, they may prove valuable to pilgrims on this journey of life. But they are not fit for guides; ever bear that in mind. They may accompany us, if you so desire and they are willing, but you would need to be vigilant lest they tempt you into one of the side paths which lead to the broad road. Yet in that they cannot succeed, if you cling steadfastly to me.

WEALTH. We refuse to accompany the pilgrim, except as guides. We three once more offer to serve her in that capacity. If she accept you, she forfeits forever the society of Beauty, Fame and Wealth.

PILGRIM. But of happiness you cannot deprive me, and with that I shall be content.

RELIGION. Then you can give up all these for my sake? You will never regret your decision?

PILGRIM. Never. With you to guide, that precious book to direct, my King to meet at my journey's end, all other things fade away into insignificance. (*Sings.*) "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

Tableau.

Pilgrim and Religion, hand in hand, about to take the narrow road; Beauty, Fame and Wealth in the opposite direction, beckoning to the Pilgrim.

A BIT OF SHOPPING FOR THE COUNTRY.

My very dear friend :

This is simply addenda to what I last wrote,
 But the price-list I see, from which I there quote,
 Improves every day. I'm fairly delighted
 (Perhaps you might call my condition excited.)
 At what I've just read in *The Star* and *The Sun*.
 What soul-stirring bargains must be going on!
 I enclose you straightway a whole Ten Dollar note
 To go with the list I have just made you out—
 One moment, dear Carrie, with impudence bear
 If I ask you to handle the enclosure with care.
 Try to stretch it as far, now, please, dearest, do,
 As ever "a ten-stroke" has been known to go.
 You'll lift it, I'm sure, as a thing of some weight
 When I tell you it *outweighs twelve bushels of wheat*.

Imprimis, my room. And Madras, I see,
 Is just down as low as curtains can be;
 As mine, now, are hanging most limp and threadbare,
 I'll trouble you, Carrie, to get me two pair.
 Twenty yards, I suppose,—twenty yards more or less,—
 I can't be exact; but I know you can guess.
 The walls need a paper,—gilt paper I'd choose;
 Some eight or ten pieces would do, I suppose.
 Then, the dear, old arm-chair decidedly hints
 She'd like a new dress of the cretonne or chintz.
 A lounge cover, too, may as well come along,
 Since cretonne is selling for just "a mere song."
 I can't slight the mantle! Send a lambrequin, too;
 The old would look shabby with so much brand-new.
 I want all alike,—the cretonne for these,
 Not the sort that is thin and slazy, dear, please,—
 You remember 'tis rather a weakness of mine.
I like the price low, but the quantity fine.

Next for myself. And so far gone is *this*
 I think there is nothing that could come amiss.
 But then I must limit my wishes, of course,
 Or else my demands might outrun my purse.
 Once begin and I hardly know when I shall stop,
 For order's sake, then, we'll begin at the top.
 A bonnet,—I want just the simplest frame,
 With a scrap of green surah to cover the same

(Please pin it on, love, with the top-knot and strings).
Of course I don't dream of those fine Frenchy things,
But I want enough flowers and lace to look nice,
And something in jet to tip off the device.

Some collars and cuffs,—the size just for you;
Say a dozen of each; and of handkerchiefs, too
(By the way, I see bordered and beautiful ones
Can be had for ten cents at Nichols' and Sons').
And gloves, some eight-buttoned at Donald's and Dent's;
The best of Jouran's at—I think, fifty cents.
Six is my number. I must own the fact
That in matter of gloves I am *very* exact.

Next for my boots. O Carrie, dear, *please*
Get softest French leather in good number threes.
I see that Waukeasy and some of the rest,
For less than a dollar are selling "the best."
But my poor tender toes—O Carrie, my dear,
Of those ironside corn-crushers please you beware!
Those pitiless soles that pierce you like thorns
Right into the quick of your tenderest corns!

As to the dress I need say nothing more.
The order stands just as I wrote you before.
I don't care how cheap you get the sateen
Just so it is fine, and pretty sage green.

And now, I believe I have made out the bill,
Which I hope, love, will give you no trouble to fill.
Of course you'll retain what will have it expressed,
Or, send it by mail, just as you think best.

And then with what's over don't worry about;
It makes no great odds how you lay it out.
'Twill be but a trifle, and I'm not precise,
Any cute little notion, that's useful and nice.

And now, dear, forgive if I should here repeat
The gentle reminder regarding the wheat.
For money is money these dreadful hard times,
And reckless extravagance ranks with the crimes.
Please send on the package as soon as can be,
Of course these returns I'm distracted to see.
Curiosity's sharpened distressingly keen
Of—truly and fondly, your own, EVA GREEN.

—*The Housewife.*

THE BRIDGE KEEPER'S STORY.—W. A. EATON.

Do we have many accidents here, sir?
Well, no! but of one I could tell,
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story,
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the drawbridge swings open
When the vessels come in from the bay,
When the lightning express comes along, sir,
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass,
A child, sir, could manage it well;
My brave little chap used to do it,
But that's part of the tale I must tell.

It is two years ago come the autumn,
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;
I was sitting at work in the house here,
And the boy played just outside the door.

You must know, that the wages I'm getting
For the work on the line are not great,
So I picked up a little shoemaking,
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,
And singing as blithe as could be!
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,
Was tying a tail on his kite;
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station
Rang out the express on its way;
"All right, father!" shouted my Willie,
"Remember, I'm pointsman to-day!"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,
I heard the bridge swing on its way,
And then came a cry from my darling
That filled my poor heart with dismay.

"Help, father! oh, help me!" he shouted.
I sprang through the door with a scream;

His clothes had got caught in the windlass,
There he hung o'er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,
I saw the fleet oncoming train ;
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened,
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy ; ere I reached him,
He fell in the river below.

I saw his bright curls on the water,
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,
But there was the onrushing train ;
And hundreds of lives were in peril,
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,
I turned, and his mother stood there,
Looking just like a statue of marble,
With her hands clasped in agonized prayer.

Should I leap in the swift flowing torrent
While the train went headlong to its fate,
Or stop to refasten the drawbridge,
And go to his rescue too late?

I looked at my wife, and she whispered,
With choking sobs stopping her breath,
" Do your duty, and Heaven will help you
To save our own darling from death !"

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,
And fastened the bridge with a crash,
Then, just as the train rushed across it,
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water,
How I battled till hope almost fled,
But just as I thought I had lost him,
Up floated his bright, golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,
As a miser would clutch at his gold,
But the snap of his belt came unfastened,
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,
And caught at his bright, clustering hair,

And biting my lip till the blood came,
I swam with the strength of despair!

We had got to the bend of the river,
Where the water leaps down with a dash,
I held my boy tighter than ever,
And steeled all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool
Engulfed us, I struggled for breath,
Then caught on a crag in the current,
Just saved, for a moment, from death!

And there, on the bank, stood his mother,
And some sailors were flinging a rope;
It reached us at last, and I caught it,
For I knew 'twas our very last hope!

And right up the steep rock they dragged us;
I cannot forget, to this day,
How I clung to the rope, while my darling
In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the greensward I laid him
Till the color came back to his face,
And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture
As I felt his warm, loving embrace!

There, sir! that's my story, a true one.
Though it's far more exciting than some,
It has taught me a lesson, and that is,
"Do your duty, whatever may come!"

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half
forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters
not,
It said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music
that rings.
If he put from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain
and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of
life—

If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
 He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
 And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
 Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and to me.
 Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure thoughts enter in
 To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?
 So, then, let us ponder a little, let us look in our hearts and see
 If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us,—you and me.

ABNER'S SECOND WIFE.—P. C. FOSSETT.

A nine days' wonder had Tattlerstown,
 Its gossips regaled on a morsel sweet,
 And the whilom widower, Abner Brown,
 Provided, free gratis, the luscious treat.
 For Abner, tiring of single life,
 And sighing again for wedded bliss,
 Affinity found for a second wife
 In Amanda Green, an ancient miss.

The widow Simmons made bold to state
 (Though in neighbors' affairs she took no part!)
 That Abner was lured to a dreadful fate
 By deep design and a cunning art.
 However, this view caused no surprise,
 For as plain as the noonday sun 'twas seen,
 The widow looked through the monster's eyes,
 Whose hues are said to be emerald green.

Samantha Jones and Abigail White—
 Two maidens born in the long ago—
 Wouldn't think of marrying such a fright!
 "But 'Mandy was growing old, you know!"
 We're told at length in ancient tale
 How Reynard roamed where the grapes hung high—
 To both Samantha and Abigail
 This aged legend will well apply.

Belinda Jenkins turned up her nose,
 And scornfully sniffing the ambient air,
 Maliciously hinted the dead wife's clothes
 Were all the living would get to wear.

To which Mrs. Mopps rejoined, "I guess
 Ab. Brown 'll be like the rest of his ilk,
 Who keep the fust in a kaliker dress
 That the second critter may wear the silk!"

Some said Amanda would be the boss,
 And others argued the other way;
 Some thought his grief for his first wife's loss
 Was a hypocrite's pretense and play.
 Amanda and Abner were both the theme
 At the quilting-bee and the milliner's shop,
 Until it really began to seem
 The wagging tongues would never stop.

A fragment or two came Abner's way,
 Conveyed by his bosom friend, Bill Ayers,
 And the bridegroom had only this to say,
 While the town was nosing in his affairs:
 "I knowed a man onst 'way down South,
 And houses and lands and bonds were his,
 And he made it all by keepin' his mouth
 And mindin' his individooal biz!"

IN THE SAME LINE.

He had halted under an awning to get out of the rain, and his back was to Abraham as the latter sat in the store door and remarked:

"My frendt, let me sell you a rubber oafergoat cheap. I can make you one at a dollar. If you haf a rubber ofergoat you can go along and nod mind der rain."

The man did not turn nor answer.

"You vas werry foolish," continued the clothier, "for you nefer get anoder such bargain as dot. How you like an umbrella for seexy cents, eh? I haf some shust as good as you puy for two dollar at de stores. If you haf an umbrella you vas all right in de vet veather. Come in, my frendt, und select a handle that suits you."

The man under the awning was like a piece of statuary.

"It vas a dull day mit me und I like to get rid of someting. Dot goat of yours vas werry shabby for a

shentleman like you. It vas no match for your pants anyway. I haf two hoonered to select from, and if you like to step in I make der price all right. I can sell you a petter one for tree dollar,—a misfit dot som congress-man doan' take away. Please valk right in."

But the stranger didn't.

"Or may be you like to look at a nice trunk. My place vos de original and only trunk store for de sale of de pest trunks at de lowest prices. Eferybody should have a trunk. She vas handy if you go away und shust as handy if you shtay home. I can sell a trunk mit a patent tray und Yale lock for two dollar. Dot vos one-half de price charged in de next street. I can gif you one all de way from feefy cent to sixteen dollars. It vas no trouble to show goods. Shtep right in and examinic my line of trunks."

If the stranger heard a word of what was said no action of his betrayed the fact.

"Vhell, if you doan' like a trunk, perhaps you look at my nice tweed suits. I can fit you out in fife minutes und gif you nice satisfaction. Dose glose vas nod a second-hand pizness. All vas misfits from de very pest tailors, und I take dem at sooch a low price dot I can fit you out at your own figure. Please come in and make de greatest bargain of your life. Dis shtore vill change hands next week, und you lose de opportunity."

The stranger still stood like a crowbar.

"My frendt, it vas late for ofergoats, und I make a great shave. It vhill pay you to buy one for next winter. I vas long on oafergoats und short on cash. You can haf brown, green, blue, black—"

"Abraham, who vas you talking to?" inquired the wife, as she came from the back room.

"To dis shentlemans oudt here, who can haf an oafergoat for fife dol—"

"You vas an oldt fool!" she exclaimed, as she looked out. "Dot vas oldt Isaacs, who vas in de same pizness around de corner!"

THE OLD ORGAN.—HELEN BOOTH.

Written expressly for this Collection.

I sat at the wheezy organ,
 In the old time-beaten hall;
 As the evening looked in the windows,
 You could hear the dry leaves fall
 On the walks outside, and a lone bird
 Piping his dreary call.

The yellow keys before me,
 The silence settling through,
 I thought of those who had been here
 When these old things were new;
 And idly my hands some fitful tones
 From the long-hushed organ drew.

How long I sat there I know not;
 The shadows fell and fell,
 The hall grew darker and darker,—
 A faint, far evening bell
 Chimed in with the thin, low sounds I drew
 From the worn-out organ-well.

When suddenly the dark was gone,
 Or so at least it seemed;
 The hall was bright with waxen lights,
 The faded tapestry gleamed;
 There was no tarnish anywhere,
 And brightness fairly beamed.

The organ played a quaint old air—
 There came gay gentlemen,
 Each leading by the hand a dame
 All sweet and debonair,
 In wondrous gowns of stiff brocade
 And whitely powdered hair.

The cavaliers in courtly suits,—
 Their swords their silk calves met,—
 How they did bow and scrape, the while
 The ladies' courtesies let
 Their fair forms nearly to the floor,
 As they danced the minuet.

*Author of the romantic old-time drama for amateurs entitled "At the Red Lion," also the charming little comedy, "After Twenty Years," with song, etc., and other plays and recitations to be found in previous Numbers of this Series.

Forth and back, and round about,
Slow and grave and fine;
The tinkling of high heels, the sweep
Of rich trains, and the whine
Of organ pipes, and soft, low laughs,
These twine and intertwine.

But singling from the company
A lady passing fair,
I saw her with a gentleman
Pass on unto the stair,
And there they sat them down to chat
With merry, careless air.

And lo! the organ's voice began
A tune both soft and bland;
You seemed to lean o'er lily ponds
In some sweet evening land,
With one star gleaming overhead,—
The lamp held in love's hand.

And in the ear of that fair dame
Whispered the cavalier,
Till blushes blended in her cheeks
And touched each tiny ear;
While closer to him did she move,
Each eye large with a tear; *

Until he said one word alone—
The organ sang it too—
And the one star in heaven above
Brighter and brighter grew,
And he and she, that young fond pair,
Touched lips—and heaven knew.

Was it the organ that then swung
A clarion blast along?
Was it a war-cry that took on
The semblance of a song?
Was there a rush, a whir, a crash
The pretty scenes among?

The fair maid touched her lover's arm,
She held his sword in hand:
"Go forth and meet the enemy
That threatens our free land!"
He clasped her in a long embrace,
Then joined a warrior band.

Oh, loud and fierce the organ sounds,
 Like fire and flash of steel;
 You almost saw the chargers rush,
 And meet, and part, and reel;
 You almost heard the battle cries,
 Death-pain could almost feel.

Until—ah, me! what sound was that?
 A dirge?—an elegy?
 A pall hid a young warrior's form,
 And that dame, was it she
 Who danced with him, who loved with him,
 His widow now to be?

More low, the sound; before him goes
 His brave steed, and behind
 The black-swathed figure of his love;
 And then the sad tones wind
 With memories of the minuet
 And the love-thoughts it enshrined.

Then from the melancholy chords
 Came a sweet tune that raised
 The gloom—and an old woman kneeled
 Down in the hall and praised
 The dear Lord for his kindly care
 Through lone long years, and gazed

Up to the heaven she soon would know,
 Where he had gone before—
 The shadows fell, the lights went out,
 She kneeling on the floor,
 While an old hymn broke from her lips:
 "The God whom I adore."

And so—ah, then I sat alone
 Before the yellow keys;
 The gaunt old hall, the leaves outside,
 The lone bird calling,—these
 Were all. The rest was phantasy,
 The ghosts the organ sees.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.—EMERSON.

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied:
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of wind and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere;
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry;
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut.

A MESSAGE FROM BONY.

His name was Johnny,—Johnny Bohn, if there had been any record made of it, but "Rack-o'-Bones" was what he said they usually called him, except a few who shortend it to "Bony."

Bony was an appropriate title for the little fellow. As he lay back on the pillow in the hospital ward he looked little else than bones. Dark rings encircled his eyes, and his pale, pinched face told of great suffering.

"He is a great deal more than ordinary!" said, the nurse of that ward on visitors' day, "and patient, ma am; there never was anything like it! He's pretty cheerful too, except when I tell him I hope he will soon be well; then his face grows long and sad, and he always says 'I want to die!' Poor lad, he'll get his wish soon, I'm thinkin'. The doctors say he will never go out alive!"

"Poor little fellow," the visitor said, approaching him. And then Johnny turned his great eyes on the lady and exclaimed:

"Mother used to say that 'fore she died,—'poor little fellow, and what's goin' to become o' you?' I don't know which she said the most, but 'twas al'ys one or

t'other." Then as the lady seated herself beside him, and put a bunch of roses in his trembling hand, he added: "She never dreamed I'd have a bed all my own—a bed with sheets on—and folks a-steppin' soft around me like as I was of some account, and a-waitin' on me and givin' me med'cin' like I was worth savin'! Mother never dreamed o' that! I s'pose if I hadn't been so lame, an' could 'a got out o' the way of the horses that day I'd never 'a come to this! But oh, ma'am, it's nice when yer bones is achin' to have a bed to lie on! Seems like I'd been tired ever since I could think, just ever so tired ma'am! I'm gettin' rested now. Oh, don't say you hope I'll be well soon, I haint no call to git well, at all—no call at all, ma'am—an' I'd rayther die than not. Yes ma'am, I've heard about God and about heaven—the man at the funeral told us, an' I've been to them mission schools sometimes!"

It was a full half hour before the lady rose to go; she sat there talking lovingly and tenderly to the boy, who lay there drinking in eagerly every word she uttered.

"Yes ma'am," said Johnny replying to her parting words, "I'll be sure to remember what you have said. I can read a little, and I guess I can read this'ere card better when you come ag'in. Thank you, ma'am, you was kind to explain it! I didn't get the meaning at first, but it's clear enough now. Good-bye. Please ma'am, before you go wont you say 'poor little fellow' once more; it sounds so like mother. You needn't say the other, 'I wonder what'll become o' you'—the kick o' them horses has settled that!" and a wan little smile crept out on his face and softened its angles.

"My--s-t-, oh, yes, that's strength," said Johnny, trying to read in his poor little way the text on the card the lady had left. "My strength is m-a-made p-e-r-f-e-c-t, perfect in w-e-a—oh, yes, weakness! That weakness means me, he said; "the strength is Him! I wish I'd a-knownn it afore," he murmured—"why didn't some one tell me!"

And then the nurse came near and said: "Well, my

little man, here's your medicine!" And though she was always kind, Johnny was glad she had said "my little man," instead of "poor little fellow," for no one had ever said the latter, with just the mother tone in it, until this day, and it was still like music in his ears.

And when he had taken the medicine, Johnny put the card with the great word strength on it right under his little tired head—and thus he fell asleep.

He had grown very weak when the lady called again, and she said "poor little fellow" a great many times, because she felt so sorry. But Johnny's face was very bright, and the pain was gone out of it. He could still speak, but his voice was faint and far away!

"I'm gittin' better, I guess," he whispered; but he failed to add, "I want to die!" "I dreamed last night I went to heaven, ma'am; it was full o' them beautiful flowers you bring, and folks was there with faces sweet like yours, ma'am! *He* came up to me,—the one you told me about,—'the man o' sorrows,' you said, 'acquainted with grief.' His face was all sort o' sunlightly around it, and his voice tender-like and full o' love. He just came ever so close to me, and says He: 'Bony, what do you want?' said He. Says I: 'I want to die.' 'How's that?' said He. Then I made a clean breast of it, and told Him all, just as you said I should! 'Haint no call to live,' says I, 'I've al'ys been tired, al'ys been lame, al'ys been of no account, an' now the horses has run over me, an' broke my leg that was straight, an' smashed my only decent arm. I haint no home to speak of—no place—an' fo'ks as don't know me find me onpleasant to look upon, an' turns their heads away!'

"Then He comes still closer to me, and He takes my hand, and says He: 'Bony, I know what sorrow an' suff'rin is! I know what it is to have no place! I know what it is to be without friends. I've come into great glory an' power now, Bony, but all the same I haven't forgotten what earth's sorrows is, and I'm full o' great sympathy, Bony, for them that suffers. You are about

as miserable as a little fellow can be; but don't say as you haven't a call to live! It aint for the poorest creature on earth to jedge that! As long as life is yours, you are wanted on earth, and it aint soldier like to lie down and die in the midst of a battle. You are just the one to go back to earth and live for Me; just the one to tell the tired ones, the suff'rin' ones, the folks as is battlin' for their lives, not to lay the trouble too much to heart. Tell them to take hold o' Me, to lay hold o' my strength, and say that I have great love for them. 'Bony,' said He, sort o' soft like, 'fight it through, then you too shall come into glory.'

"I thought I had hold o' His hand, ma'am, and I held it tighter and tighter, and just then I woke up, and I had hold o' this card instid! But it's like takin' hold o' His hand to read them words since you told me about 'em! And I'll go back to where I came from, ma'am, if He wants me to, an' it wont be so hard agin, since He is lookin' on, and a-reachin' out help, and a-lovin' me!"

But the dear God never asked Johnny to go back, except in the dream. The little fellow grew weaker and weaker, but he never knew it. The arms underneath him were so strong, so tender and loving, so full of sweet comfort, they soothed him to sleep—but it was to the sleep God gives to His beloved.

A SIMPLE SIGN.

It was in a grocer's window
 That she saw a simple sign.
 And she stopped and slowly read it
 While her blue eyes seemed to shine.
 Then with scornful lips she murmured,
 As she tossed her pretty hat,
 "How I wish that men were labeled
 With a good plain sign, like that."
 So when she had passed, I ventured
 Near that favored grocer's shop,
 And espied this simple legend:
 "This Corn Warranted to Pop."

NEARING HOME.

"And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." Psalm cvii: 7.

We have heard of the city so shining and fair,
 In the far-away land of the blest,
 Of the mansions of glory preparing for those
 Who there, and there only, would rest.
 In those bright habitations we, too, long to dwell;
 To that city as pilgrims we roam;
 Though the journey be long, we are traveling on,
 For each day is a day nearer home.

Thro' the cold wintry storm, and the summer's fierce heat,
 In conflict, and sorrow, and pain,
 Over mountain and valley, and deep-rolling floods,
 We must pass ere that city we gain.
 Though toilsome the "way," it must surely be "right,"
 Since God is our leader and guide,
 In the pillar of cloud and of flame, day and night,
 He has promised with us to abide.

O'er the wide trackless plain, where no rock lifts its head,
 Beneath whose cool shade we may stand,
 With our strength almost gone, our feet bleeding and torn
 We press on through the hot, burning sand;
 But e'en in the desert we shall find some green spot,
 Some murmuring "brook in the way,"
 And shall lift up the head that was drooping and bowed
 Through the wearying march of the day.

And when from the hill-tops we catch the first gleam
 Of the walls, and the gates of pure gold,
 When faintly the echo seems borne on the air
 Of a rapture and joy uncontrolled;
 When we feel the light touch of invisible hands,
 And hear the soft rustling of wings;
 When the thought that his angels are guarding our way,
 New strength and encouragement brings,—

We are nearing "the land that was very far off,"
 The home of the ransomed and blest;
 Soon the "King in His beauty" our eyes shall behold,
 And forever with him we shall rest.
 Then as down through the valley of shadows we go,
 Hope sings her sweet song to the end;
 And faith follows the voice, till in triumph 'tis lost,
 And to glory and God we ascend.

UP THAR BEHIND THE SKY!—J. M. MUNYON.

I beg your pardon, misters,
 For 'truding here on you;
 But though I'm looking seedy
 You'll find me straight and true.
 Oh, no, I aint no stranger,
 As Injuns round here know,
 I came to these yere diggins
 Some forty years ago.

How come I to leave the East?

I swow 'tis hard to tell;
 A word or two with dad,
 And—and—and—well,
 Never mind how or why,
 We pulled up stakes—
 Old Ben Green and I—
 And started for the plains.
 That was long afore
 Thar was any railroad trains,
 And traveling then, boys,
 I tell yer was mighty tuff,
 'Twixt fighting them pesky Injuns
 And getting grub enough.
 Well, nothing special happened
 Until, one summer night,
 When quartered in our cabin,
 Snugly out of sight.
 We'd eat our scanty supper,
 And jist laid down to sleep,
 When we heard a cry below us,
 That caused our flesh to creep.
 The moon was shining brightly,
 And thar as plain as day,
 Stood a dozen painted redskins,
 Not twenty rods away.
 In the centre was a half-breed,
 With a white gal by his side,
 And he swore that he'd scalp her,
 Unless she'd be his bride.
 "Strike, strike, you villain," she said,
 "I gladly give my life;
 I'd rather be burned at the stake
 Than ever become your wife."

Then quick as a flash of lightning,
He seized that gal by the hair;
With an oath that was fit for the devil,
He raised his knife in the air,
But jist as the blade was descending,
I sent a ball through his head;
And he fell like a dog that he was,
At the feet of his victim, dead.
Them Injuns was fairly bewildered.
And run like deer for the plain,
And I knew by the way they skedaddled,
We shouldn't be troubled again.
We carried the gal to our cabin,
For she'd fainted clean dead away,
And thar for five long weeks
With a burning fever lay.
One night, 'twas jist at sunset,
We tho't her time had come.
Old Ben looked down at the heel,
And I felt mighty glum.
She beckoned us to her bedside,
And whispered, "Kneel down and pray,
Perhaps 'twill cool my forehead
And take the pain away."
Well, thar we stood like boobies,
We didn't know what to say,
For chaps what's fighting Injuns,
Don't arger their case that way.
Old Ben wa'n't much on weeping,
You could see the grit in his eye,
But he blubbered that night like a baby,
And said, "Come, Jim, let's try."
His prayer wa'n't much like preachers',
But I reckon it went as high,
For angels scemed to nuss her,
And God himself drew nigh.
The gal grew strong and bearty,
And sorter took to me:
And I was jist as lovesick,
As a lovesick chap could be.
'Twa'n't long afore a preacher man
Stopped at our ranch one day,
And spliced us both together,
In the good old-fashioned way.
She wa'n't so dreadful handsome,

But her heart was true as steel,
And she wa'n't afraid to help me,
With her shoulder to the wheel.
She allers read the Scriptor,
And used to pray and sing;
Why I wouldn't er swapped that home,
For the palace of a king.
I tho't the Lord was with us,
For things all seemed to thrive
And Ben, he used to call me
The happiest man alive.
And so we kept on prosp'ring
Till at last we had a boy;
Perhaps he wa'n't a comfort,
Perhaps he wa'n't a joy.
I hadn't a care or trouble,
Until one winter's day
I had to go to town,
Some twenty miles away.
'Twas night when I returned,
And, oh, what a sight to see!
Nothing but burning timber,
Of the home that used to be.
Nothing but smoke and ashes,
Nothing but wild despair,
Nothing but mocking winds,
Nothing but biting air.
I called for wife and baby,
I called for poor old Ben,
I prayed to God for wisdom,
I prayed for the help of men.
Then up like a hound I started
In sarch of sign or trail,
For I knew 'twas the work of Injuns,
And vowed I would not fail.
But now 'tis twenty years and past
I've tramped these regions o'er
In hopes that I might find
My wife and boy once more.
Don't think I'm chicken-hearted,
Or a man that often cries,
But thar's a big lump in my throat,
And water in my eyes.
For I've been thinking lately
As how the time is nigh

When I shall meet my darlings
 Up thar behind the sky.
 What's that? speak quick! you know me
 Your name, Jim Smith, my son?
 Your marm, my wife? where is she?
In thar? come boy, let's run.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things
 Should fall in such unequal shares;
 Why some should taste of all the joys,
 And others only feel the cares!
 I wonder why the sunshine bright
 Should fall in paths some people tread,
 While others shiver in the shade
 Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang
 So full of luscious fruit should grow
 Only where some may reach and eat,
 While others faint and thirsty go!
 Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
 For others only thorns be found;
 And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
 While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
 O'erflow with joy and happiness,
 While others go their lonely way
 Unblessed with aught of tenderness!
 I wonder why the eyes of some
 Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
 While others weep from morn till night,
 Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

Ah well! we may not know indeed
 The whys, the wherefores of each life!
 But this we know,—there's One who sees
 And watches us through joy or strife.
 Each life its mission here fulfills,
 And only He may know the end,
 And loving him we may be strong,
 Though storm or sunshine he may send.

HOW MOSE COUNTED THE EGGS.

Old Mose, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of a certain Southeru city for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived, but he has got the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchase.

"Have you got any eggs this morning, Uncle Mose?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed I has! Jess got in ten dozen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"I gua'ntee 'em. I know dey am fresh jess de same as ef I had laid 'em myself."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."

"All right, mum." (*He counts.*) "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You can rely on dem bein' fresh. How's your son coming on at de school? He must be most grown."

"Yes, Uncle Mose, he is a clerk in a bank."

"Why how old am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so. Eighteen, and getting a salary already? Eighteen, and (*counting*) nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-foah, twenty-five, and how's your gal comin' on? She was mos' growed up de las' time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dallas."

"Wall, I declar'. How de time scoots away! An' yo' say she has chilluns? Why, how old am de gal? She mus' be jess about ——"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so? Firty-free, (*counting*) firty-foah, firty-

five, firty-six, firty-seven, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three. Hit am so sing'lar dat you has sich ole chilluns, I can't b'leve you has grandchilluns. You don't look more den forty yeahs old yerself."

"Nonsense, old man, I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old, they are ——"

"Fifty-free? I jess don't b'leeve hit. Fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six,—I want you to pay tenshun when I counts de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah—whew! Dis am a warm day. Dis am de time ob yeah when I feels I's gettin ole myself. I aint long fer dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fodder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's ole, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seven, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine—and your mudder? She was one ob de noblest looking ladies I ebber see. You reminds me ob her so much. She libbed to most a hundred. I b'leeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Mose, she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she warn't no chicken when she died. I know dat—ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar, one hundred and eight nice, fresh eggs, jess nine dozen, and here am one moah egg, in case I has discounted myself."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward, Mrs. Burton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there and heard old Mose count them myself, and there were nine dozen."

THE SAND-MAN.—GEORGE COOPER.

He peeps in through the key-hole,
 And he bobs up at the pane,
 When scarlet firelight dances
 On wall and floor again.
 Hush! here he comes,—the Sand-man,
 With his dream-cap he is crowned,
 And grains of sleep he scatters,
 Going round and round and round—
 While the little ones are nodding, going round.

He whispers quaintest fancies;
 With a tiny silver thread
 He sews up silken eyelids
 That ought to be in bed.
 Each wee head nods acquaintance,
 He's known wherever found;
 All stay-up-lates he catches,
 Going round and round and round—
 With a pack of dreams forever going round.

I see two eyes the brightest;
 But I'll not tell whose they are!
 They shut up like a lily—
 That Sand-man can't be far!
 Somebody grows so quiet—
 Who comes, without a sound?
 He leads one more to dream-land,
 Going round and round and round!
 And a good-night to the Sand-man, going round.
 —*Independent.*

MAD ANTHONY'S CHARGE.—ALEXANDER N. EASTON.

The capture of the fort, at Stony Point, on the Hudson, forty-two miles above New York, by General Wayne, July 16, 1779, is justly considered one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the Revolutionary War.

Close beside the river Hudson stood a fortress large and strong;
 But the foemen, the dread British, held that fort and held it long;
 Patriots in vain might storm it, there it stood so grim and tall;
 Piled behind the sullen breastwork lay the powder and the ball.

It was in a time of trouble, and our nation was pressed sore ;
Clothed in bloodshed, through the country, stalked the cruel
tyrant, War,
Leaving many a mark of anguish, leaving many a bitter
trace,
In the pain and in the sorrow seen on every anxious face.

Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers; these had perished
in the fight,
Battling for their God and country, for our freedom and the
right!
But there still were trusty patriots, who were yet within the
field.
They had shed their blood already, they would rather die
than yield.

There was one among the soldiers who had longed the fort
to gain ;
He had never yet been vanquished,—brave, headstrong An-
thony Wayne.
Washington, his chieftain, questioned whether he the fort
could take,
And he answered: "General, listen. I'd storm —for free-
dom's sake!"

'Twas in summer, and the broiling sun was beating fiercely
down
On the tents pitched in the meadow, on the breastwork
huge and brown.
By the ramparts of the fortress, with his rifle at his side,
Stood the watchful English picket, and the distant tents he
eyed.

With his pistols in the holster and his sword clasped in his
hand,
Seated on his veteran charger, Gen. Wayne rang out com-
mand.
From the huts and tents surrounding, with the rifle, pistol,
sword,
Clustering round their dauntless leader, came the ready,
anxious horde.

"Fix your bayonets—empty rifles! Fire not a shot to-day;
By the steel upon our muskets we must conquer in this
fray!"
With their bayonets fixed and steady, swords and barrels
gleaming bright,
Stood they waiting for the signal—eager to commence the
fight.

Some were veterans of the army, they for years had followed
war;
Others were but just recruited, they had never fought before.

Looking at the upturned faces, Wayne cried, "Let our motto
be:

To the one who fights for freedom, God will give the victory!"

Belched the cannon's fire and thunder, burst the shells to
left and right;

Through the smoke and din of battle, charged the heroes in
their might;

And the groans of dying comrades heard they, yet they
passed them by,

Though their hearts grew faint within them, as they left
them there to die!

Suddenly a rifle bullet, whistling from the British hold,
Struck the General in the forehead, headlong fell the leader
bold;

From the lips grown pale so quickly issued forth a feeble
moan;

On the hill the deadly cannons boomed their answer to his
groan.

With their faces stern and anxious, gathered round his
trusty men;

He, by sturdy arms supported, staggered to his feet again.

"It is nothing but a flesh wound, 'tis no time to falter now—
Stony Point must yet be taken, or I die to keep my vow."

Forward through the din of battle, on their shoulders bore
they him,

Each man grasping tight his musket, charging still with
glorious vim!

Though the cannons roared the louder, and the bullets rat-
tled fast,

Not one ever stopped or faltered while their life and strength
might last.

Ah! what scenes of death and suffering, and of agonizing
pain;

Ah! what lives to Freedom given, for they died that she
might reign.

Patriots, falling from the bullets, left their life blood, warm
and red,

On the soil which they had fought for, while their comrades
onward sped.

British cheeks grew pale with terror, as their foemen nearer
came;

They had raised a demon in them, those were wild who
once were tame.

Right before the fearful cannon, in their fury charged our
men,

Sprung they bravely on the ramparts—backward fell the
tyrants then.

Over all the fallen corpses brave old Anthony was borne,
 With his blood still downward trickling, and his clothing
 pierced and torn,
 High upon the trampled breastwork were the mangled
 bodies piled ;
 Now our men were on the red coats, for despair had made
 them wild.

A few moments' fiercest fighting, and the bloody deed was
 done ;
 Many patriots were dying, but the victory was won.
 Though their wounds were gaping, bleeding, yet they showed
 they could be free—
 "To the one who fights for freedom God will give the vic-
 tory !"

Yes, beside the River Hudson, stands that fortress there to-
 day,
 And its walls are as defiant as when captured in that fray.
 Since the day that it was taken, we have held it as our own,
 Though old Anthony, who took it, lies beneath the sod
 alone.

Honor be to those brave soldiers who gave up their lives so
 true,
 That the blessed light of freedom might shine all our coun-
 try through.
 Honor be to that brave General who through valor won the
 fray,
 At the capture of the fortress which I tell you of to-day.

JUBERLO TOM.—ROBERT OVERTON.*

AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGER'S STORY.

I was a English workin' man as 'ad come out to the
 gold fields for to try my luck, and Sam Coley were a
 mate wot 'ad come out with me. Tory Bill were a rather
 haristocratic young party as 'ad chummed in with me an'
 Sam on our way up from Adelaide. He told us he was
 the son of a parish beetle wot 'ad got into redooed cir-
 cumstances through refusing—on religious grounds—a
 invitation to dine with the Harchbishop o' Canterbury,

*A very superior prose reading by Mr. Overton, entitled "The Three Parsons," will be found in No. 25 of this Series. "Me and Bill," (on which is founded the author's popular nautical drama, "Hearts of Oak,") is in No. 26, and "Turning the Points," in No. 27. Each of these presents a peculiar blending of quaint humor, strong pathos and stirring dramatic effect.

as 'ad took offence, an' spoke again 'im to the War Office an' the Prime Minister. Tory Bill were a cut above me an' Sam in the way of usin' uncommon long words an' in 'is manner like; but he turned out a good 'ard-workin' pardner, an' when we took up our claim all together we got on without usin' our shootin' irons, anythink to speak of, exceptin' wen wisitin' neighbors, or friends, or sich like.

Now about Juberlo Tom. It come about in rather a strange way. Things 'ad been goin' very wrong at our lot. We 'ad bored, an' dug, an' shoveled, standin' sometimes for hours with the water up to our waists, but for all our 'ard labor, an' swearin', an' strainin' we'd got nothink but 'urtbacks an' rheumatics. No gold,—none of the precious stuff we'd come so far for to get.

One day as we sits lookin' at each other and pullin' 'ard at our pipes, and wonderin' where we were to get money to buy better tools, all of a sudden we 'eerd somebody comin' along towards our tent, 'ollerin' an' roarin' like a wild bull—

“ Oh, de ransom will be paid,
An' free men de darkeys made,
In de year ob Juberlo ! ”

“ It's a nigger,” says Tory Bill, lookin' out; “ we've got too many of them prowlin' about this camp. Just 'eave somethink at 'im, Sam.”

Sam stoops down an' picks up a lump o' ore, an' 'eaves it where the voice come from. But it didn't fetch our darkey, for he kep' comin' on, 'ollerin' “ De year ob Juberlo ! ” Next minute he shoves 'is 'ead in at the tent, smilin' kinder benevolent, shewin' all 'is great, white, gleamin' teeth.

“ Wot do yer want 'ere ? ” says Tory Bill, 'eavin' a mutton bone at the darkey's 'ead; “ go an' 'ave yer Juberlo with some o' yer own cussed black brothers, can't yer, an' don't come intrudin' on white folks.”

“ Yus,” says Coley, emptying our last drop o' whisky down 'is throat an' chuckin' the bottle at the smilin' stranger, “ don't come disturbin' our dewotions with yer Juberlo.”

I didn't say nothink, but so's not to 'urt the feller's feelin's by appearin' not to notice 'im, I awailed myself of a pause in the conversation to shy a camp-stool at 'im.

The darkey smiled so benevolent I thought 'is face would ha' cracked, an' then he walks straight into the tent,—a great, black, woolly-'eaded giant of a chap,—picks up the stool I'd used for to shy at 'im, an' sot down.

"How you do, gem'men, eh? My name Tom, Juberlo Tom. You want nuffer partner in dis yer claim, eh?" says the wisitor, smilin' all round like a archangel. "Dis yer's a good claim, but you kinder don't work it right, want more tools, new tools."

Tory Bill looks at me an' Sam, an' then he growls, "Wot do you know about gold minin', an' wot tools ha' you got as we aint got a'ready?"

Juberlo Tom put 'is 'and in 'is boot an' lugged up a brown paper parcel. Undoin' the parcel he 'eld out a double-'andful of bright, shinin' yeller boys.

Up we all jumps, our eyes shinin' like the gold in the darkey's black 'and.

"He'll do," shouts Tory Bill; "never mind 'is black hide. Juberlo Tom's a pardner in this yer lot."

"Juberlo Tom," says Sam Coley, "if so be as I 'urt either your feelin's or your 'ead when I chucked that bottle at yer just now, let bygones be bygones. Jine this yer fam'ly succle, an' we'll all have a Juberlo together."

"Juberlo Tom," I says, "wen I went for yer with that stool as you're now sittin' on, my only reason were that yer were standing in yer own light, an' I couldn't see yer properly, an' which I felt so much interested in wot I did see that I wanted yer to get out o' the light, so's I could see yer better."

From that night Juberlo Tom was one of us, an everythink went better at once. I never see sich a 'andy feller in my life. That very night he made us all a reg'lar good supper by stooin' the mutton bone as Tory Bill shied at 'im, an' the bottle wot Sam chucked at 'im he took an' brought back full o' whisky, stole from a neigh-

bor. As for work, nothink stopped 'im. We bought better tools, an' Juberlo Tom struck out a fresh lode. He was workin' away one mornin' roarin' out 'is Juberlo 'ymn, when all of a sudden he stops.

"What's up with Juberlo Tom?" says Coley.

"He's gone mad," says I, for he was jumpin' an' roarin' an' 'oldin' 'is sides.

"He's made a find!" shouts Tory Bill, as we all run up to 'im.

True enough, Juberlo Tom 'ad struck a vein, an' by the time we'd worked out that claim, every one of us 'ad made a pile—and a good tall pile, too. Gold worth thousands o' bright, shinin', glitterin' yeller boys did we bring out o' that claim as we thought at one time would ha' bin no good.

At last, one night, Tory Bill makes a speech, and he says, "Boys," he says, "guess our time at Gubbin's Creek is about up, an' as for me, I'm goin' to make tracks for the old country. We're a rough lot up 'ere, all on us, an' it's a good job as us four didn't bring no sorter bloom on us wen we fetched these yer diggin's, 'cos 'twould ha' bin kinder wasted. But away in the old country I've got a father,—a parish beetle in redooed circumstances, as you may 'ave 'eerd me mention,—likewise a old mother, as always give me more than my share of the family spankin' wen whippin' was goin' round. Boys, I'm goin' home!"

Then Sam Coley, the sigh-nick, ups an' speaks: "Boys, leastways Tory Bill and Jack, when we knowed each other fust we was 'ard up. When Juberlo Tom come along we was done up, chawed up, smashed up. We've 'ad luck, and now we're rich men to the end of our lives. Tory Bill's bin a good pardner to all on us. I aint got no father, parish beetle or otherwise, an' I aint got no mother, spankin' or otherwise, but there's a little village in Essex as I aint seen for many a long day, with a little churchyard, where some one's sleepin' as used to love me very true an' very dear, long afore I was a drinkin', swearin' digger. Au' I'm a-goin' 'ome

with Tory Bill. An'—wot the blazes am I cryin' about?" he says, as he drawed 'is sleeve across 'is eyes.

I smoked my pipe out, an' then I says, "Boys," I says, "'ear to me a minute. Tory Bill, likewise Sam Coley, likewise Juberlo Tom, I feel as though as we've all bin together in a-gettin' of our dust we shouldn't be parted now we've got our dust. I feel like 'avin' a roarin' old Juberlo together in the old country, an' I'm a-goin' 'ome along of Tory Bill an' Sam Coley. Juberlo Tom, are you goin' to jine the fam'ly succle?"

Then we all looks at Juberlo Tom for a answer. He were a strange chap, this feller, an' 'ad never told us anythink about 'isself since we knowed 'im. He sot with 'is face buried in 'is 'ands.

"Juberlo Tom," says Tory Bill, "are you comin' along o' yer old pardners?"

Then Juberlo Tom 'as 'is say, still keepin' 'is woolly 'ead buried in 'is 'ard black 'ands: "'Way down ole Virginy I was a slave. I ran away. But way down ole Virginy is de girl dat I love,—a slave. I got money now, plenty money to buy de freedom ob de girl I love, like Sam Coley love de girl dat am sleepin' in de English churchyard. Juberlo Tom goin' 'way down ole Virginy."

We all knowed wot he meant.

"Juberlo Tom," said Sam Coley, with clean lines down 'is face where the tears was washin' the dirt away, "Juberlo Tom, shake!"

The next day we made tracks for Adelaide. Wen we got there we found a fast ship ready to sail for London.

"Juberlo Tom," says Sam Coley, "ship along of us 'stead o' waitin' for a ship to take you to ole Virginy the straight route. Then I'll leave England with yer for ole Virginy, an' the lives of a 'undred haristocratic slave-owners sha'n't stand 'tween you an' the girl." Sam meant it, an' we all four left aboard the "Boomerang," Cap'n Richard Preece, 'omeward bound.

Afore we left, nothink would satisfy Juberlo Tom but

changin' all the property he could into bright gold pieces; an' with these sovereigns he filled a large, wide, leather pouch, shaped like a belt, to buckle round the waist, like I've seen a good many diggers use for safety's sake. This belt Tom never took off, but always wore buckled safely round him.

Soon as we got fairly off, Juberlo Tom seemed to get mad frisky with joy an' excitement. He used to laugh an' romp an' play like a boy, an' as for 'is Juberlo 'ymn, he become quite a unbearable nuisance. Fust he took to roarin' it on deck, but Cap'n Preece ordered 'im to 'old 'is row, an' chucked a swab at 'im. Then he got up aloft an' roared "De year ob Juberlo" from the yard-arm; but the sailors trimmin' the sails throwed 'im down. 'Arf-an-hour arterwards we 'eerd a awful rumblin' noise down in the 'old, an' it turned out to be Juberlo Tom singin' 'is 'ymn down amongst the ballast—

"Oh, de ransom will be paid,
An' free men de darkies made,
In de year ob Juberlo."

But the rummiest thing was 'im along with the cap'n's, little daughter. He come up to us one day an' says, "You come see de pickaninny—de cap'n's pickaninny—my little pickaninny." An' he walked tiptoe to where she was lyin', coiled up on a soft seat Juberlo Tom 'ad made for 'er under a awnin'. She was fast asleep,—a little four-year-old child, with 'er tiny white 'ands 'oldin' a picter Tom 'ad drawed for 'er; 'er lips a little open, showin' 'er tiny white teeth, an' with 'er 'air playin' about 'er little 'ead an' sweet, laughin' face in soft, shiny, sunny curls. I'd often seen Tom's 'and lift a weight none of the others could 'oist, but 'twas like a woman's 'and, gentle an' tender, as he raised one of little Annie's curls an' kissed it. "Dis my pickaninny," he said, "my little pickaninny."

Cap'n Preece come along just then, an' see 'im—an' he never chucked no more swabs at Juberlo Tom arter that.

Fust thing in the mornin' she used to call for Juberlo Tom, 'an all day long sometimes she'd be with 'im, prattlin' away to 'im, an' climbin' on his knee; an' sometimes climbin' on to 'is mighty broad shoulder for a ride along the deck.

We was all four pacin' about together one evenin' wen we over'eered the cap'n 'earin' Annie say 'er prayers. "God bless papa, an' dear mamma away home," says the cap'n; an' little Annie says it arter 'im, "God bless papa, an' dear mamma away home," an' then she says, "an' please God bless Juberlo Tom."

For a time arter leavin' Adelaide, the "Boomerang" 'ad fair winds an' fair weather. Then a change come to foul winds an' foul weather. Afore long we got beaten 'ere an' there at the mercy of the winds an' the seas for weeks, an' 'ad got drove, the cap'n said, a long way out of our course. Wen the weather cleared again we was short of water, an' short of fresh pervisions an' vegetables, an' the poor old "Boomerang" shewed signs of bein' damaged.

One morning a cry was raised, "Lan a-'ead!" "Where away?" roars Cap'n Preece. "Starboard bow, sir," 'ollers the sailor; an' in a few hours' time we anchored off a beautiful island. I don't know where it was, for the matter o' longitooode an' lattitooode I couldn't never make out; but I know the whole place seemed to me like wot I guess the Garden of Heden was afore the little misunderstandin' arose with Satan an' a apple. The sea, wot we'd seen so black an' wild an' cruel, was like a sheet o' painted glass, glowin' an' gleamin' with all manner o' colors. We could see it breakin' in little tiny ripples on the white beach of the island; an' on the island we could see great green trees wavin' gentle to an' fro, an' bright, gaudy flowers, all bright an' beamin' in the wonderful sunshine. Off to the right, away from our island, as we called it, we made out another island. A boat was lowered—our only sound boat, for the others had got stove in or washed away in the storms—an' sent

ashore; an' the men come back with glorious news to the ship,—which the cap'n had anchored a long way off the shore, for fear o' rocks or currents or sich like,—for they'd found fresh water an' fruit, an' no savages on the island, or wild beasts.

So Cap'n Preece decided for to stop where he was for a few days, to lay in water an' green food, an' repair damages.

Now little Annie 'ad been very ill durin' all the bad weather, an' 'ad bin lyin' in the cap'n's cabin, with Tom 'angin' around like a great watch-dog.

On the second day arter we reached the island, Juberlo Tom come on deck with the pickaninny in 'is arms. An' wen she see the smilin' island she clapped 'er little white 'ands for joy, an' begged of the cap'n to let Juberlo Tom take 'er ashore.

Tom looks at Cap'n Preece with wistful eyes. "Me take de pickaninny ashore, cap'n," he says, "me take de little pickaninny ashore, an' show 'er de trees an' de flowers?" Cap'n Preece could never say no to the little 'un; an' he says, "Yes, Tom, take her ashore." So Tom jumps in the boat alongside, an' 'olds out 'is long, black arms for the pickaninny, 'is eyes glistenin' with pleasure. Then the boat rowed away, leavin' only the cap'n an' me an' two sailors aboard.

We see the boat touch the shore, an' see Juberlo Tom jump out with little Annie in 'is arms; an' we could just see 'er runnin' about amongst the flowers, ketchin' tight 'old of Juberlo Tom's 'and. Then we turned to our work.

It all seemed to 'appen in a moment. Some savages from the other island must ha' landed in the night an' 'idden, for sudden, without a sound of warnin', a 'orde of them sprung out, shoutin' an' yellin'. Our 'andful of men make for the boat, the savages crowdin' on be'ind them. Tom an' the child are a little way from the rest; the distance to the boat is too far, an' between it an' poor Juberlo Tom an' the sailors some of the blacks are

runnin'. They've seen 'im, an' are makin' straight for 'im,—straight for 'im an' the child, with their spears raised for blood. He gives one wild shout to the others, they see 'im, but can give no 'elp. A moment he stands; an' then, with 'is arms closed tight round little Annie, he runs, with great wide bounds, to the water's edge. Then 'is mighty black arms cleave the surf, an' he strikes out for the distant ship. But from little coves dart out canoes, an' on come savages in pursuit, sendin' a little cloud of spears an' arrows arter poor strugglin' Tom.

Thank God for the brave 'eart within Juberlo Tom's black body.

We on board 'ear shots from the shore, an' run to the ship's side. We can see a commotion on the beach, an' arter a bit this is the scene between us an' the island: our fellows 'ave managed to get at their boat, an' are rowin' away with might an' main, leavin' a crowd of natives on the beach. Away to the left is Juberlo Tom swimmin' with the child, an' be'ind 'im the canoes in chase. The ship's boat is pullin' 'ard across to 'im, but they've got wounded men aboard, an' some of their oars are broken, so they move but slowly, row as they will.

Poor Cap'n Preece, with an awful groan, as he see 'is child's danger, was for plungin' into the water, but a better thought struck 'im, an' he ran into the cabin, comin' back with rifles; an' we all stood on the bulwarks ready to fire over Tom's 'ead into the savages be'ind soon as 'twas safe to do so.

Thank God again for the brave 'eart in Juberlo Tom's black body, for he swims on, an' on, an' on. But at last he seems to almost stop. "He's sinking! Oh, my God, he's sinking!" groans Cap'n Preece.

But we knowed arterwards wot it was. Some of the arrows 'ad struck 'im. Blood was stainin' the water round 'im; he was getting weak an' faint; the ship scemed so far off, death so very near. The belt is round 'is waist with the gold; the gold to buy the freedom of the girl he loved 'way down ole Virginy; the girl he'd

waited for, an' worked for so long an' so wearily. But 'is arm is gettin' so weak now, 'is eyes are growin' misty, an' 'is mighty eart is sinkin' at last. Which must he cast away? The weight 'is left arm supports—the little child whose blue eyes are so full of fear an' despair?—or the weight around 'is waist? The gold or the child? 'Is right 'and seeks 'is waist. The long sailor's knife he wears is clasped in 'is fingers. A sharp, strong cut, an' fathoms deep in the blue water lies all poor Juberlo Tom's bright gold!

He can swim on now, slowly an' painful, weak an' wounded, an' almost faintin'. But he swims on, an' now crash go our bullets over 'is 'ead into the midst of the canoes.

An' at last the ship's side is reached. Our eager 'ands pull 'im aboard, an' he puts the child in 'er father's arms. He stands tremblin', but upright, an' says—"Lose de gold, but I save de pickaninny!" an' falls bleedin' at our feet.

Wen night come we all stood on deck. The boat 'ad got back safe to the ship, an' me an' my mates was together—together round our dyin' pardner. The spears an' the arrows 'ad done their work, an' he'd asked us to bring 'im on deck to die. We stood close to 'im. Tory Bill an' me 'oldin' 'is 'ands, an' Sam Coley standin' by with red eyes. A little way off was the cap'n an' the crew.

"Bring me de pickaninny."

They brought little Annie to 'im, an' he just put 'is great, coarse, rough 'and on 'er little, soft 'ead, oh, so very gentle, an' so very tender, an' so very lovin'! Then he laid 'is wounded, achin' 'ead back again, with 'is eyes shut close, an' arter a bit he says, low, an' soft, an' dreamy—"Boys, I'm goin' . . . goin' 'way down ole Virginny!" Then he opened 'is eyes, an' a strange light seemed to glow on 'is black face. Just afore he died he looked up, like as though he see somethink we couldn't see; an' he says—"De ransom's paid. It's de year ob Juberlo!"

A TIMELY HINT.*

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

As I was going to market-town
Early morning yesterday,
I met a maiden with a smile,
Who walked with me a happy mile—
Oh, she had eyes of brownest brown
That sparkled full of merry play!

A great iron kettle bowed my back,
One hand grasped a black goat's nose,
The other held a staff and string
Tied to a hen, a struggling thing—
The maiden's cheek it did not lack
The color of the rosiest rose.

As we were wending toward a grove,
The maiden said, "Nay, nay, sweet youth!
Beneath yon spreading trees you might
O'erpower me and hold me tight
And kiss my lips as though my love
You were this fair May-day, forsooth."

"Now how might that be?" then quoth I;
"A kettle on my back you see,
My left hand holds a goat, my right
A staff and struggling fowl hold tight;
My hands and feet though you should tie
I should not have less liberty."

"Nay, nay," smiled she—I did not miss
A single word—"your staff you'll stick
Into the ground, tie goaty there,
Turn the kettle anywhere
To cover up the hen, and kiss
Me—ah, I understand your trick."

"Now, now," cried I, "and but for thee
I had not dreamed of that. 'Tis good
You walked with me. Pray hold the hen,
And hold the goat!" She did, and then
I kissed her lips right cheerfully.
She sighed, "I was afraid you would."

*Written expressly for this Collection.

BY THE CROSS OF MONTEREY.*

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

We are informed by California tourists that this Cross is still standing and bears the following inscription: "First Mass held June 3, 1773." [THE EDITOR.]

Good Junipero the Padre,
 When 'twas dying of the day,
 Sat beneath the dark tall pine-trees
 By the Cross of Monterey,
 Listening as the simple red men
 Of their joys and sorrows told,
 And their stories of the missions,
 And their legends quaint and old.

And they told him when Portala
 Rested by the crescent bay,
 Little dreaming he was gazing
 On the wished-for Monterey,
 That this cross on shore he planted
 And the ground about it blessed,
 And then he and his companions
 Journeyed northward on their quest.

And the Indians told the Padre
 That Portala's cross at night,
 Gleaming with a wondrous splendor,
 Than the noon-sun was more bright,
 And its mighty arms extended
 East and westward, oh, so far!
 And its topmost point seemed resting
 Northward on the polar star.

And they told, when fear had vanished,
 How they gathered all around,
 And their spears and arrows buried
 In the consecrated ground;
 And they brought most fragrant blossoms,
 And rare ocean-shells in strings,
 And they hung upon the cross-arms
 All their choicest offerings.

And the Padre told the Indians:
 "Ah, if rightly understood,

*From "The Cross of Monterey and other Poems," by permission. "The Midnight Mass," with a brief description of Padre Junipero Serra, will be found in No. 27 of this Series. "The Lost Galleon," and "The Discovery of San Francisco Bay," by the same author, are in No. 28.

What you tell me of the cross here
 Has a meaning deep and good,
 For that light is emblematic
 That the time is near at hand
 When the faith of Christ the Saviour
 Will illumine all the land.

“To the cross cling, O my children!
 In the storm and in the night,
 When you wander, lost and weary,
 It will be a guiding light;
 Cling to it, and cares and sorrows
 Very soon will all have passed,
 And the palm and crown of glory
 Will be given you at last.”

Good Junipero the Padre
 Thus unto the red men told
 Of the emblem of salvation
 And its story sweet and old,
 Sitting by the crescent bay-side,
 When 'twas dying of the day,
 At the foot of dark tall pine-trees,
 By the Cross of Monterey.

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.—W. A. EATON.

What are we looking at, gov'nor?
 Well, you see those carriages there?
 It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir;
 An ar'n't they a beautiful pair?

They don't want no marrow-bone music,
 There's the fireman's band come to play;
 It's a fireman that's going to get married,
 And you don't see such sights every day!

They're in the church now, and we're waiting
 To give them a cheer as they come;
 And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
 Deserves all his life to go dumb.

They wont be out for a minute,
 So if you've got time and will stay,
 I'll tell you right from the beginning
 About this 'ere wedding to-day.

One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—
“That sounds like an engine!” I said.

So I jumped up and opened the window:
“It’s a fire sure enough, wife,” says I;
For the people were running and shouting,
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

I kicked off my old carpet slippers,
And on with my boots in a jiff;
I hung up my pipe in the corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

The wife, she just grumbled a good’un,
But I didn’t take notice of that,
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

I followed the crowd, and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze;
At first I could see nothing clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose;
The “peelers” were pushing the people,
And treading on every one’s toes.

I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn’t move, try as I might;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.

Ah, sir, it was grand! but ’twas awful!
The flames leaped up higher and higher:
The wind seemed to get underneath them,
Till they roared like a great blacksmith’s fire!

I was just looking round at the people,
With their faces lit up by the glare,
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,
“Oh, look! there’s a woman up there!”

I shall never forget the excitement,
My heart beat as loud as a clock;
I looked at the crowd, they were standing
As if turned to stone by the shock.

And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

The staircase was burnt to a cinder,
There wasn't a fire-escape near ;
But a ladder was brought from the builder's,
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

The ladder was put to the window,
While the flames were still raging below :
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,
To see who would offer to go !

When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,
As a sailor would climb up a mast ;
We saw him go in at the window,
And we cheered as though danger were past.

We saw nothing more for a moment,
But the sparks flying round us like rain ;
And then as we breathlessly waited,
He came to the window again.

And on his broad shoulder was lying
The face of that poor fainting thing,
And we gave him a cheer as we never
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

He got on the top of the ladder—
I can see him there now, noble lad !
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way,
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir !
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground ;
And then, you would hardly believe it,
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

I took off my old hat and waved it ;
I couldn't join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

And now, sir, they're going to get married,
 I bet you, she'll make a good wife ;
 And who has the most right to have her?
 Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

A beauty? ah, sir, I believe you!
 Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!
 We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
 Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!

A SONG OF THE OYSTER.

Let us royster with the oyster,
 In the shorter days and moister,
 That are brought by brown September,
 With its roguish final R.
 For breakfast or for supper,
 On the under shell or upper,—
 Of dishes he's the daisy,
 And of shell-fish he's the star.

We try him as they fry him,
 And even as they pie him;
 We are partial to him luscious on a roast;
 We boil him and we broil him;
 We vinegar and oil him,
 And oh! he is delicious panned with toast.

We eat him with tomatoes,
 And the salad of potatoes;
 Nor look him o'er with horror
 When he follows cold slaw;
 And neither doth he fret us
 If he marches after lettuce,
 And abreast of Cayenne pepper,
 When his majesty is raw.

So welcome with September
 To the knife and glowing ember,
 Juicy darling of our dainties,—
 Dispossessor of the clam.
 To the oyster then a hoister,—
 With him in a royal royster
 We will whoop it through
 The land of Uncle Sam.

MARY ANN'S ESCAPE.—S. JENNIE SMITH.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Good marnin' to yer, Mrs. O'Brien, and have yer heard how our ounn Mary Ann this very wake had a rale nar-rer eschape from bain married? Sure I was that upsit I couldn't brathe fur twinty minutes afther. Yer see I was sittin' quiet loike in me kitchen, a-palin' the peraties, and Mary Ann was in her hidroom a-coaxin' up her montagueses wid a hot iron, whin who should wark in but young Misther Tierney, all drissed up loike a gintlemin.

"And how do yer fale, Mrs. O'Calligan?" says he, as perlite as yer plase.

"Wid me fingers as usual," says I, manin' to have a bit of fun.

"I've carld," says he, to see if I could have Mary—"

"Yer have?" says I, a-shtoppin' him, for I was that shtartled I almost lost me sinses. But of coorse I was manin' to be respictful, though raluctint, for Timmy Tierney was the pit of all the girruls on the hill, and I moinded me how Mary Ann was twinty-foive the next wake, and it wus high toime she was sittled wid a rale gintlemin loike Tim, so I says to him, "What incouragement has she give?"

"I niver axed her," says he, turnin' as red as a bate.

"How much do you airn a wake?" says I, intindin, to diskiver me darter's footyer prospicts.

"Tin dollars," says he, "taint enough, Mrs. O'Calligan, to be buyin' musical instrerments.

Be this toime I had begun to ralint tard the b'y. "To be shure, Timmy," says I, "yer can't do all ter wunst. I've inj'yed the connubial state this twinty year, and not a blissed pianny have I laid me fingers on. Girruls can't have the wurruld whin they be shtartin' out in loife, and me darter Mary Ann, bain a sinsible girrul, wad be continted wid dacent comforts barin' the luxuries. Whin do you intind to daprive me, Timmy?"

"Whot do you mane?" says he, lukin' that surprised yer could have topplid him over wid yer eyelash.

“Whin wad yer be loikin’ to stip arf wid me darlin?” says I.

“Stip arf, Mrs. O’Calligan?” says he, “I axed for Mary—”

“Indade and yer did,” says I, “and if yer contimplate it’s an aisy thing for a mother to part wid her darter, yer mishtaken, me b’y.”

“Mrs. O’Calligan,” says he, lukin’ that disperate I narely fainted, “I fiver axed yer to part wid yer darter or anny blissed thing; I shtipped over to borry Mary’s accorgin what she won at Moike’s raffle last wake. Me and the b’ys think of takin’ a row up the water, and we dasired some music, that’s all.”

Did I lind the accorgin? Nary a bit, Mrs. O’Brien. I give him foive minutes to lave our risidince wid the warnin’ that I’d scarld him wid the contints of the kittle, the dirty, insultin’ rascal, an if Mary Ann iver turns wan eye in the diriction of Tim Tierney agin, the saints presarve her from me howly wrath.

FOUNDATIONS.—MARTHA M. SCHULTZE.

I made me a beautiful castle
 In a strange and wondrous land,
 And the glitter of gold and silver
 Were about it on every hand;
 I built it of bars of iron,
 But I built it upon the sand.

I made me a little cottage,
 With never a bar or lock,
 For I opened it up to the sunshine,
 And the mother bird and her flock.
 I built it with trust and longing,
 For I built it upon a rock.

And the gold and silver and jewels,
 With the castle that towered above,
 They fell with a crash together,
 And great was the fall thereof.
 But the cottage stood forever,
 For the name of the rock was Love.

“SCIPIO.”—WALTER S. KEPLINGER.

As an instance of Scipio's magnanimity, ancient authors state that, after the taking of New Carthage, he restored a captive maiden to her lover, and gave them, as a marriage dowry, the money which her parents had brought to pay her ransom.

All silent now the clash of war, the Roman hosts have won;
The knights, who held the city's gates, lie bleeding in the
sun.

Proud Rome, in victory, will quaff the Carthaginian wine;
And lictors, lords and plumed knights will in the feast com-
bine.

And to the conqueror will be given a captive maid so fair,
There's not a single maid in Rome with beauty half so rare.

And Scipio, 'tis said, will be so raptured with her charms,
He'll boast her love with greater pride than all his deeds of
arms.

But lo! where yonder chariot moves, the axes all are hung
With garlands, and the banners wave the laureled knights
among.

Behold how sways the surging crowd, the victors' robes they
know;
And mark the rabble's noisy shout, “Make way for Scipio.”

Before the open palace doors now prance the fretful steeds;
From chariot wheels to banquet hall, a flowery pathway
leads.

O'er arch and pillared portals hang the perfumed wreath
and vine,
While from within the battered arms and costly trophies
shine.

Right haughtily the hero smiles, the laurel on his brow;
To joyous sounds of revelry right proudly treads he now.

The curule chair he slowly mounts, with kingly air looks
round,
When, from the crowded doorway, comes a low, a murmur-
ing sound.

With slow and faltering steps they come, the captive maid
and knight;
The pompous lictors lead them in, to kneel in Scipio's sight.

What wondrous eyes, so darkly bright! How pale her brow
and cheek!
She cannot meet the dreaded glance, her mute lips dare not
speak.

Through her despair, one last hope gleams; with white
 hands wildly pressed,
 She kneels, her dark dishevelled hair upon her heaving
 breast:

“Oh! If in chains you must take me, upon your Appian way,
 Give freedom to my lover knight, I plead, I kneel, I pray.”

First looked he on the silent knight, and then upon the
 maid;

And when the murmuring crowd was still, with haughty
 mien he said:

“Right royal maid and knight, the laws of war, by land and
 sea,
 Give to the conqueror, ye know, the spoils of victory.

“Proud Carthage knew no mercy, when on Cannæ’s bloody
 plain,
 Full fifty thousand Roman knights were left among the
 slain.

“The Roman pride has long succumbed to Carthaginian
 power;
 Our daughters have been captives made, e’en at the bridal
 hour;

“And, though they ever knelt in vain, their prayers and
 pleading spurned,
 Though coldly have your victors from our suppliants ever
 turned;

“Yet Rome will deem the mercies, which in war her victor
 shows,
 Worth more than all the honors won in conflict from her
 foes.”

And while in wonder, looking on, stood vassals, lords, and
 all,
 He freed the captive maid and knight, and led them from
 the hall.

A VACATION FRAGMENT.—SUSAN HALL.

We sat on the old gray bridge under the trees, and
 looked down upon the Granby brook. It was the brown-
 est of brooks, the clearest and most musical. The rocks
 near its bed were carpeted with thick green moss; the
 ferns grew in masses by its side; birches, alders, and
 maples crowded near it, with the darker hemlock and

stronger oak. There were cool hollows where birds came to dip their bills and spray their feathers, and rocky steps where children climbed, joyous as the brook, laughing as they caught at the roots and stems which the trees lent for their aid. Cardinal flowers glowed here and there among the ferns on the margin, and the sunlit brook reflected their beauty. The blue sky leaned down over the close gathered treetops, to find its own color given back by the still waters. It was a friendly brook, that sang as it twisted and turned on its winding way to the sea,—sang all the more when the way was rough. I smiled to hear it sing.

A comrade called to me from a shady hollow farther up, where the brook was wider and more serene: "Do hear this musical little gurgle where the water flows over these round stones!"

I answered, half impatiently: "How can I hear that ripple, when the brook is rushing and tumbling over these rocks here close beside me! 'Tis tumult here; the music is there with you."

"But listen, and try to hear," persisted my friend, quietly.

So I listened. The noise of the down pouring water, rushing from rock to rock, dashing against the boulders beneath the bridge, drowned every other sound. But as I harkened I became conscious of the peaceful singing of the calmer waters above. I listened till the turmoil was forgotten, and only the song was heard.

"I *can* hear it!" I called to my friend. "I can hear your music up there; and now I seem to hear nothing else."

My comrade smiled. "I fancied you might like to remember that you need not of necessity listen to the sound that seems the loudest and nearest, if you choose to hear something else."

I listened, and the brook sang on. I watched the spray and the shadows, the ripples and the foam; I rested in the beauty of it all, and thought of my new lesson. It was good to know that I might hear music in the midst of tumult, if I would.

“The Granby brook shall help me in my life-work,” I thought. “I can listen for a peace word when I am impatient, for a rest word when I am weary, for a strength word when I am weak. In the busiest hours of the hurrying day I will choose to hear harmony instead of discord. My brook shall help me to be tranquil and serene.”

STRAUSS' BOEDRY.—CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Vagation dime vas coom again,
 Vhen dhere vas no more shgool;
 I goes to boardt, der coundtry oudt,
 Where id vas nice und cool.
 I dakes Katrina und Loweeze,
 Und Leedle Yawcob Strauss;
 Bud at der boarding house dhey dakes
 “No shildren in der house.”

I dells you vot! some grass don'd grow
 Under old Yawcob's feet
 Undil he gets a gouble a miles
 Or so vay down der shtreet.
 I foundt oudt all I vanted,—
 For the rest I don'd vould care,—
 Dot boarding blace vas nix for me
 Vhen dhere been no shildren dhere.

Vot vas der hammocks und der shvings,
 Grokay, und dings like dhese,
 Und der hoopleperry bicnics,
 Midoudt Yawcob und Loweeze?
 It vas von shdrange conondrum,
 Dot vos too much for Strauss,
 How all dhose beople stand it
 Mid no shildren in der house.

“Oh, vot vas all dot eardthly bliss,
 Und vot vas man's soocksess;
 Und vot vas various kindt of dings,
 Und vot vas habbiness?”
 Dot's vot Hans Breittmann ask, von dime—
 Dhey all vas embty soundt!
 Dot eardthly bliss vas nodings
 Vhen dhere vas no shildren roundt.

EUREKA.—STOCKTON BATES.

Two gods with Saturn's rings one day
 The game of quoits began to play ;
 And these two ancient godly rakes
 Set up earth's poles as hubs or stakes,
 And drove them deep through icy snows,
 But how, no human being knows ;
 Though many a one his reason taxes—
 'Tis my belief they used earth's "axis."

At first the game was somewhat slow,—
 Before they got warmed up, you know,—
 No doubt 'twas owing to the cold,
 For those extremes are so, we're told ;
 But, afterwards, excitement came
 To start the blood and warm the frame :
 Fierce animation lit their eyes
 And flashed athwart the polar skies ;
 The lambent flame made wider leaps
 As colder grew those frozen steeps ;
 And this is what, on chill, clear nights,
 We oft hear styled the "Northern Lights,"
 Or as we gaze with awe, appalled,
 The "Aurora Borealis" called.

And still the game they fiercely play,
 Year in, year out, day after day ;
 From north to south the circles sweep,
 From south to north in motion keep,
 Swifter and swifter, till they flash
 A trail of light as on they dash ;
 And this is what the present day
 Calls "nebulæ" or "milky way."
 And when, in crashing conflict, meet
 These whirling circles, fierce and fleet,
 The impact further progress bars,
 And hurls afar a shower of stars
 That scatter down the heavenly track,
 And streak with light night's curtain black,
 Each forming, you may guess before,
 A beautiful bright "meteor."

The Universe took sides, of course,
 And shouted for their god till hoarse :
 This noisy din of hopes and fears
 Is styled the "music of the spheres."

The "Pleiades," those sisters seven,
 Must take a peep of earth from heaven.
 'Tis sad to tell the fate of one
 Who, while she gazed upon the fun,
 A ring came whirling swiftly by,
 And popping in, popped out her eye.

Once a dispute grew rather hot
 If one a ringer had or not;
 They to the umpire then appealed,
 And he examined well the field:
 "It is a polar! see!" he cried,
 A wild wind wafted it (then died)
 Unto some scientific brain;
 The matter seems so very plain—
 'Twas this gave rise, 'twixt you and me,
 To what is called the "Polar Sea."

This constant pounding, long indulged,
 Has the equator rather bulged;
 Or, in the words of some good souls,
 "The world is flattened at the poles."
 You need not put implicit faith
 In what this little story saith;
 But, 'tis as sensible, and true
 As explanations, not a few,
 By theorists now dead and gone,
 Of many a phenomenon.

THE OCEAN'S DEAD.—S. V. R. FORM.

Down in the depths,
 Beneath old ocean's silver-crested waves,
 Beneath the surging billows' ceaseless roar,
 In the vast watery realm where mystery reigns,
 And solitude eternal vigil keeps,
 There sleep unnumbered dead. Their wasted forms,
 People the caverns of the mighty deep,
 Whose vast recesses God's omniscient eye
 Alone can penetrate; whose labyrinths,
 All unexplored by man, have ne'er betrayed
 Their mysteries since in creation's morn
 God formed the seas. Here cities of the dead,
 Founded and populated in an hour,
 Sit in the shadows of eternal night,

Where silence reigns enthroned forevermore.
 E'er and anon a staunch and goodly ship,
 Unconscious of approaching destiny,
 Bows out of port responsive to th' acclaim
 Of fond adieus and benedictions given,
 And riding forth in queenly majesty,
 Upon the bosom of the treacherous main,
 Conveys a multitude of living souls
 From scenes of mirth and glad festivity,
 Into the boundless, fathomless abyss,
 Into the regions of eternal night.
 Thus one brief hour suffices to transform
 The gallant ship which proudly rode the wave
 Into a coffin and a sepulcher,—
 A tomb, whose decorations, erst their pride,
 Now mock the ghastly forms, "in burial blent,"
 Of those who, fondly trusting they should find
 The longed-for haven, found a watery grave.

When are committed to the voiceless depths,
 By trembling hands, the ashes of the dead,
 Old ocean welcomes the descending dust
 And, closing o'er it, quick obliterates
 All trace and all remembrance of the spot
 Where it shall hold in trust for Deity,
 Until the resurrection of the dead,
 The priceless treasure of a human form.
 When sink the living down to rise no more,
 Entombed ere life surrenders up its trust,
 Heaven grants them painless exit, while the sea,
 As if atoning its remorseless deed,
 Thrills them with blissful visions of the past,
 And as the life-tide flows forever out,
 And spirit bidding flesh adieu, ascends
 "Out of the depths" to Him who gave it birth,
 Lulls them to dreamless sleep.

Kind Mother Earth
 Bequeaths a resting place when life is o'er
 To all the children nurtured at her breast.
 Yet oft the living set aside her will
 And rob the dead of their inheritance.
 Betimes the spirit as it hovers o'er
 The grave where rests in hope its own loved form,
 Beholds with anguish deeds of horrid mien,—
 Rude acts of desecration wrought by ghouls

And vandals plying their infernal craft;
 Or reverent toilers shuddering as they plunge
 Their picks and spades into protesting graves,
 In mute obedience to enactments framed
 By legislators whose inhuman souls,
 Fit only for annihilation, ought
 To render meek apology to earth
 For their existence here, and quick descend
 Into oblivion in nameless graves,
 And be forgot of God and all mankind.

Avarice, with sacrilegious fingers, gleans
 The whitened bones of human skeletons
 From out the depths of hoary sepulchers,
 And barter them as merchandise for gold.
 The ghastly resurrectionist, betimes,
 Pifters the jewel from the new-made grave,
 And in the darkness of the midnight hour
 Drags it with guilty haste to secret haunts
 Where science waits to flay with whetted blade
 The form scarce emptied of its quivering soul.
 Oft the rude plowshare, guided in its course
 By ruthless and irreverent hands, transforms
 The consecrated soil 'neath which repose
 The sacred ashes of the sainted dead,
 Into a common acreage for crops.
 Then who would not elect to have his dust
 "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" for aye?
 For they who slumber on old ocean's bed
 Repose in undisturbed security.
 The sea protects the precious dust which God
 Entrusts to its eternal guardianship,
 'Gainst every form of desecrative art.
 The ocean's dead sleep not 'neath monuments
 Whose height, and breadth, and grand dimensions all,
 Bear inverse ratio to departed worth—
 As if erected with intent to mock,
 With solemn irony of greatness, forms
 Which ne'er contained aught save inferior souls.

Who slumber on the bosom of the deep
 Escape the woes of epitaphic art.
 They rest in peace. No graven marble slab
 Commemorates in execrable verse,
 Framed by the poetasters weeping pen,
 Virtues discovered only in the grave,—

Deeds whose ascription to the modest dead
 Might well suffice to bring the crimson blush
 Back to their pallid cheeks, could they but rise
 And read their own posthumous records o'er.
 No potter's field, whose sunken graves afford
 Nocturnal dens where vagrant dogs, concealed
 From human view, devour ill-gotten pelf,
 Haunts like a specter the expiring poor
 Who, falling as they voyage o'er the main,
 Commit their forms to its embrace.

The sea,

With proud contempt for human greatness, yields
 No homage to distinctions based on birth,
 Or wealth or station. Here one common lot
 Awaits alike the master and the slave.
 Pauper and prince lie side by side entombed,
 And tatters rival regal robes as shrouds.
 Then rest in sweet tranquillity, ye dead,
 O'er whom old ocean chants its requiem,
 In patient waiting till th' archangel's trump,
 Resounding through the sky, shall animate
 All human dust, and God shall bid both earth
 And sea give up their dead.

NOT WILLIN'.

Says bould Barney Milligan,
 To Biddy McSnilligan,
 "Och, faith! it's mesilf wud be loikin' a kiss."
 Cries Biddy McSnilligan,
 "Ye'd betther be still agin,
 Oi'll not be endoorin' sich tratement as this."

"Arrah! Dearest Biddy,
 Be aisy, be stiddy,
 Indade, it's no use to be actin' loike this:
 Och! Scratch a man's nose off,
 An' tear all his clo'es off,
 It's a bit uv a row to be gittin' a kiss."

"Go way, Mr. Barney,
 No more of your blarney,
 Or instid uv a kiss ye'll be gittin' a kick.
 Ould red-headed Barney,
 Yer wastin' yer blarney,
 Fur here comes the missis! Ach! Barney, be quick!"

THE DUEL SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS."

B. B. SHERIDAN.

Bob Acres is devoted to Miss Lydia Languish, and resents the attentions bestowed upon her by one Beverley. Acting upon the advice of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he consents to send a challenge, and obtains the promise of Captain Absolute to be the bearer of the haughty *cartel*. "Bob" is a great coward, but the Captain agrees to represent him as a terrible fellow of such bellicose renown that he goes by the name of "Fighting Bob."

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Acres, with pistols.

ACRES. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

SIR LUCIUS. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There now, that is a very pretty distance,—a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

SIR L. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight.

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards —

SIR L. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

ACRES. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot,—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

SIR L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

ACRES. I am much obliged to you Sir Lucius, but I don't understand —

SIR L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

ACRES. A quietus!

SIR L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would

it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

ACRES. Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

SIR L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

SIR L. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

ACRES. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side-front, bey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.

SIR L. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—

[*Leveling at him.*]

ACRES. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

SIR L. Never fear.

ACRES. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

SIR L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

ACRES. A vital part!

SIR L. But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him*)—let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

ACRES. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

SIR L. Ay, may they, and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

ACRES. Look'ee! Sir Lucius, I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

SIR L. (*looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—hab!—no, faith, I think I see them coming.

ACRES. Hey!—what!—coming!

SIR L. Ay. Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

ACRES. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—wont run.

SIR L. Run!

ACRES. No—I say—we wont run, by my valor!

SIR L. What's the matter with you?

ACRES. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

SIR L. O fy!—consider your honor.

ACRES. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

SIR L. Well, here they're coming. [Looking.

ACRES. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me! Valor will come and go. •

SIR L. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

ACRES. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

SIR L. Your honor—your honor. Here they are.

ACRES. Oh, mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-Hall!—or could be shot before I was aware!

THE SEER AND THE DREAMERS.—ELLEN MURRAY.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Seer.— Say on! What was the dream that waked thy soul?

First dreamer.— In the mid hour of night
 When evil spirits ride,
 And in the dreadful dark
 Strange shadows moan and glide,
 When only souls can see,
 When sounds are mystery—

Seer.— Speak out! Speak free! What was the dream? Say on!

First dreamer.— I dreamed I saw a tree,
 Arising splendidly;
 Thick were the giant boughs,
 The top was at the sky,
 The fruits hung close and close
 And blessed the passer-by.

Seer.— So stands a strong, wise man among his race.

First dreamer.— I looked, I saw a worm,
 Small as a small, white thread,
 So very, very small;
 It moved its tiny head,
 And while men waked and slept,
 This way, that way it crept.

Seer.— Oh! worm that never dies, coiled in the wine.

First dreamer.— I saw the tree grow bare,
 No fruit, no foliage there,
 A wind went by, and down
 With crash and overthrow,
 Down toppling, overflung,
 I saw the great tree go.
 The worm had done its part,
 The worm was at its heart.

Seer.— The dream is not a dream ;
 The dream is truth, I wot.
 Oh, dreadful, deep abyss!
 Oh, woe that endless is!
 Oh, worm that dieth not!
 From man's, from angel's place
 The drunkard falls apace.

Second dreamer.— I, too, have dreamed a dream,
 Oh, seer, read me my dream.

Seer.— Young eyes should sleep, not dream in visions dread

Second dreamer.— I dreamed, and all the sea was calm,
 And all the sky an opal dome,
 Each sound went by in rhythm'd chant
 And every farthest place was home.
 I dreamed I saw a thousand stars,
 And every star a great, white rose.
 Great angels twined the coronals—
 Oh, low! Oh, sweet! the anthem flows.
 "For those, for those, who win ;
 Who live and win, who win and die
 And live again to win."

Seer.— Go, happy dreamer, go and sleep!
 Go sleep to dream again,
 For thou and all who keep the faith,
 Who keep the pledge through life and death,
 Through earthly tumult, strain and stress,
 Who keep white robes without a stain,
 And undefiled for coffin dress,
 Shall take from the death angel's hands
 Amid the dawn of wondrous light,
 A wreath of silver stars,
 A wreath of roses white,
 To wear,—the highest, sweetest prize
 To have and wear in paradise.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.—MILTON THOMPSON.

'Tis only an old man's story,—a tale we have oft heard told,
 In a thousand forms and fancies, by the young as well as old,
 A tale of a life dragged hellward, bound down by a demon's
 chain,
 Till the friendly hand of temp'rance had rescued it back
 again!
 Though only a child at the time, friends, I well remember
 the night
 Of our first great temp'rance meeting—it came as an angel of
 light,
 Midst the darkness of vile intemp'rance, its myriad crimes
 and sin;
 A guiding light to the path of right, that all might enter in!
 A hymn, a prayer, an address; then the chairman's voice
 was heard
 To call on any one present just to say but a warning word.
 Our pastor rose, midst cheering, but he strongly denounced
 the new cause
 As "a movement which none but fanatics (hear, hear, and
 loud applause)
 Would engage in, to injure the business of such respecta-
 ble men,
 And break up the time-honored usage of the country—"
 but just then
 I saw, whilst a death-like silence reigned, an old man slowly
 rise
 On the platform and fix on the speaker the glance of his
 piercing eyes!
 That look held the audience spell-bound, and I noticed my
 father's cheek
 Turn deadly pale as the stranger paused before he began to
 speak.
 At last, with an effort, the old man said, in accents low but
 clear:
 "You've heard, friends, that I'm a fanatic, that I have no
 business here;
 As men and Christians listen to truth, hear me and be just;
 My life-sands fast are running out, and speak to-night I must!
 O'er a beaconless sea I've journeyed, life's dearest hopes I've
 wrecked—
 God knows how my heart is aching, as I now o'er the past
 reflect.
 I'm alone, without friends or kindred, but it was not always
 so;
 For I see away o'er that ocean wild, dear forms pass to and
 fro.

I once knew a doting mother's love, but I crushed her fond
 old heart;
 (He seemed to look at some vision, with his quivering lips
 apart.)
 I once loved an angel creature with her laughing eyes so
 blue,
 And the sweetest child that ever smiled, and a boy so brave
 and true!
 Perhaps, friends, you will be startled, but these hands have
 dealt the blow
 That severed the ties of kindred love, and laid those dear
 ones low.
 Ah! yes, *I was once a fanatic*; yea, more—a fiend, for then
 I sacrificed my home, my all, for the riots of a drink fiend's
 den.
 One New Year's night I entered the hut, that charity gave,
 and found
 My starving wife all helpless and shivering on the ground;
 With a maddened cry I demanded food, then struck her a
 terrible blow;
 'Food, food,' I yelled, 'quick, give me food, or by heaven out
 you go!'
 Just then our babe from its cradle sent up a famished wail,
 My wife caught up the little form, with its face so thin and
 pale,
 Saying, 'James! my once kind husband, you know we've had
 no food
 For near a week. Oh, do not harm my Willie that's so good:
 With a wild Ha! ha! I seized them, and lifted the latch of
 the door;
 The storm burst in, but I hurled them out in the tempest's
 wildest roar,
 A terrible impulse bore me on, so I turned to my little lad,
 And snatched him from his slumbering rest—the thought
 near drives me mad.
 To the door I fiercely dragged him, grasping his slender
 throat,
 And thrust him out, but his hand had caught the pocket of
 my coat.
 I could not wrench his frenzied hold, so I hit him with my
 fist,
 Then shutting the door upon his arm *it severed at the wrist*.
 I awoke in the morn from a stupor and idly opened the door;
 With a moan I started backward—two forms fell flat to the
 floor.
 The blood like burning arrows shot right up to my dazed
 brain,
 As I called my wife by the dearest words; but, alas! I called
 in vain.

The thought of my boy flashed on me, I imprinted one fervent kiss
 On those frozen lips; then searched around, but from that black day to this
 My injured boy I've never seen—"He paused awhile and wept,
 And I saw the tears on my father's cheek as I closer to him crept.
 Once more the old man faltering said, "Ten long, long years I served,
 With an aching heart, in a felon's cell, the sentence I deserved;
 But there's yet a gleam of sunshine in my life's beclouded sky,
 And I long to meet my loved ones in the better land on high!"
 The pledge book lay on the table, just where the old man stood,
 He asked the men to sign it, and several said they would.
 "Aye, sign it—angels would sign it," he exclaimed with a look of joy;
 "I'd sign it a thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my boy!"
 My father wrote his name down whilst he trembled in every limb;
 The old man scanned it o'er and o'er, then strangely glanced at him.
 My father raised his left arm up—a cry, a convulsive start—
 Then an old man and his injured boy were sobbing heart to heart!
 Ere the meeting closed that evening, each offered a fervent prayer,
 And many that night, who saw the sight, rejoiced that they were there!

THE VENICE OF THE AZTECS.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

This beautiful extract from the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," refers to the first sight of the city of Mexico by the Spaniards under Cortes, 1519.

The troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst,—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.” High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce

radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin, white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins;—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, “It is the promised land!”

PAT'S WISDOM.

Tim Dolan and his wife, wan night,
 Were drinkin' av the crayture,
 Whin something started up a fight,
 And they wint at it right an' tight,
 According to their nature.

O'Grady and mesilf stood near,
 Expecting bloody murder.
 Says he to me: “Let's interfere.”
 But I, pretending not to hear,
 Moved off a little further.

“Lave off, ye brute,” says he to Tim;
 “No man wud sthrike a lady.”
 But both the Doolans turned on him,
 And in a whist the two av them
 Were wallopin O'Grady.

That night whin I was home, in bed,
 Remimbering this token,
 I took the notion in my head
 That the wisest word I iver said
 Was the one that wasn't spoken.

THE COLONEL'S ORDERS.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

The Colonel loved sweet Cicely—alas! she loved not him.

The Lieutenant loved sweet Cicely—that was another matter;
For the Colonel he was old and fat, the Lieutenant young and slim.

When the Colonel heard they were engaged he was mad as any hatter.

He led his men an awful life,—court-martialed Captain Green
For laughing after “taps,” and threw his boots at Corporal Brady

For incidentally mentioning at mess that he had seen
The young Lieutenant, who was off on sick-leave, with a lady.

For five whole days the Colonel was so sedulously warmed
The thermometer rushed up, they said, and two men had a sun-stroke,

Although 'twas wintry weather and the ice with skaters swarmed,
And the bitter frost had grown so fierce the barrel of a gun broke.

But after these peculiar days the Colonel saw his chance,—
He would recall the absent man, yea, bring him o'er the borders,

Would keep him here in camp where he would find small chance to dance

Attendance on sweet Cicely while waiting marching-orders.

He laughed with glee at his bright plan and called up Captain Green

And complimented him upon his drilling; Corporal Brady
He called the best of corporals that there had ever been

And said he'd get promotion, though he'd better keep that shady.

And then he sent a telegram to the Lieutenant. This:

“Join at once.” No more, no less. “Join at once.” 'Twas shabby,

But it was an inspiration, and it filled his soul with bliss,
And he chuckled till his face grew red, his collar damp and dabby.

But the young Lieutenant—ah, you should have seen his face when he

Received the spiteful message. He understood the Colonel.

I fear he used some naughty words. He set out hastily
To find and tell sweet Cicely, vowing rage eternal.

He found her and he showed her the words so curt and glum.

She read them — “Join at once,” and grew a little pale and flurried.

She understood the Colonel too, and while her lips were dumb

Her heart was voluble in blame and all her blood was hurried.

She read the words and read them, the Lieutenant standing there,

A monument of grief and rage, his voice too sad for speaking,

When suddenly she blushed; she said, “Good gracious! how you stare.

The Colonel is a darling!” “A darling!” cried he, wreaking

His vengeance in that tender word. “Yes, yes,” said she, “my dear,

He loves you like a father, and—oh, read his orders, stupid!”

He read them. “Well, what is it?” he helpless asked.

“They’re clear

Enough.” “Oh, dear!” she cried, “you are a mere man.

He’s Dan Cupid.”

“What!” cried the young Lieutenant, quite blazing.

“Hush!” said she,

Are you so poor a soldier that the poor dear Colonel’s meaning

Makes you angry? oh, my goodness! you are stupid as can be

When these orders—” and she went to him, her arms upon him leaning,

“These orders they must be obeyed. Dare you to disobey The martial mandate which the wires have brought you from your Colonel!”

“Ha! Ha!” the young Lieutenant roared, “Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!” They say

He laughed so much he stood the risk of injury internal.

“Ha! Ha!” laughed he, till she laughed too, though red as any rose.

“Now to obey the orders!” said the young Lieutenant. “Mercy!”

Cried she, “you’re in a hurry like the Colonel, I suppose.

While as for me—” she pouted, though she smiled with lips all pursy.

At any rate, next day in camp the Colonel, stiff, upright, Looking for the absent man received a telegraphic

Message which turned white to black, the morning into
night,

And made a temper fiendish that had learned to be
seraphic.

Captain Green he called a fool for saying, "A fine day!"

He told young Corporal Brady that his hair was never
parted;

He tore around amongst the men in an abnormal way,

Till a new recruit deserted, having grown quite chicken-
hearted.

And yet the message that did this was an answer to his own;

The young Lieutenant sent it with precision o'er the bor-
ders—

Though I think sweet Cicely worded it, it had so much her
tone—

It read thus—"We were joined at once. I have obeyed
your orders."

OLD TENNANT CHURCH.—GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The Old Tennant Church of Monmouth County, New Jersey, was erected more than one hundred and sixty years ago upon the site now famous and historical as the battle-ground of Monmouth. The pew stained with the blood of a soldier wounded in the fight remains as it was at the time of the Revolution, and the bullet holes in the walls seem like eyes of the past looking down upon the present. Near this old structure Washington held counsel with his staff, under the trees that are still standing. The following poem was read, by the author, at a meeting held Sunday evening, April, 28, 1889, in Rev. Dr. Eddy's Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In vain through history we search,
Or look, where honor's eagles perch
On lofty heights of song and story,
For brighter fame than Tennant Church
Has won on patriot rolls of glory.

There is the pulpit, there the pews,
Where grace came down like heavenly dews
Upon the people and their pastor.
There holy men proclaimed the news
Of love and mercy of the Master.

'Twas there the sainted Tennant stood,
And there his flock poured out their blood
As freely as the clouds pour water;
A patriotic brotherhood,
Baptized in the flame and blood of slaughter.

The wild flowers splashed with stains of red,
Repeat the drops upon them shed
Above the dust the sexton gathers;

There birds in branches overhead
Sing the soft requiem of the fathers.

Tell me, ye brave old trees that stand
Like sentinels so tall and grand,
Watching the camp where sleep our braves,
Was Washington's great battle planned
Upon the spot now heaped with graves?

Did ye clap your green palms with glee
When great George made the red-coats flee
Over the fields that blushed with clover?
Did ye look up through buds and see
The angel freedom hovering over?

'Tis not the tribute of a tear,
Nor song our heroes cannot hear,
Alone we give; they died, and we
Now feel their precious presence near
This Sabbath day of Liberty.

JOHN OF MT. SINAI.—A. L. FRISBIE.

Among the Sinai monks the Brother John,
A shrunk and dwarfish man, was numbered; one
Who winced beneath the burden of the cross;
And, while he claimed to count his gain but loss
For Christ, he counted grudgingly the gain
He lost, and gave it up for Christ with pain.
And when to labors till the evening damp
Were added vigils by the midnight lamp,
Abundant hardships after meager fare,
Of sleep o'er little, and o'er much of prayer,
The monk's vocation seemed no easy yoke
And burden light, of which the Master spoke.
He bore it with impatience. Poor, unwise,
He dwelt upon the pain of sacrifice
And lost its blessing. In his troubled breast
His wrung soul cried a bitter cry for rest.

"Behold," said he, "the lilies, how they grow!
They toil not, spin not, yet I surely know
They give God glory which He pleased receives,
And them His easy service never grieves.
The angels, too, in their celestial spheres,
No flagellations have, nor fasts, nor tears,

To make their service bitter. Only men
Serve God with utter wretchedness." And then
He vowed to break the chains the brothers wore,
And run their toilsome treadmill round no more;
To give himself away to God, and free
His soul from care. As angels live, so he
Would live thereafter,—by God's grace sustained,—
The world become his paradise regained.

He turned from Sinai and the monks away,
Threw off as needless his rough cloak of gray
(For angel life could ask no mortal gear,
And sought, far off, the Presence ever near.
Into the desert waste, the solitude
Which girt the mountain round, where scanty food
Or drink or cooling shade existed, went
The eager man to rest with God, intent
To be as the white angels are, his prayer;
To walk with them,—their easy service share.

So seven days went by. The brotherhood,
Surprised, amazed at John's exalted mood,
Spoke little of the wanderer; and when
They mentioned him, those simple monkish men
Devoutly crossed themselves on breast and brow,
And said, "Our brother's with the angels now!
He rose up with a simple, daring faith
And cast himself on God, not waiting death."

But those few days sore trial brought to John,
Shelterless, friendless, in the desert lone.
From the forgetful heaven no manna fell.
No spring leaped out of rock. No visible
Appearance proved that God took kindly note
Of His pressed servant. . From fat lands remote
No raven came his daily bread to bring.
In their strong arms no angels ministering
Bore up the wanderer lest his weary feet
Against the sharp, injurious stones should beat.
The sun smote him by day. By night the wind
Shriveled and pierced him with its blasts unkind.
The desert scared him with its aspect rude;
Not that way lay the path to angelhood
And beatific joys. The monk a *man*
Remained,—a mortal pinched, forlorn, and wan.

He could not cast himself on God. In vain
 With tears he strove desired release to gain
 From the sore burden that his life had been,
 From toil and care and cross as well as sin.

And as the seventh day went darkly down,
 And all his brother monks were housed, poor John
 Came stumbling in the night, seeking the door
 He left with highest hope one week before.
 He knocked. The abbot heard within and cried,
 "Who knocks?" "'Tis I—'tis John," a voice replied.
 "Nay," said the abbot, "John no more with men
 Hath part or lot. He comes not here again
 From his high company. With shining throngs
 Of angels now he walks,—to them belongs."

The door was shut. Nor earth nor man had place,
 Angels nor God, for one who had not grace
 To serve the Lord with patience. Down John fell
 Along the threshold weeping. The strong swell
 Of his sore spirit shook him. Long he cried
 For the forgiveness of the crucified,
 The suffering Christ who, patient, bore the cross
 That men for Him might count all gain but loss.
 And then the angels came to John; while he
 Essayed no more as angels are to be,
 Nor sought them, lo, they came to him; and peace,
 New-found, poured through his soul its blessedness.

And in the morning, when the door stood wide,
 John took his place close at the abbot's side,
 And said, "Forgive me that I went astray.
 Forget my foolish weakness. As I lay
 Last night without, the pitying Master came;
 He spoke me tenderly, called me by name,
 And said to me, 'Serve me content as *man*.
 For man, not angel, was the gospel plan,
 Give me a patient human love. Obey
 My rule; for my sake bear the cross; then may
 The angels see and wonder at, above,
 The beauty of a soul renewed by love.'"

And thenceforth John, until the day he died,
 Served in his place with patience; mortified
 The flesh, and as a true repentant man,
 Gave Christ the service that no angel can.

A CLEAR CASE.*—WADE WHIPPLE.

Dr. Liverwort stepped quietly from the sick chamber and followed the patient's wife into the tidy drawing-room. The professional gravity of the doctor's face seemed to depart to a three-ply veneer as he turned to await the expected query of the anxious little woman.

"Doctor," said she, in a voice whose utterance was as feeble as its tone of anguish was marked, "Doctor! will you be good enough to tell me the exact condition of the sufferer this morning? I think I ought to know the worst, that I might be prepared for it." The doctor coughed away a few ounces of the ostentation that appeared to have coagulated in his bronchia, and as he planed the vapor from his eye-glasses with the tail of his linen duster, he replied:

"To be sure, madam, to be sure! It is your prerogative to be made cognizant of the veritable status of the patient, and I cannot object to fortifying you with such information as the diagnosis interprets."

"Oh, thank you, doctor! I shall be so very glad to know the real condition and the chances of recovery."

"Well, then, my good lady, you must know that my first impression was that the subelavian vein had penetrated the vena cava descendens, and by androgynous dissemination of the venous overflow had wrought a mephitic condition of the rufescent corpuscles, and rendered phlebotomy imperative."

"Great heavens, doctor! Don't tell me—"

"Calm yourself, madam, calm yourself. You forget my remark that such was my *first* impression. Further investigations proved that the vena cava descendens had not undergone a *lusus naturee*, but was continuing, *en regle*, to perform its functions. The real disturbance appeared then to be a momentous oppilation of the thoracic duct, and a collateral hebetation of the arteria innominata."

*From St. Jacob's Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by permission.

“ Oh, spare me, spare me, doctor ! Then he is lost, indeed ! ”

“ Please control yourself, madam, and follow the progress of my investigation more closely. I remarked, if you will recall, that such *appeared* to be the case ; but, progressing with my articulations, I found, by the co-advancy of that anatomical sentence that our fraternity inherits, that the denaturalization of the patient's status was due to no amorphous condition of the subcutaneous vesicles, but was merely an ustulation of some of the lesser penetrals of the cutis vera—a form of urticaria—aggravated by co-existent evidences of mania a potu.”

“ Is that all, doctor ? ”

“ Nothing more, I assure you, my good woman. A mere deflagration, so to speak, of the percalatory conduits of the tegumenta, rendered doubly morbitic by the concomitant excitation of dipsomania.”

“ Merely that, doctor ? Heaven bless you for that assurance. And you really think he is no worse than he is ? ”

“ Not in the least, madam ! ”

“ And that, unless he breaks down again, he will continue to improve ? ”

“ All things favoring, yes ma'am ! To be sure, certain methods of edulcoration must be maintained, and care should be taken that the constituents of his *menu* should be non-calefactious and, in part, of a gelatinous nature—pabulum—that will sublimate, as it were, the deterioration of the anatomic functions. Watchful in these regards, and enjoining all indulgence in frumentaceous liquefactions, I think we may predicate an expeditious restoration to a normal sanitary condition.”

“ Thank you, doctor ! You don't know what a load of anguish you have relieved me of.”

“ I have but done my professional duty, madam. I will look in on the patient again in the morning. Good-day ! ”

“ Good-day, doctor ! ”

THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY.—W. WILKINS.

We were driving the down express—

Will at the steam, I at the coal—

Over the valleys and villages!

Over the marshes and coppices!

Over the river, deep and broad!

Through the mountain, under the road!

Flying along, tearing along!

Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,

Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express:

I warrant you I was proud and gay.

It was the evening that ended May,

And the sky was a glory of tenderness.

We were thundering down to a midland town;

It makes no matter about the name—

For we never stopped there, or anywhere

For a dozen of miles on either side:

So it's all the same—

Just there you slide,

With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,

Down the steepest and longest grade in the land

At a pace that I promise you is grand.

We were just there with the express,

When I caught sight of a muslin dress

On the bank ahead; and as we passed—

You have no notion of how fast—

A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute

With vans and carriages down the incline,

But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,

I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine

As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar,

A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke;

And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,

And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express

Leaped in her black resistlessness,

Evening by evening, England through.

Will—God rest him!—was found, a mash

Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash

He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.

It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
 Or I shouldn't now be here alive;
 But thereafter the five-o'clock out express
 Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her,—that lady I mean,
 That I spoke of before. She often stood
 A-top o' the bank: it was pretty high—
 Say twenty feet, and backed by a wood.

She would pick the daisies out of the green
 To fling down at us as we went by.

We had got to be friends, that girl and I,
 Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
 And she a lady! I'd lift my cap,
 Evening by evening, when I'd spy

That she was there, in the summer air,
 Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:
 Bless you! no; just now and then,
 And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.

Then, one evening, I saw her again,
 Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,
 And down on the line, on the very rail,

While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels broke,
 Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamors
 And deafening din, as of giant's hammers

That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
 All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.
 Never, oh, never, had she seemed sweeter!

I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
 Down that awful incline, and signaled the guard
 To put on his brakes at once, and hard—
 Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered the rail
 Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop; and she wouldn't stir,
 Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
 Her arms to us;—and the desperate wretch

I pitied, comprehending her.
 So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
 Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—
 She never flinched. We beat her down,
 And ran on through the lighted length of the town
 Before we could stop to see what was done.

Oh, I've run over more than one!
 Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none
 That I pitied as I pitied her—
 If I could have stopped, with all the spur
 Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
 But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
 And she a lady—or had been—sir?
Who was she? Best say no more of her!
 The world is hard; but I'm her friend.
 Stanch, sir,—down to the world's end.
 It is a curl of her sunny hair
 Set in this locket that I wear.
 I picked it off the big wheel there.
 Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes;
 We're going out with the express.

BRIGHT HOURS.—MARGARET HUSTED.

“I mark the hours that shine,” so runs the legend graven
 Upon an old sun-dial in a garden by the sea;
 In a fair Italian garden, where it long has told the story,
 That it tells to-day, O friend! for you and me.
 When the sky is blue above it, and the golden sunbeams fall
 Over all the pleasant garden, sweet with thyme, and gay
 with flowers;
 When the birds' glad carols echo songs of children at their
 play,
 Silently the gnomon shadow marks the swiftly flying
 hours.
 And when song and play are ended, and the birds and
 children sleep,
 And the garden all is silent in the moonbeams' silver
 light,
 Save for fountain waters falling with a sound of summer
 rain,
 Fainter shadows on the dial mark the flying hours of
 night.
 But when clouds and tempests gather o'er the garden by the
 sea,
 And the bees and birds and children all have left their
 work and play,
 And the winter rain is falling on dead leaves and withered
 flowers,
 Then the dial marks no moment of the long and dreary
 day.

Let us take to heart the lesson that the dial mutely gives
Unto all who heed its teachings; let us count life's pleasant hours,
Count its many treasures given, count the blessings that it brings;
Gather all its golden harvests, gather all its wayside flowers.
And when shadows gather round us, and the summer days are fled;
When our hearts grow faint with longing for the friends we loved of yore,
And the wintry rain is falling on the graves of buried hopes,
Let us leave the days uncounted till the sun shines out once more.

PENN'S MONUMENT.—R. J. BURDETTE.

Born in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged his conscience. A favored member of a court where statesmanship was intrigue and trickery, where the highest morality was corruption, he never stained his hands with a bribe. Living under a government at war with the people, and educated in a school that taught the doctrine of passive obedience, his lifelong dream was of popular government, of a State where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his dearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition, so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned away from the broad fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction, that the hands of a king opened before him, and, casting his lot with the sect weakest and most unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame, and the reverence of the world, such as royalty could not promise, and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model State, to-day,

no descendant bears his name. In the religious society for which he suffered banishment from home, persecution, and the prison, to-day, no child of his blood and name walks in Christian fellowship, nor stands covered in worship. His name has faded out of the living meetings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave stands doubtfully among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite, or noble shapes of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliants of mighty States between the seas. His noblest epitaph is written in the State that bears his honored name. The little town he planned to be his capital has become a city, larger in area than any European capital he knew. Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the State he planted in the wilderness by "deeds of peace." Out of the gloomy mines, that slept in rayless mystery beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model State sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe lines, the world is lighted from the State of Penn with a radiance to which the sons of the founder's sons were blind. Roaring blast and smoky forge and ringing hammer are tearing and breaking the wealth of princes from his mines, that the founder never knew.

Clasping the continent from sea to sea, stretches a chain of States as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law,—a land that never felt the pressure of a throne, and never saw a sceptre. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in old historic halls, still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines he taught his colonists, proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. This is his monument, and every noble charity gracing this State is his epitaph.

THE HUSKIN'.—WILL F. McSPARRAN.

Ole "Cross-roads Brown," he give a bee,
 An' 'vited all the neighbors,
 Until a rig'ment fought his corn,
 With huskin'-pegs fur sabers.

The night was clear as Em Steele's eyes,
 The moon as mild as Nancy's,
 The stars was winkin' s if they knowed
 All 'bout our loves and fancies.

The breeze was sharp an' braced a chap,
 Like Minnie Silvers' laughin';
 The cider in the gallon jug
 Was jes tip-top fur quaffin'.

The gals sung many a ole-time song,
 Us boys a-jinin' chorus—
 We'd no past shames to make us sad,
 Nor dreaded ones afore us.

The shock was tumbled on the ground,
 Each one its own direction,
 An' ears was drappin' all around,
 Like pennies at collection.

On one side o' the shock a boy,
 His sweetheart on the other,
 A kind o' timid like an' coy,
 But not so very, nuther.

The fodder rustles dry and clean,
 The husks like silver glisten,
 The ears o' gold shine in between,
 As if they try to listen.

An' when a red ear comes to light,
 L'ke some strange boy a-blushin'.
 The gal she gives a scream o' fright,
 An' jukes her pardner, rushin'

To git a kiss, the red ear's prize,
 Till, conquered most completely,
 She lifts her lips an' brightened eyes
 An' gives him one so sweetly.

They hed a shock off from the rest—
 Tom Fell an' Lizzie Beyer,

An' Tom he wouldn't say a word,
 Got mute in getting nigh her.
 But Liz, she knowed jes by his move,
 Tom loved her like tarnation,
 An' every time she said a word
 She seen him blush carnation.
 She seen him husk the red ears out,
 The bashful, foolish fellow,
 As if each red one wasn't worth
 A dozen piles o' yellow.
 Their shock was jes' 'bout finished up,
 An' Liz was busy twistin'
 A great big ear, to get it off,
 An' it was still resistin',
 Until she said, "Do break it, Tom,"
 She 'lidn't know she lied one,
 Till lookin' down she blushed an' cried,
 "Oh! gracious, Tom, 't's a red one!"
 An' Tom he gave her *such* a kiss—
 Stretched out 'twould make me twenty,
 An' all that night, in all their shocks,
 Red ears seemed mighty plenty.

THE LITTLE SISTER OF MERCY.—HELEN BOOTH.

Written expressly for this Collection.

The little Sister of Mercy sighed !

"Your life is narrow," the other women said,
 Her fellow passengers aboard the boat.
 "And yet," said she, "I am not cast in mould
 Heroic. I can do no thrilling deeds,
 Although I praise—in looking out upon
 The world of women, hearing what they do
 To make their lives the fullness God delights
 To view—the perfect end of that which he
 Began, and left for finishment by us."
 "Your life might widen did you choose," said she,
 The elder of the four who talked apart:
 "I have done what I could with my own life
 And know what others still might do with theirs.
 My husband is a senator, and he

Tells all the world I made him what he is,
 That it was I who urged him to the front,
 Who found the zest of his abilities
 And forced it to achievement, taking him
 From easeful leisure. To-day he stands a tower
 Of strength, his party's beacon, varying not;
 A man so filled with high ambition that
 He has small time for aught but business;
 A man who is one of his country's stars,
 And who gives me the praise for all the light
 He sheds." Her eyes were glowing. "Woman makes
 Her own life noble in her husband's hopes.
 And you, pale little Sister, prisoned are,
 Your life no fulcrum of a moving force."
 The little Sister of Mercy sighed!

Another of the four outspoke. She said,
 "I am a writer, working hard for fame
 That coquettes oft with effort. All my life
 I have aimed for the highest; I will reach
 My pinnacle in time, and then lie down
 And feel I have done best with the great loan
 Of life Our Father trusted me to wield.
 And you that represent a Sisterhood,
 Forgive me if I say you may mistake,
 And take from out the world activity
 The Lord meant should be in it. Think of this,
 And if you be not selfish thus to live."
 The little Sister of Mercy sighed!

"And, yes," the third of the four women said,
 "I think you do mistake, small Sister in
 The garb of a religious vanity.
 I doubt not but your habit's every inch
 Is law-prescribed, your every thought laid down
 By rubric this or that. Deep in the world
 I am, as Heaven placed me. I have sons
 And daughters whom for years I strove to lead
 In useful lives. A son of mine now ploughs
 The broad Atlantic, guiding a great ship
 To find the Northern Pass. Another pens
 The finance 'leaders' of a weighty sheet.
 One daughter lives abroad, an artist famed,
 Another will be wedded to a lord
 Of lineage old, and wealth too much to spend.

But you, with hidden hair and ghostly veil,
 Who think but of your own soul, not of those
 About you—nay, I am not harsh, nor are
 These other ladies; in truth, I would be kind.
 You yet may understand your narrow life
 And pray for more than your own sins. Now why
 Are you thus traveling?—Are you on some quest
 For the Superior of your Sisterhood?
 Go you to learn a new embroidery stitch
 For altar-decoration,—or to find
 The truth of a reputed miracle?”
 The lady smiled, as did the other two.
 The little Sister of Mercy sighed!

“I am afraid to go into the world,
 As you do, friends,” she said, “I am not strong
 And tire too soon. You are so very grand,
 You ladies, and your lives so very rich
 In blessing! Perhaps you’ll pray for me,
 That I may have my meed of usefulness?
 Where do I go? Nay, not to learn a stitch—
 I am too nervous to embroider well;
 To prove a miracle I am much too low
 In erudition and theology,
 Though high in faith. Nay, nothing like this, friends;
 I am not fit for great things, and my life
 I fear is narrow as you say it is.
 You know the fever is reported bad
 In Memphis. I am going there to nurse,
 As I did last year, and the year before.”
 The women looked at her; without a word
 They separated and were no more seen.
 The little Sister of Mercy, with her eyes
 Fixed on the shining water felt how great
 It must be to be helpful, and she prayed
 For these three helpful women.
 And she sighed!

SELLING THE BABY.—ADA CARLETON.

Beneath a shady elm tree
 Two little brown-haired boys
 Were complaining to each other
 That they couldn’t make a noise,

“And it’s all that horrid baby,”
 Cried Johnny, looking glum;
 “She makes an awful bother;
 I ’most wish she hadn’t come.

“If a boy runs through the kitchen,
 Still as any mouse can creep,
 Norah says, ‘Now do be aisy,
 For the baby’s gone to sleep!’
 And when, just now, I asked mamma
 To fix my new straw cap,
 She said she really couldn’t
 Till the baby took her nap!”

“I’ve been thinking we might sell her—”
 Fred thrust back his curly hair;
 “Mamma calls her ‘Little Trouble!’
 So I don’t believe *she’d* care.
 We will take her down to Johnson’s;
 He keeps candy at his store;
 And I wouldn’t wonder, truly,
 If she’d bring a pound or more;

“For he asked me if I’d sell her
 When she first came, but, you see,
 Then I didn’t know she’d bother,
 So I told him, ‘No, sir-ree!’
 He may have her now, and welcome;
 I don’t want her any more.
 Get the carriage round here, Johnny,
 And I’ll fetch her to the door.”

To the cool green-curtained bedroom
 Freddy stole with noiseless feet,
 Where mamma had left her baby
 Fast asleep, serene and sweet.
 Soft he bore her to the carriage,
 All unknowing, little bird!
 While of these two young kidnappers
 Not a sound had mamma heard.

Down the street the carriage trundled;
 Soundly still the baby slept;
 Over two sun-browned boy-faces
 Little sober shadows crept;
 They began to love the wee one.
 “Say,” said Johnny, “don’t you think

He will give for such a baby
Twenty pounds as quick as wink?"

"I'd say fifty," Fred responded,
With his brown eyes downward cast.
"Here's the store; it doesn't seem's though
We had come so awful fast!"
Through the door they pushed the carriage;
"Mister Johnson, we thought maybe
You would—wouldn't—would you—would you—
Would you like to buy a baby?"

Merchant Johnson's eyes were twinkling:
"Well, I would; just set your price,
Will you take your pay in candy?
I have some that's very nice.
But before we bind the bargain,
I would like to see the child!"
Johnny lifted up the afghan;
Baby woke and cooed, and smiled.

"It's a trade!" cried Merchant Johnson;
"How much candy for the prize?"
Fred and Johnny looked at baby,
Then into each other's eyes.
All forgotten was the bother
In the light of baby's smile,
And they wondered if mamma had
Missed her daughter all the while.

"Candy's sweet, but baby's sweeter,"
Spoke up sturdy little Fred.
"Cause she is our own and onliest
Darling sister," Johnny said,
"So I guess we'd hetter keep her.
But if we should ask him—maybe
When he knows you'd like to have one,
God will send you down a baby!"

Merchant Johnson laughed, and kindly
Ran their small hands o'er with sweet
Ere they wheel the baby homeward,
Back along the quiet street;
And mamma (who had not missed them)
Smiled to hear the little tale,
How they went to sell the baby,
How they didn't make the sale.

DIGNIFIED COURTSHIP.

A pretty Boston school-ma'am
 And a youth of mien sedate
 Were parting in the evening
 Beside the garden gate.

His hand and heart he'd offered,
 In a grave and sober way,
 And she, with quiet dignity,
 Had named the happy day.

He lingered at the gate with her,
 And said, in accent low:

"There is a little favor
 I would ask before I go,—

"A favor never asked before;
 Sweet maiden, it is this,—
 A lover's privilege, that is all,—
 A sweet betrothal kiss."

"If you wait," the maiden whispered,
 With her color rising high,
 "Till I remove my spectacles,
 I'll willingly comply."

THE SWELL IN A HORSE-CAR.—G. W. KYLE.

I say! I wonder why fellahs ever wide in horse-cars? I've been twying all day to think why fellahs ever do it, weally! I know some fellahs that are in business, down town, you know—C. B. Jones, cotton dealer; Smith Brothers, woolen goods; Bwown & Company, stock bwokers and that sort of thing, you know—who say they do it every day. If I was to do it every day, my funeral would come off in about a week. 'Pon my soul, it would. I wode in a horse-car one day. Did it for a lark. Made a bet I would wide in a horse-car, 'pon my soul, I did. So I went out on the pavement before the club-house and called one. I said, "Horse-car! horse-car!" but not one of 'em stopped, weally! Then I saw that fellahs wun after them,—played tag with them, you know, as the dweadful little girls do when school is coming out.

And sometimes they caught the cars—ah—and sometimes they did not. So I wun after one, I did weally, and I caught it. I was out of bweath, you know, and a fellah on the platform—a conductor fellah—poked me in the back and said, “Come! move up! make room for this lady!” Ah—by Jove he did, you know! I looked for the lady, so (*using eye-glass*), but I could see no lady, and I said so. There was a female person behind me, with a large market-basket, cowedd with ah—vegetables and such dweadful stuff—and another person with a bundle and another with a baby, you know. The person with the basket prodded me in the back with it, and I said to the conductor fellah, said I, “Where shall I sit down? I—ah—don’t see any seat, you know. (*Uses eye-glass.*) The seats seem to be occupied by persons, conductor,” said I. “Where shall I sit?” He was wude, very wude, indeed, and he said, “You can sit on your thumb if you have a mind to.” And when I wemonstrated with him he only laughed at me.

After a while one of the persons got out and I sat down; it was vewy disagweeable! Opposite me there were several persons belonging to the labowing classes, with what I pwesume to be lime on their boots; and tin kettles which they carried for some mysterious purpose in their hands. There was a person with a large basket, and a colored person. Next to me there sat a fellah that had been eating onions! ’Twas vewy offensive! I couldn’t stand it! No fellah could, you know. I had heard that if any one in a car was annoyed by a fellah-passenger he should weport it to the conductor. So I said, “Conductor! put this person out of the car! he annoys me vewy much. He has been eating onions.” But the conductor fellah only laughed. He did, indeed! And the fellah that had been eating onions said, “Hang yer impidence, what do you mean by that?” “It’s extwemely disagweeable, you know, to sit near one who has been eating onions,” said I. “I think you ought to resign, get out, you know.” And then, though I’m sure

I spoke in the most respectfully manner, he put his fist under my nose and remarked, "You'll eat that, hang you, in a minute!" he did indeed. And a fellah opposite said, "Put a head on him, Jim!" I suppose from his tone that it was some colloquial expression of the lower orders, referring to a personal attack. It was vevy disagweeable, indeed. I don't see why any fellah ever wides in the horse-cars. But I didn't want a wow, you know. A fellah is apt to get a black eye, and a black eye spoils one's appeawance, don't you think? So I said, "Beg pardon, I'm sure." The fellah said, "Oh, hang you!" he did, indeed. He was a vevy ill-bred person. And all this time the car kept stopping and more persons of the lower orders kept getting on. A vevy dweadful woman with a vevy dweadful baby stood right before me, intercepting my view of the street; and the baby had an orange in one hand and some candy in the other. And I was wondering why persons of the lower classes were allowed to have such dirty babies, and why Bergh or some one didn't interfere, you know, when, before I knew what she was doing, that dweadful woman sat that dweadful baby wight down on my lap! She did, indeed. And it took hold of my shirt bosom with one of its sticky hands and took my eye-glass away with the other, and upon my honor, I'm quite lost without my eye-glass. "You'll have to kape him till I find me money," said the woman. "Weally!" said I, "I'm not a nursery-maid, ma'am." Then the people about me laughed, they did, indeed. I could not endure it. I jumped up and dwopped the baby in the straw. "Stop the car, conductor," said I, "stop the car." What do you suppose he said? "Hurry up now, be lively, be lively, don't keep me waiting all day!" And I was about to wemonstrate with him upon the impwopwxiety of speaking so to a gentleman, when he pushed me off the car. That was the only time I ever wode in a horse-car. I wonder why fellahs ever do wide in horse-cars? I should think they would pwefer cabs, you know.

JAQUELINE.—GEO. M. VICKERS.

Little Jaqueline sat 'neath an old oaken tree,
In a cool, shady dell, near the brink of a spring,
 And her pitcher lay empty beside her.
And her dark chestnut ringlets fell reckless and free
O'er her plump, dimpled shoulders, there seeming to cling
 As though jealous some ill might betide her;

While from under her hat beamed the loveliest eyes,
Of the tenderest, rarest and deepest of blue
 That kind Heaven e'er lavished on maiden.
Oh, what beauty revealed,—what a wealth to surmise,—
Thus encircled with wild flowers varied in hue,
 And the air with their scent richly laden.

It was witching to gaze on those round, faultless arms,
And the small, snowy hands that were clasped on her knee;
 She appeared such a fairy-like wee thing.
Yet no phantom was she, for her womanly charms
And her breast's undulations would make the doubt flee,
 And be proof that the creature was breathing.

In that lonely retreat, 'neath the old oaken tree,
Pretty Jaqueline lingered, still longing to stay,
 Though denying the reason she tarried.
She could do as she pleased, on that day she was free;
Yet she sighed as the moments stole swiftly away,
 For she knew on the next she'd be married.

Oh, the morning was bright, and the wedding was grand!
But the bride was too dull, and her face was so white;
 And then, why did her youthful voice falter?
For the groom's handsome features shone happy and bland.
Surely hearts of true lovers should swell with delight
 When they kneel before God's holy altar.

And the gossips, who seek only what we would hide,
Slyly hinted that naught but her hand had been won
 By the stranger's brief wooing and glitter.
For they thought of another than he at her side:
Of a love that in duty she ever must shun,
 Of a life that each vow would embitter.

In a calm, far away, on the Indian sea,
On the deck of a barque, sat a group of Jack tars
 Idly watching a seaman tattooing:

'Twas the arm of a landsman that lay on the knee
Of the indigo artist, and soon the blue scars
Plainly told what the fellow was doing.

Only "Jaqueline"—hurriedly hid by his sleeve,
And the lubber strode off and gazed over the rail
At the spars mirrored back by the ocean.
Such a warm heart and true, how could maiden deceive?
And he sighed as he stood there, dejected and pale,
All alone with his hopeless devotion.

Twenty years have gone by. See that hollow-cheeked dame
Seated there, like a ghost, 'neath the globed chandelier
With a fair, blooming damsel beside her!
That is Jaqueline; changed, quite, in all but the name.
She is rich, tho' her brilliant gems, flashing, appear
By their splendor alone to deride her.

Poor mistaken; how sinful her secret regret!
And how vainly she tries to be loyal in thought
To the man she has promised to cherish!
How she broods o'er one face that she ne'er can forget;
How in honor repelled and then eagerly sought
The fond yearning that never can perish.

Then her child, the loved fetter that binds her to life,
How she dreads lest it meet with a fate like her own,
And be bound, yet forever be parted!
There she sits, smiling down her soul's anguish and strife,
Seeking roses where briars and weeds have been sown;
The proud mistress of wealth,—broken-hearted.

If ye marry too soon, if ye marry too late,
Then beware of the curse, for the husband or wife
May in time crave the love that was slighted.
Oh, the joy of the soul is in greeting its mate,
And the fullness of happiness dwells with that life
Where the heart with the hand is united.

WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knitting,
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't
count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was
splitting,
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,

When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street;

And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,

And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,

When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;

And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting,

First on one foot and the other and 'most strangled with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarlet—

It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"

Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a young varlet,

And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket,

There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;

And she lets the candle in my room burn way down to the socket,

While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering;

She spreads jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow;

She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering;

And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't,

And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;

It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says "I wouldn't;

The boy that went go fishing such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,

And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse—

And who is she by this time there is no need of guessing;

For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

ADALINA'S ARRIVAL; OR, THERE'S NO PLACE
LIKE OLD CONNECTICUT.—H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.*

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CHARACTERS

MR. JOHN HARDGROVE, a Western farmer.

MRS. REBECCA HARDGROVE, his wife.

ANNIE HARDGROVE, their daughter.

FRANK HARDGROVE, their son.

GRANNY LAWSON, Mrs. Hardgrove's mother.

SAMUEL HARDGROVE, } Brothers of John Hardgrove.

SILAS HARDGROVE, }

ADALINA HARDGROVE, a niece of the three brothers.

SCENE.—*A family sitting room. Mr. Hardgrove, Mrs. Hardgrove, Granny Lawson, and Annie Hardgrove, seated. Mrs. Hardgrove is sewing and Granny knitting.*

MR. HARDGROVE. The corn crop's ruther light this year ag'in. But that's the way it goes. One trouble follers another and we don't seem to git very much ahead.

GRANNY. Who'd you say was dead?

MR. H. (*speaking louder.*) Nobody's dead as I knows on. I was jest remarkin' that the corn crop was purty poor ag'in and we don't seem to git much ahead.

GRANNY. Yes, that's so. But nobody could git much ahead out in a flat country like this. It's either too wet or too dry or somethin' or another's not right. We never have craps like we used to have when we lived in Connecticut. It was a sad day for all of us when we come away. Oh, dear! I wish we were all back again in good old Connecticut.

MRS. HARDGROVE. But you know, grandmother, we must expect to have some disappointments in this world. We must have shadow as well sunshine.

GRANNY. Wall, I think it's purty nigh all shadder in this place. Half a corn crap one year and half a wheat crap another year and no peaches and no apples. Oh, yes, it was a bad move when we come away out here. I think we'd better git back to old Connecticut where we never had no troubles nor vexation of sperrits.

MR. H. I think we have no reason to complain. Of course I'm poor, but I think it would have been a consid'able sight wuss if we had staved in Connecticut. My brothers, Samuel

*Author of the very amusing comedy in No. 26, entitled "Striking Oil," "Aunt Susan Jones," "Vanity Vanquished," etc., in previous Numbers.

and Silas, have got along purty well out here, and are worth consid'able money. But if I haven't prospered quite so well I hadn't ought to complain.

GRANNY. I can't jest hear all you say, John, but I think you'd do better to gather up and git back to Connecticut. If we were there ag'in we'd have plenty to eat and wear and have no more troubles. Yes, I jest think there's no place like old Connecticut.

ANNIE. Oh, I shouldn't want to go back there again.

GRANNY. La, sakes! I s'pose not. You've got a beau here now, and of course you can't leave.

ANNIE (*confused*). Oh, grandmother, you don't think that is the reason I don't want to go, do you?

GRANNY. Yes, I sartinly do. Wasn't I young once myself, and don't I know jest how a body feels in sich cases? Of course you wouldn't want to leave this neighborhood now, and I don't blame you.

Enter Frank.

FRANK. Here's a letter for you, father. (*Gives it to him.*)

MR. H. A letter! (*Takes it.*) Postmarked Crafton. It must be from Brother Abram or his daughter. (*Opens letter.*) Yes, it is from Adalina and—ah! Abram's dead.

MRS. H. Dead!

ANNIE. Uncle Abram dead!

MR. H. When we heard from him last he was in his usual health. I will read the letter. (*Reads.*) "Dear Uncle and Aunt:—I am sorry to inform you that I am alone. Father died two days ago and I am lonely, indeed. He wished me to write to you and to Uncle Samuel and Uncle Silas and ask if any of you would be willing to give me a home. He also said that whoever took me would be doing an act of charity and most certainly would be rewarded in heaven. I have written to Uncle Samuel and Uncle Silas. I will start soon and will probably be with you soon after my letters arrive. Your niece, ADALINA."

FRANK. He hasn't left us any money, then?

MR. H. No, I reckon not when his daughter is comin' out here to live with one of us. Kind of strange, too! Abram had consid'able money when we moved away from Connecticut.

MRS. H. Been unfortunate, I suppose. Of course, there's a great many ups and downs in this world. We may feel

that we are comfortably situated, we may feel that we are wealthy, but in one short hour, apparently, our bright prospects have faded and our anticipations have fled.

GRANNY. Who'd you say was dead?

MRS. H. Abram Hardgrove, John's eldest brother, is dead.

GRANNY. Oh, is he? Wall, he was a nice man. But I think if we don't move out of this country we'll soon all be dead, too. We had ought to go back to old Connecticut.

MRS. H. (*to John.*) Then Samuel or Silas or you will have to keep Adalina?

MR. H. Yes, that appears to be the way it is to turn out.

GRANNY. Who'd you say had the gout?

MR. H. (*speaking louder.*) I was speaking of my niece, Adalina. She is coming out here to live with one of us.

GRANNY. Goin' to leave Connecticut and come out here! Wall, I should think she had taken leave of her senses to do sich a thing as that. I'm sure if I was back in Connecticut I'd stay there and not come away out here where there is nothin' but trouble and vexation, and fever an' ager.

FRANK. Well, I suppose Uncle Samuel will take her.

ANNIE. Or Uncle Silas.

FRANK. Uncle Samuel is very well off and of course he is the best able.

MR. H. I ruther expect that Samuel will step forward and take Adalina. He's the richest of the lot and he has no family except Margareta and Roxalena. He is very well fixed and in this crisis which has come I feel sure that he'll come forward and do the square thing. (*Knock at door.*) There's somebody at the door. Frank, will you open it?

Enter Samuel Hardgrove.

SAMUEL. Good mornin' to you all. (*The others respond by saying, Good morning.*)

MR. H. Take a seat, Samuel. (*Samuel seats himself.*) How's all the folks?

SAMUEL. Oh, we're all hearty.

GRANNY. Who'd you say was goin' to have a party?

MRS. H. Grandmother, he said that they were all hearty.

GRANNY. Oh, was that it? Wall, I don't hear very well now. But 'taint any wonder. I'm in my eighty-second year and am gettin' purty donesey, but I'd be a heap better if we were back in old Connecticut where we used to live.

SAMUEL. I received this letter from Adalina (*showing it*), this mornin' which says Brother Abram is dead, and she is comin' out to live with one of us. She is comin' right away. What do you think of that? I declare I was sot back consid'ably.

MR. H. I was surprised, too. When we left Connecticut, you know, Abram was purty well off, but there's no knowin' what a day may bring forth. His wife has been dead for up'ards of five years, and of course Adalina and him was all the family there was. But I s'pose he's had some bad luck and has been reduced to poverty. Abram wouldn't have sent his daughter onto us if he hadn't been purty poor.

SAMUEL. Well, that's what I came over to talk about. When we got the letter, I says to my wife, says I, " 'Twont do to have Adalina come here. She must be fifty or fifty-one by this time and of course she's somewhat cranky." And Sarah Ann, she says, says she, "No, of course not. Couldn't think of havin' her come here. We have two gals here now—our own darters—Margaretta and Roxalena—and of course them and Adalina couldn't get along together. They'd quarrel afore two days."

FRANK (*aside to Annie*). Just hear Uncle Samuel! He'll impose on father,—of course he will,—he always did.

MR. H. Well, I kinder thought that as you was purty well off in this world's goods and had sich a big house you'd be willin'—

SAMUEL (*rising*). Oh, no, I couldn't think of it. I don't want to be bothered with any poor relations, and besides that, I know she's a cranky old maid and she'd be a-fightin' my darters afore she'd been there two days. No, I couldn't think of takin' her. And Sarah Ann's dead sot ag'in it, too. Anyhow, I think Abram had ought to have taken care of his money so his darter would not of had to go out upon her relations. But I must be a-goin'. I thought I'd jest come over so's there'd be a fair understandin' in the case.

MRS H. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, Samuel, we will take Adalina. We don't feel like turning any of our relatives out simply because they have been unfortunate and have lost their property.

SAMUEL. Well, I'm glad you've agreed to take her, for that lets me out. Of course, I'd like to do somethin' for her

but Sarah Ann's dead sot ag'in it, and I know there'd be trouble between her and my darters afore two days.

FRANK (*aside*). Sniveling old hypocrite!

SAMUEL. But I must be a-goin'.

GRANNY. Why don't some of you give Samuel a chair and ax him to sit down?

SAMUEL. No, I must be a-goin'. Wall, I'm glad it's fixed up. Of course, I'd a-liked to have done somethin' in the case, but Sarah Ann was dead sot ag'in it—

ANNIE (*aside*). He said that a couple of times before.

SAMUEL. And, I s'pose, accordin' to your circumstances, it would be better for you to kinder get out of the arrangement, too. She could go on the town, and be cared for, you know, and then she wouldn't be a burden to any of us.

MR. H. (*rising*). Samuel, I s'pose I can attend to my own affairs.

SAMUEL. Oh, well, of course I don't want to say nothin' to offend you, but seein' as you are somewhat reduced in circumstances I thought it wouldn't be out of the way to make the suggestion. But I must be a-goin'. [*Exit Samuel.*]

FRANK. That man's a disgrace to the family.

MRS. H. John, if we are poor we are not niggardly and I think we have some charity and humanity in our hearts. Let it be settled that Adalina shall come here.

FRANK. I have been looking forward to a collegiate course, but that settles it—I can't have it now, I suppose.

MR. H. And Annie is to be married next spring to Harvey Wilkinson. Where'll the settin' up come from? And the silk dress, and all sich as that?

MRS. H. Oh, that will all come right. Harvey loves Annie and he'd be willing to take her in a calico.

MR. H. Yes, but I kinder think I'd hardly like to have her go that way.

GRANNY. Who'd you say had got blowed away?

MR. H. (*speaking louder*). I didn't hear of anybody gittin' blowed away.

GRANNY. Wall, I shouldn't wonder if somebody would git blowed away, out here on the pe-raries. The wind does blow awful sometimes. If we were only back in old Connecticut there wouldn't be sich a thing as gittin' blowed away.

MRS. H. That man ought to be ashamed of himself. Just

to think of it! With all his money and all his big house—but we'll let the matter drop. We'll take Adalina.

MR. H. Rebecca, you're a good woman. I knowed how you'd stand. I'm proud of you, Rebecca. (*Knock at door.*) Frank, will you open the door?

Enter Silas Hardgrove.

SILAS. Good mornin' to you all. (*They all respond, "Good morning."*)

MR. H. Take a chair, Silas. How's all the folks?

SILAS (*seating himself*). Oh, we're all as well as usual. Purty bad kind of weather, this.

MR. H. Yes, winter seems to be settin' in already.

MRS. H. How's Betsey Jane?

SILAS. Oh, she's first rate. I thought I'd jest come over to see how you're gittin' along.

FRANK (*aside*). He doesn't come suddenly to the point like Uncle Samuel.

MR. H. I s'pose you got a letter from Adalina, too?

SILAS. Yes, I—I did—and I—I kinder thought I ought to come down and talk the matter over.

GRANNY. What did you say had biled over?

SILAS (*speaking louder*). I was speakin' of Abram's darter, Adalina. She's comin' on right away to stay with one of us. (*Turning to John.*) We're buildin' a new house, you know.

FRANK (*aside*). He's comin' to the point now.

GRANNY. I s'pose Betsey Jane has been makin' a kittle of soap and it has biled over. Wall, there's nothin' but trouble out in in this Western country, anyhow.

SILAS. Wall, as I was a-sayin', I thought that there ought to be a fair understandin' about this matter. Of course, Adalina's a blood relation, but we're buildin' a new house, and, under the circumstances, I don't see as I could take her. So, I s'pose the matter will rest between you and Samuel. Samuel's purty well off in this world's goods and I reckon he could take Adalina. Because, as I said afore, we are buildin' a new house and, of course, we have no room for anybody but our own family and skurcely room enough for that. Adalina said in her letter that her father 'lowed that whoever took her to keep would be rewarded in heaven—but I don't care about waitin' so long to be rewarded. Abram was well enough off when we left Connecticut and I

don't understand how it is that he had to come down so that his darter has to go on her relations to live. Some people are dreadful shiftless, anyhow.

MRS. H. Brother Silas, we have decided to take Adalina.

SILAS. You have! Wall, then, I feel kind of relieved. Of course, 'twouldn't have suited us for to take her on account of the buildin' of the new house. And so you've really made up your minds that you'll take her?

MR. H. Oh, yes, we'll take her. I allers thought a heap of Abram. He was the oldest of the family, you know, and I kinder looked up to him. He was a great help to father and mother and there wasn't anything that he wouldn't do for us boys,—you and Samuel and me. And now I can't turn away from his darter, Adalina, jest because they have lost their money and got poor. No, I can't do it. We have consid'able of a struggle to get along. Still I felt sure Rebecca would be all right, and she *is* all right. She says we will take Adalina and give her a home as long as she lives.

SILAS (*rising*). Wall, I'm glad the matter is fixed up. I'm glad too that the gal's goin' to get a home, but I aint one of them kind of men as believes in waitin' for my pay, as Abram says, until I should be rewarded from heaven. In these days a man had ought to look out for his pay right as he goes along, or he will be purty sure to come to the wall. The letter says, she will come right along, and so I s'pose I'd better be a-goin' or she may come a-pokin' into my house, and it would be kind of unpleasant to have to tell her afterward to come on over here.

GRANNY. Can't you take a chair and sit down for a spell?

SILAS. No, I must be a-goin'. (*To John.*) But I was jest goin' to say that if she had stayed in Connecticut—

GRANNY. Goin' back to Connecticut! Wall, I'll go, too. I've been talkin' to John fur five years and tryin' to persuade him to go back. I'm sure I don't want to stay in sich a country as this.

SILAS. No, I'm not goin' back to Connecticut. I didn't say that.

GRANNY. You aint! Wall, you're jest as stubborn as John. I don't know what anybody'd want to stay here fur.

FRANK (*aside*). I wonder why he doesn't go home.

SILAS. Wall, I must be a-goin' home, but I jest wanted to

say to you, John, that you are not very well off, and I think you'd only be doin' your duty by your children not to take Adalina. Of course, it aint nothin' to me, but bein' as I am older than you I thought I had ought to say somethin'—

MR. H. (*rising*.) There, Silas, that's enough! I have said we'd take Adalina and I s'pose we know what we're doin'.

SILAS. Wall, it's all right. Of course, a man can do as he pleases, but Abram had ought to have looked out for his own darter and I don't see, anyhow, how he could have lost all his money. [*Exit Silas.*]

FRANK (*emphatically*). Uncle Silas is a mighty mean man.

GRANNY. Yes, that's so, and it's jest because he is in sich a mean country. He wasn't sich a man when we all lived in Connecticut.

MRS. H. Father, your brothers seem to think you cannot manage your own affairs.

MR. H. Oh, well, it's a way they have. They think they had ought to look after my welfare, seein' as they are older than I am. (*Looking off*.) But there comes Adalina, now.

Enter Adalina, very oddly dressed. They all rise to greet her.

ADALINA. I've just arrived. (*Sets down her satchel.*) Needn't make any fuss over me. (*Takes off her bonnet and places it on the satchel.*) Was Uncle Silas here?

MR. H. Yes, he's jest stepped out.

ADALINA. I thought so. I came near meeting him but when he saw me coming he climbed over a fence so as to get out of the way. And how about Uncle Samuel? Will he let me have a home with him?

FRANK. Well, I think not. He was here first to say that he wouldn't take you.

MRS. H. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, dear. You will find a home with us. (*Adalina sinks down in a chair and covering her face with her hands commences to weep.*)

GRANNY (*aside*). Wall, I don't wonder that the gal's acryin'. She has found out what kind of a country she's got into. She'd a-been a heap better off if she had stayed in old Connecticut.

MRS. H. (*going to Adalina and placing her hand on her head.*) My dear, let me assure you that we welcome you and that, although our home is a plain one, we cordially invite you to share it with us. Rest assured we will do all in our power to make it pleasant for you.

ANNIE (*going to Adalina*). Yes, cousin Adalina, you are welcome to our home.

GRANNY (*removing her spectacles and wiping her eyes*). My eyes seem to be kinder dim somehow. Don't know what on airth has come over 'em.

MR. H. (*visibly affected*). I—I—yes, it's all right. of course, it is—Rebecca's all right, and far enough ahead of me.

FRANK. Cousin Adalina, I assure you I am glad you have come and I join with the others in saying that we will endeavor to make this a pleasant place for you to live. Father, although a brother of Samuel and Silas Hardgrove's, is not one whit like them.

GRANNY. Yes, and it's all on account of the heathenish country they are livin' in.

ADALINA (*rising*). I can't keep quiet a minute longer; I must speak right out. I'm not poor; I have fifty thousand dollars; and twenty-five thousand goes to this family—according to my father's wish. He had been very successful in business lately and when he found he must soon die, he requested me to write as I did after he was gone and find out which of the three families would be willing to take me and give me a home. I followed his instructions to the letter. He said he believed that in my apparent poverty, John would be the only one who would be willing to grant his request.

ANNIE (*to Adalina*). But from your letter we supposed you were poor and had no property to dispose of.

ADALINA. Yes, my dear cousin, and that is just what my father wanted you to think. He was somewhat peculiar and wanted me to find out which of his brothers thought enough of him to be willing to put up with the poor, lonesome old woman. He advised me not to be too hasty, but to look into things a little before I decided. But I couldn't know you any better if I waited two years, you dear, good aunt and uncle, and I now say that half of father's property belongs to me and the other half goes to his brother, John.

MR. H. I said when the matter came up that my wife, Rebecca, would come out all right. And she *did* come out all right and far enough ahead of me. I shall allers feel proud of my wife, Rebecca.

MRS. H. And I shall always feel proud because my husband, John, has a kind heart and is so very different from his brothers, Samuel and Silas.

GRANNY. I can't jest hear all that is goin' on. Did that gal bring a fortune to John?

MRS. H. Yes, grandmother.

ANNIE. And that means that Frank can have a collegiate course.

FRANK. And it means, also, that Annie can have five silk dresses to get married in.

GRANNY. Five silk dresses to get married in! Pooh! You don't mean it. One would be a plenty.

MRS. H. Yes, grandmother, a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars!

GRANNY. Oh, dear! Is it possible? Is it possible? And this gal is Adalina Hardgrove, darter of Abram Hardgrove, of the state of Connecticut?

MR. H. }
MRS. H. } Yes.

GRANNY. Jest what I've allers said—there's no place like old Connecticut!

[*Curtain falls.*

HOW COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA.—H. C. DODGE.

Columbus stood upon the deck;
 "Go home!" the sailors cried;
 "Not if I perish on the wreck,"
 Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives
 And went for Captain C.
 "Go home," they yelled, "and save our lives."
 "Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I cannot tell how far
 We're from the nearest land
 I'll take you home." "Agreed, we are!"
 Answered the sea-sick band.

That night when all were fast asleep
 Columbus heaved the lead,
 And measuring the water deep,
 Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen
 But water, wet and cold ;
 Columbus, smiling and serene,
 Looked confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"
 The mutineers out cried.
 "Just ninety fathoms," Captain C.
 Most truthfully replied.

"And if you doubt it, heave the lead
 And measure, same as I."
 "You're right," the sailors laughed. "Great head!
 We'll stick to you or die."

And thus, in fourteen ninety-two,
 America was found,
 Because the great Columbus knew
 How far off was the ground.

"SOMEBODY'S."—RAE McBRAY.

As the writer involuntarily shrank from contact with a man lying in a drunken sleep on the pavement of our largest city, the friend at her side whispered, "Somebody's."

Somebody's *baby*, with laughing eyes,
 Dimpled cheeks and a brow of snow,
 Gladdening the weary mother's heart
 At her daily toil—that was long ago.

Somebody's *boy* coming in from school,
 With back-thrown masses of clustering hair
 Smoothed by a tender mother-touch,
 Followed by earnest mother-prayer.

Somebody's *lover*, an eager youth,
 "Just a trifle fast but that's naught, my dear,"
 So friends whispered, and she, with a woman's faith,
 Gave her life to his keeping, without a fear.

Somebody's *husband*, lying prone
 On the pavement foul, with a bloated face
 Turned to the light of the midnight moon,
 Vanished, of manhood, every trace.

Lying there in a drunken sleep,
 While "somebody," faithful, despite all wrong,
 Sends up to Heaven the martyr cry,
 "How long, O pitying Christ! how long?"

HUGH GORDON'S IRON MILL.—HORACE B. DURANT.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Hugh Gordon's iron mill employs
 About a thousand hands;
 And whether times be brisk or dull,
 Enough of work commands;
 A *strike* it never yet has known,
 A *panic* never feels;
 And we shall tell you how it keeps
 In motion all its wheels.

To do this, we must take you back,
 Some score of years or more,
 When once a great financial crash
 Swept all the country o'er;
 Wage workers promptly were discharged
 By scores and hundreds then;
 And mills shut down, or else reduced
 The wages of their men.

Without a warning or a word,
 Their hands were sent adrift,
 Those who had served them well and long,
 As best they might to shift;
 All work was scarce, and such as was
 Might end at any day;
 And to get that, men took just what
 Employers chose to pay.

Hugh Gordon thought the matter o'er,
 For just to tell the truth,
 He felt the pressure of the times,
 Embarrassed quite, forsooth;
 How he could pay a thousand hands,
 And run the mill beside,
 And live it through were questions dark,
 That he could not decide.

"The thought is painful to discharge
 These trusty men," said he.
 "What should they do? How should they live?
 To that I can't agree;
 I'll bring this vexing question home,
 And meet it face to face;
 What should I say, or think, or do,
 If I were in their place?"

“Suppose the case. Have I not rights?
 Am I the less a man
 Because my hands are hard with toil,
 My face begrimed and tan?
 Have I no choice in contracts made
 To suit contractors' views,
 But tame submission to such change
 And wages as they choose?”

“Must life and limb be constant risked
 On rail, in mire, in mill,
 While those who face the perils there,
 Have neither voice nor will?
 Here the employer makes mistake;
 To me it seems quite plain,
 That those who try to drive man thus,
 Will find the trial vain!”

Just here, Hugh Gordon seemed to catch
 Some new and startling thought;
 For he exclaimed, “’Tis capital!
 I’ll try it on the spot!
 I’ll talk to them as *men*; and say,
 Our interests are one;
 And I will ask them candidly,
 If yet the mill shall run.

“Some iron kings, perhaps, may laugh
 At how I cure a strike;
 And others think me mad; but they
 May think just what they like;
 I’ll show them how they all are wrong;
 For what they cannot do
 Without great loss, I’ll do with ease,
 And get all safely through.”

So when the great bell rang next morn,
 To call its labor throng
 Of grimed and forge-tanned men to work,
 Hugh Gordon went along.
Why stops the mill? The furnace fires,
 As fiercely seem to burn;
 But not a hammer falls; the wheels
 Refuse as yet to turn!

“What means all this? There’s something wrong!”
 One to another said,

“Perhaps we’ll have our pay reduced,
Or be discharged instead!”
Said one, “I know he’s hardly pressed,
But if he’d only ask
Our help and counsel, not a man
I’m sure, would leave his task.”

Hugh Gordon, hitherto unseen,
Came forward with a smile,
And said to Bennett, “Call the hands,
I’ll talk to them awhile.”
Then getting up beside the wheel,
While all came thronging round,
Thus brief he spoke, while silence reigned
Throughout the mill, profound:

“The times are gloomy, men, you know,
And money hard to get;
While my expenses are so great,
They scarcely can be met;
I can’t discharge you; there is pain
Within the very thought!
For here, to build my business up,
You long and well have wrought.

“I cannot cut your wages down,
Without consulting first
To know if you are willing all
To help me meet the worst,
For I believe all contracts have
Two sides that must be heard;
And neither can be justly scorned
In thought, or deed or word—”

“That is the truth, sir! *That’s* the talk
That workmen like to hear!”
Said Steel, who swung his dingy cap,
And gave a lusty cheer;
“Say but the word, sir, and we’ll work
At any rate you please;
The world would hear of fewer strikes,
If men heard words like these.”

“*Three cheers* for Mr. Gordon, boys!”
A score of workmen cried;
And out a thousand voices rang,
Like roar of stormy tide!

Then foreman Bennett spoke, and said,
 "The men are all agreed.
 They'd rather lose full half their pay,
 Than see the mill in need!"

Our tale is told. Hugh Gordon's mill
 Has still a thousand hands;
 And whether times be brisk or dull,
 Full work enough commands;
 A strike it never yet has known,
 A panic never feels;
 And we have told you how it keeps
 In motion all its wheels.

HOW MARRIAGE IS LIKE A DEVONSHIRE LANE

JOHN MARRIOTT.

The author of the following ballad, descriptive of the Devonshire lanes of olden time, was vicar of Broadclist.

In a Devonshire lane as I tottered along,
 The other day, much in want of a subject for song,
 Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—
 Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and when you are in it,
 It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
 For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found
 Drive forward you must; there is no turning round.

But though 'tis long and not very wide,
 For two are the most that together can ride;
 And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a bother
 And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft poverty meets them with mendicant looks,
 And care pushes by them, overladen with crooks,
 And strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass,
 And stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high to the left hand and right
 That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
 And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
 That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we are pent,
 With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent;

And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose ;
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Soothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way.
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay,
And whate'er others may say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

WHAT DROVE ME INTO A LUNATIC ASYLUM.*—ELI PERKINS.

What ruined me and got me into an idiot asylum was this: I used to have a strong contempt for lawyers. I thought their long cross-examinations were brainless dialogues for no purpose. Lawyer Johnson had me as a witness in a wood case. In my direct testimony I had sworn truthfully that John Hall had cut ten cords of wood in three days. Then Johnson sharpened his pencil and commenced examining me.

"Now, Mr. Perkins," he began, "how much wood do you say was cut by Mr. Hall?"

"Just ten cords, sir," I answered boldly. "I measured it."

"That's your impression?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we don't want impressions, sir. What we want is facts before this jury—f-a-c-t-s, sir, facts!"

"The witness will please state facts hereafter," said the Judge, while the crimson came to my face.

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, pointing his finger at me, "will you swear that it was more than nine cords?"

"Yes, sir. It was ten cords—just——"

"There! never mind," interrupted Johnson. "Now, how much less than twelve cords were there?"

"Two cords, sir."

*From St. Jacob's Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by permission.

"How do you know there were just two cords less, sir? Did you measure these two cords, sir?" asked Johnson, savagely.

"No, sir, I——"

"There, that will do! You did not measure it. Just as I expected,---all guess-work. Now didn't you swear a moment ago that you measured this wood?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Stop, sir! The jury will note this discrepancy."

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, slowly, as he pointed his finger almost down my throat, "now, sir, on your oath, will you swear that there were not ten cords and a half?"

"Yes, sir," I answered meekly.

"Well now, Mr. Perkins, I demand a straight answer—a truthful answer, sir."

"T—t—ten c-c-cords," I answered, hesitatingly.

"You swear it?"

"I—I—d—d—do."

"Now," continued Johnson, as he smiled satirically, "do you know the penalty of perjury, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I think——"

"On your oath, on your s-o-l-e-m-n oath, with no evasion, are you willing to perjure yourself by solemnly swearing that there were more than nine cords of wood?"

"Yes, sir, I——"

"Aha! Yes, sir. You *are* willing to perjure yourself then? Just as I thought (turning to the Judge); you see, your Honor, that this witness is prevaricating. He is not willing to swear that there were more than nine cords of wood. It is infamous, gentlemen of the jury, such testimony as this." The jury nodded assent and smiled sarcastically at me.

"Now," said Johnson, "I will ask this perjured witness just one more question.

"I ask you, sir—do you know—do you realize, sir, what an awful—a-w-f-u-l thing it is to tell a lie?"

"Yes, sir," I said, my voice trembling.

“And, knowing this, you swear on your solemn oath, that there were about nine cords of wood?”

“No, sir, I don’t do anything of——”

“Hold on, sir! Now how do you know there were just nine cords?”

“I don’t know *any such thing*, sir! I——”

“Aha! you don’t know then? Just as I expected. And yet you swore you *did* know,---swore you measured it. Infamous! Gentlemen of the jury, what shall we do with this perjurer?”

“But I——”

“Not a word, sir,—hush! This jury shall not be insulted by a perjurer! Call the next witness!”

This is why I am now keeping books in a lunatic asylum.

LITTLE JO.—MARY MCGUIRE.

Written expressly for this Collection.

I wonder if old Santa Claus will come to-night!

He couldn’t find the way last year;

I wish he had, for little Jo was here—

Dear little Jo! we’re better off a sight,

Than what we were last year

When he was here.

We hadn’t fire to keep us warm last Christmas day;

And not enough, not near enough to eat,—

Just bread and tea; but not a bit of meat

On Christmas day! I didn’t care to play,

The snow kept falling fast

And sleighs went past.

Once when I brought my blocks and things to Jo

He moaned as if it hurt him just to look,

Then partly cried, and pushed the picture book;

His sorry eyes looked straight at mother, *so*,

And she said “Hush, and go away,

Jo doesn’t want to play.”

And not a soul came in the whole day through,

And we were there alone all day, you see,—

Mother and I, and little Jo—we three;

And then toward night the wind arose and blew,
 And I remember now so plain,
 How all the snow turned into rain.

That made it lonesomer, you know,
 And little Jo grew worse toward night,
 And moaned so pitiful, his face was white,
 Why, just as white, and cold, almost, as snow.
 You see we hadn't fire to keep him warm
 Through such a storm.

That's why I had to go to bed so early;
 Mother said first I might kiss little Jo,—
 I didn't do it every night, you know,
 But this was Christmas night,—his hair was curly,
 And scattered on the pillow, soft and bright:
 I noticed then how solemn and how white,

And lonesome mother looked, she didn't talk,
 Except to bid me say my prayers, and say 'em low,
 So's not to waken Jo;

And then to see how careful I could walk.
 She didn't say another single word;
 But kissed Jo as he stirred.

Once in the night I woke—the rain still poured
 Against the window; mother sat beside
 Jo's bed, and when he tossed about and cried
 She soothed him with a hymn about the Lord,—
 The dear Christ-child who on one Christmas day,
 Long years ago, within a manger lay.

There was such comfort in that pretty hymn,—
 Or else in mother's voice,—I nestled deep
 Within the coverlid and went to sleep,
 Still hearing in my dreams—though faint and dim—
 The sound of rain, and mother singing low,
 Singing to little Jo.

Next morning I woke suddenly and sat
 Up in the bed; the dreadful storm had passed.
 Mother was up and sewing just as fast!
 It made me very glad to notice that;
 She hadn't sewed since Jo was took that way,—
 That's why we were so hungry Christmas day.

I dressed me quick, and went to Joey's bed;
 He hadn't wakened yet, and lay *so still*;
 His little hands were crossed: I never will

Forget how smooth the curls were on his head.

"Mother," I cried, "has Jo got well again?"

"Yes, dear," she whispered, "well and out of pain."

And then I went and stood by mother's chair,—

She looked as different, most, as little Jo;

Too pale and sick, it seemed to me, to sew.

And there was such a sadness in the air!

But mother stitshed away with all her might,—

A little narrow gown made all of white.

Jo has a pretty grave: it stands alone,

Near other poor folks' graves close by the wall.

The most of them are large, a few are small.

Jo's hasn't yet, of course, got any stone;

But summer grasses grow there just as sweet,

And winter snows,—they drape it like a sheet.

I often wondered how it came that we

Should have the right to lay our dear boy there,

In that sweet spot, with none to blame or care;

I didn't understand how it could be,

For not a blade of grass grows near our door;

We haven't any yard, we are so poor.

So I asked mother when we stood beside

His grave one day. "The dear Lord, long ago,

Gave graves like this," she said, "to such as Jo,"

And then she turned her face away and cried.

I wonder why? It is a pretty grave, I'm sure,

And little Jo—he sleeps there all secure.

SABLE SERMON.—I. EDGAR JONES.

Deah frens, I'se glad ter see yo' heah, I knows yo'll think it
funny,

But I is gwine ter preach dis day 'bout ways ob makin'
money.

Dar's mighty few rich folks in heaben, an' many a monstrous
steeple

Am nearah to-de angel's home dan those high flyin' people
What rustle silks an' muttah prayers jess by its stately
shaddah;

Dey'll make less fuss on judgment day, likewise be sufferin'
saddah.

But when I sees yo' settin' heah wiv darned an' tattahed
 breechës,
 I knows eff yo' is lost at all it wont be by yo' riches;
 Yo' may find 'ligion 'thout a cent an' sing an' preach an'
 hollah,
 But 'ligion now like odder things lean sumffin' on de dol-
 lah;
 Yo' can't git tickets inter heaben fo' dimes, nor yet by
 stealin',
 But dollah bills all turn de wheels as-well as faith an' feelin'.
 Few dollahs salted down in bank ell gib yo' spectful neigh-
 bahs;
 Dey'll gib yo' influence an' grease yo' missyunary labahs;
 Make ob yo' house a pleasant home—no musk-rat habita-
 shun,
 An' boost yo' up above de reach ob hungah an' temptashun;
 Moreobah, yo' kin pay yo' tax, keep off de jedge's docket,
 An' laff at sheriffs wiv a lump of greenbacks in yo' pocket.
 Be honest, but don't shet yo' eyes; be generous, but keerful;
 An' when de white man talk yo' slick be quite perlite an'
 cheerful,
 But mind he don't git all yo' got while yo' is grandly grinnin',
 He's allus smilin' when he sets his patent trap fo' skinnin';
 It's werry well ter credit folks wiv right-smart good inten-
 tions,
 But understan' de whole machine an' study dar inventions.
 Don't spend yo' time in making plans, in jawin' an' debatin';
 Some feller grab yo' chances while you's talkin' an' a-waitin';
 Don't wait fur sumffin' ter turn up, but quit yo' idle dreamin',
 An' turn things up ter suit yo'self while silly owls an'
 screamin';
 Don't trade in Sampson's clubs an' sich, tied up in holdbacks
 fettah—
 Good luck is jess persimmon-nice but pluck is sumffin' bet-
 tah.
 So many niggahs spend dar all, sometimes befo' dey earn it;
 Might jess as well git none at all, or when dey gits it burn it.
 Dar pocket-books am lank an' lean, inside der heads am
 leanah,
 Dar houses look like swines' abodes, sometimes a little
 meanah.
 Yo'll find em always at a dance rigged up in rings an' laces,
 A-struttin' round like dusky swans a-goin' fro dar paces.
 Dar heads am empty as a gourd, dar hearts am jess as holler,
 Likewise dar pocket-books; an' dey am allus tryin' ter
 borrar

Few dollahs from dar clebah frens, a-scrapin' an' a-pawin',
 Jess like a mustard plastah, too, a-clingin' an' a-drawin';
 Don't be sech trouble-trash as dat, sech puddin'-headed
 creachahs.

Dem dunces boun' ter bust darselbs in spite ob books an'
 preachahs.

Best imitate de 'dustrious bees, save up fo' hungry weathah,
 An' when some strangah 'tack the hive see how dey stick
 togethah;

Be true to all yo' honest friens, gib tothers de cold shoulDAH,
 An' maybe dey will learn respec' fo' wisdom when dey's
 oldah.

Bime by, when yo' is perched way up on top de social lad-
 dah,
 Dey'll be moah sensible, or else dey'll be a good deal mad-
 dah.

In fact der way ter git along is allus find a reason
 Fo' eberything' yo' say or do, an' do it jess in season;
 Be shuah ter make expenses less dan what you's daily
 gainin',

Fix umberillas when it's fine an' not when it's a-rainin'.
 Don't be meah buttahflys or gnats, so frolicky an' flighty,
 Jess help yo'selves den ask moah help an' grace ob God Al-
 mighty.

When tempted ter buy useless frills, be keerful, don't yo' do
 it;

No pocket fills if like a sieve mos' ebery thing runs through
 it;

Den shall yo' hab a monument as high as yondah steeple,
 An' smoked Amerikins shall be a great an' mighty people.

RETRIBUTION.

It is not the waters of a mighty river bursting its banks and sweeping swiftly and mercilessly over the lowlands; not the vengeful advance of a prairie fire reaching out its thousands of red tongues for new victims; not the mighty hurricane destroying and devastating. It is a body of men moving along a highway in the darkness, more menacing in its silence than the hurricane in its roaring. Not a voice is raised above a whisper; no face looks backwards. On—over the hills—along the levels—across the bridges—tramp! tramp!

tramp! They reach the outskirts of a town, but there is no halt. Up the broad street, turn to the right, turn to the left—a thousand people sleeping undisturbed by the measured footsteps.

A sleeping jailer is aroused by a thunderous rapping on the heavy door. He opens it and looks out upon a hundred men whose silence—whose very attitudes—tell him everything at a single glance. Two words are whispered in his ear: "The keys!" Duty warns him to resist. Prudence cautions him to obey. A score of men push past him without a look or a word, and one of them holds up a light while the others peer through the barred doors. One—two—three—they halt at the fourth. The occupant has been aroused. With face as white as snow, with eyes which speak of the terror in his heart, with every nerve suddenly unstrung by the menace, he cowers like some conquered wild beast.

"Bring out the murderer!"

A key turns in the lock, strong arms pull him into the corridor and out into the summer's midnight. He would fight fire or flood; he would brave bullet or knife, but here is a menace more terrible. He has no more courage than a child. He tries to speak—to beg—to plead, but the words choke him. With a grim and speechless guardian on either side, with grim and speechless men marching before and behind, he is led away. He groans in his agony of mind, but the hands grip tighter. He staggers in his weakness, but the arms which support him grow more rigid.

"Hält!"

The branches of a tree shut out the sight of heaven as the victim looks up. There is a reaction now. He denies his guilt; he pleads for his life. His voice reaches the ear of every man, but no one heeds it. It is hardly a minute before a noose is thrown over his head, and swift fingers tie his arms and legs. He is still speaking, he is desperately hoping that one heart in that crowd may be melted, when the leader gives a sign.

Next instant there is a body swinging from the limb—swinging—writhing—twisting—a horrible sight even in the merciful darkness. Scarcely a hand is moved as the minutes go by. Not an eye is turned away until the horrible pendulum hangs still and dead. Then a low command is given, and the crowd breaks into fragments, and the fragments are swallowed up in the darkness.

Retribution takes her place at the foot of the tree to watch the night out alone.

THAT AUTOGRAPH SALE.—ELMER RUAN COATES.

The papers blew a perfect gale,
 For a coming autographic sale,—
 A sale of literary names
 Rejoicing in their world-wide fames.
 The list was long: the names are such
 As lead the English, German, Dutch;
 As have a special charm and rule
 In the French, Italian, Spanish school;
 As have a hold on this brainy time,
 In prose and drama, blank and rhyme.
 Some had a very early date,
 While other autographs were late.
 And a number, be it truly told,
 Soon found themselves and the buyer sold.

Now Shoddy, Codfish, Puff, and Blow,
 Snob, Dash, and Brag, Loud, Swell, and Show,
 Squint, Ogle, Languish, Gad, and Flirt,
 With the noble tribes of Squirt and Dirt,
 Ride up in carriages brand new,
 With the footman and the coach-dog, too.
 Not one of these could ever quote
 A single line these authors wrote.
 And, worse than this, they couldn't name
 The books that give these authors fame.
 And there's a worst,—the pressing need
 Of one to teach them how to read.
 They had not only mental sloth,
 But a heavy plus of mushroom growth.
 'Twas quite enough for them to know
 These writers set the world aglow;

That, with their autographic names,
 Their pride and pomp could play their games.
 They'd buy for others to admire,
 To make the envious perspire.
 They'd buy them merely for the looks,
 As they have bought their unread books.

The gavel raps, and now the sale;
 Look at the buncombe zeal prevail.
 In manners, they are naughty boys;
 We have a perfect stock-board noise,
 The women quite as loud as men.
 The autographs bring five, and ten,
 And fifteen, twenty. Then they rise
 To heights that fill you with surprise.
 A bogus Cromwell, in a flash,
 Is sold for fifteen hundred—cash.
 A pause. The auctioneer exclaims:
 "Here's an eclipse on all these names.
 Let reverence now bow the head."
 They do precisely as he said.
 "At a certain name your eyes must fill.
 Three cheers!" They're given with a will.
 "What name?" "'Tis Lady Geraldine."
 "Oh, yes!—related to the Queen,"
 Some fellow says. 'Tis royal fun
 To hear the explanations run.
 The chap who never heard her name
 Is telling all about her fame.
 His rivals grow to seventeen,
 And they have "Lady Geraldine"
 Related to the queens and kings,
 And writer of such brilliant things.
 Says the auctioneer: "I've seen her stir—"
 "Great crowds!" they shout. "We know of her."
 Said he: "She never fears the broil—"
 "No, no!" says Blow, "In the right she'll toil."
 "Before she'd idle, she would roast."
 "She would!" they cry. "It is her boast."
 "Just think that she will carry coal!"
 They shout: "Just like her, noble soul."
 The would-knows tell how she, "so pure,"
 Will "carry coal for worthy poor."
 "She braves the water and the fire,
 In service she will rarely tire.

When slaughter raged to her distress,
 Each corpse would have the proper dress."
 Here the tender say: "Sweet Geraldine,
 A nobler soul was never seen."

The auctioneer is nearly dead;
 He's laughed at everything he's said;
 He blows his nose to hide his grin
 And thus deludes the crowd again,
 "She's daily found without a beau:
 Where daring women fail to go.
 While all her efforts give delight
 And find a ready appetite."
 Excitement now is most profound,
 Her autograph is passed around
 With solemn caution as to care.
 What reverence, and how they stare!
 They see in that bold, crooked hand
 The genius that holds command!
 When every one is all ablaze,
 And rival spirit has a craze,
 The auctioneer, in tone sincere,
 Cries: "Start her high. What shall I hear?"
 Now you should see the battle-sport,
 Each bidder bound to hold the fort.
 But mighty millions ever tell—
 "Gone! Gone! Two thousand. Mr. Swell."

With a glow and crow and pomp-parade,
 The bill is very quickly paid.
 Swell holds the autograph with pride
 And calls the auctioneer aside.
 Says he: "Look here. This thing I hold
 Has cost a pretty pile of gold.
 This very fact, my worthy friend,
 Will bring the questions without end.
 Now, as my memory is lame,
 Please tell me all about her fame.
 I hear of stir, and broil and roast,
 As something worthy of a boast.
 I hear of coal, of water, fire,
 Of service that will rarely tire.
 I hear of slaughter and distress,
 Each corpse receiving proper dress.
 You say she's found without a beau
 Where daring women fail to go.

You speak of efforts that delight,
 And of the ready appetite.
 Now, sir, in brief, here's what I mean—
 Who is this wondrous Geraldine?"

The auctioneer, to make his point,
 And see the noodles out of joint,
 Now shouts aloud with knowing look:
 "This Geraldine 's my faithful cook!"

THE STORY OF FAITH.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
 Soared gently away on the air—
 The Sabbath morn's service was over,
 And briskly I stepped down the stair;
 When, close in a half-illumin'd corner,
 Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down,
 Asleep crouched a tender wee maiden,
 With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
 But gently to wake her I spoke,
 When, at the first word, the sweet damsel
 With one little gasp straight awoke.
 "What brought you here, fair little angel?"
 She answered with voice like a bell:
 "I tum tus I've dot a sick mamma,
 And I want oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me;
 "Don't noboby told me at all;
 And papa can't see, tos he's cryin';
 And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
 It's been here before with mamma—
 We tummed when you ringed the big bell;
 And ev'ry time I'se heard oo prayin'
 For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway
 As humbly I asked the Great Power
 To give back her health to the mother,
 And banish bereavement's dark hour.
 I finished the simple petition,
 And paused for a moment— and then

A sweet little voice at my elbow
 Lispered softly a gentle "Amen!"
 Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
 The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
 She prattled and mimicked and caroled—
 The shadow was gone from her breast.
 And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling,
 The nest of my golden-haired waif,
 We found that the dearly loved mother
 Was past the dread crisis,—was safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
 And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
 While the arms of the pale, loving mother
 Drew the brave little head to her breast.
 With eyes that were brimming and grateful
 They thanked me again and again;
 Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
 Was won by that gentle "Amen!"

RODNEY'S RIDE.*—ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

In that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
 The north and the south on the genial air,
 Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
 Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
 In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
 A foe to King George and the English state
 Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
 And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
 It was matter grave that had brought him there,
 To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
 "Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
 Give us both and the king shall not work his will;
 We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
 "Hold, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
 For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
 And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

*From "St. Nicholas," by permission.

Answered Rodney then : " I will ride with speed ;
It is liberty's stress ; it is freedom's need.
When stands it ? " " To-night. Not a moment spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

" Ho, saddle the black ! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up ; he is off ! and the black horse flies,
On the northward road ere the " God-speed ! " dies.
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock ; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three ; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four ; and he spurs into Newcastle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down—
" A fresh one, quick ; not a moment's wait ! "
And offspeeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five ; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun ;
Six ; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven ; the horse boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream ;
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met ; the debate's begun,
And liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late ! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride,—
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echocs woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung ;
" We are free ! " all the bells through the colonies rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.

ANNE HATHAWAY.*—EDMUND FALCONER.

A traditionary ballad, sung to a day-dreamer by the murmurs of Shottery Brook.

No beard on thy chin, but a fire in thine eye,
 With lustiest manhood's in passion to vie,
 A stripling in form, with a tongue that can make
 The oldest folks listen, maids sweethearts forsake,
 Hie over the fields at the first blush of May,
 And give thy boy's heart unto Anne Hathaway.

She's a stout yeoman's daughter and prizes herself,
 She'll marry an esquire or lie on the shelf;
 'Tis just ten years gone, since in maidenhood's prime,
 To a farmer she said, "Nay, I'll bide my own time;"
 Now "Out and alas!" all the kind neighbors say,
 "She has married a stripling, has Anne Hathaway."

That day ten years past—it was then autumn time,
 And the Shottery orchards were in their full prime;
 Young Willie came over from Stratford to see
 If any windfalls in Anne's pocket might be:
 "For a kiss or an apple now come you to-day?"
 "Why, for both," said the shrewd boy to Anne Hathaway.

The farmer he sat on the steps by the door,
 "I've kine, sheep, and homestead, what can you want more?"
 The little boy answered, ne'er dreaming how true,
 "When *I* am her sweetheart, she cannot want *you*?"
 Anne stooped down and kissed him, and said, in mere play,
 "Yes, Willie's the sweetheart for Anne Hathaway."

The farmer laughed loud, "What a fine man he be,
 You may kiss the wee laddie and ne'er jealous me."
 Willie blushing replied, "You're a fool, it is plain,
 Or you'd not want 'No' said more than once and again."
 The farmer trudged off, and scarce bade them good-day,
 And the boy ate *sour apples* with Anne Hathaway.

*William Shakespeare, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 23, 1564. In his eighteenth year he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood, who was eight years older than himself. Of his domestic establishment, or professional occupation, at this time, nothing determinate is recorded; but it appears that he was wild and irregular, from the fact of his connection with a party who made a practice of stealing the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. This imprudence brought upon him a prosecution, which he rendered more severe by a lampoon upon that gentleman, in the form of a ballad, which he had affixed to his park gates. He also indulges in a vein of splenetic drollery upon the same magistrate, in the character of *Justice Shallow*, in the opening scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. He was finally driven to London for shelter, which removal is supposed to have taken place when he was in his twenty-second year.

Then long years went over, and "Anne's hard to please,"
 Said yeomen at stacking, said shepherds on leas—
 Till she went o'er to Welford to see the May Queen,
 And met there little Willie, just aged eighteen;
 Who, slighting young lasses, was heard oft to say,
 "That the Queen of all queens there was Anne Hathaway."

At sundown the shortest way home he could show,
 O'er the ford and by field-paths (much longer we know);
 But he talked all the way with such marvelous skill,
 Anne doubted her eyes when they reached Baudon Hill.
 And at Shottery Brook she'd no power to say "Nay,"
 When he said, "You're my sweetheart, proud Anne Hathaway."

He came o'er the fields at the next even-song,
 And Anne, half-ashamed, stole to meet him along,
 But the full-breasted passion of Shakspeare's love-dream
 Swept *her* will where it willed, like a waif on a stream;
 "It was wooing and wedding at once," the folks say,
 "For the green callant Willie with Anne Hathaway."

Now, a matron demure, Anne a formal life led,
 She got up betimes and went early to bed;
 But Willie at sundown, when staid folks went home,
 Hied up Welcomb Hill through the wild woods to roam;
 Or would sit by the fire till the fresh blush of day,
 Writing sonnets, sheer nonsense, to Anne Hathaway.

A store of old saws Anne could speak off by rote,
 And oft wanted Willie their wisdom to note.
 And he listened at times, but provokingly smiled,
 Like a sage brought to book by an overwise child,
 Or strangely perverting, with new rüymes, each say,
 Took the wind from the sails of poor Anne Hathaway.

In the woods around Charlcote, the moon thought one night
 'Twas Endymion again singing hymns to her light;
 But the park-keepers knew it was Will, and one swore.
 That the buck some sly poacher had just tumbled o'er
 Had been slain by his hand, and, for all Will could say,
 He was stocked as a scapegrace—sad Anne Hathaway!

Then Willie, who chafed under sense of deep wrong,
 From Apollo's own bow sent a shaft in a song,
 Which pricked and so venomed the knight Lucy's breast,
 That his frowns and his threats all the Shakspeares opprest:

So Will for their sakes fled from Stratford away,
And left a grass-widow in Anne Hathaway.

To her father's home then Anne as housekeeper went,
And sad months and years half-dependent there spent;
For the old folks in hard times were testy, cross-grained,
And oft of her children as burdens complained;
And in their best tempers were still heard to say
"That a *miss* was the marriage of Anne Hathaway."

By the wagon from London a small packet came
"For ye Mistress Anne, Hymen Shakspeare did name;"
In it were kind words and of high hopes a store,
But good moneys too, and a promise of more;
Which was kept in due season, and made the folks say,
That *some wives were worse off than Anne Hathaway.*

Next came down rich dresses that made poor Anne stare,
She was fearful to handle and much more to wear;
When to church in the plainest she one Sunday went,
All eyes in astonishment on her were bent;
But Anne tossed her head, for she heard the folks say,
That a *far-seeing wench had been Anne Hathaway.*

The newsmongers, now that the Scots Queen was dead,
And the Spanish Armada thrashed, captured, or fled,
And laid up were Frobisher, Hawkins, and Drake,
Of Shakspeare's new fortunes much marvel did make,
And when the truth failed them would whisper and say
That the Queen was thought jealous of Anne Hathaway.

With faith in broad acres, full barns, flocks and herds.
Anne doubted much profit from rhymes and fine words;
She saw no work done to insure wealth of gold,
In the distance its growth but a dream-life could hold,
From which waking up, her boy-husband, one day,
Might come home broken-hearted to Anne Hathaway.

One evening in Autumn deep sadness came o'er,
As her pitcher she filled in the well near the door,
For an overripe apple she found by the brim,
And she thought what a gift it had once been for him;
A drop specked its bloom, and it came spite of "Nay,"
From thy heart, not the cold well, proud Anne Hathaway.

She set down the pitcher and leaned o'er the gate,
To tell the young truants their supper did wait:

Susannah was spelling for Judith a book,
 And Hamnet was paddling about in the brook;
 And she saw near the bridge, just a stone's throw away,
 One who seemed a great lord unto Anne Hathaway.

His doublet and trunks were of velvet, that shone
 Like the mellow-green moss on an old coping-stone,
 A plume of white feathers his felt hat did grace,
 And his collar and ruffles were broad Flanders lace;
 With his buff-boots and spurs he looked gallant and gay,
 Yet were tears in his eyes then, cold Anne Hathaway.

Susannah stopped reading, and bade Judith look,
 For Hamnet stood fast in the mud of the brook;
 With his eyes wonder-fixed, and his mouth open wide.
 Then the stranger advanced, and when close by Anne's side,
 Though his bearded lip quivered, did smilingly say,
 "Will you give me an apple, dear Anne Hathaway?"

Anne started, and trembled, and looked in his face,
 Oh! could it be Willie's with majesty's grace?
 Though it beamed youthful still — there the boy was no more,
 For the full front of power and command it now wore;
 And she shrank back afraid when she heard *Shakspeare* say
 "Don't you know your own husband, dear Anne Hathaway?"

"'Tis my father!" cried Susan, and sprung to his breast,—
 From that moment ever beloved there the best,—
 But the others he called, and with hand and lip graced,
 And tenderly their coy mother embraced:
 "When I asked for an apple you never said 'Nay,'
 But a *kiss* was a great gift from Anne Hathaway."

He went o'er to Stratford the very next morn,
 And bought the great house where the Clopton was born,
 And rich lands round Welcomb he purchased right out,
 And a propertied gentleman was, past all doubt;
 And though the great title his fame flouts to-day,
 Still, she married an Esquire, did Anne Hathaway!

MR. BOWSER TAKES PRECAUTION.

Mr. Bowser doesn't intend to let sickness or death get ahead of us as a family if any effort of his can prevent, and he is always doing the right thing in the nick of

time. One day he came home an hour ahead of time, his countenance wearing a very important look, and the first thing he did was to bolt upstairs to our bedroom and lower the window, although I had just closed it after airing the room for two hours. He then came clattering down to ask me for a pan.

“What on earth do you want of a pan?” I asked.

“To save all our lives,” he answered.

“How?”

“Your bedroom is full of poisonous gases, which must be absorbed by an open vessel of water.”

“Nonsense!”

“I expected it. That’s the weapon of the ignorant! Mrs. Bowser, if you want to die by poisonous gases poisoning the blood I have nothing to say, but I shall save the life of our child, if possible. I have felt a strange lassitude for several days, and a sanitary plumber tells me that we have poisoned air in the room.”

“Your lassitude couldn’t have come from being out to club and lodge four successive nights until twelve o’clock, could it?”

He seized the pan and hurried upstairs, and when he had filled it at the lavatory he set it in the middle of the floor and came down with a relieved look on his face, to say: “See if you don’t feel better to-morrow than you have for a month. It’s a wonder we are not all dead.”

“Did the ancients know about these poisonous gases?” I asked.

“Not a thing. They never gave them a thought.”

“And yet the average of health was seventeen per cent. above that of to-day, and the average of mortality that much lower! How do you account for it?”

“Oh, well, if you want to die, go ahead. I’ll even buy a rope and help you to hang yourself. I expected this of course, but ridicule never moves me, Mrs. Bowser, never!”

Two hours later he went upstairs in his slippers to look for a paper in another coat, and, of course, he set

his foot plump down in that pan of water. There was a yell and a jump, and over went the pan, and when I got up there he stood holding up one leg, as you have seen a hen do on a wet day. What I said on that occasion kept Mr. Bowser very quiet for a whole week.

Then he began to grow restless again, and one night he brought home a suspicious-looking package and sneaked it upstairs. After supper he suddenly disappeared, and when I looked for him upstairs he had something in a basin and was about to hold it over a gas-burner.

"Mr. Bowser, have you got a new theory!" I asked.

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he put down the basin, "you have heard of bacteria, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"They are the germs of disease floating about. They are alive. If inhaled, cholera, yellow fever and other dread diseases are the result. Fumigation kills them."

"And you are going to fumigate this room?"

"I am. I am going to kill off the dreaded bacteria."

"Well, you'll drive us out of the house or kill us."

I went downstairs and he burned a compound of tar and sulphur. In ten minutes we had to open doors and windows, and the cook came running in to ask:

"Is it cremation Mr. Bowser is trying on us?"

"I am simply driving out the bacteria," he replied, coming downstairs at that moment.

"And there's bacteria in the house?" she gasped.

"I'm afraid so."

"And I've worked here four weeks under the noses of the dreadful creatures? Mr. Bowser I quits. I quits now!"

And quit she did. We had to sleep on the sitting-room floor last night, and three weeks later every caller could still detect that odor. It was hardly gone, however, when Mr. Bowser began to sniff around again.

"Any more bacteria?" I asked.

"Mrs. Bowser, if you want to sit here and die I have

no objections, but I don't propose to neglect common sense precautions to preserve my own health."

"Is anything wrong now?"

"I think so. I think I can detect an odor of sewer gas in the house."

"Impossible! I shall have no more stuff burned until I know it is necessary!"

"Wont you? If there is sewer gas here it must be eradicated at once."

For the next week the entire house smelled of chloride of lime until one could hardly draw a long breath, but Mr. Bowser was not satisfied.

"I have been thinking," he said to me one evening, "that I may bring the germs of some terrible disease home in my clothes. I ride on the cars, you know, and I ought to take precautions."

"How?"

"Carry a disinfectant about me to repel the germs."

"It might be a good idea."

"Now you are talking sense. Now you seem to understand the peril which has menaced us."

He got something down town the next day. I think some of his friends put up a job on him, knowing his craze. It was a compound which left him alone on the street car before he had ridden three blocks, and he had no sooner got into the house than we had to retire to the back doors. The cook got a sniff of it, and down went the dinner and up went her hands, and she shouted at Mr. Bowser:

"A man as will keep skunks under his house would beat me out of my wages, and I'll be goiug this minute."

It took soap and water and perfumery and half a day's time to remove the odor, and when I declared that it was the last straw, Mr. Bowser crossed his hands under his coat tails and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe this house to be clear of bacteria, owing to my prudence and self-sacrifice, and I want it kept so."

"I suppose I got 'em here!" I said, coldly.

"Without a doubt, madam!"

"And all this rumpus has been on my account?"

"Exactly. But don't go too far with me! Enough is enough. You must stop right where you are. I have humored you all I propose to."

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.*—ALBION W. TOURGEE

All day long the river flowed,
 Down by the winding mountain road,
 Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
 At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
 Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
 Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
 The dripping banks on either side
 But half-imprisoned the turgid tide.
 By farm and village it quickly sped,—
 The weeping skies bent low overhead,—
 Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
 Into the streets of pent Johnstown,
 Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
 Down from the dam of shale and straw,
 To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
 Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,
 Babbled of death on the mountain side;
 And all day long with jest and sigh,
 They who were doomed that day to die
 Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
 They had heard so oft and despised before.

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
 Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—
 And shuddered to think what might befall
 Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
 So all day long they went up and down,
 Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
 Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,

*An incident of the terrible flood at Johnstown, Pa., May 31, 1889, caused by the breaking of the South Fork Dam.

O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Then searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse,—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;
Raw-boned and deep-chested,—his eyes full of fire;
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these;
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
“Now I'll see,” said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
“What danger there is of the dam giving way!”

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease

As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
 The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
 While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
 With the message of warning to periled Johnstown,
 Past farm-house and village, while shrilly outrang,
 O'er the river's deep roar and the hoofs iron clang,
 His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
 "Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
 As never had shaken those mountains before!
 Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:
 "T'would be his last race, what mattered distress?
 A mile farther on and behind him he spied
 The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
 Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
 "To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
 Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
 The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
 Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
 The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
 Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
 His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
 The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
 Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
 He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
 But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
 "To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
 Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
 On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
 That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
 And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere
 Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
 And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
 From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"
 But none of these merits a nobler lay
 Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
 That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
 With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
 Roaring and rushing and tearing down
 On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!

In the very track of the cygre's swoop,
 With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
 The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
 And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
 In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
 The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
 But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead.
 'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
 Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
 And under it all, so the searchers say,
 Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
 Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
 A goodlier statue man never saw,—
 Dan's foot on the stirrup, his hand on the rein!
 So shall they live in white marble again;
 And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
 Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

— *The Independent.*

THE MIRACLE OF CANA.—FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

The water-pots were filled at God's behest,—
 Yet in the marriage wine no grape was pressed;
 No tired feet the weary wine-press trod
 To make this sacred vintage of our God;
 As nature doth proclaim a power divine,
 Each drop of moisture turned itself to wine.

In spite of arguments, in Jesus met,
 The world is full of doubting skeptics yet;
 Believing naught but they themselves have seen,
 They doubt the miracle of Palestine;
 They find the Holy Bible filled with flaws,
 And pin their doubting faith to Nature's laws.

Ye scoffers of our sacred Lord, pray tell
 Who tinted first the water in the well?
 Who painted atmospheric moisture blue;
 Or gave the ocean waves their constant hue,
 Whose moisture raised in clouds all colors lack,
 The fleecy ones so white, the storm-king's black,

*From "Voice Culture and Elocution," by kind permission of Prof. William T. Ross, San Francisco, Cal.

Save where the evening sun's bright rays incline
 To turn this fleecy moisture into wine,
 And lay a benediction on them all
 Like purple grapes hung on a golden wall?
 'Twas thus our Lord a sacred radiance shed,
 Slow turning Cana's water vintage red.

If lilies at his bidding from the soil
 Spring up, that neither know to spin nor toil,
 In beauty yet more gorgeously arrayed
 Than he of old who that great temple made,
 Then why may not the gentle evening dew
 At God's command take on a ruddy hue?

This whirling, surging world was made by one
 Who could have made the wine as rivers run;
 Yet put a sweeter nectar in the rills
 Fresh rippling from the vintage of the hills.

Watch Nature's miracle when day is dead,—
 And blushing Helios, his good-night said,
 Slow dipping his hot face in cooling brine,
 Turns all the ocean billows into wine.

The sun and rain stretch o'er the earth a bow
 With tints more beautiful than wine can show;
 A frescoed arch in gorgeous colors seven,—
 A bridge, where weak belief may walk to heaven.

Who hath not seen, at sunset on the plain,
 A passing storm-cloud dropping blood-red rain;
 A great libation poured at Nature's shrine
 To fill Sol's golden cup with evening wine?

Since Nature doth such miracles perform,
 Why may not He, who makes and rules the storm,
 Of all his miracles the first and least,
 Tint a few drops for Cana's wedding feast?

The greatest marriage at the end shall be,
 When time is wedded to eternity;
 All bidden are, the greatest and the least,
 To taste the wine at heaven's great wedding feast,
 Where all the ransomed universe shall sing:
 Hosanna! to the everlasting King!

THE CABMAN'S STORY.—RE. HENRY.

I was standing in a file of cabs, one afternoon, at Waterloo Station. An express train had just come in from somewhere down south, and I was looking about for a fare, when a gentleman came up to me with a lady on his arm. I say gentleman for want of some better word, for though he was well dressed he didn't strike me as being the right sort. We get to be quick at reading faces, and I disliked him from the moment I set eyes on him. As to her, she looked like what I afterwards found she was, a little girl from the country, fresh, and sweet, and trustful.

"Engaged?" says he.

"No, sir," I answered, holding the door open.

"Jump in, Jennie," he says, and handed her a small bag he was carrying.

He had besides in his hand a large bag or portmanteau. "Shall I take that, sir?" I says. But he didn't answer. He put his head into the cab and said something to the lady, then he turned away, and as he passed me he whispered, quite low and hurried-like, without even looking at me, "Don't wait, drive where the lady tells you," and was gone, like a harlequin through a shop front.

I shut the door, and asked:

"Where to, ma'am?"

She looked a little bewildered, and she answered:

"Oh, you're not to go yet, the gentleman is coming with me; he had to go away a minute to send a telegram, I think he said."

Queer, I thought. I could have sworn he said, "don't wait." However, she seemed so positive, that I was all taken aback. But I drove a little to one side and waited. Presently she began to get anxious.

"Where can he be? Which way did he go?"

I couldn't say, for it had all been so quick I hadn't seen. But I told her then what he'd said to me as he passed.

She turned as white as death, and looked as if she would drop off her seat.

"He couldn't have meant it," she said. "Why, I'm all alone, I've never been in London before, and I don't know a person here but him."

Then for the first time some suspicion of the truth dawned upon me. The villain had deserted her. Whether he had darted out of the station and into a hansom cab, or whether he had got into another train that was just starting, he had gone and left no more trace than if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

"It's no use waiting here any longer, miss," I said, "it's certain the gentleman's not coming back; besides, he's took his portmanteau with him; he'd have left it here if he'd meant to return."

Well, I won't go through all we said during that tedious time of waiting. It's enough to say that the scoundrel had played as rascally a trick as was ever devised, upon a poor innocent girl. When she began to believe that he really didn't mean to return, she grew half frantic. By degrees I learnt the whole story. She came from a little village down in Dorsetshire. She'd been engaged to this man without the consent of her friends. He seemed out and out fond of her, and used to say if only she'd go away with him he'd marry her at once. Well, she believed him, poor silly little thing, and when he told her he was coming to London, she made up her mind to come with him. He knew nothing of it till she met him at the station just as the train was starting, when it was too late to send her back, and I suppose he didn't know whatever to do with her, so the diabolical plan came into his head, which he'd just carried out, to leave the poor, innocent creature to perish body and soul, alone in London.

Well, I tried to persuade the poor thing to go back, but she said she daren't, they'd have found out by now what she'd done, and her father would never forgive her, and the whole village would jeer at her.

I was losing my time but I didn't mind that. I couldn't leave her all alone, and night coming on, so I asked her what she'd do. But, poor thing, she wasn't fit to think now. She could only cry and tremble, and sob out so piteously :

"Oh, how could he be so cruel, how could he be so cruel!"

Then all of a sudden she grew quiet, and she says to me in a cunning way :

"Isn't there a bridge near here? Drive me there, please, and I know my way then to somewhere I want to go."

I guessed what was in her mind, and I thought, "No, my dear, the water's not flowing that shall close over your pretty head to-night." But I didn't say so, I mounted my box and drove away.

I knew a nice respectable woman who let lodgings, and I took her there and told her all the story, and asked her not to let the poor girl out of her sight. She didn't have much trouble about that, for hardly had we got in than Miss Jennie fainted right away, and had to be put to bed, which was the safest place for her, and there she remained for some days. I used to go and inquire after her when I could spare the time, and one day Mrs. Preston, that was the landlady, told me she'd found out the girl's name, and where she lived, by looking over some papers that were in her pocket. Well, together we wrote a letter to her father, asking him to come as soon as possible to the above address. Jennie was better now, and able to sit by the fire, but she seemed too languid and depressed to care what became of her.

One evening, while I was talking to Mrs. Preston, a knock came to the door, and when she opened it we saw a tall, upright old man with iron grey hair. I knew directly it was Jennie's father.

"Which of you two wrote to me," he asked, "and what do you want with me?"

For answer we took him into the parlor where Jennie

was. She started up half eager and half afraid. He looked at her, but didn't speak.

"Father! don't you know me?" she asked.

"I used to," he answered. "You used to be my daughter. Who, and what you are now, God knows."

"Not only He, sir," I ventured to say, "fortunately I know, too. I know your daughter is just as she was when she left your roof, only a bit more steady and serious-like."

"That was five days ago," said he. "She left me in company with a villain; how long is it since he deserted her?"

"The same day, the same hour, father," she said. "Oh, father, don't you believe me? What do you mean? You never looked at me like that before. I've done wrong, I know, but I've been punished already; oh, father, don't you punish me, too. I was afraid to come back to you, but now that you've come for me, wont you take me home once more? I've been so miserable; oh, father, father, if mother were alive she'd let me cry in her arms, I know."

I thought it was best to leave the room then. I knew so well how the poor man was feeling. I knew what a lump he had in his throat, and what a dimness before his eyes, so I thought I'd better come away, because—well, because men don't like to give away before one another, you know.

But I waited a little, and presently they both came out together, Jennie clinging to her father's arm. He came up to me and began to speak—

"I want, I want to thank you."

Then he got hold of my hand and gripped it till my eyes watered, and him saying all the time:

"God bless you, God bless you!"

Then Miss Jennie, she says:

"Let me speak, father dear."

But lor' bless yer, she worn't no better hand at speaking than him. So what does she do, pretty creetur, but

put her two arms around my neck, and her soft cheek agin my scrubby one, and kiss me, why just as if she'd been my own child.

"I wont ever forget you, I'll pray for you every night," she says. Well, I aint often run away in my life, but I run away then, just as hard as ever I could, and I had to say to myself all the way down the street, "If I catch you blubberin! you stupid old fool, if I catch you blubberin'—I'll—I'll—I don't know what I wont do."

She kept her word not to forget me, for every Christmas there comes two hampers, one for Mrs. Preston, and one writ on "For our good friend, the cabman." And such turkeys, such bacon, such butter, and home-made bread as them hampers contains! Well, if Christmas come twice a year instead of once, I don't believe any constitooshun could stand it.

But this wasn't quite the end of the adventure for me. One day, about a year afterwards, I was front man on the rank. It was a bleak, wintry afternoon, and daylight was fading, when a gentleman and lady standing at a little distance hailed me. I started off sharp to where they were standing. The gentleman put his hand on the door, and looked up to tell me where to drive, when all of a sudden a sort of shock weut through me; it was as if some one had turned on the gas in a dark room, and I knew him! Knew him, for the mean, contemptible hound that had deserted poor Jennie. A curious thing happened to me then. My whip was in my hand, but I seemed to have no more power over it; the lifeless thing had got possession of *me*. It clenched my hand round it without any effort on my part, it raised my arm with a force the like of which I never felt before, and then down it came over the back and shoulders of that brute with such stinging force that I shook where I was standing above him. You can picture the sort of scene that followed. The lady screamed, the man turned white and sick with pain, a crowd gathered, and, of course, a policeman came up. The bobbies must always be in everything; if there

aint much going on they gets up a little excitement on their own account just to make matters pleasant.

"Give him in charge," screamed the lady, "he's mad or drunk."

"What's it for," asked some one, "what made him do it? The gentleman says he never saw him before."

"Didn't he?" I shouted. "Ask him where he went to from Waterloo Station about a year ago, after he'd put a lady in my cab."

He couldn't turn whiter than he was before, but he went a sickly green.

"Oh, hush, hush," he says, "here's some mistake. My dear, walk on, I'll join you presently. Policeman, you can go; I sha'n't prosecute the man, he's laboring under some delusion. Come here, my good fellow, and speak to me."

The crowd dispersed, seeing there was no more fun going on, and I walked a little way with him up a side street, for I didn't like to be seen in the company of such a blackguard.

"Don't say anything about that," he panted, "I couldn't help it, indeed, I couldn't. You don't know all; I had a wife already, and she was in London at the time. What happened to the poor girl? Where did she go?"

"No thanks to you that she didn't find a resting place in the mud of the Thames," I said. "You did your best to send her there."

What did he do then but take out a sovereign and say:

"Don't mention the affair, and I wont have you punished for striking me."

I sent the sovereign spinning into the gutter.

"Go after it," I said, "and quick, too, or I'll flog you again, and risk the punishment for the pleasure it is to strike such a hound."

He slunk off in double quick time, and I never saw him again. But I bought a new whip, sir. I wouldn't insult my horse by touching him with that one after it had been laid across the shoulders of a wretch like him.

THE WOOING OF THE LADY AMABEL.*—F. ANSTEY.

In her boudoir, faintly perfumed by some sweet and subtle vapor,
 With the lissome grace of indolence, lies Lady Amabel;
 And from time to time her taper fingers plunge within a paper,
 Whence they carry to her coral lips some happy caramel.

'Tis a dainty well adapted to induce a sentimental
 Train of thought; and soon her fancy fleets to young Sir
 Peveril:
 He is handsome, highbred, gentle; figures five express his
 rental;
 And—although he has not spoken yet—somehow, she
 thinks he *will!*

Now she drops in charming girlish guilt the last romance
 from Mudie's—
 For Sir Peveril has entered! all his goodly face aglow
 With reluctance to intrude, he's quite aware his conduct
 rude is—
 But the Countess has assured him that he will not be *de
 trop!*

She whose mien would grace princesses, now embodied
 awkwardness is!
 And conceals, as might a village-maid, the blush she can-
 not quell;
 For his object here she guesses, but—although her answer
 "Yes" is—
 Like a limed bird her fluttering tongue is clogged with
 caramel!

After many a lame apology for cutting short her reading,
 Young Sir Peveril has summoned up his courage to begin,
 And his passion now is pleading. From his tone of inter-
 ceding
 It is evident he fears her hand is difficult to win!

So he all his eloquence employs; his eyes with ardor glisten,
 Quite unconscious he's besieging a surrendered citadel!
 But she cannot tell him this, unhappily, she can but listen,
 Making frantic furtive efforts to absorb her caramel!

*This selection enables the reciter to portray with all the marvelous fidelity at his or her command a highborn maiden in a situation of exquisite delicacy and embarrassment. It should be exaggerated in gesture and imitation, with sudden transitions, so as to heighten the ridiculousness of the scene.

“Nay, deem not that my burning words a boy’s extravagance
are,
For I love you with a passion that my tongue would fail
to tell!

Do I not deserve an answer?” How his rhapsodies en-
trance her!

But the pearly portals of her speech are barred by caramel.

“Have I been but over-confident; and can I be distasteful
To the one whose guide and stay through life I thought to
have become?”

Then in pity let me *know* it!” But with too cohesive paste
full

Is her dewy mouth; and so, perforce, fair Amabel is dumb!

“Is it *time* you need?” he falters, with humility pathetic,
“Never fear that I by sudden scare your judgment would
compel!”

She makes efforts energetic to resolve the seal hermetic
Of involuntary silence—but ’tis set in caramel!

“There *was* a time when graciously for me you my cigar lit,
And would linger near me while I smoked, and vow you
loved the smell!

Were you but trifling with me then?—or why that sudden
scarlet?”

But she’s flushing with vexation at her stubborn caramel.

“From your silence now I must infer you’ve acted insin-
cerely,

Ah! your little feet a bleeding heart have trampled in the
dust—

For I loved you *very* dearly; but at last I see, too clearly,
That I’ve centred all my hopes on one unworthy of my
trust!

“Can you no word of answer deign,—encouraging or chilling?
Triple fool is he who seeks to touch the heart of a co-
quette!

Since you’re obviously unwilling, I—but, stay—your eyes are
filling!

Only whisper one shy syllable in sign you love me yet!”

And she’s writhing in her anguish, with a dreary wonder
whether

She is under the benumbing blight of some enchanter’s
spell;

For a link of honeyed leather locks her dainty lips together,
And the pent emotion cannot pass that gag of caramel!

Then Sir Peveril, with an agony he vainly seeks to smother,
Says: "Your silence I interpret now! You are no longer
free!

But are plighted to another, and regard me 'as a brother,'—
Which I can't pretend to care about—is there no hope
for me?

"Still this silence? Then I leave you. Though you care
not to be *my* mate,
Though you do not hold me worth the boon of e'en a
brief good bye,
Should the cannibals sometime eat me in Afric's sultry
climate,
I may earn a posthumous regard entombed within a pie!"

Thus he leaves her; down the corridor his heavy footstep
echoes

While his parting words are ringing in her singing ears a
knell.

And 'tis hers to feel for evermore—her life its dismal wreck
owes

To immoderate indulgence in the tempting caramel!

[This is the legitimate and only really artistic finale, but if experience teaches you that your recitation of these stanzas throws too heavy a gloom upon your audience, or damps them beyond their powers of recuperation, you may substitute the following stanza for the one immediately above:]

Then the caramel relents at last! You find the phrase fan-
tastic?

But it melts (although from motives unintentionally kind),
And she manages to masticate the morsel so elastic,

As she murmurs: "Though I've been so dumb—need you
have been so *blind?*"

Part Thirtieth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION on first page of Contents.

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 30.

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR.—A. R. ROBINSON

Tradition says that when of old
Great Cadmus needed men,
He sowed upon the new-turned mould
The dragon's teeth, and then
Uprose a host with arms be-lit,
Prepared to strive in instant fight.

All day the doubtful contest raged
With spear and bow and shield;
And when war had his thirst assuaged,
There stood upon the field
A chosen few, who built the walls
Of Thebes, and graced her civic halls.

And still, if unto earth there come
A call for earnest men,
There is no need of trump or drum
To rouse them up, for then
The cold clods quickly stir with life,
And men are born for instant strife.

For, as the ages come and go,
The leaders of the van
Are proof that this is ever so—
The hour begets the man;
He's Nature's heir, and he alone
Has right and title to her throne.

Not wealth, nor yet a long descent
 Through many a famous line,
 Can give this power to mankind lent
 From Nature's hand divine,
 For with the call there comes the might
 Of those who teach, or preach, or fight.

“SWORE OFF.”—JOHN N. FORT.

By permission of the Author.

Boys, take another! To-night we'll be gay
 For to-morrow, you know, is the New Year's day,
 And I promised my Bessie to-night should be
 The very last night I stayed on this spree.
 I've been a good fellow—spent lots of “tin”
 In sampling and drinking both whisky and gin;
 And yet I remember, a long while ago,
 When the sight of a drunken man frightened me so
 I ran for a square. I remember quite well
 When I even detested the very smell
 Of the accursed stuff. I sometimes think
 'Twas the devil who tempted me take the first drink.
 But why look back with remorse or regret?
 I mustn't remember—I want to forget.
 Landlord, the bottle! That's pretty good stuff:
 Though I reckon I've seen and tasted enough.
 It's a year since I've drawn a sober breath;
 The doctors all say I will go to my death
 If I do not leave off—you may laugh and scoff,
 But somehow or other, between me and you,
 I believe what the doctors tell me is true;
 For at night when I try to be closing my eyes
 Such horrible visions before me rise
 That I cannot rest, and I walk the floor
 And long for the sleep that is mine no more.
 To-night it winds up. Laugh on, but you'll see
 That this is the very last night of my spree;
 I've promised my Bessie, and, further, I swore—
 She's got the paper—to taste it no more
 After to-night. When I told her I'd sign,
 The look on her face made me think of the time
 When she stood at the altar a beautiful bride
 And I looked on my choice with a good deal of pride.
 Ah, many's the time since I've been on this spree,
 I've seen this good woman get down on her knee

And ask God in his goodness have mercy on me.
 To-night it ends up. Do you hear what I say?
 I'm a man once again from the New Year's day.
Take one with you? Why I certainly will—
 To-night is my last and I'll be drinking my fill.
 "Good luck and good health!"—strange wishes we make
 O'er each glass of whisky and gin that we take.
 Good luck! Well now, fellows, be still and we'll see
 The good luck I've had since I started this spree;
 What with losing the job where I first learned my trade,
 I've had twenty jobs since, and I'm much afraid
 The reason for losing them all is this glass;
 This story of shame and disgrace let us pass—
 I'll sum up the whole. You all know it's true
 I could own a nice home—now the rent's overdue,
 Yet, during this time—it is true, what I say—
 I wished myself luck at least ten times a day.
 And as for good health! Now do you think it right,
 When you know it's destroying your appetite,
 To call it good health? Why, I've not tasted food
 For days at a time. Do you call my health good?
One with the landlord? To be sure, ev'ry time—
 His till has held many a dollar of mine.
 Come! set up the poison! To-night is the last,
 Then I'll look upon rum as a thing of the past;
 Well, here's to you, land—ah, you'd play me a trick!
 Take off that red wig with the horns very quick,
 Or I'll put down this glass and be leaving the place;
 Boys, look at the way he's distorting his face!
 Look! look! It's the devil, a good masquerade
 For those who engage in the rumselling trade;
 Go on with the game!—you'll find I'm not afraid;
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! at your by-play I scoff—
 Whose blood-hound is this? Keep him off! keep him off!
 Get out, you big brute! Don't you fellows see
 He's wicked? will bite? that he's snapping at me?
 My God! see his fangs! all reeking with gore—
 Help! landlord, help! fell this brute to the floor—
 Ah, he's gone!—Take another! my nerves are unstrung,
 Quick! Give me the bottle ere the midnight is rung;
 Ah, whisky's the stuff that will make me feel gay
 And I've said I've sworn off from the New Year's Day—
 Quick! give me the bottle! curse you! don't refuse,
 Or I'll pull you apart, if my temper I lose—

Now give me a glass! Come, boys, take a drink!
 It's the last you'll be taking with me, so I think—
 Oh, God! what is this? See, boys,—it's a snake!
 Look! the bottle is full—hear the hissing they make—
 They crawl from its neck. For God's sake—a drink!
 Thanks! Boys, here's luck! (*Midnight hour strikes.*)

'Tis the New Year, I think.

My oath—yes my oath! Is this sound I hear
 The hour of midnight? Aye, it is the New Year.

(*Throws glass from him.*)

Begone from my sight, thou demon of hell!
 Boys,—here they come! there they go! Ah, the spell
 Is o'er. I'm afire! See! It shoots from my eyes!
 I am burning within! There the red demon lies.
 What angel is this? 'Tis my Bessie, to see
 If my word has been kept about ending this spree—
 No, no, it is black! 'Tis the devil's device,
 He's claiming a soul as a sacrifice;
 Great God! Is this death? The bloodhound again!
 Take him off! Take him off! Do I call you in vain?
 He clutches my throat—he chokes out my life!
 Wont some of you fellows go after my wife?
 Must I die here alone? See! they beckon to me—
 Oh, if Bessie, my heart-broken wife, could but see
 That I kept to my word. Wont—you—kindly—say
 I “swore off” for good on the New Year's day.

THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

JEROME K. JEROME.

In “Three Men in a Boat,” from which the following extract is taken, the author details the experiences of himself and two companions during a vacation trip upon the river Thames. Among the places of interest at which they stopped was the famous meadow of Runnymede, where, on June 15, 1215, the barons compelled the infamous King John to sign the great charter of English liberty. The author says:—“It was as lovely a morning as one could desire. Little was in sight to remind us of the nineteenth century; and, as we looked out upon the river in the morning sunlight, we could almost fancy that the centuries between us and that ever-to-be-famous June morning of 1215 had been drawn aside, and that we, English yeoman's sons in homespun cloth, with dirk at belt, were waiting there to witness the writing of that stupendous page of history, the meaning whereof was to be translated to the common people some four hundred and odd years later by one Oliver Cromwell, who had deeply studied it.”

It is a fine summer morning,—sunny, soft, and still.
 But through the air there runs a thrill of coming stir.

King John has slept at Duncroft Hall, and all the day before the little town of Staines has echoed to the clang of armed men, and the clatter of great horses over its rough stones, and the shouts of captains, and the grim oaths and surly jests of bearded bowman, billmen, pikemen, and strange-speaking foreign spearmen.

Gay-cloaked companions of knights and squires have ridden in, all travel-stained and dusty. And all the evening long the timid townsmen's doors have had to be quick opened to let in rough groups of soldiers, for whom there must be found both board and lodging, and the best of both, or woe betide the house and all within; for the sword is judge and jury, plaintiff and executioner, in these tempestuous times, and pays for what it takes by sparing those from whom it takes it, if it pleases it to do so.

Round the camp-fire in the market-place gather still more of the Barons' troops, and eat and drink deep, and bellow forth roystering drinking songs, and gamble and quarrel as the evening grows and deepens into night. The firelight sheds quaint shadows on their piled-up arms and on their uncouth forms. The children of the town steal round to watch them, wondering; and brawny country wenches, laughing, draw near to bandy ale-house jest and jibe with the swaggering troopers, so unlike the village swains, who, now despised, stand apart behind, with vacant grins upon their broad, peering faces. And out from the fields around, glitter the faint lights of more distant camps, as here some great lord's followers lie mustered, and there false John's French mercenaries hover like crouching wolves without the town.

And so, with sentinel in each dark street, and twinkling watch-fires on each height around, the night has worn away, and over this fair valley of old Thame has broken the morning of the great day that is to close so big with the fate of ages yet unborn.

Ever since gray dawn, in the lower of the two islands just above where we are standing, there has been great

clamor, and the sound of many workmen. The great pavilion brought there yestereve is being raised, and carpenters are busy nailing tiers of seats, while 'prentices from London town are there with many-colored stuffs and silks and cloth of gold and silver.

And now, lo! down upon the road that winds along the river's bank from Staines there come toward us, laughing and talking together in deep guttural bass, a half a score of stalwart halbertmen—Barons' men, these—and halt at a hundred yards or so above us, on the other bank, and lean upon their arms, and wait.

And so, from hour to hour, march up along the road ever fresh groups and bands of armed men, their casques and breastplates flashing back the long low lines of morning sunlight, until, as far as eye can reach, the way seems thick with glittering steel and prancing steeds. And shouting horsemen are galloping from group to group, and little banners are fluttering lazily in the warm breeze, and every now and then there is a deeper stir as the ranks make way on either side, and some great Baron on his war-horse, with his guard of squires around him, passes along to take his station at the head of his serfs and vassals.

And up the slope of Cooper's Hill, just opposite, are gathered the wondering rustics and curious townfolk, who have run from Staines, and none are quite sure what the bustle is about, but each one has a different version of the great event that they have come to see; and some say that much good to all the people will come from this day's work; but the old men shake their heads, for they have heard such tales before.

And all the river down to Staines is dotted with small craft and boats and tiny coracles. Over the rapids, where in after years trim Bell Weir lock will stand, they have been forced or dragged by their sturdy rowers, and now are crowding up as near as they dare come to the great covered barges, which lie in readiness to bear King John to where the fateful charter waits his signing.

It is noon, and we and all the people have been waiting patient for many an hour, and the rumor has run round that slippery John has again escaped from the Barons' grasp, and has stolen away from Duncroft Hall with his mercenaries at his heels, and will soon be doing other work than signing charters for his people's liberty.

Not so! This time the grip upon him has been one of iron, and he has slid and wriggled in vain. Far down the road a little cloud of dust has risen, and draws nearer and grows larger, and the pattering of many hoofs grows louder, and in and out between the scattered groups of drawn-up-men, there pushes on its way a brilliant cavalcade of gay-dressed lords and knights. And front and rear, and either flank, there ride the yeomen of the Barons, and in the midst King John.

He rides to where the barges lie in readiness, and the great Barons step forth from their ranks to meet him. He greets them with a smile and laugh, and pleasant honeyed words, as though it were some feast in his honor to which he had been invited. But as he rises to dismount, he casts one hurried glance from his own French mercenaries, drawn up in the rear, to the grim ranks of the Barons' men that hem him in.

Is it too late? One fierce blow at the unsuspecting horsemen at his side, one cry to his French troops, one desperate charge upon the unready lines before him, and these rebellious Barons might rue the day they dared to thwart his plans! A bolder hand might have turned the game even at that point. Had it been a Richard there, the cup of liberty might have been dashed from England's lips, and the taste of freedom held back for a hundred years.

But the heart of King John sinks before the stern faces of the English fighting men, and the arm of King John drops back on to his rein, and he dismounts and takes his seat in the foremost barge. And the Barons follow in, with each mailed hand upon the sword-hilt, and the word is given to let go.

Slowly the heavy, bright-decked barges leave the shore of Runningmede. Slowly against the swift current they work their ponderous way, till, with a low grumble, they grate against the bank of the little island that from this day will bear the name of Magna Charta Island. And King John has stepped upon the shore, and we wait in breathless silence till a great shout cleaves the air, and the great corner-stone in England's temple of liberty has, now we know, been firmly laid.

DAVY AND GOLIAR.—WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

I'm tellin' this jest ez I heard it, y' know,
'Nd I reckon that most of the story is so,
Because the old feller who told it tu me
Aint much in the habit of lyin', y' see.

It 'pears thar wuz once, quite a long time ago,
Ezzactly how long now I really don't know,
Two armies, all ready 'nd spilin' tu fight
Each other 'bout sumthin', 'nd one side wuz right.

Both sides of a valley called Elah they camped,
'Nd 'bout every mornin' 'nd evenin' thar tramped
Out on the divide a big feller from Gath,
Who dared any man tu stand up in his path.

They called him Goliar, sum nickname, I 'spose;
What his other name wuz, p'raps nobody knows,
But I reckon a nickname like that oughter show
What sort of a critter he wuz—aint it so?

Well, he was a buster, 'bout fourteen foot high;
He wore a brass hat, if this feller don't lie,
With a jacket of brass, 'nd britches to match,
While a telegraph pole to his spear wa'n't a patch.

Well, he'd strut up 'nd down, 'nd dare 'tother side
Tu send out a feller 'nd he'd tan his hide,
But not a blamed man wuz anywhar found
Who'd tackle the bully for even one round.

Well, it 'pears that a man wuz livin' near thar
Who'd sent seven sons outer eight to the war,

But thought that the youngest at hum he would keep
Tu help about chores 'nd look arter the sheep.

So this man, one mornin', he sez tu the boy:
"Perhaps, my son Davy, for a change you'd enjoy
Goin' down tu the camp 'nd takin' some grub
Tu yer brothers, who 're havin' a purty hard rub."

Well, Davy (dunno what his other name wuz)
Jest ached to git inter the scrimmage 'nd buzz;
So packed in a wagon some corn, bread, 'nd cheese,
'Nd started for camp, jest ez crank ez y' p'ease.

When he got tu the trenches the fight had begun,
'Nd all Davy's brothers war deep in the fun;
But the oldest, Eliab, when Davy he spied,
Got mad 'nd he threatened tu tan Davy's hide.

He reckoned that Davy had jest run away,
'Nd left his dad's sheep, tu get inter the fray;
But Davy remarked that he wuz all right,
He'd come tu bring grub, not expectin' tu fight.

Well, purty soon out came Goliar, 'nd he
Went struttin' around feelin' big ez could be,
'Nd Davy's big brothers war 'fraid tu go out
'Nd tackle him—twuz a big contract, no doubt.

Then Dave heerd him tellin' how General Saul
Had promised his darter, likewise a big haul
Of greenbacks tu any man livin' who'd lick
Goliar of Gath, and du him up slick.

Well, Dave slipped away 'nd his steps he then bent,
Right straight tu the general's well guarded tent,
'Nd when he got in thar the general smiled
'Nd said he wuz really a bright han'sum child.

But when Davy offered to fight big Goliar,
Then Saul 'nd his officers thought they'd expire
With lafter, but Davy he told them right thar,
He'd killed empty-handed a lion 'nd b'ar.

Well, he seemed so anxious, the general said,
He could try it, of course; 'nd then on Dave's head
Put his own golden helmet, his gold overcoat
On his shoulders, 'nd give him his sword for tu tote.

Well, sir! with all them ar toggins on, he
Looked like a brass foundry gone off on a spree,

'Nd they wuz so heavy he couldn't no more
Walk off than ez if he wuz spiked tu the floor.

So he kicked 'em all off ez quick ez he could,
Said they war for his style of fightin' no good,
'Nd that if he done any fightin' that day,
He'd go ez he pleased 'nd fight his own way.

Then in his shirtsleeves he walked out on the plain
Where bully Goliar wuz prancin' again;
He stopped for a minute and car'fully took
Five leetle smooth stuns from outer a brook.

Well, when big Goliar saw Davy out thar,
You jest oughter heerd the old Philistine swar;
He thought they wuz playin' a joke on tu him,
So he raised his big spear and looked mighty grim.

Well, Davy talked back at Goliar, you bet,
'Nd told him he'd have his old head cut off yet;
The bully he raved 'nd stomped on the ground
Till you'd thought an airthquake hed bruk loose around.

You'd a bet on Goliar just then, I guess, but
Dave came o'er the plain at him lickity cut;
He was brave 'cause he had the right side of the mess,
'Nd he thought of Saul's darter 'nd greenbacks, I guess.

Goliar he waited, with spear in the air,
Expectin' to chaw Davy up then and thar;
He looked so blamed little 'nd hadn't a thing
In his hands tu fight him with, 'ceptin' a sling.

When Davy got purty well out to'ard Goliar,
He stopped jest ez if he wuz 'fraid to go nigher;
Then, pullin' a smooth stun out of his pocket,
Got ready right straight at Goliar tu sock it.

Ez they stood all alone out thar on the plain,
Dave looked like a chippin' bird fightin' a crane,
'Nd both them great armies stood silent ez death,
With every man watchin' 'nd holdin' his breath.

Goliar stood lookin' at Dave with a sneer,
Fer what he wuz up tu, tu him wasn't clear;
But round whirls the sling, 'nd away the stun flies,
'Nd takes old Goliar between his two eyes.

'Twas a beautiful shot, 'nd bruk the big head
Of bully Goliar, 'nd down he fell dead.

Then Davy he ran 'nd jumped on his back
'Nd cut off his head with one mighty whack.

Then the sojers of Saul they began to feel brave;
They threw up their caps 'nd give three cheers fer Dave,
Then charged like a thunderbolt down on the foe,
'Nd y' jest oughter seen them ar Philistines go.

Now this story shows, if I see the thing right,
That braggin' 'nd bluster don't count in a fight;
That a feller that's small, with right on his side,
Is likely tu tan a much bigger man's hide.

The feller who told me said General Saul
Played Davy a mighty mean trick arter all;
Ez he is a preacher I've no cause to doubt it,
'Nd mebby I'll see him 'nd tell y' about it.

VIEWS OF FARMER BROWN.—KATHARINE H. TERRY.

What would they thought in our day, John,
Of doin's sech as these?
There's gals down there in Simpkin's lot
About as thick as bees,
A-pickin' such old stiff-backed herbs
As golden-rod, and asters;
Mean, pesky weeds! No thrifty farmer'd
Have 'em in his pastures.

Jest hear 'em laugh, and "oh," and "ah,"
'Bout everything they see;
I reckon fifty year ago
Sech things would never be;
The gals in them days had to work,
And never thought o' posies,
Unless 'twas lalocs in the spring,
And in the summer, rosies.

Or mebbe down the garden walk
You'd see some sweet-peas growin',
And larkspurs, pinks, and hollyhocks
Would do their share o' blowin';
Bnt interferin' with the things
God scattered 'mong the grasses

Was never thought of—guess it wa'n't!—
By good old-fashioned lasses.

It's ever since that prig came here
They call Professor Dangly,
The gals have been a-talkin' 'bout
The "Aster novy-angly,"
And the "Solidago strictly,"
And the "Ap'os tuberosy;"
And them old 'tarnel beggar ticks
Are christened now, "Frondosy."

Waal, times is changed, and so is gals,
And so is all creation;
I'm glad I've lived nigh seventy year
Afore this generation;
For, speakin' confidentially,
It seems to me it means
If folks keep on in this 'ere way
Bumbye they wont know—beans.

Poor farmer Brown is resting now,
Life's sands have all been numbered;
With follies of the present age
His peace is ne'er encumbered;
But spite of all, close by his grave,
Each year break through the sod
The purple asters' starry blooms
And plumes of golden-rod. —*The Housewife.*

A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

Two lovers lean on the garden gate;
The hour is late.
At a chamber window her father stands,
And rubs his hands.
For awhile he watches them unawares,
Then goes down stairs.
He looses the dog from his iron chain—
The rest is plain.
The moonlight silvers the garden gate;
The hour is late.

“FLAG THE TRAIN.”—WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

The last words of Engineer Edward Kennar, who died in a railroad accident near St. Johnsville, N. Y. April, 18, 1887.

Go, flag the train, boys, flag the train !
Nor waste the time on me ;
But leave me by my shattered cab ;
’Tis better thus to be !

It was an awful leap, boys,
But the worst of it is o’er ;
I hear the Great Conductor’s call
Sound from the farther shore.

I hear sweet notes of angels, boys,
That seem to say : “ Well done ! ”
I see a golden city there,
Bathed in a deathless sun ;
There is no night, nor sorrow, boys,
No wounds nor bruises there ;
The way is clear—the engineer
Rests from his life’s long care.

Ah ! ’twas a fearful plunge, my lads ;
I saw, as in a dream,
Those dear, dear faces looming up
In yonder snowy stream ;
Down in the Mohawk’s peaceful depths
Their image rose and smiled,
E’en as we took the fatal leap ;
Oh God—my wife ! my child !

Well, never mind ! I ne’er shall see
That wife and child again ;
But hasten, hasten, leave me, boys !
For God’s sake, flag the train !
Farewell, bright Mohawk ! and farewell
My cab, my comrades all ;
I’m done for, boys, but hasten on,
And sound the warning call !

Oh what a strange, strange tremor this
That steals unceasing on !
Will those dear ones I’ve cherished so
Be cared for when I’m gone ?
Farewell, ye best beloved, farewell !
I’ve died not all in vain—
Thank God ! The other lives are saved ;
Thank God ! They’ve flagged the train !

THE TRUE STORY OF A BRIE CHEESE.

W. E. P. FRENCH.

I am an officer of the army, stationed at a large, rambling post near the thriving twin cities of Minnepaul and St. Apolis.

I was brevetted colonel for conspicuous and dare-devil gallantry in the commissary department during the late war, but my actual rank is that of second lieutenant.

Republics are ungrateful! If long and arduous services counted, instead of political influence, I should have been made brigadier instead of old General Kusidnes.

The blight and mildew upon my aspirations for military glory have not, however, soured me and made me cold, callous, and indifferent to the good things of this life, and in the pleasures of the table I find compensation for the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." I particularly cotton to a fine, rich, dead-ripe, high-flavored old cheese, so, when my grocer sent me word that he had received a lot of particularly fine Roquefort, Stilton, and Brie, I ordered my buggy and proceeded to the saintly city. It was years, long years, since I had owned a Fromage de Brie, and my heart beat high with joyous hope and expectancy as I followed Mr. Limburgher into the cellar of his handsome store. He is a Frenchman, as his name indicates, and very proud he was of the superb cheeses he presently uncovered to my admiring nose. They were the finest ones, he assured me, he had ever seen out of his beloved Parea. They were ripe,—there was no doubt of that; a captious critic, indeed, might have considered them over-ripe, and suggested that they had fallen from the tree. But, in the words of Cæsar, "smelli, tasti, boughti." I carried my prize to the buggy in my own arms and laid it reverently on the foot warmer, which my wife had thoughtfully put in, as the day was chilly and I had a cold in my head.

Just as I was about to start, Captain Koldcheek came up and asked me to take him back to the post. He got aboard, and we started. It is eight miles from the town to the fort, and Koldcheek has a wooden leg; but we hadn't gone over two miles before he said he believed he needed exercise and guessed he'd walk. He had been rather quiet for some time and hadn't seemed to take much interest in anything but his handkerchief. I tried to dissuade him, but he told me he didn't seem to care much about riding as the motion of a buggy sometimes made him sick. As he got out, I noticed that he looked rather pale and peaked, and, happening to glance over my shoulder a moment after we parted, I saw he was hanging over a rail-fence and heard him say something about Europe, repeating "Europe" quite frequently.

When I reached home Madam was out, but I was rather glad of that because I thought the cheese would be a surprise to her—it was. There are no cellars in our quarters, as, like most army houses, they were built by a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass during an attack of emotional insanity complicated with jimjams; so I put my purchase in the refrigerator and sought my easy chair. Scarcely had I settled myself when there was a frightful yell and an appalling crash in the kitchen. I rushed out and found the cook senseless on the floor, the cheese-box, with its cover pulled off, lying by her. As soon as she came to, she gave me warning. Then I put the cheese in the top of the upright piano, and, just as it was safely stowed away, in came Mrs. Cannon (my name is Cannon). She had hardly gotten in the door when she began to sniff. I hastened to give her a box of candy I had thoughtfully provided. She thanked me graciously and remarked in the same breath, "What an awful odor there is in here, don't you smell it?" Then, with an air of conviction, "It's a dead rat under the floor of this or the next room, and I wish you'd ask the quartermaster to send a carpenter up the first thing to-morrow to take up the boards." I said I would, and we opened

the doors and windows. Mrs. Cannon sat down at the piano and began to play, softly at first and then with considerable abandon.

The music must have stirred the cheese up, for she hadn't played more than a bar or two when she fetched the key-board a fore and aft rake that jarred my very soul, and bounced off the stool, exclaiming, "Phew! it's in the piano!" She yanked open the top, peered in, extracted the box, smelt it, shivered, read the label, shivered some more, gave me a withering look and threw it out of the dining-room window. I respect my wife's prejudices, so I said nothing, but went out and rescued the cheese and, after some cogitation, put it in an old barrel and piled boards over the top.

Major and Mrs. Cascobel were invited to dinner, and, as they came early, I invited the Major out in the yard to sample the cheese.

He said he had never eaten Brie, but he didn't believe there was anything in the cheese line that was too many for him. So we took a couple of crackers and a spoon and sallied forth.

As we reached the yard he made some remark about pole-cats being very annoying, but I was busy with the barrel and couldn't hear just what he said. Well, I spread some of the delicious, fragrant, white cream on the crackers and handed one to Cascobel.

He asked me if I didn't think the bouquet was a trifle pronounced, but I said no, and he took a bite with an air of stern resolution that I thought unsuited to the occasion. Then he laid down the cracker and said sadly, "I can eat most anything, but, if you'll excuse me, I'll pass this time."

"Certainly," said I; "it's a cultivated taste."

"So is one for soap-grease, I fancy," he rejoined; and then he became rather disagreeable, said he could take a spade and dig something better to eat than that out of a cemetery, that I'd better get the coroner to come and sit on it and hold it down, and that a burial permit

would be a good thing. I took it all in good part, and asked him if he thought it would be safe from rats in the barrel. "You bet!" he replied heartily, "I never had much use for a rat, but it has too much sense to tackle that cheese. Aren't you going to chain it up?"

About midnight there was an awful row in the back yard, and, running to the window, I saw by the brilliant moonlight a *Mephitis Americana* turning back summersaults to an accompaniment of mortified, despairing howls. The cover was off the barrel, and it was evident that the cheese had knocked poor M. A. out in one round.

The next morning both my servants left, the neighbors complained to the commanding officer that I maintained a nuisance, Mrs. Cannon gave a small and select "conversazione" of two, at which I "assisted" (in the French sense), and she suggested that she would like to go to New York for a few weeks while the state of Minnesota was being aired.

I got an official letter from the Adjutant directing me to abate the nuisance, and an order was issued forbidding "all officers and others to keep or maintain, within the limits of the reservation, any polecat, Fromage de Brie, or other noxious or offensive animal."

A BRAVE WOMAN.—JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

I talked with a stalwart young seaman last week on Ratcliffe Highway;

He belonged to the crew of a steamer that was wrecked in Aberdour Bay.

And I asked him if he would mind telling the way he was saved from the sea?

Then (excepting the rhyme) he narrated the following story to me:

"Well, you see, we had started for home, sir, and were anxious to get on our way,

When it came on to blow big guns, sir, as we stood off Aberdour Bay;

But our craft was so sturdy a steamer, that we laughed and
thought light of the gale,
For no matter how angry the weather, we never had known
her to fail.

“But accidents weaken the strongest, and our skipper’s
brown face grew long,
When a message came up from below, sir, that the engines
had all gone wrong.
Then we set to and hoisted what canvas we thought that
the vessel would bear,
And tried to beat clear of the bay, sir, for the gale was driv-
ing in there.

“But, no; it was useless our trying, for the wind blew so
frightfully hard
That on to the shore, to leeward, the ship drifted yard after
yard;
The skipper roared, ‘Let go the anchor!’ We did so, our
drifting was checked;
But we knew if the cable should snap, sir, the ship would be
certainly wrecked.

“The billows dashed over, around us, as though mad that
we held our own;
Then ‘crack!’ *’twas the cable parting*, and our hearts seemed
turned into stone;
Once more we were driven shorewards, this time at a furi-
ous rate;
There was nothing could possibly check us, so the steamer
rushed on to her fate.

“Then we felt her quiver and shudder, as she struck on the
pebbly beach,
And we looked with despair at the shore, sir, that, living,
we could not reach;
For the surf was boiling and hissing, and dashing with all
its force,
And no man could have swum to the land, sir, not if he’d
the strength of a horse.

“There was only one woman ashore there, and we’d hardly
a glimmer of hope,
Yet I managed to screw up my spirits, and determined to
throw her a rope;
I tried, but too great was the distance; and, despairing, I
saw it fall short;
But that woman dashed into the surf, sir, and the next time
I threw it ’twas caught.

“God bless her! she caught up that rope, sir, and, in spite
of the boisterous sea,
She wound it three times round her body, and up from the
water went she;

And she beckoned us each to come quickly, but we thought
 that 'twould be but in vain;
 'For no woman alive,' we murmured, 'can stand such a terrible strain!'

"But yet we would try, for 'twas certain delay meant a terrible death;
 So we started a man on the voyage, whilst the rest of the crew held their breath;
 There, 'hand over hand' he traveled, whilst as firm as a rock stood she,
 Till at length the seaman was saved, sir, from the clutch of the merciless sea.

"Then one after the other we followed, till the whole of the crew were on land;
 Oh! you ought to have seen us struggling for a grasp of that brave woman's hand!
 It may seem very foolish to you, sir, but I felt almost ready to cry;
 And there wasn't a sailor amongst us but what had a tear in his eye.

"Every true-hearted man or woman will praise this true heroine's act;
 It isn't a jumble of fiction, but a plain, undeniable fact;
 I declare she's as plucky a woman as any of which I have read;
 Quite fit to take rank with Grace Darling and the Women of Mumbles Head."

HER VISION.

Low on a sick bed she helplessly lay,
 And constantly murmured again and again:
 "A block, and two crosses; a dot, and a star,
 A circle, three bars, and the links of a chain."
 Her friends and her minister stood by her bed,
 And whispered, "Her mind ever dwelt on high themes,
 We'll carefully treasure each word that she says,
 Perchance 'tis of heavenly spheres she now dreams."
 When fully recovered they showed her the scroll
 And earnestly begged her to tell what it meant:
 "In dreams was your body divorced from your soul,
 And this the new universe whither you went?"
 A gleam of amusement o'erspread her fair face,
 A laugh sweet and merry reechoed afar,
 "Oh, couldn't you see I was trying to trace
 The Supplement patterns in *Harpers' Bazar*?"

ENEMIES MEET AT DEATH'S DOOR.

WILLA LLOYD JACKSON.

The battle was over and the sun had gone down. The dense white smoke of the great cannons had been dispersed by the evening breeze that crept faint and sweet from the dark woods near by, lifting with touch as light as a living hand's the damp hair on icy foreheads, and fluttering in sad mockery the torn and bloody flag yet grasped by a hand forever still.

The rabbit that had been driven away by the fearful noise of battle stole timidly, with many a start and shiver, back to its young, hidden in the long grass beneath the hedge of wild rose, and clear and shrill the cricket piped its evening song as if in scorn of the strife and tumult of an hour ago.

Defeat had been suffered and victory gained, and the triumphant host had followed hot and fast in the path of the retreating foe, and for the time being the battle-field, with its wounded and dead, lay still and quiet, save for a low moaning here and there, and the death rattle now and again that told of some soldier's great promotion.

Beneath a spreading oak that grew close to where a grim-mouthed cannon breathed its silent threat, lay two, clad in uniforms of different colors, one of well-worn gray, with the three stars that marked the collar dimmed and dark with a slowly oozing crimson stain, and the other of blue, like the wearer's own young eyes, and torn with a horrid rent in the breast.

The gray-haired man in the colonel's uniform roused at last from the swoon in which he lay and glanced about him in restless pain, only to meet the blue eyes near him. Just a smooth, boyish face, with the light of laughter hardly gone from it, but now white and drawn with a sick pain, and the mouth, that had not long lost its childish curve, stern with a pitiful effort at self-command; and clear and distinct to the older man came a

softening vision of a curly head asleep on a snowy pillow, and of blue eyes far away like those that looked into his now from a wounded foeman's face. But the old question of right and wrong, that had seemed so great when the black guns that frowned upon the evening scene had been wheeled into place, and the early sunlight flashed on bayonet and sword, dwindled away before the veiled face of the mighty angel, Death, that hovered near, and the God-born touch of nature that makes the whole world kin spoke in the gray.

"Are you hurt much, my boy?"

"To death, I'm afraid, sir."

"Ah, but perhaps not! Let's see." And slowly and painfully he crawled the few feet that lay between them, but one glance at the jagged breast wound under the blue coat showed him that the lad was right, and, exhausted by the effort, he sank down by the other's side.

When he came to, a hand was laving his brow with water from an old canteen, a hand feeble in touch and slow, but gentle as a girl's.

"I was afraid you were gone, sir," said the boy, faintly smiling at him.

"Not yet, but we're going home together, lad, and we're nearly there."

There was silence between the two for awhile as the kindly twilight enwrapped the dreadful spectacle of shattered, bleeding humanity in her violet mantle, but presently a sob broke from the boy, whose dawning manhood caught it back in shame.

"I'm not crying for myself, sir. Don't you think that, for I believe I could face death as well as anyone, but I can't help thinking of my mother. I'm all she's got now, for my father went at Bull Run and my brothers—both of them—at Chancellorsville. I can see her now, sir, sitting on the dear old porch with its clematis vine, where I will never rest again, straining her eyes down the road for my coming, for I was promised a furlough and was to have had it to-morrow, and now I'm

dying a thousand miles away! And Greeley—he's my dog, that I played with when I was a little chap—I can see him, too, running down to the orchard gate looking for me, for I told him good-bye there, with his honest brown eyes trying to make out where I've gone, and coming slowly back to lay his head on my mother's knee. I got a letter yesterday, telling me all about it, and how every day they lay my plate for me and set my chair, and have doughnuts for tea, just as they used to do when I was a boy and coming home from school."

"And I," said the Confederate, with his eyes dim and a quiver in his bearded lips, "leave desolate a little brown house on a grim old mountain's side, not many miles away, where one patient little woman awaits for me beside a crib, with two little girls close to her knee that talk of 'father's coming' by and by. They'll gather to-night around the table, with the bright lamp on it that I used to watch shining down the road like a loving message as I plodded up the mountain side."

And so upon the golden stars the foemen gazed and talked of home in tender reminiscence, till, as those stars paled before the moon climbing higher and higher in the clear dome above them, there fell a silence that was the benediction of a pitying God upon his wandering, wounded children. And when the morning came, the busy surgeons and those that searched the field for missing friends came upon a strange, pathetic sight. The two that lay beneath the green oak's spreading boughs with death's solemn seal on their quiet faces were clasping hands, blue and gray forgotten in the old, old bond of common brotherhood.

GOING ON AN ERRAND.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

I'll say it over all the way,
 And then I'm sure not to forget,
 For if I chance to bring things wrong
 My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
 And a pot of raspberry jam,
 Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play—
 They're having such jolly fun;
 I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
 As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
 A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
 Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

There's Teddy White a-flying his kite,
 He thinks himself grand, I declare;
 I'd like to try to fly it sky high,
 Ever so much higher
 Than the old church spire,
 And then—and then—but there—

"A pound of three and one at tea,
 A pot of new-laid jam,
 Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
 And run through my orders again;
 I haven't forgot—no, ne'er a jot—
 It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one and tea,
 A dozen of raspberry ham,
 A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
 And a rasher of new-laid jam."

THE HARVEST.

I watch the golden billows awaiting the sickles keen,
 While the corn stands waiting yonder, a splendid, glittering
 sheen;
 I hear the reapers coming with merry shout and song,
 Then I see the billows falling in solid ranks along.

The grain not only falling, but the tender flowers, too,
 And with them tares and thistles are scattered through and
 through;
 For the reaper reaps a harvest that is heavy for the blade,
 While the voice of the master calleth, "It must not be
 delayed!"

And thus is the mighty harvest in all our glorious land,—
 The reaper blithe and happy, there is joy on every hand;
 For the toil is sweet to the faithful, reward will come at
 last,
 So the reaper sings and labors until daylight hours are past.

I see the harvest over, and mountains of golden grain
 Await the thresher's pleasure, and it shall not wait in vain;
 For I hear the hum of engines and clatter of turning wheels—
 Let us wait a moment—linger—and see what this reveals.

You know what we see, good farmer, in fields now brown
 and bare;
 Where the grain is kept from the thistles, from thistle and
 from tare;
 And only the grain is wanted, the thistles are cast away,
 While the flowers that died and withered shall bloom anoth-
 er day.



I see another harvest in the grain fields of this life,
 The wheat is bent and shaken with labor sore, and strife;
 But the reaper cometh often, with footsteps soft as air;
 He takes the grain and flowers, the thistle and the tare.

The harvest is ever ripening to the reaper's subtle breath,—
 To the knife of this silent reaper, whose mystic name is
 Death;
 And we know not the hour of his coming, whether at night
 or day,
 Nor why he should spare the thistle and take our flowers
 away.

In this living and mighty harvest we are grain or worthless
 chaff;
 We cannot serve two masters,—God wants no work by half;
 And I pray, when the harvest is over, at the garnering of
 the wheat,
 I, with the grain and flowers, may kneel at the Master's feet.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

OLD LETTERS.—WILLIAM J. BENNERS, JR.

By permission of the Author.

Loud and wild the storm is howling,
 But no thought it brings to me
 Save a thankfulness in knowing
 None I love are on the sea.
 Closely shut within my chamber,
 Where the fire is burning bright,
 All these letters, long since written,
 I will read and burn to-night:—

Piles of letters, old and yellow.
 With my name upon them all;
 Good for nothing, less than nothing,
 Is each scarce remembered scrawl;
 Yet old mem'ries rise before me,
 Half of pleasure, half of pain,
 And fair scenes almost forgotten
 Brighten into life again.

Here a dainty school-girl's letter
 Still retains its faint perfume;
 But the little hand that wrote it
 Moulders in a foreign tomb.
 On a lonely, lonely island,
 There with strangers by her side
 Is the grave o'erhung with cypress
 Where they laid her when she died.

Here's a letter torn and faded
 Till its words can scarce be read;
 But I carefully refold it
 For its writer too is dead.
 Mid the smoke and din of battle,
 In his youthful prime he fell,
 And the trumpet peals of victory,
 Were for him a funeral knell.

Close beside it lies another
 In an awkward, girlish hand,
 Desperately sentimental;
 Ah! I now can understand
 Just how silly two such lovers
 As we then were must have been—

She about a year my junior,
I a youngster just sixteen!

In strange contrast comes another,
Written clear and gracefully;
Saddened, shuddering, I quickly
Drop the veil on memory;
Once I almost thought a halo
Circled, angel-like, her brow;
Would to God the grass were growing
Thick and high above her now!

Falling from another letter
Is a shining tress of hair;
Quick my thoughts flash o'er the ocean
Where its sister ringlets are.
Very dear is she who wears them,
Truest, kindest, best of friends;
May all good attend her pathway
Till her earthly journey ends!

Back the mists of years are rolling,
As these relics of the past,
With a wondrous fascination,
Have their spells around me cast.
Crowds of tender recollections
Fill my eyes with unshed tears;
Dimmer grows the weary Present—
Dimmer—till it disappears.

From the shadows in the distance
Vanished scenes are drawing nigh;
Clad in forms of matchless beauty
Sweet remembrances float by.
Loving eyes are gazing on me,
Loving lips are pressed to mine,
Loving voices softly whisper
To my spirit thoughts divine.

Hark! the clocks are striking midnight;
Cold and dead my fire lies;
Passed the storm, the clouds are breaking
Calmly from the moonlit skies;
Still unburned, I lay the letters
In their casket once again,
Gently close the lid upon them,
Lock it—let them there remain.

A SCHOOL EPISODE.—EMMA SHAW.

Long years ago (how youth to-day
 Would stand and stare if taught that way!)
 In rural "deestricks" 'twas laid down
 That meeting travelers through the town,
 Boys from their heads their hats should take
 And reverently their "manners" make;
 Each little maid, her part to do,
 Made "kurchies" wonderful to view.

It chanced that on a certain day
 His yearly visit came to pay,
 A school official yclept "trustee,"—
 His form e'en now I seem to see,
 In somber coat of homespun brown
 And fine buff waistcoat bought in town;
 Besides,—yes, it was surely so,
 He wore a wig, this ancient beau;
 Else I'd no story have to tell
 Of what that article befell;
 He made his call,—no matter where,
 Since you, I'm sure, were never there;
 He heard the scholars spell and read,
 Talked long and learned of their need
 The Rule of Three to practise well,
 And the nine parts of speech to tell,
 Then as a final flourish, "Now,"
 He said, "I'll make a proper bow;
 Look, one and all."

Alas to tell!

His wig came loose and off it fell,
 Displaying to the general view
 A pate that shone like billiard cue;
 He stared a breath, with scarlet face,
 His headgear seized and quit the place.

Upon the school a stillness fell,
 Until an urchin broke the spell,—
 A tow-haired child, the smallest there,
 Who, running toward his teacher's chair
 With hand upraised, piped shrilly out,
 His freckled face expressing doubt
 And direst wonder: "Schoolma'am, we
 Can't take our hairs off clean like he!"

STAR-GAZING.

It was at Spirit Lake, at the very limit of the pier. They were all alone. There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked. Far out a boat slid noiselessly along. In a nearer boat a fair tenor voice carelessly half-hummed, half-sang a common love song. From the hotel came now and then the twang of the strings of the orchestra of mandolins. On such a night as this did Dido stand upon the wild sea bank and wave her love to come again to Carthage. On such a night as this did Jessica—but a truce to the bard! It was the sort of night on which a man could make love to his own wife—and those two, Edouard and Alicia, had not yet bespoken their tender vows.

“Do you know anything about the stars?” inquired Edouard in a voice like the murmur of the wind in summer trees.

“A little,” answered Alicia, tenderly. “I know some of the constellations,—the Great Bear—the——”

“Yes,” interrupted Edouard, “I know all about the big bear and I can find the north star; but right over there is a group. Do you know the name of that?” And Edouard threw his arm across Alicia’s shoulder and pointed to a cluster of shining worlds in the east.

Alicia leaned toward him. “I don’t know what that is,” she breathed, as one who did not care.

“And there is another constellation just over our heads!”

Edouard passed his arm around her neck, and placing his hand under her chin so tilted it that it would be easy for her to see. And then to Alicia’s eyes the heavens became one grand carnival of constellations. Shooting-stars chased each other athwart the firmament, comets played riotous games among the planets—and finally there came a soft and radiant blur which hid them all.

Edouard had kissed Alicia.

FATHOMING BRAINS.*—STOCKTON BATES.

I once took a fancy to fathom the brains
 Of those I might meet on life's highways and lanes :
 So I bought a good lead-line, of monstrous length,
 And one that was noted for toughness and strength.
 I resolved that, like David of old, I would sing,
 And chronicle all the great deeds of my *sling*.

Well! the first one I met was a man with a hod,
 Imported, no doubt, from the "Emerald sod."
 I threw in my line, and prepared to find out
 The depth of the brains that he carried about:
 When lo! don't distrust it! the lead, at full stop,
 Brought up, with a thump, very near to the top.

The next, a remarkably dressy young man,
 Whose kids kept his hands from pollution and tan:
 And, truly! the lead, with a sudden rebound,
 Bounced out of his cranium on to the ground.
 I was not surprised, for I scarcely expected
 To find it much better in one so affected.

Then I came to a poet, with manners much sweeter ;
 Yet I thought I could fathom his brains in short metre,
 And threw in the "deep-sea" and paid out the twine,
 And found that it took quite a volume of line.
 No wonder, for surely it should be no worse,
 When the man had completed such volumes of verse.

The fourth was a doctor, as grave as the dead—
 I wondered what wisdom was stored in his head :
 But, sad to relate of this curer of ills,
 With his lotions, and potions, and plasters, and pills,
 His brains, ill comporting with such knowing looks,
 Were deceiving as pools in dark, shadowy nooks.

The fifth, a philosopher plodding along,
 And arguing right out of everything wrong :
 I found that the brains 'neath his forehead so sallow
 Were frequently muddy, and often quite shallow ;
 That though he could tell that red ink was not blood,
 His *whys* and his *wherefores* were just clear as mud.

A minister, then, with his cap and his gown,
 Came jogging along on his way to the town.

*By permission of the Author.

I awaited my chance, then threw in the lead,
To find that, in this good, old reverend's head,
The doctrinal rocks, with fissure and seam,
And sectarian sand-bars, had choked up the stream.

I next met a farmer all roughened by toil,
Whose hands were as brown as the freshly ploughed soil,
Whose voice was as rough as the low of his kine,
And his garments were certainly not very fine;
But the depth of his brains could by no means compare
With his surface appearance and countryfied air.

His wife was a good, honest, quiet old soul,
Who looked just as deep as a soup-plate or bowl:
Yet I heaved out my lead; it went in with a splash,
Sank deeper and deeper—and, quick as a flash,
I made up my mind that appearance inferior
Is no kind of gauge to the hidden interior.

A statesman, soon after, my notice engaged—
A maker of laws for the young and the aged—
But I found that his brain was so muddled by drink
That the lead I heaved over I could not make sink;
And this introduced a long train of sad thought
About the amount of distress rum had wrought.

I fathomed the wealthy, and oft found that gold
Took the place of the brains that for pelf they had sold;
That though they were styled the polite and refined,
They quite often lacked in refinement of mind.
I fathomed the poor in a similar manner,
And often found reason 'neath poverty's banner.

I found that great statesmen and merchants of rank
Oft into oblivion hopelessly sank
When compared with their neighbors of meaner degree,—
The farmer, the miller, the blacksmith—all three.
And therefore I came to conclusions that follow:
That the most solid looking are often most hollow;

That those who appear to have least depth of mind
We often the best informed scholars may find;
That roughness may, like the unpolished sea-shell,
Hide beauteous gems in its tortuous cell;
And that those who are highest in Church or in State
Are not of necessity always the great.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.—MARION P. RICHE.

By permission of the Author.

My lonely heart is brimming o'er to-night,
With memories of my two soldier boys
Whose graves are side by side near the old home,—
The dear New England home so far away.

These boys, Eugene and Robert were their names,
Were little lads when their loved father died,
Saying, with his last feeble, fluttering breath,
“Mary, bring up my boys to be true men.”
After the first bewilderment of grief
Had passed, and I could lift my chastened head
And look upon the life that I must live
Without the strong support of his true heart,
I set myself the task to live for them;
And I made solemn covenant with God
To bring them up to manhood pure and good.

Years passed, and my two little lads had grown
To be my stay that I could lean upon
Rather than that my hand should lead them now.
Eugene, the elder, studious and grave,
Had brought his gentle girlwife home to me
And taken up his life-work earnestly,
Resolved with brain and pen to make
The sad world better for his having lived.
And Robert—my bright, gay, handsome Robert—
Was home from school; my cup seemed running o'er
With gratitude and peace and quiet joy;
And I am thankful yet for those few weeks
That we four spent together in our home.

When the dark, gathering cloud of civil war
Burst with the boom of Sumter's signal gun,
Our home, with every other loyal home
Was merged in the deep wave of patriot zeal
That swept the North, bearing upon its crest
The brave and true, the flower of our land.

How changed our lives! instead of evenings spent
With books and music or in converse sweet,
And days, busy, but full of deep content,
The days and nights were filled with restlessness
That deepened with the deep'ning roar of war.
Eugene laid down his pen and with brave heart

And voice gathered a company of volunteers,
 And joined a regiment that lay encamped,
 Awaiting orders, at our county town.
 Before they marched, Robert, with my consent
 (He had but passed his nineteenth birthday then),
 Enlisted in his brother's company;
 And Eugene's wife and I were left alone.

Then they were ordered South, and we went down
 To see our dear ones and to say good-bye;
 Ah! 'twas a time that tested women's souls,—
 To stand and see the blue lines file away,
 To crush the tears back and to say brave words
 Despite the sick'ning dread that filled the heart;
 Then go back to the silent, lonely home
 To pray and wait in deep suspense for news,—
 News from the war,—I but repeat
 The old, sad story that so many know.

Soon letters came to us, short, cheery ones
 That told but little of the soldier's life;
 Once Robert wrote "I got a little scratch
 In the great fight we lost at Fredericksburg,
 But I am all right now and don't regret
 That I am here to fight my country's foes."
 Later, a longer letter from Eugene
 Told of high favor to his brother given,
 Of his promotion won by daring deeds;
 But in a postscript written small,
 As if he fain would hide the truth, he said,
 "Rob is a splendid soldier, mother dear,
 But growing wild. Pray always for his soul."

That was my elder son's last letter home;
 The next was written by a stranger's hand;
 The words were few, but oh, how plain they were!
 Holding the letter firmly in both hands
 I read and Annie heard: "Your son Eugene
 Died in the hospital to-night of wounds received
 At Chancellorsville on the third of May;
 At his request his body and effects
 Will be sent home. Accept my sympathy
 In this dark hour, and may God comfort you."
 Then came the chaplain's name, and that was all.

Such messages were common in those days;
 Thousands of other wives and mothers knew

The same dark maze of grief through which we passed,
The bringing home of the dear lifeless form,
The last sad rites of burial, the blind,
Dumb pain that came and did not go away—
Our lot was not uncommon in those days.
But Annie faded slowly day by day,
And when the winter came her life went out
To join Eugene in that peace-guarded land,
Where wounds and death and sorrow cannot be.

More than three dreary years had worn away
Since my two boys enlisted in the war ;
One calm October afternoon as I
Sat scraping lint and wond'ring if the mail
Would bring a letter from my absent one,
I raised my eyes and caught a gleam of blue
Between the lilac bushes at the gate ;
With nervous haste I rose to welcome in
A bearded soldier, who in silence came
And took my hands and gazed into my eyes ;
But not until he smiled and spoke my name
Could I see in the soldier's form or face
Aught to remind me of the fair, slight boy
Who went out from my home three years before ;
The Robert of my dreams and prayers was gone,
And in his place this stalwart veteran came,—
Tender and kind to me, my Robert still.
Only a fortnight did he stay at home ;
Then came a second parting, sadder, far,
Than that when I had bid the two farewell,
For he had said to me the day before,
"Mother, I wish that I, instead of Gene,
Were in the churchyard there so calm and still,
I'm weary of the war and of my life."

Then came the story of the fatal glass
Pressed to his lips by one who called him friend,
How it had waked a demon in his breast ;
And how he fought against the inward foe,
But oft had been o'ermastered in the strife.
"I have not sunken to the depths," he said,
"The thought of you has kept me back from much
That follows in the cursed wake of drink,
But you can never know the agony
Of this vile thirst that rises up at times

And makes me almost wish I could forget
I ever had a mother or a God,
That I might drown my soul and end my strife."

A half year passed away and war was done,
Peace spread her wings above our blood-stained land,
And stern-browed war-worn men laid down their arms
And gladly took up peaceful toil again.
We hushed our grief for those who came no more,
And hung the vacant chairs with laurel wreaths,
And made the hearth-side bright for those who came.

I welcomed home my boy with gladsome cheer,
Hiding with mother's art the pang I felt
At sight of his pale face and falt'ring step.
With look of mute appeal he placed his hands
In mine, as he had done in childhood's days,
When sudden fear had sent him to my knee.
Full soon the trial came by which I knew
How powerless he was to strive alone
Against the foe that held him in its coils.
The struggle was not long; but when 'twas done
Only the semblance of my boy was left;
The deep-struck venom of the serpent's fang
Had poisoned all the precious vital springs,
And life was moored by but a single strand,
And that slight mooring suddenly gave way
When, glancing, up into my face he said:
"Mother, if I had died instead of Gene
I might have passed in safety o'er the flood,
But now—the way is dark—hold fast my hand."

I held his hand but it was only clay;
The life that I had loved so tenderly
Had fled away beyond my reach or call;
And in the cool, gray, morning light I stood,
Stricken, beyond the power of words to tell.
Then came an interval I know not of,
Save that my house was filled with low-voiced friends
And that the bright folds of a silken flag
Were draped about my Robert's lifeless form.
When consciousness returned, and I looked out
Upon the new-made grave beside Eugene's,
I wondered if the nation's victory
Was worth the priceless treasure that it cost.

Such are the memories which this day brings
 Through all the mists of more than twenty years,
 And these sad memories of mine are not more sad
 Than those which stir full many another heart;
 My gifted son was not the only one
 Whose light went out before it shone afar,
 Nor mine the only tenderly reared boy
 Who fell into the tempter's ready net;
 I am but one among a multitude
 Who look with tear-dimmed eyes and aching heart
 Back through the years, to count the treasure rare
 Each gave to help to pay the price, the great
 Price that our nation gave for victory.

A WILD PRAIRIE FIRE.

It is high noon of an August day.

Hot! Whew, but how the summer sun beats down on the great prairie,—scorching, withering, shriveling,—heating the blood of man and animal until it seems to boil! We have turned aside into this grove of cottonwoods as much for shelter as to prepare and eat the noon-day meal. There are one—three—five—seven—ten trees, covering a space of a quarter of an acre.

Here a spring bubbles up from strata of sand and gravel, and so many thousand animals have come here to slake their thirst that the earth is bare of grass for the space of two acres. Not exactly bare, but cropped off so short and trodden under foot so often that it is only a thin carpet to cover the soil. The paths radiating away through the dry and waving grass are like the spokes of a wheel.

Ah, but water touches the spot on a day like this when one has been in the saddle since sunrise. Each man of us says so by word of mouth, and each horse says so in his look of relief after the thirst has been quenched. Whisky! Brandy! Champagne! They would have been flung aside with a feeling of disgust.

“—miles to—”

There are no sign-boards on the prairie. Turn which

way you will and the horizon descends to the waving grass.

We are drifting on a vast inland sea,—a sea of earth and grass and dying flowers; both grass and flowers yielding up their lives to the weeds of dry, hot weather. One may have company and comforts and he may be certain that if he holds true to the compass he will come out safely, but yet the feeling steals over him at intervals that he is lost,—driven here and there by wind and wave and current.

“What ails that horse?”

We all sprang up to see one of the saddle horses—a veteran in years and experience—standing with his head high in the air and pointed due west. While he looks as fixedly as if his eyes had lost their power to turn, his nostrils quiver and dilate with excitement. We watch him a full minute. He was the first to exhibit alarm, but now one horse after another throws up his head and looks to the west.

“It’s fire, boys!”

Had it been night we should have seen the reflection. Had there been a strong wind the odor would have come to us sooner. There is only a gentle breeze,—languishing, dying under the fierce sun, but resurrected and given a new lease of life at intervals by an unknown power. But now we can see the smoke driving heavenwards and shutting the blue of the west from our vision; now the horses show such signs that no man could mistake. A great wall of flame, fifty miles in length, is rolling toward us, fanned and driven by a breeze of its own creation, but coming slowly and grandly. It takes me two or three minutes to climb to the top of one of the trees, and from my elevated position I can get a grand view of the wave of fire which is driving before it everything that lives and can move.

We work fast. Blankets are wet at the spring and hung up between the trees to make a bulwark against the sparks and smoke, the horses doubly secured, camp

equipage piled up and covered, and before we are through we have visitors. Ten or twelve buffaloes come thundering—pass the grove, halt and return to its shelter, crowding as close to the horses as they can, and showing no fear at our presence. Next come three or four antelopes, their bright eyes bulging out with fear, and their nostrils blowing out the heavy odor with sharp snorts. One rubs against me and licks my hand as I rub her nose.

Yelp! Yelp! Here are half a dozen wolves, who crowd among the buffaloes and tremble with terror, and a score of serpents race over the open ground to seek the wet ditch which carries off the overflow of the spring. Last to come, and only a mile ahead of the wave, which is licking up everything in its path, is a mustang,—a single animal which has somehow been separated from its herd. He comes from the north, racing to reach the grove before the fire shall cut him off, and he runs for his life. With ears laid back, nose pointing and his eyes fixed on the goal, his pace is that of a thunderbolt. He leaps square over one pile of camp outfit and goes ten rods beyond before he can check himself. Then he comes trotting back and crowds between two of our horses with a low whinny.

There is a roar like Niagara. The smoke drives over us in a pall like midnight. The air seems to be one sheet of flame. The wave has swept up to the edge of the bare ground, and is dividing to pass us by. We are in an oven. The horses snort and cough and plunge; the wolves howl and moan as the heat and smoke become intolerable. Thus for five minutes, and then relief comes. The flame has passed and the smoke is driving away. In their path is a cool breeze, every whiff of which is a grand elixir.

In ten minutes the grove is so clear of smoke that we can see every foot of the earth again. A queer sight it is. It has been the haven of refuge for snakes, lizards, gophers, prairie dogs, rabbits, coyotes, wolves, antelopes, deer, buffaloes, horses and men,—enmity, antipathy and

hunger suppressed for the nonce that all might live, that each might escape the fiend in pursuit.

For half an hour nothing moves. Then the mustang flings up his head, blows the last of the smoke from his nostrils, and starts off with a flourish of his heels. The buffaloes go next; the deer and antelope follow, and in five minutes we are left alone.

For fifty miles to the north, west, and south there is nothing but blackness,—a landscape of despair. Away to the east the wall of fire is still moving on and on—implacable—relentless—a fiend whose harvest is death and whose trail is desolation.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DOG AND THE TRAMP.—EVA BEST.

A tramp went up to a cottage door
To beg for a couple o' dimes or more.

The cottage door was opened wide,
So he took a cautious look inside.

Then over his features there spread a grin
As he saw a lonely maid within,—

A lonely maid within the gloom
Of the shadiest part of a shady room.

Into the room the tramper went;
Over a dog the maiden bent.

His eyes were red and full of fire,
And he viewed the tramp with evident ire.

“Run for your life!” the maiden cried;
“I clean forgot to have him tied!”

“Run for your life through yonder door—
I cannot hold him a minute more!”

Without a word he turned his face
And leaped the fence with careless grace;

Then lightly along the road he ran,
A very much-put-out young man.

The maiden loosed her bull-dog's neck,
And gazed at the tramp,—a vanishing speck.

And peal after peal of laughter rent
The air with the maiden's merriment.

The dog was of terra-cotta ware—
She won him that week at a lottery fair.

“AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.”—I. EDGAR JONES.

Once a mighty potentate
Placed above his palace gate,
Golden letters, bright and clear,
“None shall pass or enter here
Who no kindly deed hath wrought,
Or some pauper's blessing caught.”

Warriors fierce with blood-stained pride,
Read its words and turned aside;
Princes, rich in power and gold,
Felt its message, clear and cold;
All turned back and none returned
Till its permit they had earned.

Soon in all that roomy land,
Blessings rose on every hand;
Great men made their kindness sure,
Rich men helped the sick and poor;
Words and works in sweetness blent,
Clothed the land in glad content.

Men who came and turned away
Learned what good in kindness lay;
Hard hearts cursed its terms and went,
Finding in its work content,
Thus ere many years and days,
All the land was filled with praise.

Then each heart and grateful tongue,
With the monarch's praises rung;
Thankful thoughts and thankful prayer
Paid their tribute to his care,
Anchored in each subject's soul,
Each a part and all a whole.

Rich in years but poor in pride,
There at last the monarch died;

Wide the pearly portals flew,
 That his soul might enter through;
 While upon its arches wrought,
 Gleamed the same familiar thought.

So when each his race had run,
 Came his people one by one;
 Greeting with a welcome smile,
 Its familiar word and style;
 Thus the king upon his throne,
 Gave heaven's passport to his own.

Still upon the heavenly dome,
 Greeting each who journeys home,
 While angelic anthems ring,
 Gleams the message of the king.

DEAKIN BROWN'S WAY.—GEORGE HORTON.

Old Deakin Brown lives out f'um town
 About four mile er so,
 An' drives a spankin' team o' bays
 W'en he goes to an' fro;
 An' allus w'en he overhauls
 Some feller walkin' on the ground,
 He stops his team and cramps around
 An' calls:
 "Hullo,
 Git in an' hev' a lift!"

You'll see 'im sit an' chaw an' spit,
 An' saw upon the lines,
 His jolly face so red with pride
 It reg'lar glows and shines;
 Them hosses step so gay an' high
 An' tear along at sech a gait,
 You'd scarcely think their owner'd wait
 An' cry:
 "Hullo,
 Git in an' hev' a lift!"

T^h see ol' Brown a-saggin' down
 On one e'end o' the seat,
 An' leaning sideways now 'n' agin
 To watch 'em pick their feet,

You'd think; "Here comes a rooral swell."
 But my! How quick your mind 'ud flop,
 W'en Deakin 'd make them hosses stop,
 An' yell:

"Hullo,
 Climb in an' hev' a lift!"

They's folks who ride in all their pride
 In fortune's rig on life's highway—
 Us folks who trudge along afoot
 Ken see 'em drive past every day;
 They haint like Deakin Brown at all;
 It makes no odds how tired ye git,
 Ye'll never see them wait a bit
 An' call:

"Hullo,
 Climb in an' hev' a lift!"

A PINK PERFUMED NOTE.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

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CHARACTERS.

EDYTHE HINSDALE, a young widow.
 JOHN CAMERON, an early friend of Edythe's.
 MONSIEUR DU PLANE, from over the way.
 ELISE, Mrs. Hinsdale's dressmaker.
 JOYCE, a maid.
 GEORGE JOHN, a laundry man.
 BILLY, a page.

SCENE.—*Drawing room, clock on mantel. Table at side, front.*

JOYCE (*searching around the room*). Strange I can't find it. I was positive I laid it down somewhere when I began to put the room to rights (*rummaging amongst the books on the table*). Well, if this is not another "mysterious disappearance of a young man." It is always the *young* men who disappear—at least, such has been my experience. You think you have 'em, when they suddenly vanish. Dear! dear! where is that photograph? And he only sent it yesterday, with the tenderest note saying that he wished to see me this afternoon about something important! Important!

*Author of "A Bonnet for my Wife," in No. 28, "A Game of Chess," in No. 29; and other Comedies and Farces especially suited for Parlor and Amateur Theatricals, which will be found in Dramatic Supplements appended to the earlier Numbers of this Series. A descriptive Catalogue sent free.

What is the most important thing a *young* man wishes to see a girl about? (*Laughs.*) Oh, how grand I shall feel when he says, with his eyes rolling like the gentlemen on the stage when they have queer sensations (*rolling her eyes*), "Joyce, will you be my ownest own?" I shall draw myself up to a height, and put out my hand gracefully and say in the freezest tone (*exemplifying*), "I consent to wed thee." Or maybe I'll be like the lady in the theatre—"Alphonso, my jewel," I will say passionately—only his name is not Alphonso, but that's his mother's fault not his. And—but where is his photograph? What can I say when he asks me about it? (*Looks about the room.*) Where can it be? (*Enter Mrs. Hinsdale, unobserved, her bonnet on.*) Oh, where is it?

MRS. HINSDALE (*coming forward*). Where is what? What are you looking for, Joyce?

JOYCE (*in confusion*). A young man—I mean—I mean I was looking for—ah—dust on the furniture, ma'am. Dust! (*Dusts a chair vigorously.*) Dust!

MRS. H. I hope your search will not go unrewarded—regarding the dust. Did any one call in my absence?

JOYCE. No, ma'am. That is, yes, ma'am.

MRS. H. (*drawing off her gloves.*) What do you mean by "no," and then "yes"? You are strangely confused. I asked you if any one called.

JOYCE. Mr. John Cameron was here, ma'am.

MRS. H. (*frowning, and aside.*) The most persistent of men. I am glad I went out to escape him.

JOYCE. He said he would do himself the honor of calling at five o'clock this afternoon, ma'am.

MRS. H. (*hastily looking at clock.*) And it is now half past four. Is the clock right, Joyce?

JOYCE. I set her this morning, ma'am. That's the good of that clock, ma'am,—you set her and she goes. It's a good riddle, ma'am—what's that that sets still, and yet goes all the time?

MRS. H. Perhaps a maid's tongue.

JOYCE. That don't set, ma'am—it lies.

MRS. H. Very likely. Now you can be like the clock, Joyce, you can go.

JOYCE. Yes, ma'am. (*Looks about her on the way out.*) Where, oh where can it be? Where — [Exit.

Mrs. H. (*removing her bonnet.*) And to think what is before me! John Cameron coming at five! I wonder if his innumerable brothers are as stubborn as he? And yet I used not to think him stubborn in the old days (*in a reverie*)—in the dear old days (*rousing and shrugging her shoulders*)! Ah, well, all that is over and done. Heigho! I know he comes to-day to ask me for the third time to be his wife. How preposterous! He knows that I will not accept him. Have I not told him so? Not that I care for any one else—(*Muses.*) No, I will never accept for my husband a man whom I am not positive I care for—have I no bitter memories to taunt me for having done so? Besides he is a man utterly lacking in romance,—no sparkle about him, a man I never heard a woman go wild over, the tameest of men. Yet—why will he persist that I do not dislike him? As though he knew my heart better than I know it! But I will see him, and have it over. He is coming at five, is he? And I am to see my dressmaker at half-past five. I have it! (*Rings bell. Enter Joyce.*) Did you tell Mr. Cameron that I have an engagement at half-past five?

JOYCE. Yes, ma'am. I told him you was getting fat, and your dressmaker was going to let out your seams, and —

Mrs. H. (*severely.*) Did you go into any further particulars and inform him as to the amount of sustenance I take?

JOYCE. Sustenance! No, ma'am, for you never do, being a teetotaler. But he said he'd be here at five (*searching, as for a missing article*).

Mrs. H. The clock shall be an accessory to my pleasure (*going to clock, while Joyce is looking around, and moves the hands to five o'clock*). Now he can stay but a little while, at any rate; he will come at half-past five by my clock, and he knows I have an engagement at that time. Joyce, I am going to my dressing-room. I will see Mr. Cameron when he calls—but no one else, mind, no one else. (*Aside.*) He shall receive his congé at once. So I am growing fat, am I? Fat, and by analogy, *old*. My seams let out, indeed! [*Exit.*]

JOYCE. Oh, what will the dear boy say when he knows I've lost it. He'll never believe it; he's so jealous he'll think I've been careless with his picture, and (*looking at clock*) — Mercy! how the time flies! Time is like a young man's

thoughts, it flies to what it loves. I wonder what time loves?
I wonder what it goes to when it flies from us (*searching*)?

[*Exit.*]

Enter Du Plane.

Du P. Ah, I ring on ze door and I knock on ze bell, and nobody knows me to be zare. So I walk in ze house of my neighbor like one assassin. Yet must I have what I seek (*looking around the floor*). Ze billet doux writ in ze English and for Elise who like ze English. She knows zat I write it, I tell her she have it to-day. I put ze lettaire on ze window,—ze fenestre, while I my face shave. Puff! come ze wind, and ze billet doux fly like one rose couleur angel across ze street into a window of zis house. I must find him, I vill do so, and—Voila! What have I done! I enter ze maison like ze burglaire, and—ah, my billet-doux! somebody come—here is une mademoiselle I did not see. I vill hide myself and my emotion behind ze furniture. (*Hides behind sofa.*) Ah, Elise, Elise!

JOYCE (*entering*). What's that? I thought some one was here.

Enter Mrs. H. with letter.

MRS. H. Joyce, I should like you to give this letter to the page to post at once. (*Sits herself at table, and takes up some embroidery.*)

Du P. (*looking up, aside.*) Post ze lettaire! what lettaire? my lettaire!

JOYCE. Yes, ma'am (*going*). I wonder why you say "post" a letter? It must be (*looking at address on letter*)—her brother—it must be that letters usually go to sticks.

Enter George John.

GEORGE J. (*rapturously.*) Joyce!

JOYCE (*putting out her hand*). I consent to wed thee—I mean (*gruffly*) what do you want? Don't you see my mistress is here?

GEORGE J. I came to speak to her.

JOYCE. What—(*Mrs. H. turns around. Exit Joyce.*)

GEORGE J. If you please, ma'am (*taking pink envelope from his pocket*), I thought may be Mr. John Cameron was here.

Du P. Zat is my billet doux, he gives it to her. I will assassinate him.

MRS. H. (*sharply.*) Why should Mr. John Cameron be here?

GEORGE J. I knew he often comes, ma'am; I saw him come here a little while ago, and as his hotel is a good way down town, and I had a note to deliver to him, and — and —

MRS. H. You took the liberty to deliver his correspondence at my house. It is a very great liberty, indeed. Who are you?

GEORGE J. I am George John, Mr. Cameron's laundryman, around the corner. My mother keeps the laundry, and I run it. We have seventeen mangles. We do up for all Mr. Cameron's family; Mr. John likes domestic finish, Mr. Robert takes his ivory, Mr. William —

MRS. H. I do not know that I care to hear what diversity of taste prevails in Mr. Cameron's family regarding the laundering of their linen. You had better take the note to its proper destination.

GEORGE J. Yes, ma'am. But, begging your pardon, maybe one of your servants would hand it to Mr. Cameron when he comes. I believe he calls every day?

MRS. H. (*aside.*) Is it possible that his unwarrantably frequent visits are commented on by my neighbors! And this is the man who expects me to care for him! (*Aloud.*) My servants cannot deliver the letter for you; you will excuse me for asking you to leave the house. (*She notices the envelope in his hand.*) Ah — on second thought you may put the note on the table there. Mr. Cameron shall have it when he calls this afternoon.

GEORGE J. Thank you, ma'am. (*Places the letter on the table.*) (*Aside.*) If I could only see Joyce and tell her how I love her. I'll look for her outside. [*Exit.*]

Du P. My lettaire! I always use ze rose paper, as Elise does. Pst! we buy it from ze boys at ze corner.

MRS. H. (*rising and going to table.*) A pink envelope! then the letter is not from a man!

Du P. Ah, a lettaire from a lady! Elise is madame's modiste; she write to madame (*laughing*).

MRS. H. A charming lady to call in the services of a laundryman to deliver her correspondence.

Du P. I forget ze man (*frowning*).

MRS. H. And violently perfumed. A delightful person, truly. The idea of my house harboring her letters! And this is the man I thought so dull, so unsparkling!

Du P. What! Elise write to a man, not me!

MRS. H. The letter shall lie there; when he comes to me with his deceptive protestations I will casually call his attention to it. That will be sufficient answer to him, without a word from me. (*Drops letter on the floor, thinking she places it on the table. Agitatedly walks up and down.*) The wretch! And Joyce told him I was fat, and my seams were let out! Oh—oh! (*Enter Joyce.*) Miserable girl, when Mr. Cameron comes—I say when Mr. Cameron comes —

JOYCE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. H. Don't answer me in that manner. I say when Mr. Cameron comes —

JOYCE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. H. Joyce, I insist upon it that you will not answer me as though I were fifty years of age, weighed seven hundred and fifty pounds and had a desire to go on exhibition in a circus-tent. I say that when Mr. Cameron comes—Joyce, you will come to some miserable end, I am confident. [*Exit.*]

JOYCE. Well, she's got a bee in her bonnet. My! but she was in a bad humor. Now I wonder why a woman is ever anything else than sweet tempered? And where has George John gone? Now I wonder what he wanted to see mistress for? But I must find his photograph before he sees me, for—(*Sees the letter on the floor.*) Eh! (*Picks it up.*)

Enter Elise, while Joyce is busy with the letter.

ELISE (*aside*). I see him—I see him wiz my eyes entaire zis house, like he owns it—just turns ze handle of ze door. Ze wretch! And he say he haf a billet doux in ze English for me, writ on rose papier. (*Sees Joyce.*) A rose lettaire in her hand! Ah, Achille, zis is where your billet doux goes, eh? I will scratch her. [*Exit.*]

JOYCE. A lovely pink envelope (*smelling it*). What heavenly scent—Frangipanni; it's like walking in a cemetery. And addressed, "Mr. John."

Du P. Mistaire John! Ah, Elise! you send lettaires to Mistaire John by ze wash man! Oh!

JOYCE. Mr. John! What Mr. John? there is only one—my John—George John! And in a lady's handwriting too!

Du P. A lady's handwriting! Elise's! I will assassinate Mistaire John.

JOYCE. He wanted to see mistress—is it possible mistress has fallen in love with him?—is this why she is cool to Mr. Cameron? What! she got me out of the room—she had this letter for John, and he dropped it—she was nervous, all mixed up—oh, George John, my dear, sends me his photograph, does he? (*Enter, Elise, unobserved. Stands near door.*) I have not lost that photograph, mistress has taken it! (*Puts letter in pocket.*) Ah, if I had George John here (*working her hands*).

ELISE (*aside*). So she puts in her pocket ze lettaire! I will find Achille and in zis house. (*Rushes out and knocks against George John who enters.*)

GEORGE J. Well, well! Who's your cyclone, Joyce?

JOYCE. Ah!

DU P. So zat is Mistaire John!

GEORGE J. Who was the girl in this room?

JOYCE. Me—I'm the only girl here.

DU P. Let me get hold of Elise (*shaking fist*).

GEORGE J. I suppose it was the chamber-maid. I say—

JOYCE (*running to George John and boxing his ears*). How dare you contradict me, even if you have another you love. Leave this house! Go! you're a villain—a murderer—a washee-washee!

GEORGE J. Why—why—

JOYCE. Go! Go home and eheat with the starch in your collars—don't iron the backs of your shirts. Go (*pushing him out, then sinking into a chair*)! Oh, I'll sue him for assault and battery—he hurt my feelings. Oh, oh, oh (*weeping*)!

Enter Billy, the page, with a pink note in his hand. Joyce, not seeing him, goes out.

BILLY. Well, as me name's Gallegher this goes beyant anything, wurra, wurra, wurra. Here's a lady afther bein' so dead in love with the likes o' me she writes a letther an' flings it into the windy o' my room. (*Reads letter.*) "Swatest and darlin'est jewel"—that's me, avick. (*Reading.*) "Me heart's clean went out o' me b-u-z-z-i-m, oh, yes, buzzim, an' I'll see yez this afternoon an' tell yez it to yer face. Yer a blessid angel an' I am yours." Well, it's quare! How does she know she's my angel, at all, at all? The like o' me, now. Well, I knew I was a broth of a boy, but niver a bit did I know I was an angel, though I've a full blood cousin of me own

that's a policeman. Arrah! (*Enter Elise.*) Here is mistress dressmaker! Can it be her that's afther writin' —

ELISE. Monsieur, vat has your hand hold?

BILLY. Eight fingers, two thumbs, a wart and a letther.

ELISE. That lettaire?—you read it?

BILLY. Is it afther bein' yours, me dear?

ELISE. Oui—

BILLY. We! Does it belong to both of us?—we? then come to me arrums.

ELISE. Monsieur—I do not comprendez—I do not stand under you.

BILLY. Yer not a door mat, darlint.

ELISE. I understand not. I come here—madame wish to see me and —

BILLY. You sent me this letther beforehand?

DU P. So this is Mistaire John! How many is he?

ELISE. I wish that lettaire—it is wrong zat you keep it.

DU P. She writes lettaire to him!

BILLY. It is my letther, me jewel, an' I'll be afther wearin' it forninst me heart.

ELISE. You refuse —

BILLY. I accept, it sames to me.

ELISE. You refuse to restore ze lettaire. I will search zis house for Achille. [*Exit.*]

BILLY. A keel! Does she take the house for a ship-yard?

DU P. (*coming out.**) Mistaire, zat lettaire, I demand it of you.

BILLY. Demand and be blessed, and fwhat'll ye get by that? How did the like o' ye get in here?

DU P. I valk me in, promenade, passé through ze door. I ask you for ze lettaire.

BILLY. Ye have the right to do all the askin' ye plaze.

DU P. You refuse! Then I will fight you ze duel.

Enter Joyce.

JOYCE. I've seen her, I've seen her—she's that French Elise, and she's waiting in the house to see him after writing him a letter. Oh!

DU P. Precisely, Mademoiselle, and she see him here, in zis vera room.

JOYCE. She did, she has seen him here?

*While Du Plane is hiding it is left to the player's judgment as to his bobbing up and down. Of course he must keep out of sight of the others—all his lines during that time being "asides."

BILLY. Be aisy, Joyce, darlint. She didn't say more nor a few words. I didn't know ye'd care, me jewel. I'm a broth of a boy.

JOYCE. Care! oh, Mr. Du Plane, you are a neighbor and I know you have courted her. Go after her, and lick him; She's fying through the house in search of him.

DU P. Ah! Parbleu! Ah! [Exit.]

BILLY. And I'll parboil the pair of yez, for doin' that saine. [Exit.]

Enter John Cameron.

CAMERON. What's the row, what's the row here? Good gracious! whatever is the matter?

JOYCE (*jumping up and curtsying*). Yes, sir, yes, she said if you called —

CAMERON. Why are you so agitated, my good girl?

JOYCE. I was—oh, it runs in my family. I—I will tell my mistress. (*At the door, softly.*) It's mistress, not Elise, who is in the fault; Elise is only a blind. Poor deluded Mr. Cameron. [Exit.]

CAMERON. What? What was that she said? I did not catch her exact words. But it sounded like "poor deluded Mr. Cameron." What nonsense—merely my nervousness, I am here to learn my fate. I know that Edythe loves me—and she does not know it. Why I loved her long before she married Harry Hinsdale, as she knows well. (*Looks at clock.*) Pshaw! Is it possible I am late? And she has an engagement at half past five. However, she is at home, and she shall see me. (*Looks about him.*) Here are all her pretty things, her bric-a-brac, her books. They say the books of a woman disclose her mind. (*Takes up a book.*) Here are the Sonnets of Shakspeare, that alphabet of love, as it has been called. Let me see the particular Sonnet she has marked with this piece of paper. Is it the one that says, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment. Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove. Oh, no (*opening book*), it is—" Hallo! what have we here? A photograph! A young man! a date written on it, that of yesterday, and "To my darling." Is it possible that this is the clue to her treatment of my suit? Oh, this is, indeed, too much (*thrusting picture in book, which he throws upon table, and walking up and down*

the stage). To think that it should come to this! To think what a devoted slave I have been, only to find her unworthy! Let her come to me that I may upbraid her, accuse her—yet have I the right? Let me go to the garden for awhile; I am in no condition to see her now.

Enter Joyce.

JOYCE. My mistress will be here in a minute, sir.

CAMERON. So will I.

[*Exit.*

JOYCE. There's something the matter with everybody, but me. And how nervous she was when I told her Mr. Cameron was here! wait till I tell her my feelings about her and George John and —

Enter Mrs. Hinsdale.

MRS. H. Mr. Cameron—why where is he?

JOYCE (*coolly*). In the garden. Said he'd be here in a minute.

MRS. H. You can go, Joyce.

JOYCE. Oh, can I?

MRS. H. What do you say?

JOYCE (*haughtily*). That hear you I do, ma'am, being blessed with ears, which runs in my family.

[*Exit.*

MRS. H. What is the matter with the girl? She acts as though she were stage-struck. And why does not Elise come?—Stay! I will look at him from the garden-door (*going left and looking off*). There he is, walking up and down and slashing the roses with his cane, why—(*Looks at table.*) The note is gone! He has been here, found and read it and it has disconcerted him. Good! He is compelled to see me, having made an engagement to do so; and I will not say a word about the note. How he must wonder how it came to be here—and he will not dare to ask. And this is the man who for years professed to love me, the man I *could* have cared for but for my father's senseless opposition to him because of his small bank account. Elise is late (*looking at clock*). He comes in time—I will set the clock back. (*Sets it back a half hour.*) Now I am ready for him (*seating herself, and fanning vigorously*). Who can the creature be who writes on pink envelopes perfumed with Frangipanni? (*Muses.*)

Enter Cameron, unobserved.

CAMERON (*aside*). There she is, my ideal of a woman! How

fair, and yet how false! Can it be possible! (*Goes forward.*)
Madam!

MRS. H. (*startled, rising.*) Mr. Cameron! (*They confront each other.*)

CAMERON. I regret to have disturbed you this afternoon. You will be in time for your engagement. (*Looks at clock.*) I will detain you but a moment. Though I am positive I came later than that. Even your clock is eccentric —

MRS. H. As the world is. If you have another engagement —

CAMERON. Pardon me, I have no other engagement (*bitterly*). I will never have an engagement again, I—I—(*There is an awkward pause.*)

MRS. H. But I have—with my dressmaker, as my maid has informed you. (*Changing tone.*) Mr. Cameron, there should be little hesitation between us. We have known each other too long to play at cross-purposes.

CAMERON. We have indeed—too long, much too long.

MRS. H. It would be folly for me to pretend ignorance as to the purport of your call this afternoon. There can be but one answer to the question you would again put to me. That answer is now irrevocably—No! I will own that it might have been otherwise; I feel now that it might have been different, though I did not know my mind till a few minutes ago when I—when I —

CAMERON. You are confused. Pray be calm.

MRS. H. Sir, I *am* calm. I was never so calm in all my life before. Suffice it to say that I deserved better treatment at your hands, if only because of our long standing friendship. (*Bites her lips.*)

CAMERON. Better treatment! I do not understand you. You know what a devoted slave I have been to you, and —

MRS. H. I know all that you would say. Furthermore, your presence here to-day is peculiarly distressing to me.

CAMERON. I do not doubt it.

MRS. H. Will you explain yourself?

CAMERON. I can appreciate your agitation.

MRS. H. You can? Then why are you here? Nay, but you are caught in your own trap.

CAMERON. My own trap!

MRS. H. A pink one perfumed with Frangipanni.

CAMERON. A pink trap perfumed with Frangipanni!

MRS. H. Pray do not be so innocent.

CAMERON. If ignorance is innocence I am guiltless of being in a pink trap that is perfumed with Frangipanni. And yet I remained here to say something to you regarding traps. Mine are in the shape of photographs.

MRS. H. You speak in riddles.

CAMERON. With "To my darling" written on them.

MRS. H. Ah, then the photograph was covered by a pink envelope perfumed with Frangipanni?

CAMERON. Eh? I beg your pardon!

MRS. H. (*enraged.*) You are a most ungenerous man. Why should you stand there and pretend to understand not a word of my meaning?

CAMERON. Because I do not. But why should you pretend to misunderstand my allusion to photographs?

MRS. H. I understand you fully. And to think of my house being the receptacle of such communications. A pink envelope—Frangipanni—it is really too vulgar to speak of.

CAMERON. I will not stand this play-acting. Edythe—

MRS. H. Sir!

CAMERON. I will call you Edythe. I have loved as few men have loved. For years you have been my lode-star. When unhappy through loss of you and my early dreams of joy I have been tempted to seek forgetfulness at any price, a thought of you kept me upright and true. When grieving and dispirited, life looked black and hopeless, I saw your light afar off—not shining on me, but bright for all that—and I have tried to believe that a little of the radiance came near me because you *must* remember our early days when you could not doubt my feeling for you. And—oh, I cannot, I cannot speak (*breaking off and walking up and down*).

MRS. H. (*aside, agitatedly.*) He makes me ill. I believe I have always loved him, and never knew it till now. I did not know—he has always cared for me! Oh, that horrid pink envelope! And yet how easily am I deceived! What does he expect to gain by this effort to beguile me?

CAMERON. Edythe, I leave you now. I shall never see you again. But before I go I must tell you that I came here to-day to plead my cause once more, to ask you for the last time to be my wife. In this room I awaited your coming,

filled with the wildest hope, despite your treatment of me—for I thought I understood you, and that you cared a little for me. Waiting thus, I came upon something which separates us forever.

MRS. H. I know that you did.

CAMERON. I found it upon that table.

MRS. H. Exactly.

CAMERON. You acknowledge —

MRS. H. I certainly do, and would add to your self-reproach.

CAMERON. *My self-reproach!*

MRS. H. What you found upon the table came shortly before your arrival. It was placed where you found it purposely to attract your attention. Naturally I could not place it in your hand myself. Suffice it to say, that before it came I really did not know that my feeling for you was other than a friendly one. But when I knew that we were divided —

CAMERON. Edythe!

MRS. H. Yes, and but for that—that article you found on the table I should never have known it. Carry with you this food for reflection,—that I might have been your wife; and the further knowledge that I believe you have never cared for me, that your protestations are now insulting.

CAMERON (*his hand to his head*). What is the meaning of this? My brain will turn! You—you love me, you might have been my wife but for—I leave this city on the six o'clock train. I—oh, air! air! [*Exit hurriedly.*]

MRS. H. No wonder he hurries into the garden. The proof of his guilt overwhelms him. And I (*sobbing*)—He is going from me forever. Perhaps as the husband of that pink envelope perfumed with Frangipanni, a photograph inside it. Oh, to treat me thus! What a consummate actor the man is, and yet I love him! He shall not make the six o'clock train. (*Runs to clock and sets it back a half-hour.*) The pink envelope shall be disappointed (*falling into a chair, weeping*).

Enter George John.

GEORGE J. If you please, ma'am—

MRS. H. (*starting to her feet with an exclamation.*) You here! (*Grasps his arm.*) That letter for Mr. Cameron—was it—was it from a lady?

GEORGE J. Certainly. And may I ask what is the matter with Joyce?—does insanity run in her family?

MRS. H. Why did you bring that pink envelope here?

GEORGE J. I thought I'd see Joyce, ma'am, and ——

MRS. H. What has Joyce to do with this?

GEORGE J. A good deal, ma'am.

MRS. H. Joyce! John Cameron comes here every day—Joyce is good-looking—Joyce was strangely perturbed when she spoke of Mr. Cameron—Joyce always uses Frangipanni! The letter is from Joyce! Oh, terrible deception! a light breaks in upon me, I see it all, I see it all! [*Exit.*]

GEORGE J. Blessed if I do, then. A light breaks in upon her, does it? Joyce? Joyce was strangely perturbed when she spoke of Mr. Cameron, was she? Joyce called me names and turned me out of the house. Mr. Cameron then came in, and—oh, ho! oh, ho! (*Cameron looks in.*) I see it all too, I see the cause of Joyce's treatment of me,—she's going to marry Cameron. I'll have his heart's blood, with pleasure will I become a murderer of the first degree, and ladies will send me flowers and fruit (*striking attitude*).

Enter Joyce.

JOYCE. Well, I've watched.

GEORGE J. Have you, you deceitful vixen.

JOYCE. What! you here!

GEORGE J. I know you.

JOYCE. And I know you. I hope you enjoyed your conversation with Mrs. Hinsdale, caitiff—oh, you Ananias and Sapphira—oh, you political campaign document!

GEORGE J. I've found you out; I don't care what epitaphs you bestow on me. I'll prosecute the pair of you; I'll—I'll ——

Enter Elise, running to Joyce.

ELISE. So it is you, is it? Bah! wiz my own hands do I pull off your cap and trample upon it. (*Pulls off Joyce's cap and dances upon it.*) Ah, zis is ze lady who receive rose-couleur billets-doux. It is in your pocket.

JOYCE. And there it is going to stay, you French blizzard. So you were hired to see to that note, were you?

ELISE. See to it? I have no see it.

JOYCE. You pulled off my cap. Here goes your bonnet (*pulling off bonnet and crushing it*).

ELISE. Help! Help!

GEORGE J. What does this mean? Joyce, are you receiving notes from gentlemen?

ELISE. She is, she is.

JOYCE. Oh, what deceit—

ELISE. Help! Help!

Enter Cameron, and goes up to George John.

CAMERON. So it is you, is it?

GEORGE J. So it is you, is it, that we've wanted so long?

CAMERON. Why—why you're the son of my laundress.

GEORGE J. I am. And how have you treated the son of your laundress!—an innocent woman that gets her bread by mingling with water every day of her life.

CAMERON. Son of my laundress, I wish you joy.

GEORGE J. Anything so you don't wish me Joyce.

ELISE. My bonnet! Help! Help!

JOYCE. I'll bonnet you! (*To Cameron.*) I wish I had one of the mangles of the son of your laundress, I'd do him up and blue him well—black and blue (*working her hands viciously*).

CAMERON. Girl, thank you for your partisanship.

GEORGE J. Mr. Cameron, I can't wish you joy, for she's as deceitful as a woman well can be.

ELISE. Yes—yes. That note!

CAMERON. I know it; therefore, son of my laundress, do you take her.

GEORGE J. I take her! never—never! All she will ever have resembling me is my photograph.

JOYCE. She hasn't got the photograph, she doesn't want it. And what's more, she's lost it.

CAMERON. Oh, no, she hasn't.

JOYCE. She has.

ELISE. She has her note in her pocket.

CAMERON. You're her partisan, are you? Then let me tell you, she knows where to find it.

JOYCE. She does not. But I know where to find the pink perfumed note.

ELISE. In her pocket. I will pull off her hair—

GEORGE J. What note?

JOYCE (*holding to Cameron*). Keep me from getting at him! O you scamp, you cheater of soap, starch and indigo! Don't I know all about the note written to you, George John, and left in this room for you!

ELISE. Oh! Oh!

CAMERON. This is simply frightful! I will leave the house at once; I have still time (*looking at clock*) to catch the six o'clock train.

GEORGE J. You had better take her with you.

JOYCE. Me! Take me! So you can get rid of me? Ah! (*flying at him*).

Enter Mrs. Hinsdale.

ELISE. Oh, Madame—she ruin my bonnet.

MRS. H. Joyce, is this your method of carrying into effect the adage relative to being off with the old love before you are on with the new?

JOYCE. I aint going off with anybody, old or new. And that French cat tore my cap.

GEORGE J. Mrs. Hinsdale, I appeal to you —

CAMERON. Naturally. I have the honor to wish this happy family good-evening!

JOYCE. I leave this minute, ma'am.

MRS. H. When Mr. Cameron leaves? quite a coincidence. Mr. Cameron, may all happiness be yours. Joyce has been a good—*servant*.

CAMERON. I am very glad to hear it. Madam, your good servant has incidentally mentioned the missing link,—a lost photograph. It was this photograph which opened my eyes.

MRS. H. As its cover, a pink envelope perfumed with Frangipanni, opened mine.

JOYCE. No, ma'am, I've got that,—that pink envelope. And George John shall never hear the loving words in it.

ELISE. I will see it; he said it was for me.

GEORGE J. Pink envelope! Frangipanni!

MRS. H. Are you in collusion with Mr. Cameron?—would you deny that you know of its existence? And, Joyce, was it given to you after it had been read by the one to whom it is addressed?

JOYCE. He never read it, ma'am, and he never shall!

CAMERON. Beautiful! beautiful! And your good servants too! (*At the table.*) Allow me to restore the lost chord of harmony (*holding up photograph*).

GEORGE J. Mine! my photograph!

JOYCE. The one I lost! There! (*Tears it.*) Now, ma'am, you haven't got it.

MRS. H. I! Have you lost your senses?

JOYCE. And he hasn't got his note (*taking note from pocket*).

ELISE. Let me see it—I will see it.

GEORGE J. Mine!

ELISE. Yours?

JOYCE. Of course it is—your name on it as big as life.

MRS. H. Joyce, that letter belongs to Mr. Cameron.

CAMERON. Preposterous!

ELISE. It is hers (*indicating J., sinking into a chair overcome*)!

GEORGE J. Yes, sir, it's yours—I brought it.

JOYCE. You—brought it?

MRS. H. Pray, Mr. Cameron, unravel this mystery.

CAMERON. I fear that only you can do that, madam. I must, in the meanwhile, bid you adieu! I have only time to make the six o'clock train. ●

MRS. H. The clock is more than half an hour slow; you are too late for your train.

Enter Billy and Du Plane, holding on to each other.

DU P. Here is ze villain zat come between my affection.

BILLY. The ould Frog that's lookin' for Madame Ellis.

ELISE (*jumping up. To Du P.*). I am here, traitor.

DU P. Wretch! (*Sees note in Joyce's hand.*) There it is.

ELISE. Eh, yes. She have it.

DU P. Give it to me.

JOYCE. It is hers (*pointing to Mrs. H.*).

GEORGE J. It is his (*pointing to Cameron*).

DU P. It it hers (*pointing to Elise*). I recognize it; it blew from my window over ze way and into a window of zis house.

BILLY. It's mine, it came in my windy.

JOYCE. George John, what is the meaning of all this?

MRS. H. I leave you, Joyce, to settle the matter with your several admirers.

CAMERON. *Her* several admirers!

JOYCE. *My* several admirers!

MRS. H. This is scarcely a place for a lady (*going*).

CAMERON. Nor for a gentleman (*going*).

JOYCE. Nor for a lady's-maid (*going*).

ELISE. Nor for me (*going*).

GEORGE J. Nor for the son of a laundress. Joyce, you'd better deliver that letter to Mr. Cameron; mother will ask me about it. His brothers' are all delivered, Mr. Robert's, Mr. Edward's—all but Mr. John's.

MRS. H. Mr. John's!

JOYCE. Why, it is addressed to "Mr. John," that's what he means,—Mr. John, himself; he's fibbing.

DU P. I wrote it —

GEORGE J. Mother addressed it. (*Takes letter from Joyce and carries it to Cameron.*) Frenchy's crazy.

BILLY. Why it's mine.

CAMERON (*advancing*). Why this is the same writing that was on the photograph.

GEORGE J. Mother's, sir; she writes beautiful, so she writes for me. I sent the photograph to Joyce. I sent the other notes to Mr. Edward, Mr. Robert, Mr. Samuel—only yours, Mr. John, I brought this afternoon to Mrs. Hinsdale's, knowing you're here every day, and hoping to see Joyce —

CAMERON (*tearing open note*). My laundry-bill.

ELISE. } What!
DU P. }

JOYCE (*flying to George J. They embrace*). Oh, George, George, forgive me—and I must have slipped your picture in the book when I dusted. I thought the fuss was about you.

GEORGE J. I thought it was about Mr. Cameron.

BILLY. Why, that's not my letter. Here's mine in my pocket. (*Du Plane rushes at him and tears it from him.*)

DU P. Zat is mine, in ze choicest English.

ELISE. And you meant it for her (*pointing to Joyce*).

DU P. Mabelle, for you, for you, ze sweetest, most recherché billet doux; it blew from my window.

ELISE. Ah, Achille, Achille (*throwing herself into his arms*).

BILLY. He's the keel! Then she's the rudder. And I'm not an angel afther all. Be the powers, the world's let loose.

MRS. H. (*coming forward*). Mr. Cameron, I am covered with confusion. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself.

CAMERON. I can never forgive myself, Edythe. I leave you. There is still time to catch the train (*looking at watch*).

MRS. H. (*going to clock and setting it forward three or four hours*). Too late!

CAMERON (*holding her to him*). Nay, just in time!

[*Curtain.*]

GRUMBLE CORNER AND THANKSGIVING STREET.

I knew a man whose name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner ;
Grumble Corner, in Cross-Patch Town,
And he was never seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this ; he grumbled at that ;
He growled at the dog ; he growled at the cat ;
He grumbled at morning ; he grumbled at night ;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he ;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain ;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste ;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste ;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then with a scowl
At something or other begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head ;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner !"

I met him next day ; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain ;
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down ;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much, and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said, "Mr Horner, I'd like to know
What has happened to change you so ?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
 For it told of a conscience calm and clear;
 And he said, with none of the old-time drawl,
 "Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
 "Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,
 "It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
 And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
 And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street."

Now every day as I move along
 The streets so filled with the busy throng,
 I watch each face, and can always tell
 Where men and women and children dwell;
 And many a discontented mourner
 Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
 Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
 To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

LITTLE WORRIES.—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Though many ills may hamper life
 When fortune turns capricious,
 The great but nerve us for the strife,
 The small ones make us vicious;
 Fierce griefs are soon outstripped by one
 Who through existence scurries;
 It's harder far a race to run
 With nimble "little worries."

A button bids your shirt good-bye
 When late for dinner dressing,
 You have a kite you cannot fly,
 And creditors are pressing;
 You run to catch—and lose—a train
 (That fatalest of hurries),
 Your newest hat encounters rain—
 Life's full of "little worries."

From day to day some silly things
 Upset you altogether;
 There's nought so soon convulsion brings
 As tickling with a feather;
 'Gainst minor evils let him pray
 Who fortune's favor carries;
 For one that big misfortunes slay
 Ten die of "little worries."

WHISPERIN' BILL.—IRVING BACHELLER.

So you're takin' the census, mister? There's three of us livin'
 still,
 My wife, and I, an' our only son, that folks call Whisperin'
 Bill;
 But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an' so it's hardly worth
 givin',
 For ye see a bullet killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

Set down fer a minute, mister. Ye see Bill was only fifteen
 At the time of the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this world
 has seen;
 An' what with the news o' battles lost, the speeches an' all
 the noise,
 I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its
 crop o' boys.

'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every stalk in the
 fields of rye
 Seemed to stand tiptoe to see him off an' wave him a fond
 good-bye;
 His sweetheart was here with some other girls,—the sassy
 little miss!
 An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave
 him a rousin' kiss.

Oh, he was a han'some feller, an' tender an' brave an' smart,
 An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a woman's
 heart.

I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my might.
 An' his mother an' me stood a-cryin' till Bill was out o' sight.

His mother she often told him when she knew he was goin'
 away

That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't fer-
 git to pray;

An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in
 the air,

An' Bill was a-fightin' desperate, he used to whisper a prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched
 a bit

When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had
 hit.

An' one night when the field was covered with the awful
 harvest of war,

They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was
 fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he
wasn't dead,
But he lay sort o' helpless an' crazy with a rifle ball in his
head.
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got
worth givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body
livin'.

An officer wrote and told us how the boy had been hurt in
the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring
him around all right.
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern
Hill,
That he thought in a course of a week or so he'd be comin'
home with Bill.

We was that anxious t' see him we'd set up an' talk o' nights
Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars an' put out the
northern lights;
We waited and watched for a month or more, an' the sum-
mer was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started fer home
at last.

I'll never fergit the day Bill came,—'twas harvest time
again;
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet with the
scent o' the grain;
The dooryard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to
share our joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that sol-
dier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the boy
know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from one
to another;
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his
coat o' blue,
"Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a
man who hears
The awful roar o' the battlefield a-soundin' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow
made it blind,
With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o' death
in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remember
me?
I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye
seem to be!"
But the boy kep' a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all he
knew,
"God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an'
never will;
Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night
through,
An' smooths his head, and says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take
care o' you."

Unfortunite? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin' death
more sad
When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has
gone to the bad;
An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every kind;
We only take care of his body, but God takes care o' his
mind.

—*The Independent.*

DEATH'S TRIUMPH.

To render this effective the speaker should appear to be addressing a prostrate figure.

Ho! ho! At last I've found you! You know not my weary years of patient watching and patient waiting. I've sat by you many a time with outstretched hands during your infancy. I've followed you during all the misfortunes and dangers of youth. I've sought you upon land, when the elements were in frenzy around you, when the thunderbolts were crashing near you. I've sought you when plague and pestilence were abroad in the land. But over and over you escaped me. I sought you on the battlefield, when leaden bullets fell like hail, and your comrades fell around you; yet again did you escape me, and my weary watch was in vain, for kind angels watched over you. Again I caught you on the ocean, when the wild waves ran mountain high. Ah! how I laughed as I saw the good ship go crashing on the hidden reef! How it gladdened my heart at sight of your

struggles, and how eagerly I stretched out my hands as the waters went over you! But a friendly spar came within your grasp, and again you were snatched from my arms. Disheartened, I left you. But at last, at the banquet, I saw you sip the sparkling wine. Then hope revived within me. You escaped war, which is my King Saul, that slew his thousands; but the wine-cup is my David that has slain his ten thousands. I was in your banquets. I mingled in your wine, and knew full well that ere long for you my weary watch was over,—that you, in your frenzy, would seek *me*. Ha! ha! At last I have found you!

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.—FOWLER BRANNOCK.

'Twas night—the clock had just struck ten,
 When, with a mighty din,
 The stage coach halted at the door
 Of Smith's hotel in Lynn,
 An inside passenger got out,
 Who straight went in the inn.

His portly figure was enwrapped
 In overcoat of shag;
 While one hand grasped a traveling trunk,
 The other held a bag;
 And in the twinkle of his eye,
 You recognized a wag.

"Waiter," he cried, "show me a room—
 I'm tired and travel-sore."
 The waiter showed him to a room
 Upon the second floor.
 "Just stay a moment," said the man:
 The waiter closed the door.

"Ye see," observed the traveler,
 "Ere I can take a doze,
 I'll have to ask a little help
 In getting off my clothes;
 For I'm a trifle crippled,
 And can't pull off my hose."

"All right," replied the waiter,
 Who was a generous elf;
 "I pity any man," said he,
 "As can't undress himself;
 I'll very soon unrig you, sir,
 And lay you on your shelf."

"'Tis well," resumed the traveler,
 Who dropped into a chair,
 "First hang my wig upon yon peg,"
 And he took off his hair.
 "I'm like a case of glass," said he,
 "And must be touched with care."

And as he spoke, he ope'd his mouth
 As though it was a trap,
 And thrust his fingers in the hole—
 The waiter heard a snap,
 And out there rolled two sets of teeth,
 And fell into his lap.

"Now, waiter, just unscrew my arm,
 But don't look so alarmed;
 I'm helpless as a sailing ship
 Upon a sea becalmed.
 And when my arm you've taken off,
 You'll see that I'm disarmed."

The waiter in astonishment
 Upon the traveler gazed:
 He thought so strange a stranger
 Must certainly be crazed;
 But, when he saw the arm come off,
 He was still more amazed,

And seemed inclined to go away.

"A moment more, I beg,"
 Cried out the waggish traveler:
 "Help me unstrap my leg."
 The waiter's hair began to rise
 As off he pulled the peg.

"As sheep in summer," said the man,
 "Rejoice to lose their fleeces,
 So, when I doff my limbs at night,
 My happiness increases,
 Because I cannot rest in peace
 Unless I rest in pieces."

Then he apostrophized his limbs
 In strange soliloquy :
 "Alas!" said he, "one's in the earth,
 The other's in the sea;
 But, though I well remember them,
 They can't re-member me.

" Now bring me here that looking-glass,
 And I'll take out my eye ;
 Although I'm not a party man
 A 'man of parts' am I ;"
 And, as he uttered this vile joke,
 He laughed as if he'd die.

The waiter's hair now stood on end,
 He trembled with affright ;
 "Surely," thought he, "no mortal eyes
 Ere saw so strange a sight."
 But the man of fractions only sat
 And laughed with all his might.

" Now lay my fragments in that box,
 Where they'll be out of sight ;
 Be careful not to drop the eye,
 And mind the teeth don't bite.
 My limbs go on my trunk by day,
 And in my trunk at night."

But fear held fast the waiter :
 He merely stood and stared.
 To see such soul-appalling sights
 He hadn't come prepared :
 While the traveler only laughed the more,
 To see the man so scared ;

And putting on a serious look,
 In solemn accents said,
 " There's only one more thing to do
 Before I get in bed :
 Steady yourself against the wall
 And just unscrew my head !"

You've met afore the metaphor
 About the camel's back ;
 'Tis a common aphorism where
 The creature's made a hack.
 It says it is the final straw
 That makes his spine to crack.

It is as apt as it is old,
 And, in the waiter's case,
 The meaning of the proverb is
 Not difficult to trace,
 For he could hear no more, but rushed
 From out the accursed place.

And down the stairs by threes and pairs,
 He fled with speed as quick
 As if an angry Nemesis
 Pursued him with a stick,
 Or as though the man without a leg
 Had given him a kick.

And heavily as falls a log,
 Or loaf of bread sans leaven,
 He fell upon the sanded floor,
 And, pointing up towards heaven,
 Shrieked out " I've seen the devil !
 He's up in Number Seven ! "

A DRUM.—STANLEY WATERLOO.

A regiment in motion and the rattle of a drum,
 With a rat, tat, tat! and rat, tat, tum!

Fear is on the face of some,
 Others stepping with aplomb;

And steady is the patter and the clatter of the drum.

Sweeping lines in evolution fast the wheeling columns come
 And a thousand men are stepping to the tapping of the drum!

There are countenances glum,
 There are senses dull and numb,

But a boy is stepping proudly—there is playing on the drum.

The rage and roar of battle, and the rattle of a drum,
 The shrapnel shot are flying with a zip! and a zum!

Cruel shells exploding come,
 And the bullets hiss and hum!

But a drum still echoes loudly. Will the thing be never mum?

Darkness on the field of battle, where the body-seekers come;
 The storm of death is ended, and displayed the struggle's
 sum:

A pallid face, a drum,
 There is blood, and both are dumb,—

A story of a drummer and a story of a drum.

THE SWORD.*—HELEN BOOTH.

All through the smiling, resting land
 There came the cry for valiant men—
 A traitorous horde was on the strand,
 And threatened freedom. Then, ah, then
 Uprose the country's manly forms,
 Each heart with fevered throbbings for
 The land it loved, whose very storms
 Were sweet as peace in time of war.
 A blanched woman of threescore years,
 A widow with a son alone,
 Pushed back gray hair and dried her tears
 (A fire within her pale eyes shone),
 Her boy of nineteen years she called,
 Her all of love, her most of life,
 Within whose heart her own was walled.
 She stifled her wild bosom's strife,
 She reached his grandsire's trusty blade
 From off its hook above the board,
 And held it to the lad, and said,
 "Here is your sword!"

Oh, carnage, carnage everywhere!
 The rattle and the din and smoke;
 The glints of fire; the awful stare
 Of blackened, sweatened men who spoke
 Their will in deadly deeds; the shrieks
 From writhing wounded forms; the rush
 Of steeds with fiery nostrils, streaks
 Of foam upon them; the awful crush
 Of flesh to earth! And there was yet
 A pass untaken, through which must
 The victory come. Let none forget
 The lad of nineteen years, who thrust
 Himself before his General's gaze,
 When all appalled they eyed the pass
 Where Death eyed them! His fair young face
 Shone with his mother's love. "Nay, lass,"
 The General frowned—"or lad art thou?
 What time have I to list thy word?"
 "List not," said he; "bid me to do—
 Here is my sword!"

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Full sweetly shone the sun upon
 The peaceful hamlet, where the kine
 Munched the white clover, where the run
 Of rivulet made music ; pine
 And elm before a low cot reared
 Their greenery, and a clucking hen
 Gathered her chicks 'neath wings, when neared
 A horseman leading mounted men
 In all the panoply of war,
 Victory in the bronzed cheeks.
 It is the General (and a scar
 Writes "bravery" on his brow) who speaks:
 "Halt!" and the steeds become as stone.
 A blanched woman of threescore years
 Came from the cot and stood alone
 Upon the sward, too brave for tears.
 The General held a hacked, worn blade,
 He pointed to the crape that scored
 His sleeve, and, bowing low, he said,
 "Here is his sword!"

OUT AT SEA.—J. S. FLETCHER.

I know that I am dying, mate ; so fetch the Bible here,
 What's laid unopen in the chest for five and twenty year ;
 And bring a light along of you, and read a bit to me,
 Who haven't heard a word of it since first I came to sea.

It's five and twenty year, lad, since she went to her rest,
 Who put that there old Bible at the bottom of my chest ;
 And I can well remember the words she says to me:
 "Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea."

And I never thought about it, mate ; for it clean slipped
 from my head ;
 But when I come from that first voyage, the dear old girl
 was dead.
 And the neighbors told me, while I stood as still as still can
 be,
 That she prayed for me and blessed me as was just gone out
 to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,
 For I never gave a thought to it—a-sailing everywhere.
 But now that I am dying, you can read a bit to me
 As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up right loud,
 So that the Lord can hear it if it finds him in a crowd.
 I can scarce hear what you're saying, for the wind that howls
 to lee;
 But the Lord'll hear above it all—for He's been out at sea.
 It's set in very dark, mate; and I think I'll say good-night.
 But stop—look there! Why, mate; why, Bill; the cabin's
 turning light;
 And the dear old mother's standing there as give the book
 to me!
 All right; I'm coming! Bill, good-by! My soul's going out
 to sea!

UNCLE PODGER HANGS A PICTURE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for a pound of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level? And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom—where's

Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture.”

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

“Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in my life—upon my word I didn't. Six of you!—and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the ——”

Then he'd get up, and find he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

“Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the coat to find anything as expect you people to find it.”

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the scrub-woman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him upon it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

“There!” he would say, in an injured tone, “now the nail's gone.”

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening:

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

“Where’s the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don’t know what I did with the hammer!”

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that he wanted half of thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody’s toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he’d let her know in time so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

“Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over every-

thing," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up very crooked and secure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the scrub-woman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

The world is sympathetic; the statement none can doubt.
When A's in trouble don't we think that B should help him
out?

Of course we haven't time ourselves to care for any one,
But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done.
We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved;
We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved;
We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and
brunt;
At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt.

And there are others, so we find, as on our way we jog,
Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log;
They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known
That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone.
If talking were effective, there are scores and scores of men
Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again.
But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt,
They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

LOTTY'S MESSAGE.—ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH.

Can you listen a heart-thrilling story
 Of pathos, and passion, and sin,—
 A tale of the tragical sorrow
 That comes of the liking for gin?
 Your ear, then, good friends, and I'll tell it,
 In just as plain words as I can,
 How honest Jack Drew was a drunkard,
 And how he became a new man.

For Jack was a right honest fellow,
 And handsome and stalwart, as true,—
 A forgerman, who wrought a Steam Hammer,
 And a large weekly "pay-bill" he drew;
 So Jack, like his fellows, got married,
 And had in good time a wee "tot,"
 A sweet little flaxen-haired darling
 As ever fell to a man's lot.

'Twas Lotty they called her—"Wee Lotty"—
 And well was the darling caressed,
 Till the passion for drink, like a demon,
 Killed all the sweet love in his breast;
 For Jack, who was once a good husband,
 As never was known to go wrong,
 Began to dip into the "strong stuff,"
 And the end, you may guess, wasn't long.

And Lotty's poor mother, alas, sirs,
 Now that her "dear Jack" was astray,
 Broke down in the fight to make ends meet,
 And passed straight to heaven away!
 And Jack for a moment was sobered,
 And drew himself back from the brink
 Whereon he'd been reeling in madness,—
 The horrible hell-pit of drink!

But, alas for the heart's human weakness!
 And, alas for the power that's in gin!
 Jack went back, like a tiger unsated,
 To drink down the horror within!
 Oh, the fires of remorse that now wrung him!
 That scorched both his heart and his brain!
 The regrets for the wrongs done his lost wife,
 He'd never on earth see again!

Ah: 'twas Lotty he now had to live for,
 If only the demon of drink
 Would loosen the bands that enslaved him
 And free him to work and to think!
 For Lotty, neglected wee Lotty,
 She, too, was fast wearing away
 To the land where her mother had gone to,
 Two years since, last Christmas day.

Well, one night in the depth of wild winter,
 When snow lay on house-top and street,
 Jack came home with fierce fire in his sunk eyes,
 His face gone as white as a sheet;
 "Lotty, get me a copper on these, lass!
 And hurry up! quick! or I'm done!
 The 'Pawns' will be shut in a minute,
 And to get you in time, lass, *I've run!*"

And he handed poor Lotty her wee boots,—
 The only good pair she had got;
 "Oh, father, the Sunday School Soiree,
 Next week!" and she smiled at the thought.
 "Curse the Sunday School Soiree! Be quick, child!
 Run, run the whole way all your might;
 I *must* have more drink, or, God help me,
 The river will have me to-night!"

"Hush, father! don't speak so! I'll go! yes,
 I'll run as I ne'er ran before,
 Though weak with a touch of the fever—"
 "Off! make yourself scarce! out the door!"
 So the poor child—ill-clad and sore ailing,
 Slow dying of want and despair—
 Ran out on the cold snows barefooted,
 Death-pierced by the cutting night-air.

Oh, 'twas vexing to Lotty! Just think on't!
 Her wee Sunday boots thus to go,
 To furnish the gin that was killing
 The love that her childhood should know;
 And the Children's Soiree she had dreamed of,
 No longer in hope to be hers!
 Oh, that drink should tear worse than a tiger!
 Yet that is the truth of it, sirs.

But Lotty ran hard with the "off'ring,"
 As hard and as fast as she could,

Till checked by a sudden exhaustion ;
 Then—*slowly* her way she pursued.
 Weak and fainting at heart she crept onward,
 Holding on by the wall as she went ;
 A strange blinding mist o'er her eyesight,
 And fear in her heart, weak and spent,

Till, reaching the pawn-shop's dark threshold,
 The strong door was slammed in her face,
 With a "Come back to-morrow, young slow-coach ;
 We don't 'low five minutes of grace !"
 So Lotty, struck dumb with chill terror,
 Crept back to her father's abode,
 Sinking down in his presence, exhausted,
 As if crushed by a terrible load.

"Where's the money, the money? oh, curse you!
 These boots! you have hung back till late!"
 "Nay, father, I ran without stopping,
 Till my breath felt crushed under a weight ;
 My boots, I'd have pledged them to serve you,
 But just as I reached the 'Pawn' door,
 'Twas shut in my face——" "You lie, Lotty!
Take that!"—and she swooned on the floor.

Yes, he lifted his clenched fist and struck her,—
 Struck down the sweet child of his love!
 For he loved her—but loved the gin better!
 And the angels wept sorrow above ;
 Remorse in his heart, he bent downwards,
 And tenderly lifted the child ;
 Then placed her upon her straw pallet,
 And well-nigh with anguish went wild.

"Oh, you wont die, sweet Lotty!—speak!—say so!"
 And he wiped the warm blood from her face,
 "I was mad, worse than mad, when I struck you,
 A wretch undeserving of grace.
 Oh, speak, Lotty!—speak! I'm your father!
 Sin-bruised both without and within :
 It wasn't your father who struck you,
 'Twas the demon that's born of gin!

"Don't die! for my sake, dearest Lotty,
 Live to see me reclaimed from this curse
 Which binds me in fetters of madness
 Than slave-chains a thousand times worse ;

I'll struggle to break them forever,
 With God's help, as far as I can,
 If you'll only stay with me a little,
 To see me become a new man!"

As beauty and peace are prefigured,
 When God's love has rainbowed the sky,
 A smile lighted up Lotty's features,
 An Iris let down from on high:
 "No, father, 'twas not you that struck me,
 I know it; 'twas just the bad drink;
 God will take these, your tears, as repentance,
 And strike off your chains, link by link.

"To be with you, and comfort you, father,
 I fain for a lifetime would stay;
 But, just now, do you know, I saw mother,
 And—I feel that I'm going away.
 Have you not one sweet word for her, father?
 I should like so to speak of you fair;
 Just one dear word of grace from your own lips,
 A message of love to take there?"

"Lotty, tell her I've signed it!—yes, *signed* it!—
 The 'Pledge' she oft spoke of while here;
 With my heart's anguished blood it is written,
 Though the trace of it mayn't appear.
 Tell her, Lotty, I'll join her in heaven,
 God-willing—for yours and her sake;
 That's my one word of love to your mother,
 The message of peace you will take."

A smile lit the wan face of Lotty,
 A smile that was not of this earth,
 For long ere the break of the morning,
 She passed to her heavenly birth.
 And Jack, poor dear fellow, he lives yet,
 Though sober and sad-like of face;
 And he hopes a re-union in heaven,
 Where he sent Lotty's message of grace.

A SERMON ON LIFE.—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Man born of woman is of few days and no teeth, and indeed it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his teeth he had convulsions when he cut them, and as the last one comes through, lo!

the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry seeds.

Stone-bruises line his pathway to manhood; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the playground and the teacher whips him in the school-room.

He buyeth Northwestern at 1.10, when he hath sold short at ninety-six, and his neighbors unloadeth upon him Iron Mountain at sixty-three and five-eighths, and it straightway breaketh down to fifty-two and one-fourth. He riseth early and sitteth up late that he may fill his barns and storehouses, and lo! his children's lawyers divide the spoils among themselves and say: "Ha! ha!" He groaneth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beateth upon his breast and sayeth "My crop is lost!" because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost biteth his peaches. If it be so that the sun shineth, even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe is me, for I perish!" and if the northwest wind sigheth down in forty-two below, he crieth, "Would I were dead!" If he wears sackcloth and blue jean, men say "He is a tramp," and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen, all the people cry: "Shoot the dude!" He carrieth insurance for twenty-five years, until he hath paid thrice over for all his goods, and then he letteth his policy lapse one day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a house in Jersey, and his first-born is devoured by mosquitos. He pitcheth his tents in New York, and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas, and a cyclone carryeth his house away over into Missouri, while a prairie fire and ten-million acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop. He setteth himself in Kentucky, and is shot the next day by a gentleman, a colonel and a statesman—because, sah, he resembles, sah, a man, sah, he did not like, sah.

Verily, there is no rest for the sole of his feet, and if he had to do it over again he would not be born at all, for "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

PATTIN' JUBA.—FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"Pattin' juba," is the darky expression for a shuffling dance, in which the hands accompany the motion with a rhythmic patting.

Wuffaw yo' look a' me laike dat
 I aint a doin' nuffin !
 P'yurs laike yo' t'ink dis chile am flat
 Jes' caze he's pattin' juba.

I knows my shu't he full o' holes,
 My trousiz kine o' baggy ;
 My laigs, mam' say, is jes' laike poles,
 But lawsy, dey is danc'uh !

Wuffaw yo' w'ite folks alluz t'inkin'
 'Bout w'at yo' eat an' w'ah ?
 Wuffaw yo' spi'its alluz sinkin'
 Yo' 'oettuh learn pat juba !

Brudduh Jones he say awn Sunday
 Ou' Heb'nly Fahduh lubs us ;
 But come snn-up awn a Monday
 Yo' frets 's if yo' all's awphins.

I knows my shu't he full o' holes,
 My trousiz kine o' baggy,
 My laigs, mam' say, is jes' laike poles,
 But—see me pattin' juba !

Fi' cents fuh *me* ? Jes' caze I dance ?
 Oh t'anky, missis, t'anky !
 Dis nigguh gwine fuh kick an' prance,
 Fi' cents fuh pattin' juba !

HOW THE BEES CAME BY THEIR STING.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

The honey-bees on Mount Hymettus, long and long ago,
 Had made some honey from the very sweetest flowers that
 grow ;
 It was very clear, translucent, and golden in its hue,
 It tasted of the sunshine, the roses, and the dew.
 And they all declared, the oldest inhabitant as well
 As the youngest, that for whiteness and firmness of the cell,
 For sweetness and for flavor, that there was not anywhere
 A drop of honey that with this a moment could compare.

It seemed as though all gracious things had entered into it,
 It seemed an offering for the king of high Olympus fit.
 So thought the queen bee, and, of course, the others thought
 as she did ;

Therefore without dissenting, it quickly was conceded
 That she should take it up to him (I quite assume that you
 know

That when I speak of Jupiter, I am including Juno).

So up to Mount Olympus, to Jupiter the Great,
 The queen bee of Hymettus, went flying swift and straight,
 And laid her gift of honey, fresh, amber-hued, and sweet,
 With many pretty compliments, low at his highness' feet,
 Saying: "O gracious Jupiter! the gift I bring contains
 The life of verdant valleys, and the soul of summer rains;
 The freshness of the morning, the noon's effulgent glory,
 The blushes of the roses as they listen to the story
 That the south wind whispers to them, and the fragrant
 breath that comes

From the lips of lily blossoms and the heart of clover-blooms;
 Besides which, and far better, it holds a love as true
 As the sweetness of the lilies or the freshness of the dew.
 And with humble admiration, we beg that you will let us
 At the feet of Mount Olympus lay the heart of Mount Hy-
 mettus."

From all of which remarks it is plainly to be seen
 That she was a very eloquent, poetical bee queen.

And Jupiter, admiring, unto himself avers
 That his kindness and politeness at least shall equal hers.
 And so, with many a winning smile and many a gracious
 bow,

He accepted her fair offering, explaining to her how
 Of all the gifts from any land or clan, or tribe or nation,
 There could be none that he would hold in higher estima-
 tion.

Besides, he gave a banquet to the gods that night, and so
 She could see with half an effort that her gift was *apropos*.
 He was very kind and gracious, and, at last, in reckless
 pleasure,

And wishing to make fit return in full and ample measure,
 Declared that he would deem it a very happy task
 To give to her for all her kind, the gift that she might ask.
 "So ask ye, gentle queen," he said, "unfearing, and straight-
 way

Your desire shall be granted, let the same be what it may."
 She mused a little moment, and then she said, "O king!
 I pray you give to me and mine a keen and subtle sting ;

That when the mortals vex us, as often they are tain,
That we may use that sting to their excruciating pain."

Then Jupiter was sorry, and thus in griet said he:
"Your choice does you no honor, O golden-belted bee.
I deemed that to your graces—they are many, well I know—
You would ask that I some greater and sweeter would bestow.
That some all-crowning beauty or secret charm I'd add,
Your choice, I must confess, O queen! has made me very
sad.

Still, since my word is given, my thoughtless vow I will,
With certain sad conditions, most honestly fulfil.
I give the keen and subtle sting to you, O queen, and yet,
Whenever it within the flesh of mortal man is set,
In the wound it shall remain. Oh, behold your heartless
choosing
Is a bane and not a blessing! for *you perish with its using!*"

The queen was very sorrowful and saw with pain and
wonder,
That in her selfish wishing she had made a wretched blun-
der.

She saw, what all the years since then have been most surely
proving,
That gain is to the giver and love is for the loving;
That blows strike back, that haters for hating but the worse
are;

That curses evermore come back and dwell beside the curser.
—*Good Cheer.*

CHERISHED LETTERS.*—MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER.

I am sitting alone by the desolate hearth-stone,
Reading their letters while memories flow,
Stirring my soul to the depth of its fountains,
Like "echoes of harpstrings" that broke long ago;
I am keeping them all for the sake of my darlings,
Loved ones and lost ones,—they number but seven;
Two who are sorrowing, one who is wandering,
Four who have passed through the portals of heaven.

Here is the letter all post-marked and blackened,
Jamie was coming from over the sea,
Idolized Jamie, our blithe brother Jamie,
Coming to home and to mother and me.

*From the author's revised manuscript by permission.

Here is another for Jamie's pet sister,
Some pitying stranger had written to me:
Jamie was sleeping,—our Jamie was sleeping
Under the beautiful, sorrowful sea.

Here is the missive from Bertha, our beauty,
Bertha who wedded the heir of the Grange;
She is a lady in satin and diamonds,
Beautiful Bertha, but altered and strange.
Still for the sake of the winsome, wee sister—
Dear little Bertha, so gentle and fair—
I am keeping this record of Bertha's first sorrow,
Bertha's affection and Bertha's despair.

I see her sometimes in the pride of her grandeur,
Haughty and stately, and cold as the snow,
And pity the child for the mask she is wearing
And sigh for the heart lying broken below;
It seems like a dream that her fair jeweled fingers
In bitterness traced the few lines that I read:
"Come to me, sister, I seem to be dying,
I loved him, I lost him, I would I were dead!"

This in its envelope war-worn and tattered
Is a letter from father to her he loved best,—
Father who died on the red field of honor
With liberty's blood flowing out from his breast.
Glad was the hour when the wild shout of victory
Swelled at the nation's high heart like a flood,
But costly the triumph, ah, dear was the victory
Bought at the price of my father's best blood.

Here is the tear-blotted farewell from Lula,
Lula who would be an actress, she said;
Silver-voiced Lula who flitted with summer—
Where is she? where is she? living or dead!
Never a word from the wilful young rover,
The joy or the grief of her fate is untold;
But the bitterest drop in my cup is for Lula,
Lula the darling-lost lamb of the fold.

Under the turf daisy-starred and fresh springing,
My dearest has folded her hands on her breast.
They wanted new angels to praise Him in heaven,
And mother, dear mother was called with the rest
Ah, but I missed her through long nights of anguish,
Choking with sobs that I could not repress,

While the fair, golden head of poor motherless Lily
Nestled to sorrowful sleep on my breast.

Here is the message that Lily was dying,
Mother's sweet baby I reared as my own;
Seventeen summers the angels had lent her,
Then Lily, the bride of a twelvemonth, was flown.
I kissed her cold lips, and I kissed her dead baby,
Lily's fair baby, and robed them in white;
And the fair, golden head that once slept on my bosom
Dreams on a drearier pillow to-night.

I am keeping this one for the sake of my lover,
The loving and loved of my youth's perished May:
And here is the ringlet whose gold matched my tresses
Ere trouble and time turned the golden to gray.
Something about it—a thought of caresses,
A waft of the perfume he fancied the best—
Touches the spring of a grief unforgotten,
And gushes of feeling are shaking my breast.

Ah, me, when the sad tears of mem'ry are flowing
In sorrowful retrospect over the past,
What trifles they seem that have made up the measure
Of anger that sunders our hearts to the last;
A word lightly spoken, a ring and a ringlet
Sent back to the hearts that could prize them no more,
And the fate of two proud loving hearts has been written
And life's lonely problem is—how to endure?

Pshaw! this is weakness, I thought I was braver,
I, who am gray-haired and wrinkled and old;
I am scarcely so brave as my poor little Bertha
Who trampled her sorrow and wedded for gold;
Poor ringlet! poor letter! good-bye, lonely pledges
That torture my soul with such hopeless regret,
For never again will I gaze on the pages
Where the love and the hopes of a lifetime have set!

Where is the ribbon? There, tie up the letters!
Sorrowful records of home's scattered band.
'Tis lonely without them—I weary of waiting
To clasp them again in a happier land.
I was their first-born, their comfort, their darling,
I am the last and the loneliest now,—
Waiting to go when the Father shall call me,—
The last lonely leaf autumn hangs on the bough.

DE QUINCY'S DEED.—HOMER GREENE.

By permission of the Author.

Red on the morn's rim rose the sun ;
 Bright on the field's breast lay the dew ;
 Soft fell the light on saber and gun
 Grasped by the brave and true.
 Death to the many and fame to the one
 Came ere the day was through.

Loud on the sweet air rang the call,
 Blast from the bugle and quick command ;
 Swift to their saddles they vaulted all,
 Sat with the reins in hand,
 Spur to the steed's flank, fears in thrall,
 Eager to sweep the land.

"Straight to the hill-top! Who's there first,
 We or the foe, shall win this day."
 So spake De Quincy; then, like a burst
 Of splendor, he led the way,
 He and his white steed both athirst
 For the mad sport of the fray.

"Charge!" What a wild leap! One bright mass
 Whirls, like a storm cloud, up the hill ;
 Hoofs in a fierce beat bruise the grass,
 Clang of the steel rings shrill,
 Eyes of the men flash fire as they pass,
 Hearts in the hot race thrill.

See! from an open cottage lane
 Sallies a child, where the meadow dips ;
 Only a babe with the last refrain
 Of the mother's song on its lips.
 Straight in the path of the charging train,
 Fearless, the little one trips.

Under the iron hoofs! Whose the fault ?
 Killed? It is naught if the day be won.
 On! to the—"Halt!" How he thunders it! "Halt!"
 What has De Quincy done?
 Checked, in a moment, the swift assault,
 Struck back saber and gun.

"Back!" till the horses stand pawing the air,
 Throwing their riders from stirrup to mane.

Down from his saddle he bends to where
 The little one fronts the train,
 Lifts her with care till her golden hair
 Falls on his cheek like rain.

Bears her from harm as he would his child,
 Kisses and leaves her with vanquished fears,
 Thunders his "Forward!" and sees the wild
 Surge of his troops through tears.
 The fight? Did they win it? Aye! victory smiled
 On him and his men for years.

IN THE DIME MUSEUM.

A woman, on whose face deep lines had traced the words, "old without age," walked about in a dime museum leading a boy.

"Hoo, wee!" the boy exclaimed, "look there."

"That's the fat woman."

"What made her so fat?"

"I don't know."

"Eating so much?"

"I don't know, I tell you."

"Will you ever be that fat?"

"I hope not."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to be so fat."

"Does it hurt?"

"No—I think not."

"Then why don't you want to be so fat?"

"Because I couldn't get around."

"But you wouldn't have to get around. Papa could get a big table an' you could set on it and——"

"Hush!"

"Why?"

"If you don't hush I'll take you out of here."

"Do you have to pay to go out?"

"No."

"But you had to pay to come in, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you have to pay to go out?"

"If you don't——"

"Oh, look there! What's that man doing?"

"Spinning glass."

"How spinning it?"

"I don't know."

"Then how do you know he's spinning it?"

"If you don't hush this very minute I'll spank you when we get home. You trifling little rascal, you annoy me almost to death."

After a short silence.

"Ma, what's annoy?"

"Bother."

"What's bother?"

"Are you going to hush?" turning fiercely upon him.

"Oh, what's that?"

"The Circassian lady."

"What's the matter with her hair?"

"Nothing, it's natural?"

"How natural?"

"It was always that way."

"When she was a little tiny baby?"

"Gracious alive, no!"

"Then how could it be that way always?"

She then took hold of his ear.

"Ouch, now!"

"Don't you cry here. If you do I'll whip you when we get home."

"Why mustn't I cry here?"

"Everybody would laugh at you."

"Would the fat woman laugh?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Are you going to hush?"

"Yessum. What are them men doin'?"

"They are cowboys, showing—"

"What's a cowboy?"

"A man that drives cattle out on the plains."

"If he's a man, how can he be a boy?"

"Didn't I tell you that I'd whip you if you didn't hush."

"Yessum. Are there any calf boys?"

"I think not."

After a slight pause.

"Mamma, then little children would be calf boys, wouldn't they?"

"I suppose so."

"Am I a calf boy?"

"No."

"Why?"

"If you don't hush this very minute I'll take you home. You shall never go anywhere with me again, never, never so long as you live."

"I couldn't go after I quit livin', could I?"

"No."

"I'll be an angel then, wont I?"

"I suppose so."

"Will I look like a bird?"

"I don't know."

"Like a chicken?"

"Merciful heavens, no!"

"What will I look like?"

"I don't know. Now, hush!"

"But I can fly, can't I?"

"Yes."

"Wont I fall?"

"No."

"I can ketch birds, can't I?"

"I don't know."

"But if I can fly fast I can, can't I?"

"I suppose so."

"Will I go around and wrestle with people?"

"What? You trifling rascal, what do you mean, say?"

"Why, you read in the Bible that Jacob wrestled with an angel."

"I'm going to tell your father to whip you just as soon as we get home. You'll see, sir, mind if you don't. You promised to be a good boy, but you have been meaner than you ever were before."

"Please don't tell him."

"Will you be good?"

"Yessum."

After a few moments of silence.

"Look at that man, got on woman's clothes."

"That's not a man. It's the bearded lady."

"How bearded?"

"Got whiskers."

"Will you have whiskers?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't—look here, didn't you tell me that you would be good? You give me the horrors."

"What's the horrors?"

"Come to me."

She seized him, and, as she was hurrying from the house, a man addressed her, saying that the performance had begun down stairs.

"Ma, what's the performance?"

She jerked him through the door and dragged him away.

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.*—S. W. Foss.

The auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud and clear,

He poured his cataract of words,—just like an auctioneer.

An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mortgagee
Was bound to get his money back and pay his lawyer's fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer;

His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the answer-
ing jeer;

He scattered round his jests like rain, on the unjust and the
just;

Sam Sleeman said he laughed so much he thought that he
would hust.

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks and
chandeliers,

And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a thousand
years;"

He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware;

At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? come make a bid; is all your
money spent?"

And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid, "one cent."

Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor, dead
baby's chair!"

*From "The Yankee Blade," by permission of the Author.

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the softened auctioneer,

"I know its value all too well; my baby died last year;
And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mortgagee,
Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shame-faced from his audience to brush away a
tear;

The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye was
there

When the weeping woman reached and took her little baby's
chair.

THE HUNCHBACKED SINGER.

"I am Nicholas Tachinardi, hunchbacked, look you, and a
fright.

Caliban himself, 'tis likely, was not a more hideous sight!

Granted. But I come not, friends, to exhibit form or size.

Look not on my shape, good people; lend your *ears* and not
your eyes.

"I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer*: spare me for awhile your din.

Let me try my voice to-night here; keep your jests till I
begin.

Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask.

See, I stand before the footlights waiting to begin my task.

If I fail to please, why, curse me; but not before you hear

Thrust me out from the Odeon. Listen, and I've naught to
fear."

But the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf and mocked
his shape,

Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, pre-
sumptuous ape!

Off, unsightly, baleful creature, off and quit the insulted
stage!

Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage!"

Bowing low, pale Tachinardi, long accustomed to such
threats,

Burst into a grand bravura showering notes like diamond
jets,

Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang,

Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those footlights sang.

And the hunchback ever after, like a god, was hailed with
cries:

"King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have
but eyes!"

THE ELOQUENCE OF O'CONNELL.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I do not think I should exaggerate if I said that God, since he made Demosthenes, never made a man so fit for the great work as he did O'Connell. You may think I am partial to my hero, very naturally. But John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old slaveholder held up his hands and said: "This is the man; these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." And I think he was right.

Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a Senate; Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand; but no one of them could do more than that one thing. The wonder of O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin; he could charm a college better than Everett; delude a jury better than Choate, and leave Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a Senate. I have heard all the grand and majestic orators of America, who are singularly famed on the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to melt under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun; but all three together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, the great Irishman. In the first place, he had,—what is half the power with a popular orator,—he had a majestic presence. God put that royal soul into a body as royal.

He had, in early youth, the brow of Jove or Jupiter, and the stature of Apollo; a little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sidney Smith said of Lord John Russell's five feet, when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had been carried, that the

*Daniel O'Connell, the distinguished Irish patriot, was born in the County Kerry, Ireland, August 9, 1775. He died in Genoa, Italy, May 15, 1847.

stalwart hunters of Yorkshire said: "That little shrimp! What! *he* carry the Reform Bill?" "No, no," said Sidney; "no; he was a large man; but the labors of the bill shrunk him." Do you remember the story of Webster, that Russell Lowell tells, when we, in Massachusetts, were about to break up the Whig party? Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest; and four thousand Whigs went to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before the sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder, and he said: "I am a Whig,—a Massachusetts Whig, a Revolutionary Whig, a constitutional Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig party, where am I to go?" And Russell Lowell says: "We held our breaths, thinking where he could go. But if he had been five feet five," said Lowell, "we would have said: 'Well, hang it, who cares where you go?'"

Well, O'Connell had all that. Then he had, besides, what Webster never had, and what Clay had, the magnetism and grace that melts a million souls into his. When I saw him he was sixty-six,—lithe as a boy; his every attitude was beauty; every gesture was grace. Macready or Booth never equaled him. Why, it would have been delightful even to look at him, if he had not spoken at all; and all you thought of was a greyhound. Then he had—what so few American speakers have—a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once, in Exeter Hall, say: "Americans, I send my voice careering, like the thunder storm, across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the negroes that the dawn of their redemption is breaking." And I seemed to hear the answer come re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh. And the next moment tears were in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears.

PRESTO CHANGO.*—JOSEPH BERT SMILEY

Sempronius Prigg and Miltiades Piso
 Were invited one night to a stylish high tea.
 I couldn't say why so
 But this Mr. Piso
 Was much more sedate than his wont was to be.

And so Mr. Prigg kept his eye on Sir Piso,
 And watched him quite carefully all the meal through,
 And while he so eyed him,
 He presently spied him
 Slip a fine silver teaspoon down into his shoe.

Sempronius Prigg, when he saw Mr. Piso,
 Thought that a remarkably provident act.
 Accordingly, he soon
 Was poking a teaspoon
 Away in his pocket with subtlest tact.

But the hostess she happened to see this manœuvre,
 And asked our friend what he was trying to do.
 Now that was a very
 Embarrassing query,
 And to ask him before a whole table-full, too.

But Prigg very promptly responded, " Well, madam,
 I was going to show you a neat little game;
 Of course you don't know it,
 But I will now show it,—
 I'm a sleight-of-hand artist of no little fame.

" Now, madam, I'll take this most elegant teaspoon,
 And it goes in my pocket, as every one sees,
 And now I am able,
 While still at this table,
 To send this same teaspoon wherever I please.

" Now this is a wonderful, rare exhibition,
 But still, if you please, I will show it to you.

Now *Spirito Venito*
Presto tu chango—

You will now find your spoon in that gentleman's shoe."

*From "Meditations of Samwell Wilkins," a collection of original poems, opinions and parodies, by permission of the Author.

THE SHEPHERD'S STORY.—DAVID J. BURRELL, D. D.

A mother, in the twilight
 Of a low-browed cave, nursing an infant
 On her bosom, gazes intently into its face
 As one who wonders, dreaming and seeing visions.
 Startled by sound of footsteps drawing near
 She clasps her infant closer and listens.
 On a sudden a torch, flaming in the doorway,
 Reveals a nomad shepherd with a company
 Of rustics following and peering through the gloom.
 Seeing the mother and her holy child they enter
 Reverently and bow before him.

The shepherd speaks:

“We were abiding in the fields by night,
 Watching over our flocks, when suddenly
 The heavens were aflame and the earth glowed
 With an exceeding splendor.
 And lo! from the midst of the glory
 Stood forth an angel saying:
 ‘Fear not, good news I bring!
 For unto you is born,
 This glorious morn,
 A Savior, who is Christ, your King!
 Good tidings,
 Good tidings of great joy!
 To Bethlehem haste, your hearts in gladness keeping,
 For there in swaddling bands arrayed,
 And in a manger laid,
 Your Christ lies sleeping!’
 Then suddenly from twice ten thousand tongues
 Of angels standing in the golden mist,
 An anthem of great joy:
 ‘Glory to God in the highest,
 And on earth peace,
 Good will toward men!’

“The sweetest song that angels ever sang,
 The sweetest music mortals ever heard,
 Now rising like the shout of an embattled host,
 Now murmuring like a lullaby:
 ‘Glory to God in the highest,
 And on earth peace,
 Good will toward men!’

“Then we arose with one accord and came
 Even unto Bethlehem!
 And our eyes have seen the Christ!
 Wherefore let us praise God:
 ‘Glory to God in the highest,
 And on earth peace,
 Good will toward men!’”

The shepherds went their way,
 And the years passed, while in the fields
 They watched their flocks. But evermore
 They saw visions in the clear blue skies
 And heard music in the silent nights
 That others saw and heard not.

THE WHISTLING REGIMENT.*

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

In the recitation which follows, the effect can be heightened by an accompaniment on the piano and by the whistling of strains from Annie Laurie, adapting the style to the sentiment of the verses.

The melody should be played very softly, except where the battle is alluded to, and the whistling should be so timed that the last strain of Annie Laurie may end with the words, “would lay me down and die.” The beat of the drums can be introduced with good effect, but it is better to omit it unless it can be done skilfully. It is well to state before reciting, that the escape described is not entirely imaginary, as many prisoners made their way through underground passages from rebel prisons, during the Civil War. An asterisk at the end of a line denotes where the whistling should commence, and a dagger where it should cease.

When the North and South had parted, and the boom of
 the signal gun
 Had wakened the Northern heroes, for the great deeds to
 be done,
 When the nation’s cry for soldiers had echoed o’er hill and
 dale,
 When hot youth flushed with courage, while the mother’s
 cheeks turned pale,
 In the woods of old New England, as the day sank down
 the west,
 A loved one stood beside me, her brown head on my breast.
 From the earliest hours of childhood our paths had been as
 one,
 Her heart was in my keeping, though I knew not when
 ’twas won;

*Taken, by permission of the author, from “Lines and Rhymes,” an admirable compilation of original articles especially suitable for public reading and recitation.

We had learned to love each other, in a half unspoken way,
 But it ripened to full completeness, when the parting came,
 that day;
 Not a tear in the eyes of azure, but a deep and fervent
 prayer
 That seemed to say: "God bless you, and guard you, every-
 where."
 At the call for volunteers, her face was like drifted snow,
 She read in my eyes a question and her loyal heart said,
 "Go."
 As the roll of the drums drew nearer, through the leaves of
 the rustling trees,*
 The strains of Annie Laurie were borne to us, on the breeze.
 Then I drew her pale face nearer and said: "Brave heart
 and true.
 Your tender love and prayers shall bring me back to you."
 And I called her *my* Annie Laurie and whispered to her
 that I
 For her sweet sake was willing—to lay me down and die.
 And I said: "Through the days of danger, that little song
 shall be
 Like a password from this hillside, to bring your love to
 me."†
 Oh! many a time, at nightfall, in the very shades of death,
 When the picket lines were pacing their rounds with bated
 breath,*
 The lips of strong men trembled and brave breasts heaved
 a sigh,
 When some one whistled softly; "I'd lay me down and
 die."†
 The tender little ballad our watchword soon became,
 And in place of Annie Laurie, each had a loved one's name.
 In the very front of battle, where the bullets thickest fly,*
 The boys from old New England oft-times went rushing by,
 And the rebel lines before us gave way where'er we went,
 For the gray-coats fled, in terror, from the "whistling regi-
 ment."
 Amidst the roar of the cannon, and the shriek of the shells
 on high,
 You could hear the brave boys whistling: "I'd lay me down
 and die."†
 But, alas! though truth is mighty and right will, at last,
 prevail,
 There are times when the best and bravest, by the wrong
 outnumbered, fail;
 And thus, one day, in a skirmish, but a half-hour's fight at
 most,
 A score of the whistling soldiers were caught by the rebel
 host.

With hands tied fast behind us, we were dragged to a prison
pen,
Where, hollow-eyed and starving, lay a thousand loyal men.
No roof but the vault of heaven, no bed save the beaten
sod,
Shut in from the world around us, by a wall where the
sentries trod,
For a time, our Annie Laurie brought cheer to that prison
pen ;
A hope to the hearts of the living ; a smile to the dying men.
But the spark of hope burned dimly, when each day's set-
ting sun
Dropped the pall of night o'er a comrade whose sands of
life were run.
One night, in a dismal corner, where the shadows darkest
fell,
We huddled close together to hear a soldier tell
The tales of dear New England and of loved ones waiting
there,
When, hark ! a soft, low whistle pierced through the heavy
air,*
And the strain was Annie Laurie. Each caught the other's
eye,
And with trembling lips we answered : " I'd lay me down
and die."
From the earth, near the wall behind us, a hand came strug-
gling through,
With a crumpled bit of paper for the captive boys in blue.
And the name ! My God ! 'twas Annie, my Annie, true and
brave,
From the hills of old New England she had followed me to
save.†
" Not a word or a sign, but follow, where'er you may be led,
Bring four of your comrades with you," was all that the
writing said.
Only eight were left of the twenty and lots were quickly
thrown,
Then our trembling fingers widened the space where the
hand had shown.
With a stealthy glance at the sentries, the prisoners gathered
round,
And the five whom fate had chosen stole, silent, underground ;
On, on, through the damp earth creeping, we followed our
dusky guide,
Till under a bank, o'erhanging, we came to the riverside :
" Straight over," a low voice whispered, " where you see you
beacon light."
And ere we could say : " God bless you !" he vanished into
the night.

Through the fog and damp of the river, when the moon was
 hid from sight,
 With a fond, old, faithful negro, brave Annie had crossed
 each night;
 And the long, dark, narrow passage had grown till we heard,
 close by,
 The notes of the dear old password: "I'd lay me down and
 die."
 With oar-locks muffled and silent, we pushed out into the
 stream,
 When a shot rang out on the stillness. We could see by the
 musket gleam,
 A single sentry firing, but the balls passed harmless by,
 For the stars had hid their faces and clouds swept o'er the
 sky.
 O God! How that beacon burning brought joy to my heart,
 that night,*
 For I knew whose hand had kindled that fire to guide our
 flight.
 The new-born hope of freedom filled every arm with strength,
 And we pulled at the oars like giants till the shore was
 reached at length.
 We sprang from the skiff, half fainting, once more in the
 land of the free,
 And the lips of my love were waiting to welcome and com-
 fort me.
 In my wasted arms I held her, while the weary boys, close by,
 Breathed low, "For Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."†

THE TWO CHIMNEYS.—PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

Upon two neighboring village houses
 Two chimneys stood,—one short, one tall;
 The former hidden from observers,
 The latter plainly seen by all.

The tall one thus addressed the other,
 As down he glanced in high disdain:
 "How mean you look, and what a figure!
 You surely never need be vain."

"I know," replied the short one meekly,
 "I'm but a very humble thing."

"That I should say," the tall responded,
 "And then you're only on a *wing*."

"Now you must find it lonely, very,
 To be away down there so far,

When all the better class of chimneys
High up upon the buildings are.

“And then so short! to call *you* ‘chimney’
Is most amusingly unfit;
‘A hole within the roof’ were truer;”
And loud he laughed at his own wit.

“I am as you have said,” was answered,
“But then, if one but meet the end
For which he’s made, what matter whether
He lofty be or lowly, friend?”

“We cannot all be palace chimneys;
Some must on common dwellings be;
If but alike we do our duty,
We’re equals quite, it seems to me.”

The night drew on and passed; as ever
The little chimney stood next morn;
But where is he, so high and haughty,
Who once the other laughed to scorn?

Ah, in the night a storm had risen,
And from his height the tall one swept,—
’Twas so exposed; whereas the other,
Low and low down, his place had kept.

Let us not envy those above us
(We have far less than they to fear);
But whatsoever be life’s station,
Contented fill our proper sphere.

IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE.

Comfortably ensconced in a settee at the railroad station a plainly but neatly dressed little lady of uncertain age awaited the departure of her train. The complacent air with which she regarded the numerous packages at her side told more eloquently than words that each parcel represented a triumph over some obstinate salesman, while the prim austerity of her countenance gave abundant warning that no familiarities would be tolerated.

An omnibus drove up to the curb and from it alighted a bewhiskered man having the appearance of a prosper-

ous farmer and bearing an enormous valise. He sauntered leisurely into the waiting-room and soon found himself in front of the neat little lady. Their eyes met at the same instant and there was a simultaneous exclamation :

“ Why, Sam ! ”

“ Well, I declare ! ”

The farmer dropped his valise and held out his hand with a smile of unbounded delight, but the little lady sprang to her feet and ignoring the proffered hand and the curious gaze of the bystanders, twined her arms about the neck of the man she had addressed as Sam, and planted a kiss upon his forehead with such a resounding smack that a nervous old lady sitting near was almost startled into dropping her spectacles.

“ Never was so surprised in my life,” declared the farmer, as soon as he could disengage himself.

“ I’m awful glad to see you, Sam. Where have you been all these years? How are you, anyway? ”

“ I’m toler’ble, thank ye. How do you git along? And how’s Henry and the children? ”

“ Henry who—what children? I don’t understand.”

“ Come, now, Mary, ye haint forgot yer own husband, I hope.”

“ My husband! Why, for land’s sakes, Sam, I never was married.”

“ Haw, haw haw! That’s purty good. But what makes ye call me Sam all the time? ”

“ Why, aint you my brother, Sam Potter, that left home in Peoria twelve years ago, and that I haven’t seen since? ”

“ Never was in Peory in my born days. But aint you my sister, Mary Williams? ”

“ Merciful heavens, no ! ” gasped the little lady, sinking back among her parcels and preparing to faint.

And the prosperous-looking farmer went out and stood on the curb for five minutes before he recovered his equanimity sufficiently to breathe freely.

LADY MAUD'S OATH.—RE. HENRY.

Lord Malcolm of Ruthven mounts his steed
To join his comrades in hour of need.
No stonter heart than the one he bore,
No trustier sword than that he wore.
Pity such gallantry, courage, and pride
Should cast in their lot with the losing side.
But never a thought of doubt or gloom
O'ershadows his face as he doffs his plume
To the Lady Maud, his bride of a year.
"Courage, sweetheart, and away with fear,
We'll hurl the usurper down from his throne,
And Monmouth, our leader, shall come to his own."

Gallant and gay he rides away,
Ready and eager to join the fray.
But the loyalest heart and the readiest hand
The chances of battle can ne'er command.
Gallant and gay he went forth that day ;
But the morrow's sun his broad beams shed
On a battlefield of crimson red,
Whence the rebel prince and his men had fled.
And Malcolm, weak with loss of blood,
Had dragged his weary limbs afar
To where an empty cottage stood,
Whose owner took flight at sound of war ;
And there in pain and weakness tossed,
More wretched through all that their cause was lost.

Alone through the dreary night he lay,
But with the earliest streak of day
The Lady Maud is at his side.
Some hurried news, half heard, half guessed,
The vague disquiet in her breast
To sudden terror moves.
And she has dared a midnight ride,
And laid all timid fears aside,
As women will who love.
Above his rugged couch she bends,
With all the skill that love supplies,
And gentlest touch, his wounds she tends,
And seeks to close the watchful eyes.
But heedless of her earnest prayer,
His eyes are fixed in wide hot stare
Lest sleep should seize him unaware.

"I must not sleep, perchance the foe
 Is hunting for me far and near,
 Without the chance to strike one blow
 Will seize me sleeping idly here,—
 A prize for those bloodthirsty men.
 I know the way the villains work,
 A form of trial by Jeffreys then—
 And slaughtered by that butcher Kirke.
 My eyeballs burn, my brain doth ache;
 Wilt thou, sweet wife, a vigil keep,
 And guard me, for I e'en *must* sleep.
 Should they pursue me e'er I wake,
 Why plunge yon dagger in my breast.
 Give me thy word and let me rest."
 She answers not—her lips are dumb.
 "Oh, let me not in vain beseech.
 At least then should the foeman come,
 Thou'lt place the knife within my reach;
 Let them not seize me as I lie,
 A traitor's shameful death to die."

Sore grieved is Lady Mand; she sees
 The throbbing eyes and aching brain
 Can ill endure the constant strain—
 What can she do to bring him ease?
 Then summoning her failing strength,
 "I swear, by Heaven," she cries at length.
 He heard the vow and smiled.
 "By Heaven and our pledged love, by both,
 Thou wilt not break the double oath."
 Then like a tired child
 He stretches out each aching limb,
 And longed-for sleep steals over him.
 Yet once he stirs—"Be true to me,
 Remember all my trust's in thee."

She sits and watches by his side,
 Until at last a peaceful tide
 Of happy thoughts steals o'er her heart,
 And all her wretched fears depart;
 Her husband-lover, her heart's lord,
 Will be to health and strength restored,
 And war and bloodshed soon will cease,
 And long sweet years of love and peace
 Will make amends for all this woe.
 What flattering pictures hope can show!

A sudden sound—her pulses thrill,
A group of soldiers on the hill;
She hears the martial tread;
And hitherward their steps they bend—
Great Heaven! is it foe or friend?
One moment—hope is fled!

“The soldiers of the King,—the foe!
And I have sworn—no, Malcolm, no,
I will *not* keep my vow.
Oh, God! why is this vengeance sent?
For what great crime this punishment
Is falling on me now?
Myself will die,”—she seized the knife.
“Coward that I am, false-hearted wife,
Unworthy I to bear his name,
Who’d doom him to a death of shame.
He trusted me, he trusted me,
And I have sworn to set him free.
And I will do it! Could I hear
To meet his look of wild despair,
And know myself forsworn?
To hear him say with latest breath,
Through me he died a traitor’s death,
Mid howls of wrath and scorn?
They come, they come, and I have vowed;—
Wake, Malcolm, wake,” she calls aloud.
He answers to her cry.
She takes the dagger from its place,
But dares not look upon his face
Knowing that he must die.

Backward she moves with faltering tread,
And stands once more beside the bed;
The knife, held loosely in her grasp,
From out her hand to his has passed;
She feels one kiss, one tender clasp,
And knows it is the last.
Ah—h— a shuddering sigh, a groan,
And Lady Maud seems turned to stone,
For she stands within that room alone.
Two souls were here, and one has fled;
She feels as if her hand were red.
The martial footsteps gain the door,
And Lady Maud steps o’er the floor
And flings the portal wide.

“Nay, let them come, no boon I claim;
 I’ve saved him from a death of shame,
 My love, my joy, my pride!
 Nay, let them come to wreak their hate,
 Speed as they may, they come too late,
 He’s safe! though I am desolate.”

A soldier on the threshold stands,
 He thrusts a paper in her hands,
 “Lady, forgive unseemly haste,
 Such errand brooks no time to waste.
 Unto Lord Malcolm do we bring
 Message of pardon from the King.”

“Pardon!” She glances toward the bed;
 “You bring your pardon to the dead!
 And all my crime and all my pain,
 Have been in vain—in vain—in vain!
 Go back—your message comes too late!
 And I—I have not long to wait,
 One grave will hold us both.
 And when heaven’s gate I enter in,
 And seek God’s clemency to win
 For many a dark and heavy sin,
 I’ll say—I kept my oath.”

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road,—
 Back the long miles you have carried the load;
 Back to the place where you had to decide
 By this way or that through your life to abide;
 Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
 Back to the place where the future was fair,—
 If you were there now, a decision to make,
 Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

Then, after you’d trodden the *other* long track,
 Suppose that again to the forks you went back,
 After you found that its promises fair
 Were but a delusion that led to a snare;
 That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
 Though dreary and rough was most graciously blest
 With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
 Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

A PARROT IN A DEACON'S MEETING.

Once upon a time, it does not matter when or where, the deacons of a certain church met together to consider the state of affairs in their little Zion. Things were going wrong. There were few conversions, many empty pews, and grumblers enough to stock a dozen churches. Even the collection plate was getting black in the face; and when that is the case it is time to pass an Ecclesiastical Reform Bill.

So the deacons met in solemn assembly in the house of one of the brethren, to investigate the cause of their troubles, and to find a remedy. Great was the talk—lengthened was the conversation—and, alas! they fell upon the poor minister as the root of all the evil. One said that he preached too long, and frightened the people away; another, that he did not visit enough; and another still that he lacked unction, fire and force. Well, sinners must have a scapegoat, and who is so fit for one as the minister? They resolved, therefore, to approach him and tell him their minds. This was a sad business, for they prayed before his settlement that God would send them the right man to the right place, and had they not thanked Him for guiding them so wisely in the choice of a pastor? Now it seemed that their present purpose showed clearly that the Lord had made a mistake and that they were the men to rectify it.

At last one of them moved this resolution: "Whereas, the state of affairs in the Church is so lamentable, we feel bound, in the interests of the cause, to suggest to our pastor the advisability of watching the leadings of Providence and to accept whatever call the Lord may be pleased to send."

They passed this resolution with a hearty unanimity, and went on talking.

Now, in the corner of the room there hung a parrot cage, and on the perch within stood a fine green parrot. Lately arrived in the country it knew no other language

than that which it had learned at sea. It was evidently puzzled by the talk of the brethren, and held its head on one side as if it wished to master the subject under consideration. One thing was certain, it meant to have its say in the matter as soon as an opportunity offered. The chance came. A lugubrious brother, in a long and mournful speech, was still wailing their unfortunate circumstances, and coming to the close said: "Well, brethren, I am sorry things are as they are; our minister may be a good man, yet think of it as I will, I see no remedy but—"

Work, you lubbers, work. Work, you lubbers, work.

So said the parrot, and abruptly finished the lugubrious brother's speech, starting the whole diaconate into a state of abnormal activity. Horrified at the untimely timeliness of the parrot's remark, the good brother who owned the parrot sprang up in anger—he was but a man—and made a dash at the cage with a fell intent of teaching the poor creature the dumb alphabet by twisting his neck.

"Stop, brother, stop," cried one of the brethren. "You may wring the parrot's neck but you cannot wring the neck of truth. The bird is right and we are wrong. Work is the remedy after all."

Down they all sat again, with the cry of the parrot ringing in their ears and consciences. Dear, good men, like most of us they had sought the easiest way out of the difficulty, and had made a mistake. The minister's failings had so fully occupied their attention that they could not think of their own. The parrot had put them face to face with themselves and their own souls, and they were obliged to see that, if the pastor had not done his best, neither had they. This was the conclusion they had reached; and, like honest men, they tore up their first resolution, and were wise enough to make another. They then went home, and in a few weeks the church began to flourish. "Every man had a mind to work." Some went out into the highways and hedges and compelled the wanderers to come in. Some took to the task

of visiting, and others helped in any way they could. Even the collection plate lost its gloomy look, it looked brighter; and as for the pastor, he plucked up heart and went ahead, for all the world knows that the leading horse must put on speed when the horses behind are pulling with a will.

As for the parrot it lived to a green old age, and, like the youth in "Excelsior," repeated its motto to the end. With a convulsive croak, and a merry twinkle of the eye, it left it as a legacy to the world:—

"Work, you lubbers, work. Work, you lubbers, work."

PROCRASTINATION.

In the dim conservatory,
In the lamplight's softened glory,
There I sought the old, old story
To confess.

But my secret I'd not let her
Learn too quickly; I'd not better
Importune that I might get her
To say Yes.

For she might think me unruly
If I hasten on unduly,
Though her heart desiring truly
To possess.

Had she quite enjoyed the dancing,
Found the music most entrancing?
Asked I. Slyly at me glancing,
She said Yes.

Then I spoke about the weather;
Did she like it cold, or whether
Cold and warm mixed up together
In a mess.

Cold or warm, or calm or breeze, or
So it really didn't freeze her?
Any kind, I asked, would please her?
She said Yes.

Did she think love out of fashion?
Did she doubt the tender passion?
Thus I gently put the lash on
My address.

Then a point I sought to carry ;
As a maiden should she tarry,
Or should she at some time marry ?
She said Yes.

Then her eyelids drooped a moment ;
I knew not what the action slow meant,
By it she had not a No meant
To express.

Had she ever meditated
O'er her friends already mated,
And the life that her awaited ?
She said Yes.

"Darling," said I, "I adore you ?
Tell me quickly, I implore you,
As I'm kneeling here before you,
Will you bless—"

Then a sound made me look up, or
I'd have kept right on ; 'twas Tupper ;
He said, " Will you go to supper ?"
She said Yes.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.*—FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

The following poem was recited by the author at the grand camp-fire of the G. A. R., in Mechanic's Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, August 13 1890, to an audience of fifteen thousand people, amid the wildest enthusiasm. The speaker approached General Sherman, who had the seat of honor on the stage and feeling along the lapel of his coat until he found the copper button, addressed him as follows:—

Excuse a blind old soldier if too eager in his quest
To feel the copper button on the lapel of your breast.
I've been so blind I haven't seen a comrade since the war,
But know the grip of fellowship found in the G. A. R.
I know you are a hero, though you tell me not your name,
So I shall call you comrade, for the meaning's just the same.
I've come to see the General—he's here, I understand ;
Now, comrade, lead me to him, for I'd like to shake his hand.

I know it is an honor,
But you'll tell him this for me,
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

'Twas the march of all the ages,—Shenandoah to the sea,
Then back again to Richmond, one long march of victory !

*Used by special permission.

Three thousand miles of marching, with a hundred thousand
 men,
 And a thousand banners flying—there was plenty fighting
 then ;
 For 'tis something more than marching, with the elements
 at play
 And the swarthy storm-king flinging his battalions in the
 way.
 It is something more than marching where every step you go
 You are forced to fight with nature and a still more stubborn
 foe.

I could tell you all about it
 If you'd listen unto me,
 For I marched down with Sherman
 From Atlanta to the sea.

I could tell you all about it, and the reason why 'twas done ;
 For ofttimes the greatest battle is with smallest carnage won !
 Those great chieftains—Grant and Sherman, peerless mili-
 tary twain—
 Planned to settle the rebellion in a double-fold campaign ;
 While Grant held Lee at Richmond, Sherman, marching
 through the South,
 Cut off hope and all resources save what's in the cannon's
 mouth.
 When your enemy is helpless it is just the same, you know,
 As when you've thrust a rapier through the vitals of a foe.

Yes, I'm a blind old veteran,
 But proud as I can be
 That I marched down with Sherman
 From Atlanta to the sea.

Lee well knew those marching thousands meant his final
 overthrow,
 And to yield far greater courage than cause useless blood to
 flow.
 Had those concentrated armies—veteran blue and veteran
 gray—
 Sought to settle the rebellion in one final, fatal fray,
 Fate's red history of battle would have held another page
 With recital of a carnage never known in any age ;
 And the sunset of rebellion would have made the earth
 more red
 With the blood of many thousands than the sunset over-
 head.

When I am dead, my comrade,
 'Tis enough to say of me :
 That I marched down with Sherman
 From Atlanta to the sea.

Some gained their fame at Gettysburg, when fame was nearly lost.

At Fredericksburg, Antietam, too, 'twas learned what fame may cost.

One climbed to fame on Lookout, fighting far above the clouds.
At New Orleans one sailed to fame, lashed to the flagship shrouds.

One rode to fame at Winchester! At Appomattox town,
Upon a modest soldier glory laid a modest crown.

And howe'er so many battles owe success to Sherman's name
As the mighty man of marches he'll be always known to fame.

What? You were down through Georgia?
Then you must have marched with me
When I marched down with Sherman,
From Atlanta to the sea.

Let's give three cheers for Sherman: Hurrah! hurrah!
hurrah!

Why are you silent, comrade? Is there something in your
craw?

What! profess to be a comrade, and yet refuse to cheer
The grandest of all generals? What motive brings you here?
Why come to these reunions if you haven't any soul?

There's a home for crippled soldiers who are neither sound
nor whole;

Why, you're more deserving pity, sir, and pension, too, I
swan,

Than these poor shattered veterans with arms and legs all
gone!

If you wont cheer Uncle Billy—
Well, you can't shake hands with me;
For I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Why, there's not another being in this nation, I dare say,
Not even yon confederate—brave enemy in gray—
On such a grand occasion would refuse to cheer, when bid,
The man who saved the Union, or led the men who did.
Uncle Billy loved the soldiers, for he had a heart within—
I heard him down in Georgia shout above the battle din,
We were rather busy fighting, but this sentence I recall:
"You brave boys who do the fighting, you're the heroes after
all!"

What? You are General Sherman?
Then you'll have to cheer for me!
For I marched down behind you,
From Atlanta to the sea.

CHRIST CALMING THE TEMPEST.—HORACE B. DURANT.

[By permission of the Author.]

'Twas morning over Galilee. In safe
 Repose its placid waters lay, as though
 They dreamed of vine-clad hills, that sweetly smiled,
 Reflected from their crystal depths. Calm as
 The measured pulse of happy sleeper, rose
 And fell its slumbering bosom, fanned by breath
 That stole with soft perfume across its tide,
 And whispered tranquil scenes of beauty from
 Judea's gorgeous land.

Such was the scene
 On Galilee, when Jesus with his hand
 Of faithful followers embarked unto
 Its furthest shore. Day memorable with
 Its deeds of miracles and mercies shown
 Unto the multitudes who watched the fast
 Receding ship that bore him from their view;
 Day in its very stillness full of deep
 And hidden import,—one which was, methinks,
 Designed to show to man his mighty power,
 And prove His own divinity. They sped
 Them onward; yet the evening found them still
 Amid the deep.

But, lo! a sudden change
 Comes stealing like a mantle o'er the face
 Of nature. There's a threat'ning scowl upon
 The distant mountain's brow. There is a deep
 Bass voice that calls from rocking forest depths,
 And it is answered by the murmurs hoarse
 Of angry Galilee. The ebon clouds
 Uprising in the lurid skies, spread wide
 Their black wings o'er the ghastly billows, and
 Send rolling thunders through the rocky heights
 And o'er the shudd'ring hills.

The tempest comes!
 It bends the groaning spars, and ocean seems
 Commingled with the skies. Vain is thy strength,
 O feeble man! The yawning caverns ope
 Beneath thy struggling vessel. Shrieking blasts
 O'erwhelm thy supplicating voice for aid.
 No mortal ear can hear; no friendly eye
 Can see thy lone distress. There is no hope;
 The baffled sailor sinks him helpless down

In mute despair, and they are face to face
 On every surge with death. Yet, Jesus slept;
 All day had he been burdened with the throngs
 That sought his healing hand and sympathy.
 From early morn had his pure truths been taught
 Unto a sinful race, and fervently
 His pleading prayers had risen up for them
 Unto the Father's throne. Now it was meet
 That he, who took our mortal natures, should
 Refresh its wearied powers in sleep.

O frail

Disciple, where is now thy faith? Hast thou
 Forgotten Jesus in thy peril? Lo!
 He calmly sleeps! Then came they and
 Awoke him, and he rose, and with a word
 Rebuked the raging winds and waves, and they
 Were still. At his omnipotent behest
 The storm-clouds fled, and Galilee
 At peace lay softly rippling at his feet.
 The wrecking tempest sudden sunk to low,
 Beseeching whisper, that not e'en disturbed
 The dark profusion of his locks.

THE GOOD.—J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

"What is the real good?"

I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;

Knowledge, said the school;

Truth, said the wise man;

Pleasure, said the fool;

Love, said the maiden;

Beauty, said the page;

Freedom, said the dreamer;

Home, said the sage;

Fame, said the soldier;

Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly;

"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom

Softly this I heard:

"Each heart holds the secret;

Kindness is the word."

UNCLE EDMOND AND THE YANKEE BOOK-AGENT.*—E. F. ANDREWS.

It was a warm evening in the early fall, and Uncle Edmond sat quietly smoking on the sidewalk, with his splint-bottom chair tilted back against the lamp-post that stood at Aunt Beady's corner. It was too early for the beauty and fashion of Larned street to be stirring abroad, the said beauty and fashion being occupied just at this hour in clearing the supper table and washing the dishes for its employers in Apple Blossom street.

Things were very dull around the corner, and Uncle Edmond's head was beginning to sink slowly upon his breast, preparatory to giving one of those sudden dabs forward that openly convict the perpetrator of nodding, when he was suddenly accosted by a long slim individual in a black alpaca coat as thin and limp as his own legs, carrying in one hand a pewter-headed walking-stick, and in the other one of those square gripsacks that mark the bearer unmistakably as a book-agent.

"Good evening, sir," said the stranger, touching his tall hat to the sleeper. "Have I the honor of addressing the Reverend Edmond Monday, parstor of the colored church over the way?"

"Who—whar—what you wan' wid me, boss?" stammered the old man, suddenly roused from a half slumber. "Wha' dat you seh 'bouten de chu'ch?"

"I asked if you were Mr. Monday, the parstor," answered the stranger, with a strong New England accent.

"Yeh, boss, yeh sah," answered Uncle Edmond now fully aroused. "I sc de pasture er Kingdom Come Chu'ch, tek a scat sah," offering his own chair and eyeing the square gripsack expectantly. "You b'longs to our 'ligious dissection, boss?"

"Not exactly," replied the stranger opening his sack. "I am a friend to all faiths; I wish to offer for your inspection 'The Looking-Glarss of Life,' the most re-

*By permission of the Author.

markable work of our age,—a work that no clergyman can afford to be without,” and he placed in Uncle Edom’s hand a thick volume gorgeously bound in heavily gilt green cloth. Uncle Edom turned the book carefully on all sides, took a shy peep between the covers, and then returned it to the agent. “I doan see no looking-glass in dar, boss,” he said, in a disappointed tone.

“That is the title of the work,” explained the agent, pointing to the large gilt letters on the back. “It is metaphorical, you know.”

“Meant fur what, sah?” inquired Uncle Edom, looking puzzled.

“Metaphorical,” answered the patient peddler of literature. “It is called the ‘Looking-Glarss of Life,’ because all phases of life are depicted there as in a mirror.”

“What sorter pictures you seh dey is?” continued the colored brother in all seriousness.

The agent turned to the title page. “There is the first illustration,” he said, pointing to a hydrocephalic infant, in a hanging basket, suspended from nothing and surrounded by apoplectic cherubs bearing handfuls of impossible flowers. “It represents guileless infancy reveling in the golden sunshine of life’s morning ere the roseate lines of dawn have been dispelled by the effulgent splendors of the god of day. And haire, at the beginning of Part Three, is a work of art that alone is worth the price of the book. You see haire depicted the visible incarnation of noble manhood as he struggles with heroic will amid the surging billows of life’s stormy main, keeping his steadfast eye upon the cynosure of hope that shimmers in heaven’s fateful vault above, undarnted by the grim visage of adversity glaring through the ever attenuating vail of the future.”

“You seh hit do?” answered Uncle Edom, scratching his head and staring blankly at the speaker.”

“And all for two dollars and a half!” continued the agent, not heeding the interruption. “There was never such a bargain in the literary market before. The bind-

ing alone is worth the price of the book, the pictures alone are worth it, and the reading—there's reading enough in that book to last you the balance of your life; two hundred and sixteen pages, bourgeois type, all for two dollars and a half! Fifty-two clergymen have contributed to this book and it has taken ten years to get it up—just think of that! fifty-two ministers, ten years; equal to the work of one minister for five hundred years, and all for two dollars and a half! How many copies shall I put you down for?"

"Were dat ministere a Baptis', boss, what wuk at dis book five hundred year?" asked Uncle Edom, with perfect gravity.

"Ministers of all denominations have contributed to it," replied the agent, vigorously wiping his brow. "It is the most remarkable compilation of the age; the most eminent divines of our day have contributed to it."

"An' who you seh writ it?" asked Uncle Edom deferentially.

"It isn't the work of any one author, it is a compilation," repeated the agent, sweating like a dray-horse. "You get the work of fifty-two authors in that book, every one of them ministers of the gospel, and only two dollars and a half! You will take at least two copies, wont you, one for your wife and one for yourself? No clergyman can afford to be without at least two copies of that book."

Uncle Edom cast a wistful glance at the brilliant gold and green cover, but when he reflected how many mugs full of Aunt Beady's corn beer two dollars and a half would buy, they appeared more enticing than even the green and gold bound wisdom of the fifty-two eminent divines, and he answered:—

"Dat dar book is mos' too dispensible fur colored pussons, boss; you'll hatter git white folks to buy sech as dat."

"Expensive!" exclaimed the agent in a withering tone. "Why it is the cheapest article for the money that has ever been put upon the market. Two hundred

and sixteen pages, *bourgeois* type, and fifty-two preachers, all for two dollars and a half! It is the cheapest book for the money ever printed."

"But I aint got no money to spar, boss; I'se done spore all I could, to buy vittles an' clo'es fur my wife an' chillun," objected Uncle Edom, with a mental reservation concerning the brown jug in Aunt Beady's cupboard.

"But you had better deny your wife and children bread," persisted the agent, "than deprive them of this book. No Christian family can afford to be without at least one copy of this book."

"I'd lack to git it, boss, ef I had de money," said Uncle Edom, squirming himself off to the very edge of the sidewalk, as his persecutor pressed forward, pencil in hand, "but—"

"Oh, but you needn't pay the cash," interrupted the book-agent eagerly, as if afraid the quarry might escape him after all. "Just let me put your name down, and you can pay when the book is delivered. No minister of the gospel can afford to be without this work—especially," he added, struck by a happy thought, "when the parstor of the other colored church in Sugar Hill has taken two copies."

"Bre'r Thusaleh got two er dem books!" cried Uncle Edom, suddenly recovering his interest in the work. "Well den, boss, I reckon you'll hatter put me down fur three."

The agent wrote down the name with a flourish, and then hurried away to try the same tactics on Bre'r Thusaleh.

THE DEACON, ME AND HIM.—LOUIS EISENBEIS.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

Last night they held a meetin', makin' a ginerall search,
 Seein' if they couldn't find a way to build a stylish church.
 Old Deacon Jones, he told 'em (and the deacon he was right)
 They'd better make the old one do, for the times were hard
 and tight:

*Author of "The Parson's Vacation," "The Church Fair," &c., in other Numbers of this Series.

Money was scarce, an' lots of people havin' nothin' 'tall to do:
Not a-knowin' how to manage for to put the winter through.

I, too, told 'em-in the meetin', I had figured up, and know,
'Twould be hard to git the money jist to build a church for
show ;

Why, sed I, for forty years I'd bin goin' to and fro,
Through the summer's heat and dust and the winter's cold
and snow,

And I'd never heerd complainin', or suggestin' somethin'
new,
That the meetin' house was common, so it wouldn't longer
do :

And the deacon, me and him, sed the house was good
enough,

And to go and build another would jist be a waste of stuff ;
For the Lord was great and holy, and opposed to empty
show,

And to help 'em build another, *we* would vote a solid no !

Howsomever, they decided, after long and keerful search,
For to go ahead and build it, an't must be a stylish church.
So we saw 'twas no use talkin', and the deacon, me and him,
Seein' as how we couldn't stop em, sed they needn't count
us in ;

For the deacon, me and him, when we see a sin about,
Keep a-poundin' and a-poundin', tryin' to knock the bottom
out.

Why I never could believe it, from the cradle up to now,
That a stylish church was better, any way, or any how ;
That 'twas any nearer heaven settin' in a cushioned pew,
Than upon the old pine benches in our meetin' house. do
you ?

Or that carpet on the floor, or upon the meetin' stair,
Made it easier for to travel to the mansions over there.
Does a fancy winder pane, flingin' colors all around,
Or an organ with a bellows pumpin' out a roarin' sound,
Or a steeple with a bell, and a cross upon the top,
Help to git us nearer heaven, by a-liftn' of us up ?

Why 'cordin' to that notion, God has made a big mistake
By not havin' padded sleepin' cars to haul 'em through the
gate ;

For it seems they're really willin' for to walk the golden
street,
But in gittin' there, they study how to ease their tender
feet.

The deacon, me and him, were a-sayin' t'other day
That the people were explorin' how to find an easier way ;

They would like to git to heaven if they could ride a fancy
 boss
 On a level grassy road where there wasn't any cross;
 For them crosses, they don't like, they would rather bear
 bouquets,—
 Somethin' smellin' sweet and nice, that would git the peo-
 ple's praise;
 Somethin' in the style of fashion, more becomin' to a gent
 Than a-bearin' heavy crosses—and a-payin' more per cent.
 They must have their stylish churches, for to sing and preach
 and pray,
 So that all may git to glory in their own app'inted way.
 Now 'twould be a kinder nice, jist before them people died,
 If the Lord would let 'em in on a smooth terboggan slide,
 For it's easier goin' down than it is a-goin' up,
 And it's nicer eatin' honey outer a fancy lookin' cup;
 But if they can git to heaven slidin' in, in that a-way,
 They may try it if they will, but they'll find it doesn't pay;
 For it's not the Bible way of bein' saved, and gittin' in,
 And *we* don't propose to risk it, that's the deacon, *me and him*.

PLEASE, PREACHER MAN, CAN I GO HOME?

Bess went to church one sultry day :
 She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
 Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then moments into hours grew ;
 Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! what should she do ?
 Unseen she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,
 On some absorbing mission bent,
 Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
 With hand uplifted toward the dome,
 "Please, preacher man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
 Disturbed a sermon most profound ;
 A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread,
 He paused, and bent his stately head ;
 "Yes, little dear," he gently said.

HIS SWEETHEART'S SONG.—FRED C. DAYTON.

[ADAPTED.]

Perhaps never before in all its eventful history had Castle Garden seen such an event as this. The time was four o'clock on a Friday morning in the closing days in February. John Kirton, a Scotch immigrant, who had obtained permission to await the arrival of the Wyoming, on which he expected his parents, awoke from his uneasy slumbers on a bench in the rotunda at the hour named. He was suffering terribly, and at his request a physician was called. The man was found to be the victim of a congestive chill and beyond the aid of medical science.

"I can ease your pain, but I cannot save your life," said the doctor. "What are your wishes?"

"Send for Bessie," groaned Kirton. "She's at the Mission of our Lady of the Rosary. Her full name is Bessie Hewitt, and we were to have been married after the Wyoming got in."

A messenger rushed out, and meanwhile the sick man was conveyed to the wooden hospital building by a Russian Jew and an Armenian who, like Kirton, had been spending the night on the benches. Miss Hewitt soon arrived, escorted by one of the priests. She sank down beside the cot on which her almost unconscious lover lay. He revived at her touch and asked: "Is't thou, lass?"

"Yes, John, dear."

"I'm goin' a lang journey, sweetheart; langer than the journey to America was, and I want to start with the music of thy sweet voice in my ears. Sing to me, Bessie, lass; sing one of the tunes we knew when we were barefooted children paddling in the burn."

"My son," interrupted the priest, "have you made your peace with God?"

"I confess myself a sinner, and I look to Christ for mercy," gasped the sufferer. "Bessie, sing."

The girl crept to his side and placed her right arm under his head. Then she began the sweet old strains of

"Annie Laurie," each strong contralto note sanctified by sorrow bravely borne.

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie--"

And the sick man settled back with a sigh and a smile upon his honest, homely features—

"Where early fa's the dew."

"Cease, my poor girl," interrupted the physician. "Your lover can hear you no more. He is dead."

The girl's voice died away in a sob, the tears streamed down her cheeks, her figure quivered with the agony of sorrow, and she fell upon the rough floor in the utter abandonment of a great grief. The lover who had followed her from the far-off highlands of Scotland—who hand in hand with her had wandered through the gray old cathedral of Elgin and gazed upon the memorials of saints and warriors gone, while they planned out the progress of their united lives—was dead, and the future seemed utterly blank and barren.

The strange group about her stood with uncovered heads in the presence of the majesty of death and the majesty of woe until the priest stepped from their number, and, raising high a little crucifix, said to the quivering Scotch lassie:—

"My daughter, look up and be comforted. Behold the symbol of Him who suffered more than you, and rely upon the promises that shall endure when all of us are dust."

A gun boomed its brazen welcome to the rising sun from the not far distant Governor's Island. It aroused the girl even more than the exhortation of the minister. She arose, wiped her eyes, and said: "John was a soldier once; he fought the Soudanese at Suakin; he always told me to be brave, and I will. Gentlemen, you have been kind to a poor, heartbroken stranger. Accept my thanks. Now, father, we will go."

The might of bereavement had raised her from the level of a peasant girl to that of a queen for a moment. She drew the cover over her dead warrior's face and clasped the priest's arm. The others followed like vas-

sals in her train. At the outer door of the Garden she paused and took the Russian Hebrew by the hand. "I bless you," she murmured.

"Sholamalacham," replied the dark and bearded man.

"And you," she continued, addressing the Armenian.

"Salaam aleikam," was his response.

"And you, and you," to the doctor and the writer.

A bow was all my answer, for what could I add to the lofty and oriental dignity of the salutes of the Israelite and the Syrian? "Peace be with you," and "Bow unto God," comprised a hail and farewell beyond the scope of ordinary English.

So back to the mission went the widowed maiden and the black-robed priest, and back into the Garden went the Americans and the visitors from the far East. And as they separated a mighty sound of whistling arose above the sunlit, wind-tossed waters of the bay, and the Wyoming bore down to port. John Kirton's aged parents hastened into the great rotunda to meet their son and prepare for a wedding. They found a corpse and made ready their dead for burial.

DON PEDRO AND FAIR INEZ.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Don Pedro loved the Donna Inez who
 The reigning beauty was of gay Madrid,
 And who, 'twas currently reported, knew
 The secret of perpetual youth—for hid
 Away in her bright eyes, and her soft blush,
 Her pearly teeth, her wealth of midnight hair,
 Were forty summers odd, although the flush
 Of twenty only seemed to make her fair.
 Don Pedro loved her,—loved her all in all,
 Thought of her, dreamed of her, by day and night;
 Forsook all others, lived within her thrall,
 Was blind without her, with her had new sight.
 'Twas "Inez, Inez," till he was a bore,
 And people laughed—especially those who knew
 The natal day of the sweet maid; some swore
 She fifty was, but others forty-two.

Howbeit, she was loved, and she deserved
 The love she woke, for she was good and true,
 And gossip looked on her and wished she'd swerved
 A little that it might know what to do.

But the Don found her out! He chanced to see
 A great astrologer who begged a few
 Hairs from the head, and he would presently
 Read in them all the life the wearer knew.
 "Ha!" quoth the Don. "My envious friends talk much,
 Think ill of Inez. Now they shall speak good,
 Shall know her perfect life, a fair life such
 As few can boast of and be understood.
 All Madrid shall hear this great wise man
 Expound her virtues in a public place,
 Shall call her goodly after Nature's plan,
 Her mind as lovely as her lovely face."

Next time he saw fair Inez, from the wealth
 Of her rich hair he cut a pretty lock.
 She knew it not—he did it so by stealth,
 Lest she should his vain pride in her but mock.
 Armed with the ebon tress he hied him to
 The wise man, saying, "Ho! Read thou this hair!
 Read it aloud!" A crowd of Dons he knew
 Assembled round him. With his chin in air,
 Don Pedro waited. "Caitiff," cried he, "speak!
 Read the white soul in yonder ebon tress!"
 The wise man stammered, for his voice grew weak—
 "Speak!" cried Don Pedro. And then, stammering less,
 The great astrologer spake thus: "Fond sir,
 Here is a murder, here are husbands four,
 Five thefts, a robbery, arson, and a blur
 That meaneth witchcraft." With a double roar
 Don Pedro pinked him with his trusty sword.
 "Away!" cried he. "Let me but reach the maid,
 The false, false woman!"—and the louder roared
 That friends would fain detain him, sore afraid
 That life to Inez were a foregone tale
 If he so much as found her. Don Pedro though
 Sped through the streets as swift as rattling hail
 Speeds from the clouds. "Oh, let me find her!" So
 He cried. He reached her house. Fair Inez met
 Him, smiling like a mature summer morn
 When roses perfume all the air and fret
 The blue-eyed violet with their scarlet scorn.

"Why, Don," said she, her voice as sweet as thought
 Of days remembered, "is there aught amiss?"
 "Amis!" hissed he. "Oh, madame, I am bought
 And sold by you, all false and not a miss.
 I took your hair to the astrologer—
 A lock I filched from its unstarry night—
 And what dost think he told me? Do not stir!
 I'll tell thee! After that 'twill serve thee right
 If thy heart tastes my blade." "My hair!" she said—
 "You took a lock of it?" "Cease!" cried he. "I
 Will tell thee all. After that, be dead!
 To live were sin!" "My hair!" said she, "oh, fie!"
 Quoth the mad Don: "Said the astrologer
 That she whose head bore that black night of hair
 Was guilty—listen now, nor do thou stir
 A finger till I finish. Everywhere
 The story's whispered,—she whose hair he read
 Was guilty of foul murder, aye, and had
 Four husbands, and down swooping on her head
 Were five thefts, robbery, arson, and, oh, sad,
 And sadder still—" Just then Inez, the fair,
 Yawned slightly. "Pardon!" said she. "And a fig
 For all this nonsense. Don, why need I care
 To tell, now we're engaged—*I wear a wig.*"

OLD FRIENDS.—B. J. M'DERMOTT.

'Twas on a cold and frosty night when snow and hail fast
 fell,
 And winter's chilling, wailing winds swept over hill and
 dell;
 When people who had happy homes to blazing hearthstones
 hied,
 And the wretched, houseless outcast in the bare street, frozen,
 died,
 That an aged, sightless beggar trudged along a country road,
 With a face by sorrow furrowed and back bent with life's
 load.

His tattered cap and ragged coat did many patches show,
 And his wretched shoes, all cut and torn, let in the rain and
 snow.
 Before him walked the faithful dog that always led the way,
 And was the only guide and friend he'd known for many a
 day.

Who often, too, by clever tricks would food and lodging win,
The while his master played upon his treasured violin.

Suddenly the mastiff stopped and slowly turned around,
And sunk down by his master's feet upon the frozen ground.
The blind man bent in pity o'er his faithful friend in woe,
And said, "Ah, Jack, you're tired; well, we'll rest awhile,
then go
To an inn where we'll get meat and drink, and place to lay
our heads;
A warm spot by the fire will do, we will not ask for beds.

"What could I do without you? What would my dark life
be,
If your bright eyes I did not have to choose my path for me.
You have, like true and faithful friend, for me ill usage
borne,
And often got the savage kicks that spoke the landlord's
scorn.
I'll ne'er forget how e'en when sick you would not duty
shirk,
Though many years ago, old friend, you were too old to
work.

"Why don't you lick my hand, old boy; how strange you
are to me.
Your paw is stiff, your heart is still. Oh, God! it cannot be
That you have died and left me—no, no, you are not dead.
God sees my bruised and bleeding heart, he sees my old
gray head.
He would not leave me here alone in the turmoil and the
strife;
He knows I could not bear alone the heavy weight of life."
He threw himself upon the corpse that now was stiff and
cold;
Such grief and sorrow as he felt can ne'er by pen be told.
With fatal aim this time grim death had sent his fatal dart,
He was too weak to stand the blow; it broke his poor old
heart.
For when, next morning, sunshine fell upon their snowy bed,
A traveler passing by the spot found dog and master dead.

OH, NO,—OF COURSE NOT.—JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

They were friends,—not a bit sentimental,
Or silly or spoony, not they;
They just talked over matters of interest
In a straightforward, business-like way;

They were friends, and that only ;—for pleasure,
 And for study and mutual good ;
 They had settled the matter completely,
 And 'twas perfectly well understood.

Then they found that the gossips pursued them,
 As gossips delight to pursue,
 So they met and talked over the matter
 To decide what 'twas best they should do ;
 And they came not to any decision
 Any clearer or better'n before,
 And they had to keep meeting and talking
 And discussing the question some more.

They arrived at the solemn conclusion
 That their paths must lie further apart ;
 They were not anything to each other,
 And they cared not for Cupid's frail dart ;
 So they met for the purpose of parting,
 For they cared naught about it, they said.
 And they laughed at the follies of lovers,—
 Then they fell in love heels over head.

AT THE STAGE DOOR.*—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

The curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
 The rain came down with a steady pour ;
 A white-haired man, with a kindly face,
 Peered through the panes of the old stage door.
 "I'm getting too old to be drenched like that,"
 He muttered and turning, met, face to face,
 The woman whose genius, an hour before,
 Like a mighty power, had filled the place.
 "Yes, much too old," with a smile, she said,
 And she laid her hand on his silver hair ;
 "You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
 For that is my carriage, standing there."
 The old door-tender stood, doffing his hat
 And holding the door, but she would not stir
 Though he said it was not for the "likes o' him,
 To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

"Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
 "I've something important I wish to say,

*From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of the Author.

And I can't stand here in the draught, you know—

I can tell you much better while on the way."

So, into the carriage, the old man crept,

Thanking her gratefully, o'er and o'er,

Till she bade him listen, while she would tell

A story, concerning that old stage door.

"It was raining in torrents, ten years ago

This very night, and a friendless child

Stood, shivering there, by that old stage door,

Dreading her walk, in a night so wild.

She was only one of the "extra" girls,

But you gave her a nickel to take the car,

And said 'Heaven bless ye, my little one!

Ye can pay me back, ef ye ever star.'

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,

And I pay you back, as my heart demands,

And we're even now—no! not quite," she said,

As she emptied her purse in his trembling hands.

"And if ever you're needy and want a friend,

You know where to come, for your little mite

Put hope in my heart and made me strive

To gain the success you have seen to-night."

Then the carriage stopped at the old man's door,

And the gas-light shone on him, standing there;

And he stepped to the curb, as she rolled away,

While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer.

He looked at the silver and bills and gold,

And he said: "She gives all this to me?

My bread has come back a thousand-fold;

God bless her! God bless all such as she!"

A MOTHER'S TINDER FALIN'S.*

S. JENNIE SMITH.

So poor Mrs. Mulligan's gone, rist her sowl! It's a
 remingus clamity for the neighborhood, Mrs. Jones, but
 he poor dear is betther off out of this wicked wurruld.
 'd say that if it was mesilf, indade I would, and you
 know that for the truth, sure as my name's Biddy Reilly.

*Written expressly for this Collection. "Mrs. Murphy's Recipe for Cake,"
 "Mary Ann's Escape," &c., in other Numbers, are by the same author.

And how does himsilf stand the confliktion? *Fales lonesome, does he?* Faix and he'll not be lonesome long, let me tell you. He'll toind another woife before many days have passed the merigin. And you moight be willin' to forgive him for that, if it weren't for the childer. Me heart blades for the little innercent darlin's. Think av it, Mrs. Jones,—six wee motherless childer wid a stip-woman batin thim!

And for the matter av that, she moight be the bist intintioned famale benath the sun, but she couldn't have a mother's tinder falin's for her little wans. (See here, Patsy Reilly, if you lay wan finger on that chiny dish agin, I'll break ivery bone in your body.) As I was a-sayin', Mrs. Jones, a person what isn't a mother can't have a mother's tinder love for the little wans. It aint no way natural. There was Kate Jice what married Kagen tin months afther his woife doied. She'd bate thim childer wid the fust thing she could lay her hands on. It aint—(Mary Ann, what are you up to now? If you middle wid thim bricy brics any more, I'll knock you spachless.)

You see, Mrs. Jones, pape as aint had any childer can't affectionate thim loike we that have. They don't same to be—Howly Moses! if there aint that Tommy of mine wid both fate in the dinner pot, and his father's peraties ferninst his dirty shoes! (Luk here, you young spalpeen, I'll knock your head agin the wall tell you can't spake, if you bother me any more.)

It aint that some of thim stip-mothers don't mane well, Mrs. Jones; but they don't onderstand how to rare the dilicate little things. It aint in thim. They moight be will-intintioned, but it's my dacedid opinion that a mother should be a born wan,—wan growin' up wid the childer, so to spake, for how can a stip-mother fale—arrah me! what's thim rascals up to now? Jist howld on a minute, Mrs. Jones, tell I go in and bate ivery wan of thim into obegence. I wont injy a sicond's pace tell I do.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.*—S. W. FOSS.

The gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth an' uv
 silk,
 An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
 Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stovepipe hats
 were there,
 An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down
 in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
 "Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
 An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore aint here,
 Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy
 style,
 Give an interductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle.
 Then through thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
 An' through thet air of sanctity the odor uv old gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge:
 "This man purfanes the house er God! W'y this is sacrilege!"

The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stum-
 blin' feet,
 An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ
 seat.

He then went pawin' through the keys, an' soon there rose
 a strain
 Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the
 brain;
 An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head
 an' knees,
 He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry;
 It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out into the sky,
 The ol' church shook an' staggered an' seemed to reel an'
 sway,
 An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
 Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em down
 'ith tears;
 An' we dreamed uv ol'time kitchens 'ith Tabby on the mat,
 Uv home an' luv an' baby-days an' mother an' all that!

*From "The Yankee Blade," by permission of the Author.

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
 Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin an' stormed the gates uv heaven;
 The morning stars they sung together,—no soul wuz left alone,—
 We felt the universe wuz safe an' God wuz on his throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come again,
 An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
 No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
 An' then—the tramp, he staggered down an' reeled into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, though he never spoke a word,
 An' it was the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
 He hed tol' his own life history an' no eye was dry thet day,
 W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

A CHALLENGE.*—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

"Good-night," he said, and he held her hand,
 In a hesitating way,
 And hoped that her eyes would understand
 What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand, and he murmured low:
 "I'm sorry to go like this.
 It seems so frigidly cool, you know,
 This 'Mister' of ours, and 'Miss.'

"I thought—perchance—" and he paused to note,
 If she seemed inclined to frown,
 But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote,
 As she blushing looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck
 Of dust from his coat lapel;
 So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,
 'Twas a wonder she saw so well;

But it brought her face so very near,
 In that dim uncertain light,
 That the thought, unspoken, was made quite clear,
 And I know 'twas a sweet, "Good-night."

*From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of the Author.

PUSSY WANTS A CORNER.—W. ALEXANDER STOUT.

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CHARACTERS.

DR. PAINCEFORT, a model of constancy for his sex.

ROBERT DUCKWORTH, a young man who believes in himself.

HORACE DUCKWORTH, rather precipitate, and generally unlucky.

MISS AOELINE BARKER, an elderly lady who has not outlived the tender passion.

ELSIE } Miss Barker's nieces, in love with the Duckworths.
GUSSIE }SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished room. Closet and window back, large chair, sofa, table and chairs. Robert discovered.*

ROBERT. Well, this has been a red-letter day in my calendar. Miss Barker (Heaven bless her!) has just given her consent to my marriage with her niece. I feared she would consider my proposal adversely, but, on the contrary, she could not have been more gracious and pleasant. Without the slightest hesitation, she agreed to my suit, yet Elsie is as beautiful and good as an angel, an heiress in her own right when of age, while I haven't a cent in the world except what I earn. My friends and relatives used to say I was born to good luck; and now I believe it. (*Enter Horace, dejectedly, with a black eye.*) Hello, Hod! You are just the youngster I want to see. I have a piece of news for you,—good news.

HORACE (*disconsolately*). I hope so. (*Takes seat at table.*)

ROBERT (*taking opposite chair at table*). Well, you know this is the day we agreed upon, each of us, to screw up our courage and ask Miss Barker to give us Elsie and Gussie for life.

HORACE. Yes, well?

ROBERT. So I came here late this afternoon, and found the old lady among her ferns in the conservatory. I marched up to her like a man, and she was just as sweet and pleasant to me as could be. Said I, "Miss Barker, I have long loved your niece, Elsie. I have her own word that she reciprocates my affection, and only your consent is needed to complete our happiness." I don't exactly remember just what more was said, but the consent was given, and so readily, I was surprised. "Take her, Robert," said she, "and my blessing. But I charge you to be good to her, for I love her dearly." Then she asked me to stay and take dinner. So the affair is fixed to come off in six months, and I am happy as a lord.

HORACE (*extending his hand*). My dear Bob, allow me to congratulate you,—on the dinner you have already enjoyed, and the bride you are to possess.

ROBERT (*taking the proffered hand*). Thank you. Why, I say, Hod, what is the matter with your eye? (*Seriously.*) You haven't been fighting, I hope.

HORACE. Oh, no, nothing of the sort. I met with a slight accident over in Terrington this morning,—fell over a pile of stones,—that's all. Yes, my dear fellow, I not only congratulate you, but I envy you, for this afternoon early, I attempted the same thing and ignominiously failed.

ROBERT. You don't mean to say you proposed for Gussie?

HORACE. Yes, and the old lady sat down on me like a thousand of bricks, figuratively speaking, of course.

ROBERT. Well, you are an idiot if you presented yourself with that face. You know, well enough, the old lady has a prejudice against you and thinks you get into more fights and scrapes than necessary. Why didn't you meet me as you appointed? (*Rises, very much irritated and walks up and down room.*) You know you have never taken an important step in your life but you have first come to me and got me to set you straight. I have always had to watch you as if you were a baby. If I didn't part your hair occasionally and brush your clothes you wouldn't be tolerated in decent society. What work of art in the shape of a necktie have you got on to-day? Is it purple and green, or red and yellow? Lift up your head and let me see. Ah! I observe it is a combination of solferino, brown and orange. (*Resumes seat at table.*) Forgive me, old man, I am talking like a brute, but I cannot understand your want of tact and sense. It provokes me to see you go off like a squib with such a waste of powder. Ha! Ha! Excuse me for laughing, but really, Hod, I can't help it; you look so ridiculous.

HORACE. I know I was a fool. But I thought I had a good opportunity. I was coming up the road that runs along by the kitchen-garden when I spied Miss Barker giving orders to her man about the tomato vines. Said I, "Miss Barker, may I have a moment's conversation with you in private." She looked at me rather strangely, I thought, and said curtly, "Yes." Then I took her around under the shade and told her I wanted to marry Gussie. You ought

to have heard her. She would have made you shiver. She said she could never think of such a thing, that Gussie is too young in the first place, and doesn't know her own mind, and she will not entertain the subject for three or four years at least,—which in the old lady's lingo means never.

ROBERT. Poor fellow. I don't wonder you feel badly.

HORACE. So, I have made up my mind. You remember Tom Brightly who went to Colorado, don't you? Well, his uncle, or cousin, or somebody, has a big sheep-ranch out there. Tom has an interest in the concern and he wants me to come out and help him. I'm first choice, but there's another fellow he knows who is ready to snap at the chance if I don't accept. I received a dispatch from Tom to-day; he wanted an immediate answer, and I have just replied, "yes." So, I've come here this evening to kiss Gussie good-bye. Then I'll go home, pack my duds, and be ready to leave Hopewood on the five-fifteen train to-morrow morning. I might as well bid you good-bye too, old fellow, for a little while, maybe a year or so, maybe forever.

ROBERT. O Hod! Haven't you been in too much of a hurry? Why, just think of Gussie. It will break her heart.

HORACE. What good would it do her if I was to stay here. The old lady would never let me see her.

ROBERT. I know, but she might be induced to alter her decision (*putting hand on Horace's shoulder*). Oh, my dear fellow! You don't know how sorry I feel for you. This news has clouded my spirits; it makes me feel mean and selfish to be happy when you are so miserable. Is there anything I can do for you? Just say the word. I will hunt the girls up, and if I see Gussie, shall I send her to you?

HORACE. Yes,—no. I can't stay here. Tell her she may find me in the garden. I'm going down to cool off.

ROBERT. Very well. (*Goes to door but returns and bends over Horace.*) Keep up a good heart. Who knows what may turn up next? [*Exit.*]

HORACE. Lucky dog! How singular it is. He has had everything to go right with him from his cradle, but for me it has just been the reverse. Well, I suppose it is fate.

Enter Elsie carrying a pasteboard box which she lays on table.

ELSIE. Why, Horace! I didn't know you were here. Does Gussie know?

HORACE. No. Where is she?

ELSIE. Up in her room, I think, lying down. She went out for a walk this afternoon and returned tired out. (*Goes towards door.*) I'll tell her you are here, and she will be down in a second.

HORACE. No, don't disturb her. I'll walk around the garden for awhile. When you see her tell her I'm going away and would like to speak with her. If she can't come down, tell her to go to the window and wave her handkerchief. Then I'll climb up the trellis and talk to her on the veranda.

ELSIE. Oh, Horace, that would be dreadful. Suppose auntie should get to hear of it. But it would be fun,—just like Romeo and Juliet. Anyhow if you do, besure you don't step on my pansies; they are directly under the arbor. Mind, if anything happens to them, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live.

HORACE. I'll be careful.

[*Exit.*]

ELSIE. Poor fellow, he looks awfully down-hearted. Could auntie have been lecturing him when I saw them together this afternoon? I wonder what is the matter with his face,—it's all black and blue. (*Goes to table.*) I am alone at last. Now for a peep at dear, darling—(*Enter Gussie.*) Why Gussie, how you startled me! Horace Duckworth was here just now. He is going away, and wants to see you. I think he has said something to auntie about you know what, and she has objected.

GUSSIE. Oh, dear! where is he?

ELSIE. He has gone down in the garden, and when you are ready to see him you are to go to the window, and wave your handkerchief.

GUSSIE. What can be the matter? (*Rushes to window, waves handkerchief, and calls softly "Horace."*) Why, no, Elsie! he is not there. Are you positive that is what he told you?

ELSIE. That is exactly what he said. You had better try it again in fifteen minutes or so. But come here, Gussie. I have something to show you. It's a secret,—but you may guess. What do you suppose is in this box?

GUSSIE. I don't know. Ruching?

ELSIE (*with disgust*). No. To-day is Robert's birthday, and this is my present for him.

GUSSIE. Let me see it. You have raised my euriosity.

ELSIE. Very well, but you mustn't make a noise.

GUSSIE (*peeping in box*). Why it's a cat!

ELSIE. Yes, listen and I will tell you. Late one evening, about two weeks ago, I was walking along the pike, when I saw something curled up in the root of a tree. At first, I thought it was a squirrel, but when I came up close, I found it was a poor, sick little kitten. It looked at me so sweet and piteous that I fell in love with it. Then this idea suggested itself to my mind. Suppose I take this kitten, fatten her up, and give her to Robert for a birthday present. I had nothing else to give him but a miserable old glove-box which I knew would look awful mean in me when he is sure to give me something nice and expensive on my birthday. So, I wrapped Kitty up in my handkerchief, and took her over to Mrs. O'Flanagan, who has nursed her and brought her to. This afternoon I tied a red ribbon around her neck, and had Mike put her in this box. I intend to hand it to Robert, and ask him to take off the lid. Wont it be fun?

GUSSIE. Y-e-es, but are you sure he will like her? You know men don't usually care for cats.

ELSIE. Of course he will. Why, he loves them. He has often told me he thinks they are too cute for anything. I have given her a lovely name,—Rosalind. Don't you like it?

GUSSIE. "As You Like It."

ELSIE. But, don't you think she is pretty?

GUSSIE (*sarcastically*). Very. (*Peeps in box.*) My! how savagely she glares at us!

ELSIE. Well, no wonder. She don't like to be tied up in a box. Poor little pussy, tied up in a nassy old box. Never mind, it wont be long. Why, Gussie, you don't know how bright she is. Only yesterday I was feeding her, and she scratched my hand till it bled.

GUSSIE. The dear little thing! Gracious, how her bones stick out!

ELSIE. Well if you had been sick, like her, I want to know if your—but, Gussie, I think it's very unkind in you to talk in that style about a poor, unfortunate, little kitten.

GUSSIE. I don't see how you can touch it. (*Waves hand in mock disgust.*) Throw it away! Throw it away!

ELSIE. You are a mean, spiteful, little wretch. (*Begins to cry.*)

GUSSIE (*going up to Elsie, and putting arm around her waist*). Now you know I was only in fun. I didn't intend to hurt your

feelings. Kitty is lovely, and your idea is a splendid one,—but it wont do to let auntie know anything about it. You know she has a mortal hatred of cats.

ELSIE. Has she? I didn't think —

GUSSIE. Yes, indeed. She wont allow one on the place; she would never let me have even a kitten. One day I was walking with her in the lane; a cat ran up to us, and auntie almost fainted. She has some unaccountable prejudice against them.

ELSIE. Don't you think she would like Rosalind?

GUSSIE. Sh-h-h!

Enter Miss Barker. Elsie hastily drops the lid of box, covers it up with newspaper. Girls run up to Miss B., one on each side.

GUSSIE. Oh, auntie! is it true you have sent Horace away?

ELSIE. Oh, auntie! is it true you don't like cats?

MISS B. Slowly, my dears, I can answer only one question at a time. (*Sits down on chair towards front of stage. The girls bring stools and sit on either side of her.*)

MISS B. (*to Gussie.*) Yes, my dear. It is true I have sent Horace away. Now, don't cry. Auntie knows best what is for your good. Horace Duckworth is too unsettled, too thoughtless, too frivolous to make any girl happy. (*Aside.*) Such neckties! (*aloud.*) Besides, his reputation is not the best.

GUSSIE. Oh, auntie, you are alluding to that affair at Cripp's Corner. Indeed, he was not to blame. The man insulted him, and he knocked him down. He explained it all to me.

MISS B. (*drily.*) Oh! no doubt. Well, my answer was not final. I simply told him I could not think of his proposal for three or four years at least. This will give him a chance to better his fortune and his reputation.

GUSSIE (*tearfully*). Oh, dear! He will marry some other girl, out of pique,—I know he will.

MISS B. (*to Gussie.*) Then so much the worse for him. (*To Elsie.*) Yes, my dear, it is true I have a strong aversion to cats. When your age,—yes, just about your age, I suffered a terrible shock and a cruel disappointment from which, to this day, I have never fully recovered. A cat was the cause. Poor creature! I have since learned she was not to blame, but from that time, I have always associated cats and heartbreak.

GUSSIE. Was the incident you refer to in any way connected with a young man?

MISS B. (*after a pause.*) Yes.

GUSSIE } (*excitedly*). Oh, auntie! tell us about it.
 ELSIE }

MISS B. My dear girls! I am afraid you will think I am a very silly, old auntie to rehearse this story of my maidenhood. But since you ask me, I will make you my confidants. When I was a young girl of nineteen or twenty, I was the recipient of marked attention from many of the young gentlemen of the vicinity and elsewhere. In a word, I was quite a belle. But, of all those who called upon me, there was only one I really cared for. He was a young physician who had just received his diploma from the College of Surgery. What a model he was! where could such a man be found now?—an expert horseman, sportsman, and angler, yet an accomplished dancer and conversationalist. What compliments he used to pay me! what language he used! Alas, there is but one name I could place beside his! (*Looks at Elsie.*) I refer to Robert Duckworth, but even Robert, highly as I regard him, has not the supreme courtesy, the exquisite delicacy, the consummate finish possessed by—(*Elsie and Gussie lean forward eagerly.*) this young man. Well, his visits became more and more frequent, my parents fully approved of the courtship, and the hour grew ripe for his proposal. One day he asked me to take a walk in the garden. We had not gone far when he requested me to sit down on a bench placed against the wall which separated us from the road. I could see by his face what was coming, and composed myself in delicious expectancy. He dropped on his knees. Just at this juncture—oh, heavens! I can hear it as plainly now as then—my ears caught the frightened howl of a cat. Then, quick as a flash, the vile creature came bounding over the wall, directly upon my head. I felt its feet catch in my hair; I felt its slimy fur rub against my cheek,—and I knew no more. I fainted stark on the grass. When I recovered, I was in my room; the shock had completely prostrated me, and I did not leave my bed for a week. *He* called several times, but I refused to see him.

GUSSIE. Oh, auntie! that was foolish. Why, he was not to blame.

MISS B. Of course not, but I have not yet told you the worst. Here was my wretched predicament. You know,

my dears, that your aunt, although even now not entirely deficient in personal advantages—

GUSSIE. Oh, no, no! for an old lady, you are quite pretty.

MISS B. (*severely*.) I am not so old, neither. Even though in some respects highly favored, yet by a singular freak of nature, I am deprived of a woman's crowning beauty,—a head of hair.

ELSIE. Yes, I know. I peeped through the key-hole once when you had your switch off.

MISS B. Naughty girl! Well, as now, even thus was it in my youth. My scalp was covered merely with a short, downy fuzz, and to conceal my deficiency, I wore a wig, which the cat dragged off.

ELSIE } (*tittering*). Wasn't that comical?
GUSSIE }

MISS B. No doubt it was fun for the cat, and my little brother,—your father, girls,—for I have since learned that prompted by some childish spite, he had pitched the beast on me from the other side of the wall. Poor boy! He's dead now. I suppose I ought to forgive him.

GUSSIE. But what became of the young man?

MISS B. Oh! he called two or three times, but I positively declined to see him. Then he accepted the post of army surgeon in a Western encampment, and I have never laid my eyes on him since. It was very foolish in me to refuse to see him, but think of it, girls,—again and again I had let him praise my auburn curls, had even let him cut one off and keep it, and the consciousness of my deceit and its detection so possessed me, I felt I could never look him in the face again. So, Elsie, that is the reason I detest cats, and Gussie, you know now why I have such a high standard of manly excellence. But enough of this. You know I expected a visit this afternoon from an old and dear friend whom I have not seen for years. It is now evening, but I am sure he will come. I want you to look your youngest and prettiest, and help me to receive him. Suppose you both wear white, as a special favor to me.

GUSSIE. Where are you going to receive him, auntie?

MISS B. In this room, of course.

GUSSIE (*to Elsie*). How in the world shall I get word to Horace?

ELSIE (*to Gussie*). What on earth am I to do about Rosalind?

MISS B. Quick, my dears. I think I hear the wheels of a carriage. I will send for you as soon as Dr. Pauncefort arrives. (*Gussie and Elsie retire reluctantly. Miss B. pulls letter from her pocket and reads.*) "You will doubtless be surprised at this time to receive a communication from one who, in times past, was privileged to call himself your friend. A matter of business has recalled me to my birthplace, so after years of absence, I am once more enabled to visit the scenes, and revive the associations of my youth. As my first duty and my extreme pleasure, may I be permitted to call on you before my departure? Provided it entirely suits your convenience, I beg leave to name next Tuesday afternoon as the date on which I may be favored, and remain

Madam, your obedient servant, Henry W. Pauncefort."

What sentiment! what language! How like him,—the noblest of men! (*She kisses the letter and puts it back into her pocket.*) I cannot suppress the thought, vain and foolish though it be, that through all these years, he has remained a bachelor and I am still unwed. (*Goes to window.*) Ah! I was not mistaken,—a carriage has driven up to the door, a gentleman alights,—poor heart! be still,—ah! 'tis he, 'tis he, 'tis he. (*Wheels around excitedly and rushes out.*)

Enter Elsie.

ELSIE. Thank goodness! Auntie has left the room for a minute. (*Goes to table.*) Poor little Rosalind! all smothered up. (*Peeps in box.*) Oh! she's all right. I think I'll take her up in my room until Robert arrives. Oh, gracious! here comes somebody, I believe it's auntie. She will want to know what is in this box, and I daren't deceive her. I know,—I'll put it in the closet, and hide until she leaves the room. (*Puts box in closet, and hides behind chair.*)

Enter Gussie.

GUSSIE. Thank goodness! Auntie has left the room for a minute. I can now signal to Horace, and tell him to wait for me in the garden. (*Runs to window and waves handkerchief.*) He isn't there—yes, yes, he is, I see him, oh, horror! he is climbing up the trellis. Horace, don't come up; I'll be down in the garden. He doesn't understand me,—he is coming in. Oh! what shall I do?

Enter Horace through the window.

HORACE. My darling! I saw you at the window, and I could not stand it any longer. I felt as though I must speak to you should it cost me my life. I am going far away to-morrow, before daybreak. You may never see me again.

GUSSIE. Oh, Horace! don't say that. You will break my heart. It was very kind in you to come, but I expect auntie every minute with a strange gentleman. If she finds you here, what will she think? what will she say?

HORACE. I don't care. I will defy them both.

GUSSIE. You'd better not. Horrors! here they come now. Quick,—the window. No, you will make a noise, and the servants will hear you. You'd best hide. Let's see,—here's the closet. (*Opens door.*) You will have to stoop or you will bump your head against the shelf. Hurry, oh, please hurry. (*Horace enters, Gussie closes door and hides behind sofa. Just as she does this, Elsie rises, points to closet, and whispers hoarsely "Rosalind," then sinks down again.*)

Enter Miss Barker leaning on arm of Dr. Pauncefort.

MISS B. Indeed, Doctor, you cannot imagine how delighted I was to receive your letter; the sight of your name brought up such a flood of happy recollections.

DR. PAUNCEFORT. Consider my happiness also, to be welcomed so warmly by her whom I have always regarded as the personification of the Genius of Hospitality.

MISS B. Ah, Doctor! I see you have not forgotten how to pay a compliment. But I expected you earlier; I hoped to have had you dine with us;—your letter said, afternoon.

DR. P. Yes, I fully expected to arrive here this afternoon. But for an unfortunate accident which happened to me this morning near Terrington, I should have kept my word.

MISS B. An accident! you alarm me.

DR. P. Fortunately, I was not injured in the least, although it might have been a very serious affair.

MISS B. Pray, tell me all about it.

DR. P. When I arrived at Terrington this morning, owing to delay of train, I missed the Hopewood connection. The day being a very pleasant one, I thought I would not wait for the cars, but would take a carriage and drive across country, thus giving myself an opportunity to visit the old familiar places. I applied at the hotel, and was furnished

with a buggy and what was represented as a safe horse. I did not like the animal's eye, but concluded to risk myself with him. Though I left this part of the world so long ago, yet I thought I knew every inch of the ground. I drove up the pike from the station, turned down the Brushville road, and mounted Perryman's Hill. To my surprise, when I reached the summit, I found the entire place was changed. What was formerly a steep, smooth hill, had been excavated; great holes had been dug out of its side, and huge rocks and trunks of trees had been torn out of the earth and were lying promiscuously around, while at the base of the hill ran the track of a railroad. I paused for a moment, holding the reins loosely in my hand, and thinking of the changes a few years can produce, when suddenly I heard the rumble and saw the smoke of an approaching train darting around a curve. The horse pricked up his ears and snorted. I saw he was scared and tightened the reins, but it was of no avail; I could not hold him; he reared violently, then made a desperate plunge down the embankment. Oh, what a terrible experience! I held tight to the sides of the buggy, paralyzed with fright. In a moment I would have been dashed out on the rocks, or perhaps thrown on the track to be crushed to death by the approaching train, when—it must have been the hand of Providence—I saw the figure of a man rise from the bushes at the base of the hill, throw his arms around the beast, and bring him to a stop, just as the train rushed past.

MISS B. (*covering her face with her hand.*) How dreadful! What a marvelous escape! But Doctor, were you not hurt?

DR. P. No, the buggy was pretty well damaged, but strange to say, although somewhat shaken up, I was not injured in the least. Nor was the young man who rescued me,—that is, he said he was not, but I think he must have been bruised.

MISS B. How noble of the young man! Do you know his name?

DR. P. No. Of course I was too much confused at the time to make any inquiries. I thanked him heartily, however, offered him any reward,—which he politely but firmly declined,—omitting in my excitement to take his name and address. But I have since learned his name is Drinkworth, or Dullworth,—some such name.

MISS B. Is it Duckworth?

DR. P. Yes, that is it,—Duckworth.

MISS B. Can you describe him? I think I know him.

DR. P. Hardly. But I would know him directly were I to see him. He is of medium height, has very gentlemanly manners, and a most candid and ingenuous countenance.

MISS B. (*aside.*) Robert Duckworth! Just like him,—too modest to say a word. (*To Dr. P.*) Exactly. Doctor, you must congratulate me when I tell you that I, too, have an interest in this brave young man,—he is the accepted suitor for the hand of my niece.

DR. P. Indeed! you have great cause for congratulation. I am much pleased to receive such information.

MISS B. Yes, he proposed this very afternoon for my niece, Elsie, and received my consent to the marriage. Oh!—you must see my nieces; they are sweet girls.

DR. P. *Nieces*, did you say? You surely must mean sisters. It seems so strange to hear you speak of nieces,—you whom the hand of time has so lightly touched.

MISS B. O Doctor! you flatter me.

DR. P. You, whose form and features bear evidence of a perennial rejuvenescence.

During this conversation the girls have raised their heads above their places of concealment, and are intently observing and enjoying what is going on. At this last sentence of the Doctor's, they exchange glances, and say Ah-h-h! Miss Barker springs up. Just as she does so the girls disappear from sight.

MISS B. I am sure I heard a sound in the room—ha! what was that?

DR. P. (*rising.*) I heard nothing. What sort of a noise?

MISS B. O Doctor! how dare I express myself. I fancied for a moment I heard the far-off wail of a cat.

DR. P. A cat!

MISS B. Yes, but it is impossible; there is not one allowed on the place. Come, Doctor, resume your seat.

They are about to sit down, when a faint "miaow" is heard. Miss B. staggers and almost falls in Dr. Pauncefort's arms.

MISS B. I must be dreaming. Ah, Doctor! well you know what dreadful recollections are evoked by the sound of a feline voice.

DR. P. Alas, too well. But do not think of the wretched

past; live for the present, the bright, buoyant present. O Miss Barker!—(*He seizes her hand and presses it.*)

MISS B. (*frigidly, withdrawing her hand.*) Doctor!

DR. P. Forgive me. Old times, you know, the tones of your voice—I, too, was dreaming of the past. Alas! (*He sighs deeply, Miss B. wipes her eyes.*) You weep. I can endure this no longer—O Miss Barker—Adeline—Addie—

MISS B. Doctor, you are forgetting yourself.

DR. P. Yes, I am forgetting myself. I am forgetting everything—that unhappy occurrence, our blighted lives, and only see you before me now, glorious in an effulgence of womanly beauty which no earthly influence can destroy. (*Drops stiffly on his knees.*) Star of my soul! be mine.

MISS B. (*aside.*) Am I dreaming? (*Aloud.*) You are joking. Base man! You trifle with a wounded heart.

DR. P. I swear to Heaven I am in earnest,—I love you passionately, madly.

MISS B. How can I resist? Yes, Henry, I am thine, entirely thine (*assisting him to rise and leaning upon him*).

DR. P. In this supreme moment I am recompensed for years of separation.

MISS B. And I. But ah, Henry! how I have suffered. The consciousness that I deceived you has ever haunted me like a ghost. I must remind you that I still wear a wig, although of a different shade.

DR. P. It is well to be candid. Some years ago, while out West, I fell among hostile Indians, from whose hands I emerged slightly scalped. Ever since I have been obliged to wear a toupée.

MISS B. Really! What a comfort to learn that we now can fully sympathize with each other. (*Aside.*) I will tell him all. (*To Doctor.*) But, Henry, what will you think when I tell you that I have lost every one of my teeth, and it was only last week that I had a new set, both uppers and lowers.

DR. P. Don't mention it. I haven't had a tooth of my own these ten years. (*Aside.*) Shall I inform her? Yes, I must conceal nothing. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! I might add that I wear a cork leg.

MISS B. I am not quite that unfortunate. (*Considers a moment.*) Henry, I don't suppose you wear a respirator?

DR. P. A what?

MISS B. A respirator for the nose and mouth.

DR. P. No, love. I don't use such an article.

MISS B. Well, I do—whenever I go out in the cold air—so suppose we call it quits.

DR. P. Yes, dove, we will call it quits.

She lays her head on his shoulder. A violent blow is heard on the closet door; then a noise of scraping and shuffling; at last the door is burst violently open, and Horace comes out with his face and hands scratched. Elsie jumps up and darts across the room shrieking "Rosalind, Rosalind," and disappears. Miss Barker yells "Thieves! Murder! Fire!" Dr. Pauncefort picks up tongs and stands on the defensive.

HORACE. Great Cæsar! I couldn't stand it a moment longer. I would have been murdered. It must have been the fiend incarnate. (*Sees Miss Barker and Dr. Pauncefort, and lowers his head, overwhelmed with confusion.*)

MISS B. Mr. Duckworth, what is the meaning of this insolent intrusion?

GUSSIE (*coming forward*). Oh, auntie, it was all my fault! Horace came to bid me good-bye; I heard you coming and was afraid you would be angry, so I shut him up in the closet.

MISS B. (*severely*.) Gussie! I am amazed,—grieved.

*Enter Elsie, followed by Robert who holds the cat in his arms.**

ELSIE. Oh, auntie, forgive me! Indeed, it was all my fault I intended this kitten for Robert's birthday present. I discovered you didn't like cats, and I was afraid if you came across it you might order it killed; so I hid it in there. It was fast in a box, but Horace must have kicked the lid off.

MISS B. Elsie, this from you! Oh! it is too much.

DR. P. (*who has been staring at Horace.*) Yes, yes, I am not mistaken. It is he,—the preserver of my life. (*Salutes him.*)

ALL (*in amazement*). Horace Duckworth!

DR. P. Happy am I to learn his name. Yes, he is the hero, who, this morning, at the risk of his life, threw himself before my runaway steed, and stopped its flight, thus rescuing me from a terrible death. Mr. Duckworth, in the presence of this company, once more permit me to thank you for the inestimable service you have rendered. So,

*It is not necessary to bring the cat on the stage until this point. Some one can imitate the "miaow" when occasion requires. If a cat cannot be procured, a muff or piece of fur, can be substituted, but not exposed directly to the audience.

Addie, my dear, this is your favored applicant for the position of nephew?

MISS B. No, there is some mistake. Pardon me; I omitted to introduce you. Dr. Pauncefort, my nieces, Elsie and Gussie; and Doctor, this is Mr. Robert Duckworth, who is to marry my niece, Elsie.

DR. P. I am pleased to meet you. And this gentleman (*alluding to Horace*)?

HORACE (*bitterly*). I am the black-sheep, the scallawag, the party to get rid of, you see.

GUSSIE (*going up to Doctor*). Don't believe him. He's nothing of the sort; he's only in disfavor. Please speak a good word for him to auntie.

DR. P. Is he a friend of yours?

GUSSIE (*carnestly*). Oh, yes, sir. That is—(*Lowers her eyes.*)

DR. P. Ah! I understand. (*To Miss Barker.*) My dear, I infer that Mr. Horace here and Miss Gussie are very fond of each other. Probably he has sought your approval of the intimacy. Am I not correct in my surmises?

MISS B. Yes, Doctor, you are correct.

DR. P. And you have discouraged his suit?

MISS B. I have said, No.

DR. P. Really, that is too bad. Are you sure he deserved such treatment? Were you not too hasty, perhaps?

MISS B. Oh, Doctor, they are both so young. Besides, there are other reasons —

DR. P. I see. Well, I do not wish to interfere in your private affairs, but I feel impelled to ask you to reconsider your decision. I have a proposition to make:—Horace has already refused any reward for his bravery, but my offer is still open. Let him say the word, and I will not only set him up in any business, or fit him for any profession he may choose, but will stand sponsor for his good behavior. What do you say to such a nephew as that? Speak, I pray you, and make these young people happy. Is it no, or yes?

They all lean forward eagerly for the answer. Miss Barker compresses her lips. Robert squeezes the cat's tail, and there is heard a prolonged mi-a-a-ow. Dr. Pauncefort takes Miss Barker's hand; their eyes meet; she nods approvingly and stammers, Yes. Horace embraces Gussie. Grand hand-shaking all around

GUSSIE (*to Horace*). You'll send a message to that horrid what's—his—name, wont you?—to tell him you can't come.

HORACE. I'll telegraph to-night.

ELSIE (*to Robert*). I'm so glad you like her.

ROBERT. You couldn't have given me anything which would please me more.

MISS B. My dear nieces:—you will doubtless be surprised when I inform you that we may have a triple wedding here soon, and that you must learn to call Dr. Pauncefort, "Uncle."

ELSIE (*exchanging glances with Gussie*). Why, this is a great surprise. It will be delightful, wont it Gus?

GUSSIE. Yes, indeed.

DR. P. How strange are the ways of Providence! If the cat had not been concealed in the cupboard I would not have been moved to speak as I did; Horace would not have presented himself, and the happiness of four souls would have been deferred. By a cat, my dear, our happiness was marred; by a cat it has been restored to us threefold.

GUSSIE (*beckoning with finger*). Poor pussy wants a corner?

MISS B. (*placing her hand on the cat's neck*.) No, no. Henceforth she shall have the right to every room in the house. Alrcady she has a warm corner in my heart.

"*The Wedding March,*" or other appropriate instrumental or vocal music can be given as curtain falls.

OULD DOCTHER MACK.

Ye may tramp the world over
 From Delhi to Dover,
 And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon;
 Circumvint back
 Through the whole Zodiack,
 But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.
 Have ye the dropsy,
 The gout, the autopsy?
 Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez;
 No ways infarior
 In skill, but suparior,
 And lineal postarior of Ould Aysculapious.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety :
 Here's to his health,
 Honor and wealth,
 The king of his kind and the crame of all charity !

 How the rich and the poor,
 To consult for a cure,
 Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their carriages,
 Showin' their tongues
 Or unlacin' their lungs,
 For niver onc symptom the dochter disparages ;
 Troth, and he'll tumble,
 For high or for humble,
 From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety ;
 Makin' as light
 Of nursin' all night
 The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

 And as if by meracle,
 Ailments hysterical,
 Dad, wid one dose of bread-pills he can smother ;
 And quench the love-sickness
 Wid wonderful quickness,
 By prescribin' the right boys and girls to aich other.
 And the sufferin' childer—
 Your eyes 'twould bewilder
 To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails unravelin'.
 And aich of them fast
 On some treasure at last,
 Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out travelin'.

 Then, his dochterin' done,
 In a rollickin' run
 Wid the rod or the gun, he's the foremost to figure.
 By Jupiter Ammon,
 What jack-snipe or salmon
 E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger !
 And hark ! the view-hollo !
 'Tis Mack in full follow
 On black Faugh-a-ballagh the country-side sailin'.
 Och, but you'd think
 'Twas ould Nimrod in pink,
 Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park-wall and palin'.
 He and his wig, wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;

Here's to his health,
 Honor and wealth!
 Hip, hip, hooray! wid all hilarity,
 Hip, hip, hooray! that's the way,
 All at once, widout disparity!
 One more cheer
 For our docther dear,
 The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.
 Hip, hip, Hooray!

HOW THE FIFTY-FIRST TOOK THE BRIDGE.

JEFF. H. NONES.

"Then came the memorable order from Burnside, which must have thrilled every member of the regiment: 'Tell Sturgis to send the Ffty-first Pennsylvania to take the bridge.'"

Along the valley's narrow gorge
 The morning mist outspread,
 While rifle-pit and breastwork strong
 Frowned grimly overhead.
 The sluggish stream that only served
 To slake the thirst of kine,
 Was soon to see another sight
 When men were formed in line.

Along the crest a flash of fire
 Breaks red against the sky;
 Along the hillside's narrow slope
 Comes back the quick reply.
 Ferraro dashes up in haste,
 His countenance aflame,
 "The Fifty-first must storm the bridge."
 'Twas thus the order came.

"*Fix bayonets!*" over Hartranft's face
 A strange, calm smile was seen,
 The red blood flushed his dusky cheek—
 His dark eyes were a gleam.
 Sturgis and Cook in vain essayed,
 And others yet may try;
 And now the gallant Fifty-first
 Must storm the bridge or die.

Bright flashed the sword their leader drew—
 "*Charge!*"—Like a simoon's blast,

The Fifty-first mid shot and shell
 Dashed on—the bridge is passed;
 The beaten foe in wild retreat
 Is flying o'er the ridge.
 Huzza! huzza! The Fifty-first
 Has stormed Antietam's bridge!

O men of Pennsylvania!
 Along your bloody route
 Lies many a comrade dull of ear
 Who cannot hear your shout;
 But o'er your country's wide domain
 A pæan grand shall burst;
 A nation's accolade be thine—
 O gallant Fifty-first!

MAKE ROOM IN HEAVEN.*—HORACE B. DURANT.

Little *Americus*, a child of seven years, gifted with extraordinary musical talent, and who was compelled to exert himself beyond his years, died in Boston, a few years ago, of disease of the heart. His last words were, "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow!"

Make room in heaven! A gifted child of song,
 All weary lies upon his humble couch,
 Oppressed with fitful, fev'rish slumber. Child,
 Indeed, he is. His sunny curls half hide
 A brow such as, methinks, the angels wear,
 Could they appear to mortal vision. From
 Beneath the long and silken lashes, that
 Bestow such sad and thoughtful charm upon
 His face, a single tear has stolen out.
 The sleeper dreams—perchance, some wondrous dream
 Of joy or sorrow. Earth has been to him,
 Indeed, a long and lingering scene of care
 And toil and weariness, in which the days
 Were weeks, and months were years; for so, at least,
 They seem to every childish heart, though e'er
 So joyous.

What a grand, reflective theme
 Is childhood! What unfathomed, boundless depths
 Of mystic being, rise from out the dawn
 Of ebbing life, and dimly sweep away
 Beyond our gaze! What thoughts unuttered, or
 Unutterable, flit athwart the soul

* Written expressly for this Collection.

That newly born from paradise into
This lower, sinning world, with wondering eye
Beholds its shifting scenes!

All is still ;

The midnight chime is tolling out, across
The mighty city's deep repose, yet it
Awakens not the slumberer. To him,
What now is all that hollow praise, that on
Last famous eve, arose from brilliant throng,
Enchanted by his thrilling strains? What now
Are all the gorgeous drapery and glare
And pomp, with which his childish genius has
Thus far been heralded? What now, to him,
Are fashion's gilded offerings—ah, what
Have they been ever, but the blood-stained price
That greedy avarice has clutched, as the
Exchange for all that untold wealth of peace
And sunshine, robbed from his young years? He heeds
Them not; he sees them not; he wants but rest,—
A little "room" within this crowding world,
That presses close, like boist'rous, wrecking waves
About his feeble life.

He slumbers on—

How calm his rest! The early blush of dawn,
Begins once more to tinge the eastern skies,
And night is waning fast; yet, still he sleeps.
O blessed sleep, to weary mortals thou
Art next best friend to death! Behold that smile
That lights his features with a transient flash,
Like some unearthly glory! It was such
As might have streamed from golden gates of bliss,
As for a moment, they rolled back before
Some passing angel, and then sudden closed
Again. His hands are clasped, and upward raised,
As if in earnest supplication. Hark!
He prays—"Merciful God, make room
For a little fellow!" His prayer goes straight
Unto the throne of Light.

The morning rose

Upon another day, and hasty steps
Of passers to and fro, were heard within
The streets. Into that quiet chamber, where
The boy lay slumbering, the early ray
Stole tenderly, and gazed upon his face

Inquiringly ; but waked him not. So let
 Him rest ; for when the evening hour shall come
 Again, he must appear before the gay
 And careless multitude that shall await,
 Impatiently, his presence.

Nearer draw

Unto the couch. The listless hands lie crossed
 Upon his placid bosom. See, a smile
 Still lingers on his gently parted lips.
 There seems to be a strange and solemn hush
 Pervading all the room. Can this, indeed,
 Be sleep ? Here, place your hand upon his brow ;
 How cold—how icy cold ! It startles you !
 He is not sleeping—*he is dead !*

Poor child !

Oppressed beyond thy years ; forced to perform
 A task beyond thy strength ; no sympathy
 For thee, no thought, no reason, but a vain
 Ambition, and a thirst for gain—alas !
 How many are there like to thee ! Thou art
 At rest ; thy plea is answered ; and although
 No room was found for thee on earth, thou hast
 Found room in heaven.

A THANKFUL PARSON.

A pious parson good and true
 Was crossing o'er the seas,
 When suddenly there fiercely blew
 A wild and sweeping breeze.
 He feared the storm the ship would wreck,
 His heart was sore afraid,
 He sought the captain on the deck
 And found him undismayed.

The captain saw his awful fear
 And led him up to where
 The servant of the Lord could hear
 The sailors loudly swear.
 " You clearly see," the captain said,
 " If danger hovered nigh,
 They'd all be on their knees instead
 And asking grace to die."

The parson felt his words were true,
 And when the skies grew fair
 He marveled how the sailors knew
 Just when to pray or swear.
 But when the seas which wildly flowed
 Had ceased to plunge and spout,
 Unto himself he said: "It showed
 They know what they're about."

But, later on, another storm
 Came fiercer than before.
 The parson heard with wild alarm
 The ocean's angry roar.
 He sought the deck in awful dread
 To near the sailors get;
 He listened—then he bowed his head:
 "Thank God, they're swearing yet."

THE DEBATIN' S'CIETY.*—E. F. ANDREWS.

REPO'TED BY DAN'L HANDY OF SUGAR HILL.

De subject app'inted fur debate last Sadday night were,
 "Ef a man have a watermillion vine growin' clost to de
 fence, an' dat vine run over de fence into his naber's
 yard an' grows a watermillion dar, who do dat million
 b'long to?"

As dis were a question tetchin' on pints er de law, an'
 it hed been norated aroun' among de members dat bre'r
 Chrismus Towns was a gwineter mek one er his famous
 perfessional speeches, ev'ybody 'spected dar would be a
 mighty incitin' debate; an' so bre'r Edom, bre'r Juber
 an' bre'r Thusaleh, dey was app'inted empires to jedge
 which side got de bessest er de argyment.

Bre'r Jerry Flagg was de fust to tek de flo'. He
 lowed dat he thunk de watermillion oughter b'long, uf
 rights, to de one on whose lan' de vine growed. "'Caze,"
 sez he, "dat vine aint got no bisniss a-runnin' off fum
 whar hit was planted, no mo'n a hoss or a hog aint got
 none a-runnin' off fum de medder whar dey feeds; an'

*By permission of the Author.

ef dey does git out an' strays off, an' you fines 'em in yo' naber's field, dat doan mek 'em his'n ; but you ketches 'em an' brings 'em home agin an' dey's jes as much yo'n as dey was befo'. An' lackwise, ef yo' chillun gits outer de house an' goes over to play in yo' naber's yard, dat doan mek 'em his chillun ; an' I doan see no mo' reason why dat would mek it his watermillion ef yo' vine clomb over de pertition fence an' bo' a million on his side."

Den bre'r Jorum he riz up and seh :

"Misser President, hit appear to my observation dat bre'r Jerry have not took his p'int accordin' to de loginkle rcason er de question, fur watermilluns an' chilluns, dey is objects so diffunt in dere natur' dat de same argyments can't imply to bofe. Now, yo' chillun an' yo' hogs an' yo' hosses an' other beases, dey is yo'n ever'whar, 'caze dey is anamils—leastways hosses an' hogs an' beases is, an chillun, dey is livin' creturs mos' samer den anamils while dey is young ; an' so ef dey absquanders fum home you has de right to cotch 'em an' fetch 'em back agin. But watermilluns dey is vegetable perductions, an' ev'y sciuntific pusson knows dat anamils and vegetables is intirely diffunt in dere natur'. Furthermo', vegetable perductions has nateral diffunces among deyselves. Dar is pertaters and perturnups, fur instance, which dey grows down un'er de groun' an' has to be dug up fo' you kin eat 'em ; an' dar is apples an' peaches, which dey grows high up over our head an' has to be shuk down. Now, ef you axes me why dat apple falls down to the groun' when it air shuk off'n de tree, stider risin' up in de aar lack smoke, I auswers you, in de langwidge er sciumce, becaze it air de natur' er de apple to fall. An' jes so when my deponent seh dat a watermillun vine aint got no business a-runnin' off fum whar hit were planted, I auswers him dat it air de natur' er de watermillun vine to run. Some vines runs one way and some ernother ; some runs up an' some runs down, an' some runs all over de groun' lack de watermillun, an' if you plants dat watermillun too clost to de fence, hit's a gwinter run over it

on t'other side, an' you aint got no right to tek it away fum de man over dar, 'caze it air de natur' er vines to run, an' dat watermillun air jis' only a-follerin' up its natur. To put de argyment in a silly gizzard, which air de only sciumterrific motion er reasonin', hit stan' jesso:

"Dat watermillun vine have runned over de fence.

"Hit air de natur 'er vines to run.

"Darfo' de watermillun on dat vine b'longs to de man on t'other side er de fence.

"Now, dar is de whole argyment abjuiced to a silly gizzard, an' I'd jes' lack to see anybody try to knock de bottom outen it."

Bre'r Jorum was mightily applawded when he sot down, an' ev'ybody 'lowed dere nuver had ben sech a splendid argyment made in de s'ciety befo', an' dey couldn't see how even bre'r Chrismus was a gwineter answer all dat logiuk an' larnin'.

But bre'r Chrismus knowed hissef, an' he wasn't gwineter be skeered by nobody's larnin'. He useter go to all de cotes wid his ole massa, an' had heerd judges an' juries in his day, an' so he knowed he'd git de law on his side ef bre'r Jorum did have de logiuk on his'n. He was dressed up in his Sunday clo'es, an' when he begun to speak his voice rolled froo de room so deep an' snoreous jes lack thunder, an' de ordiumce all sot still an' listened as intentive as if dey had ben prettified by his illikence.

"Misser President an' gentlemen er de jury," sez he, "righteousnesses should be jesticeness, an' should be required at de han's uf ev'y man aforesaid, which is often inconsistence of salt an' battery; wharas, de influence er Nolly Prosekys air very enticin' to de injyment er statistics. By de violater de expectations aforesaid could not be positive in a case er hab his corpses, but de intercedence er perlarity is ve'y strong to de discouragement er de mine, as aforesaid. A gempleman er yo' cibilities have got his book an' his Bible an' his double edication. When a man has got abunnance er superfluity his frien's

an' relationer is aroun' him to gin him de books on conterdiction an' a full accommendation in de States er Alabam. Look over de raiments er Alabam! I doan see nothin' wuth a gemman's attention.

"I has now splained my books on conterdiction, an' aint got nothin' mo' to seh on de supernateral charge, so I turn nex to de sublimary regurlations er de reconnyzance. When a man have brought de plaintive er his defence to de obstruction er de Constitutional limitations, he mus' have de rights er hab his corpses fur a deplorandum deprivatam. De cote cornsiders dis question a conjunction fum de legal indicament uf its depennance on de legislative man damus to obtain de powers er de position. Darfo, be it deferred and proclaimed as aforesaid, to all men here presents, dat de writs er search yo rarry will tend to de intercedence er de persecution; an de fendents air brought to a state er consumptum ad norum follerorum."

When bre'r Chrismus sot down de members all clapped an' 'plawded tell it look lack de house 'ud come down, an' dey was all erbleedged to give up dat his speech hed beat even bre'r Jorum's, fur dar was words in it dat bre'r Jorum hissself didn't know de meanin' on. De empires decided uranimously dat bre'r Chrismus hed gain de vict'ry fur his side. Only dey couldn't zackly mek out which side he was on, so dey couldn't say no further, 'ceptin dat bre'r Chrismus's was de winnin' side, whichever side er de fence he moight think dat watermillion b'long to.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
 And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
 I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's
 solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
 "Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.

We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway
streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstasy:
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet
mine eye.

I know not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of
light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed
in white.

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of
purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled
the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns from every
clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round
the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory his alone."

But fairer far than all besides I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and
grace.

Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length
was past.

And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow,—adorned with many a
gem?"

I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is
thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown
should shine?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every
brow;

For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now.
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy
deed,

If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace
to lead.

"Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of
life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy foot-
steps shone

Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of
rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been
blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared
to break;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering
light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below;
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
'That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me."
And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear this truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall
shine."

THE GRAVE BY THE SORROWFUL SEA.*

L. M. LANING BAYLEY.

Vesper bells were softly chiming
In the vale of Normandy,
While against the rocky coast shore
Beat the white caps of the sea.

Blood red gleamed the sun at setting,
Black the clouds that lay behind,
Every one a wall of darkness
With the jagged lightning lined.

On the beach an old sea-captain
Peered far out with anxious eye,
While a Norman lassie near him
Gazed upon the threatening sky.

Fair her face, her form so slender,
Flowing tresses black as night,
Blue her eyes as skies in summer,
Burning now with eager light.

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Long she looked upon the waters,
Shading vision with her hand ;
Sank the red sun low and lower,
Dropping darkness o'er the land.

“Grandsire!” spoke the Norman lassie,
Crying out her heart's wild dread,
“Are the boats, the lads, in danger?”
Poor old Grandsire bent his head,

And the locks by age fast silvering,
Fluttered in the stormy air,
While his trembling fingers threaded
Through the maiden's wind-tossed hair.

“Fret not, Marie, lass,” he murmured,
“God doth rule both sea and land ;
He who stilled the tempest, holds them
In the hollow of his hand.”

“Grandsire, hark!” A gun is booming
Loud above the vesper bell ;
Thunders mutter in the heavens,—
High the foam-caps rose and fell.

All the villagers came hastening
From their homes both far and near,
While their fervent prayers ascended
To the virgin mother's ear.

Two and twenty were the fishers
Out upon the waters wild ;
Wept the wife then for her husband,
Moaned the mother for her child.

“Can we launch a boat, old Grandsire?
Will it reach yon dangerous rock
Where our comrades' boats are drifting,
Can it stand the tempest shock?”

Grandsire spoke in accents solemn ;
“Nay, my lads ; the way to choose
Is for one to swim the breakers,
But he risks his life to lose.”

Did they hesitate an instant,
While they thought on home and wife,
Till the nobler manhood conquered,
Prompting each to save a life?

While they pause, out spake a woman,—
 Marie with the eyes of blue ;
 “Grandsire, I can swim the breakers!
 Tell me quickly what to do.”

Red the bronzed cheek of the seamen,
 Redder grew with conscious shame ;
 Marie fearless turned and faced them :
 “I will go, ye're none to blame.”

“Ye have wives and homes and children,
 I have only Grandsire here,
 I have loved the beach since childhood,
 And I know it far and near,—

“Know its every nook and crevice,
 Jean's out there and go I must !
 Pray for me to holy Mary,
 To her guidance will I trust.”

Round about her waist the life-rope
 With a steady hand she drew,
 And the men in line stood ready,
 Lives to save and work to do.

Then she bound her flowing tresses,
 Bared each shapely, supple arm,
 Plunged amidst the foaming billows ;—
 Boom ! the signal gun's alarm !

“Holy mother ! guard and save her,”
 Prayed the matrons with their beads,
 While the Grandsire's limbs, all trembling,
 Shook like quivering aspen reeds.

In his quaint, old-fashioned cassock,
 Holding crucifix on high,
 Knelt the priest among his people ;
 Gleamed the cross against the sky.

“Jesu, hear us or they perish ;
 As on Galilee's blue wave
 Thou didst still the midnight tempest,
 Oh, have mercy now and save !

“Mary, mother ! hear our pleading,
 Intercession for us make ;
 Spare, oh ! spare thy helpless children,
 Spare them now for Christ's dear sake.”

Marie battled with the billows,
White her face, each breath a prayer :
While her brave heart kept repeating
"God and Mary mother! spare!"

"Look! the rope! it grips! it tightens!"
Pass along the cheering word ;
God be praised! the line is fastened!
Thrice the signal gun is heard.

Drenched and dripping came the sailors
Till of twenty men and two,
Only Jean was counted missing,
With Marie, the brave and true.

"They'll be here now, soon, together—"
Gasped the sailor last to pass,
"But the rope is strained and weakened,
Holy mother, save the lass!"

Then a strange and awful terror,
In each heart doth stronger swell ;
Stilled the storm, and fearful silence
On the Norman people fell.

"God! the rope! it wavers! slackens!"
Grandsire fell upon the sands :
Up to heaven, beseeching pity,
Lifted high his withered hands.

On their knees the Norman people
Slowly coiled the parted rope,
While the women white with anguish,
Spoke to Grandsire, bade him hope.

Broke he into bitter weeping,
And his trembling lips said "Nay,
I shall never more behold her,
God hath taken her away!"

Then the one and twenty fishers
Wept as only strong men do,
For the gentle, brave, sweet lassie,
And their fisher comrade, too.

All night long the solemn church bell
Tolled upon the rocky hill ;
All night long the bonfires glimmered,
After wind and wave were still.

Till the sun above the ocean
 Rose in all his glory red,
 Priest and people at the altar
 Chanted masses for the dead.

On the beach at dawn they found them,
 Borne upon the flowing tide ;
 Clasped her bonny arms around him,
 Cruel death did not divide.

In the church-yard, 'neath the flowers,
 Covered by the fresh, young grass,
 Rest sweet Marie and her lover ;
 And the villagers who pass

Cross themselves in silent reverence,
 When the bell at night tolls ten ;
 'Tis the hour the maiden perished,
 Saving one and twenty men.

Shines the radiant moon at midnight,
 Bits of beauty fleck the wave,
 And a path of silver glory
 Smiles on Jean and Marie's grave.

And the sea, so full of sorrow,
 Sings a requiem for its dead ;
 While the crucifix keeps ever
 Watch and ward above their bed.

Rest in peacefulness, sweet Marie !
 Braver deed was never done ;
 Jewels stud thy crown of glory,
 Paradise indeed is won.

PAT'S SECRET.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris while three crowned heads of Europe were on a visit to his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III. These distinguished persons were the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia.

One day, having thrown aside all state ceremonial, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go *incog.*, so as not to be recognized by

the people. However, in their stroll through Paris they went astray, and meeting a gentlemanly looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith, and that I will, my boys," says Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the "three boys."

"This way, my hearties," and they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace, and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what son of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness?) as by his *naivete* and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined the guide, "I did not ask you who you were, and before I answer you perhaps you would tell me who you may be."

After some further parleying, one said, "I am Alexander, and they call me the Czar or Emperor of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to coddling me a bit"). "And might I make bould to ask you who you be, my flower?"

"They call me Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," says the Irishman, who, thinking he was hoaxed, in his despairing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived, out of any of them, turned to the third one and said, "Who are you?"

"They call me Frederick William, and I am King of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and after some hesitation, and a mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered:

"I am the Emperor of China; but don't tell anybody."

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.*—CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Dhere vas vat you call a maxim
 Dot I hear der oder day,
 Und I wride id in mine album,
 So id don'd could got away ;
 Und I dells mine leedle Yawcob
 He moost mind vot he's aboutt :
 "Tis too late to lock der shtable
 When der horse he vas gone outt."

When I see ubon der corners
 Off der shtreets, most efry night,
 Der loafers und der hoodluns,
 Who do nix but shvear und fight,
 I says to mine Katrina :
 "Let us make home bright und gay .
 Ve had petter lock der shtable,
 So our colts don'd got away."

When you see dhose leedle urchins,
 Not mooch ofer knee-high tall,
 Shump rightt indo der melon patch,
 Shust owf der garden vall,
 Und vatch each leedle rascall
 When he cooms back mit hees "boodle,"
 Look outt und lock your shtable,
 So your own nag don'd shkydoodle!

When der young man at der counter
 Vants to shpegulate in shtocks,
 Und buys hees girls some timond rings,
 Und piles rightt oup der rocks,
 Look outt for dot young feller ;
 Id vas safe enuff to say
 Dot der shtable id vas empty,
 Und der horse vas gone away.

Dhen dake time by der fetlock ;
 Don'd hurry droo life's courses ;
 Rememper vot der poet says,
 "Life's but a shpan"—off horses ;
 Der poy he vas der comin' man ;
 Be careful vwhile you may ;
 Shust keep der shtable bolted,
 Und der horse don'd got away.

*From "Harpers' Magazine," by permission of the Author.

THE TEMPLE OF LIVING MASONS.

LAWRENCE M. GREENLEAF.

The temple made of wood and stone will crumble and decay,
 But there's a viewless fabric which shall never fade away ;
 Age after age the Masons strive to consummate the plan,
 But still the work's unfinished which th' immortal three
 began ;

None but immortal eyes may view, complete in all its parts,
 The temple formed of living stones,—the structure made of
 hearts.

'Neath every form of government, in every age and clime ;
 Amid the world's convulsions and the ghastly wrecks of
 time ;

While empires rise in splendor, and are conquered and o'er-
 thrown,

And cities crumble into dust, their very sites unknown ;
 Beneath the sunny smiles of peace, the threatening frown
 of strife,—

Freemasonry has stood unmoved, with age renewed her life.

She claims her votaries in all climes, for none are under ban
 Who place implicit trust in God, and love their fellow man ;
 The heart that shares another's woe beats just as warm and
 true

Within the breast of Christian, Mohammedan, or Jew ;

She levels all distinctions from the highest to the least,—

The king must yield obedience to the peasant in the East.

What honored names on history's page, o'er whose brave
 deeds we pore,

Have knelt before our sacred shrine and trod our checkered
 floor !

Kings, princes, statesmen, heroes, bards who squared their
 actions true,

Between the pillars of the porch now pass in long review ;

Oh, brothers, what a glorious thought for us to dwell upon,—
 The mystic tie that binds our hearts bound that of Washing-
 ton !

Although our past achievements we with honest pride review,
 As long as there's rough ashlar there is work for us to do ;
 We still must shape the living stones with instruments of
 love

For that eternal mansion in the paradise above ;

Toil as we've toiled in ages past to carry out the plan,

'Tis this,—the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man !

PARSON POLICY.—MRS. ALEX. Mc VEIGH MILLER.

By permission of the Author.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Policy,
 It seems the strangest thing to me,
 You cannot see how evil grows
 Beneath your very eyes and nose.
 The curse of rum is all abroad,
 And men forget the law of God.
 This thought my mind has long perplexed,
 Why don't you take a temperance text?

“Why don't you come out fair and square
 With Bible truth, and cease to spare
 The men who drink, the men who sell
 That fearful beverage of hell?
 Why don't you tell them God has curst
 With endless death the drunkard's thirst?
 Why don't you try to win them back
 From staggering on the downward track?”

“My dear,” said Parson Policy,
 We must agree to disagree.
 “There's A who rents our highest pew,
 A wholesale liquor dealer, too.
 There's B who keeps a bar in town,
 He puts his money freely down
 To help our church's smallest need.
 There's C, and D, and more indeed,—

“They each are in the liquor line,—
 There's many more who take their wine.
 My membership would dwindle fast
 Did we exclude this generous class,
 And should I join this wild crusade
 I tell you frankly I'm afraid
 They would not stay to hear abuse,
 And I should preach to empty pews.”

“Not quite so bad, I hope,” said she,
 “But even then I fail to see
 How you can shirk a duty plain
 For men's applause and worldly gain.
 Such piety seems half and half,
 As if you made a golden calf
 And set it up among your pews
 Too valuable to be abused.

“ It seems unjust to me, I own,
 To let the liquor curse alone—
 You rail at all the other sins.
 Almost before the spring begins
 You rail at fashion’s wild excess,
 And sermonize the women’s dress.
 Such eloquence on rum bestowed
 Might save some sinking souls to God.”

“ My dear,” said Parson Policy,
 “ The course proposed appears to me
 A meddling excess of zeal ;
 And business men, no doubt, must feel
 That ministerial eloquence
 Can have no sanction or pretence
 Of justice when its war is made
 On licensed, legitimate trade.”

“ Well, well,” she said. “ Why cannot you
 Try moral suasion ? That might do
 Much good.” He answered, “ No, my dear,
 I must decline to interfere.
 The state has done the best it can
 By taxing liquor to a man.”

“ Oh, yes,” she cried. “ They license evil,
 And ‘ furnish rope to lead the devil.’ ”

“ Why, wife,”—the Parson, shocked, arose,
 Reproachful, eyeglass on his nose,—
 “ What freak possesses you of late
 That you arraign the church and state ?
 How should a little woman see
 The duty of a man like me ?
 Or rail at legislative laws
 Designed to aid the temperance cause ? ”

“ Nay, dear, we need not be at strife,
 Let pity move you,” said the wife.
 “ Oh, help each weak and sinning soul
 To shun the wine-cup’s base control.
 Beneath the Everlasting Rock
 God’s faithful shepherd feeds his flock ;
 He bears the young lambs in his arms,
 He shields the straying flock from harm.

“ Can you, oh, shepherd of the Lord,
 Do less than teach his faithful word ?

Do less than preach his whole stern truth
 To all your flock in age or youth ?”
 “ My dear,” said Parson Policy,
 “ Why argue when we can't agree ?
 I've had a long and tiresome day,
 I'm tired and sleepy—let us pray.”

“ Oh, God,” prayed Mrs. Policy,
 With lifted eye and bended knee,
 “ Our land o'erflows with whisky waves,
 Our men go down to drunkard's graves.
 Look thou upon our grief in kindness ;
 Have pity on the clergy's blindness ;
 And teach them all to give their aid
 To check this fearful liquor trade !”

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES.—H. U. JOHNSON.

Dear Uncle Sam has many girls,
 All precious in his eyes,
 Though varying much in many things,
 As age, and wealth, and size.

As sentiment they vary, too,
 In beauty, spirit, grace ;
 The wealth of some is in the breast,
 Of others on the face.

He early gave them single names,
 Though double just a few ;
 Then father-like he nicknamed them,
 As older girls they grew.

Miss Arkansas he called his “ Bear,”
 New York the “ Empire State ;”
 “ Excelsior,” he sometimes says
 When he would her elate.

Rhode Island is his “ Rhody” pet,
 Or “ Little Rhoda,” dear.
 When Texas, the “ Lone Star,” looks down
 Upon her midget peer.

North Carolina, “ Old North State,”
 She is his “ Turpentine ;”
 “ Mother of Presidents,” V—a,
 Doth “ Old Dominion ” shine.

Ohio is his "Buckeye" lass,
 His "Sweet Queen" Maryland;
 His "Keystone," Pennsylvania,
 To "Pennymites" is grand.

Miss Maine he calls his "Lumber yard,"
 Then "Pine Tree" sweetly sings;
 That Oregon is "Spirit Land,"
 To all he gaily flings.

Missouri beams the "Central Star,"
 "Blue Hen" is Delaware,
 Or when he would her pride expand,
 He "Diamond" lets her flare.

Miss California, we shall find,
 Is "Golden" on his knee;
 His "Silver sheen" Nevada holds,
 "Big Bend" is Tennessee.

South Carolina hears his call,
 "Palmetto" in her hand;
 New Jersey's grit he honors much,
 She is his "Child of Sand."

"Green Mountain" lass he hails Vermont,
 Nebraska, "Blizzard home;"
 "Pan Handle," clipped from "Old Domain,"
 Is West Virginia tome.

His "Bayou" Mississippi is,
 New Hampshire "Granite" pride;
 Louisiana, "Sugar State,"
 His "Creole" doth abide.

"Jayhawker" Kansas, most he calls
 His "Garden of the West,"
 On Massachusetts, old "Bay State,"
 He lets his blessing rest.

Miss Minnesota "Gopher" State,
 His "North Star" ever shines;
 O'er Michigan, his "Wolverine,"
 He spreads his waving pines.

Kentucky is his "Blue Grass" field,
 His "Dark and Bloody Ground;"
 But Florida "Peninsula,"
 His "Flower-land" will be found.

As "Empire of the South" he greets
 Miss Georgia in his joy;
 But "Sucker" or my "Prairie" bird,
 He hails fair Illinois.

Sweet "Hoosier" is the name inscribed
 On Indiana's breast,
 Whilst Iowa rejoices much
 With "Hawkeye" on her crest.

"Centennial" Colorado shines,
 Wisconsin's "Badger" child;
 That "Nutmeg," Miss Connecticut,
 Is "Free Stone" on the guild.

At Alabama, "Here We Rest,"
 Our dear old uncle calls,
 Until into the sisterhood
 Some new-born sister falls.

AUNT MELISSY ON BOYS.*—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I hain't nothin' agin' boys, as sich. They're a necessary part o' creation, I s'pose—like a good many disagreeable things! But deliver me! I'd ruther bring up a family of nine gals, any day in the year, with cats an' dogs throw'd in, than one boy.

Gittin' fishhooks into their jacket-pockets, to stick in yer fingers washin'-days! Gals don't carry fishhooks in their jacket-pockets. Tearin' their trousis a-climbin' fences! perfec'ly reckless! an' then, patch! patch! Gals don't tear their trousis a-climbin' fences.

Kiverin' the floor with whiddlin's soon as ever you've got nicely slicked up! an' then down must come the broom an' dustpan agin; an' I remember once, when I kep' house for Uncle Amos, I hed the Dorkis S'iety to tea, an' I'd been makin' a nice dish of cream-toast, an' we was waitin' for the minister—blessed soul! he mos' gener'ly dropped in to tea when the S'iety met, an' he never failed when 'twas to *our* house, he was so

fond o' my cream-toast—an' bimeby he come in, an' when everybody was ready, I run and ketched up the things from the kitchen hairth, where I'd left 'em to keep warm, an' put 'em ontew the table, and we drew up our chairs, an' got quiet, an' I never noticed anything was out o' the way, till bimeby, jes's the minister—blessed soul!—was a-askin' the blessin', I kind o' opened one corner of my eye to see how the table looked—for I prided myself on my table—when I declare to goodness, if I didn't think I should go right through the top of the house! For there was the great, splendid, elegant, nice dish o' cream-toast, stuccoted all over with pine whiddlin's! right between the blazin' candles Lucindy'd put on jes' as we was a-settin' down.

Ye sec, I'd poured the cream over the toast the last thing when I set it by the fire, an' never noticed Hezekier in the corner a-whiddlin' out his canew—I should say canew! Why, that 'air cream-toast was like a foam-in' cataract kivered by a fleet of canews, where the whiddlin's was curled up on't, capsized, stickin' up eendways an' every which way, enough to make a decent house-keeper go intew fits! An' I thought I should! I thought I never could keep still, an' set through the good man's blessin' in this world!

I shet my eyes, an' tried to keep my mind ontew things speritooal, but I couldn't for my life think of anything but the pesky whiddlin's in the toast, an' how was I ever goin' to snatch it off'm the table an' out of sight, the minute the blessin' was through, an' 'fore the minister—blessed soul!—or anybody had their eyes open to the material things; for right ontew the tail of the Amen, ye know, comp'ny *will* kind o' look 'round, hopeful and comf'table, to see what creatur' comforts is put afore 'em.

But I watched my chance.

I knowed perty well the way he mos' gener'ly allers tapered off, an' soon's ever that long-hankered-for Amen come out, I jumped like a cat at a mouse, had that 'air toast off'm the table, whisked it into the pantry, picked

the whiddlin's out with my thumb-an'-finger, give that Hezekier a good smart box on the ear, as a foretaste of what was in store for him when the comp'ny was gone, an' had it back ontew the table agin, all serene an' beautiful, only I noticed Miss Bumblewick,—she's got eyes like a lynx, an' she was dreffle jealous of my housekeepin',—she'd seen suthin! she looked awful queer an' puzzled! an' I was mortified tew death when the minister—blessed soul!—a-eatin' of his slice, took suthin' tough out of his mouth, and lajd it careful under the side of his plate. He was a wonderful perlite man, an' not a soul in the world 'sides me an' him ever 'spected he'd been chorrin' ontew a pine whiddlin'!

That's jest a specimint o' that 'air Hezekier. His excuse allers was, he *didn't mean ter* dew it. Once his pa give him about tew quarts o' seed-corn in a bucket, an' told him to put it to soak—his pa gener'ly soaked his seed-corn for plantin'; he said it come up so much quicker. Hezekier, he took the bucket, but he was tew lazy to git any water, so he jest ketched up the fust thing come handy, which happened to be a jug o' rum, an' poured it all into the corn, an' then went to flyin' his kite; he had the kite fever that year, an' the trees was jest full of tails an' strings, an' there was one skeleton I remember left hangin' in the big pear tree all winter—made me so provoked!

Wal, that afternoon, his pa was a-goin' through the woodshed, an' he kep' snuffin', snuffin', till bimeby says he, "Mellissy," says he, "what under the canopy ye been doin' with rum?" says he. Of course I hadn't been doin' nothin' with rum, only smellin' on't for the last half hour—I detcst the stuff!—but we put our noses together an' follered up the scent, and there was that corn!

"Now, Amos," says I, "I hope to gracious goodness you'll give that boy a good tunin'—for he's jest sufferin' for it!" says I.

But Hezekier he screamed: "No, I ain't! I shall be sufferin' if ye give it tew me!" says he. "I seen pa drink-

in' out o' the jug, an' thought 'twa'n't nothin' but water!" says he.

An' his pa jest kinder winked to me, an' scolded and threatened a little, an' then drove off to town, tellin' Hezekier to toe the mark an' jest look sharp arter things, or he'd give him Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, when he got hum. That was a sayin' of his'n :

"Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John,
Take a stick an' tuck it on!"

But *sayin'* was all it ever amounted tew; which never'd a-been *my* way to bring up a boy, you may depend on that!

Wal, Hezekier was perty quiet that arternoon, which I noticed it, for gener'ly, if he wa'n't makin' a noise to drive ye distracted, ye might be sure he was up to some wus mischief; an' bimeby think says I to myself, think says I; "Now what under the canopy *can* that Hezekier be up tew now!" think says I; for I hadn't heerd him blow his squawker, nor pound on a tin pan, nor pull the cat's tail, nor touch off his cannon, nor bounce his ball agin' the house, nor screech, nor break a glass, nor nothin', for all of five minutes; an' I was a-wonderin', when perty soon he comes into the house of his own accord, a-lookin' kinder scaret and meechin'; an' says he, "Aunt Melissy," says he, "I'm a-feared there's suthin' the matter with them 'air turkeys," says he.

"The turkeys!" says I. "What in the name o' goodness can be the matter with them?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o," says he; "but I guess ye better come out an' look," says he—so innercent!

I did go out an' look; an' there behind the woodshed was all them seven turkeys, the hull caboodle of 'em, ol' gobbler an' all, only one hen turkey was a-settin', an' another was off with a brood o' chicks—lucky fir them!—all keeled over and stretched out on the ground, a sight to behold!

"Massy goodness sakes alive!" says I, "what's been an' gone an' killed off all the turkeys?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o', 'thout it's suthiu' they've e't," says he.

“E’t!” says I. “What you been givin’ on ’em to eat? for goodness sakes!” says I.

“Nothin’,” says he, “only that corn that was sp’ilt for plantin’; I tho’t ’twas too bad to have it all wasted, so I fed it to the turkeys,” says he.

“Fed it to the turkycys!” says I. “An’ you’ve jest killed ’em, every blessed one! An’ what’ll yer pa say now?” says I.

“I didn’t mean *ter*!” says he.

“I’d *didn’t mean ter* ye, if ye was *my* boy!” says I. “Now ketch hold and help me pick their feathers off an’ dress ’em for market, fust thing—for that’s all the poor critters is good for now,” says I—“so much for yer plaguy nonsense!”

He sprung tew perty smart, for once, an’ Lucindy she helped, an’ we jest stripped them ’air turkeys jest as naked as any fowls ever ye see, ’fore singein—all but their heads, an’ I was jest a-goin’ to cut off the old gobbler’s—I’d got it outew the choppin’ block, an’ raised the ax, when he kinder give a wiggle, an’ squawked!

Jest then Lucindy, she spoke up: “Oh, Aunt Melissy! there’s one a-kickin’!” says she. I jest dropped that ’air gobbler, an’ the ax—come perty nigh cuttin’ my toes off!—an’ looked, an’ there was one or tew more a-kickin’ by that time; for if you’ll believe me, not one o’ them turkeys was dead at all, only dead drunk from the rum in the corn! an’ it wa’n’t many minutes ’fore every one o’ them poor, naked, ridic’lous critters was up, staggerin’ ’round, lookin’ dizzy an’ silly enough, massy knows! While that Hezekier! he couldn’t think o’ nothin’ else to dew, but jest to keel over on the grass an’ roll an’ kick an’ screech, like all possessed! For my part, I couldn’t see nothin’ under the canopy to laugh at. I pitied the poor naked, tipsy things, an’ set to work that very arternoon, a-makin’ little jackets for ’em to wear; an’ then that boy had to go intew conceptions agin, when he seen ’em with their jackets on. An’ if you’ll believe it, his pa, he laughed tew—so foolish! An’ jes’ said to Hezekier: “Didn’t ye

know no better 'n to go an give corn soaked in rum to the turkeys?" says he, an' then kinder winked to me out o' t'other side of his face; an' that's every speck of a whippin' that boy got!

But law sakes! he wa'n't a mite wus'n other boys. There's that Haynes boy—Larkey Haynes; father a good sober-goin' church-member; mother one o' the nicest housekeepers—makes the nicest riz biscuit I ever eat anywheres away from hum; I shouldn't be ashamed on 'em myself; gals quiet an' well-behaved as need be—but that Larkey!

He hed a pet lamb once, that he'd larn't to run at; you'd only to hold up a handkerchief, an' flutter it—so—an' that lamb he'd come full chisel, an' bunt right through the handkerchief into anything behind it—made no difference to him, if 'twas a meetin'-house.

Bimeby it got to be suthin' more 'n a lamb—it was a male sheep,—a gre't, strong, horned critter, that nobody'd want to be behind the handkerchief tew times when he run to bunt it.

Once Elder Barstow was a-stoppin' to the Hayneses. Elder wa'n't a very good man, some folks thought. Terrible long and loud on a sermon or a prayer! but he was a master hand for a trade, for all that, an' he'd cheat ye out o' yer eye-teeth any day in the week—so folks said; tho' the Hayneses kinder believed in him, all but Larkey, he hated the sight o' him!—an' he mos' gener'ly allers stopped to the Hayneses when he come that way to preach.

One time, as uzhil, when they'd drawed back their chairs for family worship, arter breakfast, the elder was invited to lead in prayer, an' he was lengthy as uzhil; it was along in summer, an' a busy time 'ith the farm-folks, but that never made the leastest mite o' difference with the elder.

It was perty hot in the kitchen; but he'd looked out a comf'table place for himself; he'd sot his chair over agin' the suller door, which was open; an' the outside

door was open tew; an' he was a-kneelin' on his chair, with his face to the suller, an' his back to the outside door, a-prayin' away, when that Larkey—'twas jest a boy's trick!—he looked out, an' seen the pet sheep in the yard. The sheep seen Larkey 'bout the same time; an' of course, the sheep wa'n't to blame; *he* didn't know no better'n to be lookin' for fun in prayer-time. But Larkey—clear boy, for all the world!—soon as ever he seen the sheep, he jest whisked out his handkerchief, and shook it kinder as if to shake it out 'fore wipin' his eyes over suthin' affectin' in the prayer—shook it right behind the elder's back!

Nuff said! in come that rampageous, unconscionable beast, right intew the kitchen, head down, tail up—rattle! clatter! Jehu-to-split!—jest think what an interruption to the family devotions!—straight to the handkerchief an' the kneelin' elder! So unexpected! There was a crash an' a scramble, an' the elder an' his chair, an' the horned critter, went rattle-ty-bang, thumpety-bump, down the suller stairs!

Mr. Haynes, he looked up jest in time to see the chair legs, an' the elder's boots, an' the critter's hind tail, shoot out o' sight, an' he made a rush arter 'em, 'spectin' much as could be the elder's neck was broke. But, strange to say, he wa'n't much hurt, only in his feelin's an' his wig,—which he'd gone head-formost intew a firkin o' lard, an' when they pulled him out, there his wig stuck,—he was bald as a punkin! He said he owed his mortal salvation to the care o' Providence an that 'air soft lard.

Now, all his folks done to that Larkey was jest to laf! Guess there'd a-been suthin' 'sides laffin if he'd been *my* boy!

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I hear the jar
 Of the loom of life, and near and far
 It thrills with its deep and muffled sound
 As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
 In the light of day, and the midnight gloom ;
 The wheels are turning with all their strife,
 Forming at last the web of each life.

Click, clack ! there's a web of love wove in ;
 Click, clack ! there's another of wrong and sin.
 What a checkered thing this life will be
 When we see it unrolled in eternity !

Time with a face like mystery,
 And hands as busy as hands can be,
 Sits at the loom with arms outspread,
 To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

Are you spinners of wool in life's web, say ?
 Do you furnish the weaver a thread each day ?
 It were better then, O my friend, to spin
 A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Say, when will this wonderful web be done ?
 In a hundred years, perhaps, or one,
 Or to-morrow, who knoweth ? not you nor I ;
 But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
 And each one is nearing the end, I know.
 Soon the last web will be woven in—
 God grant it be love and not of sin.

SOUTH FORK.*—STOCKTON BATES.

Jotun, (*yotun*) an old Norse word, signifying *giant*, is supposed to be derived from an ancient form of the verb "to eat," the most prominent characteristic of the Jotuns being their prodigious voracity. In Norse mythology the name is applied to certain mythological beings supposed to be hostile to men and to the beneficent Æsir. The Jotuns are types of the destroying, untamable or destructive forces of nature. Their abodes are the desert regions or outmost boundary of the world. Jotuns are represented as always at war with Æsir, the powers presiding over life and order. The opposition is eternal because there can be no reconciliation between order and confusion, life and death.

Out of the far sea, vaporous, ghost-like arms, to the zenith
 Reaching in wraith-like folds, clutch at the East wind wild.
 Murmuring, low-voiced, pleaded the Jotun, "Carry me thither
 Speedily on your wings ! Aid me ! Avenge my wrongs !"

*Written expressly for this Collection.

"Where shall I bear you, Spirit of Evil?" answered the East-wind.

"Bear me where bold men sneer, mocking my kindred's woes:

Harnessing great wheels where my waters flow down to the ocean;

Prisoning my bright streams fast in the hollows of hills.

"Bear me, with swift wing, where Allegheny's towering mountains,

Passive and inert, lie sunning their great shag sides,

While their feet are washed sullenly by my struggling stream-lets,

Caught in their gulf-ward quest, checked and forbidden to flow."

Out spoke the East-wind, "Spirit of Evil! bury your passion!

Chill are the high hill-tops! cruel and bitter their breath.

Tears shall you let fall over their scar-marked fastnesses sombre!

Better I wander alone! Back to your home in the sea!"

Cruel and scornful, answered the Jotun, "I will avenge me!

Out from the high hills' grasp, free shall my kindred go!

Barriers, man-built, hinder their freedom! I will undo them!

Rivers of tears shall flow! Bitterly man shall repay!"

Up from the far sea, swiftly the East-wind bore the Avenger.

Lowering heavens gloomed darkly where, thoughtless of woe,

Men, all too mirthful, heedlessly mocked midst gathering waters,

Careless of danger near, laughing all warnings to scorn.

Steadily, from low clouds, into surcharged runnels and stream-heads,

Crowding in sullen force, gathered the vengeful flood.

Slowly the South Fork Dam, though resisting, yields to the pressure—

Breaks—and the maddened flood bursts through its crumbling walls,

Rolling its great wave, wild in its freedom, down through the cleft hills,

Hurling to quick death, men, women and children sweet!

Crushing, with vast strength, factory, hovel, dwelling and store-house!

Leaving, for toilful thrift, ruin and awful wreck!

Groans of despair cry heavenward, where erst laughter resounded!

Parents from children dear, kindred from kindred torn!

Wild devastation, ruin and flame, gaunt, sickening horrors,
Revel where erst sweet peace folded her quiet wings.

Merciless, onward thundered the waters, glutted with ruin.

Faint with its cruel wrath, hastened the Jotun grim.

Hark to that wild cry! pitiful, awful, reaching to heaven!

Agony from great deeps borne on ten thousand lips!

Hear it! the human cry of despair, high Heaven imploring,

Pleading, but wordless yet, borne on the sobbing wind!

Quickly, from warm hearts, come the responses, sympathy
breathing!

Pauses the listening world,—pauses to answer the cry!

Sympathy, helpful, opens the world's heart throbbing hu-
manely.

Mite of the widow drops, welcome as silver or gold.

Freely, from full store, heartily given, treasure to treasure,

Measure for measure, gifts pour in an answering flood.

Swiftly the kind hand, tenderly outstretched, ministers com-
fort.

Charity, Christ-like, pours balm in the open wounds.

Back to his sea home driven, the Jotun flees from the Æsir!

While to the dulled ear comes softly the whisper of Hope!

THE DARK FOREST OF SORROW.

JEROME K. JEROME.

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister,—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lit temple of the god they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy light, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sor-

rows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes, our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us: she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

Once upon a time, through a strange country, there rode some goodly knights, and their path lay by a deep wood, where tangled briars grew very thick and strong, and tore the flesh of them that lost their way therein. And the leaves of the trees that grew in the wood were very dark and thick, so that no ray of light came through the branches to lighten the gloom and sadness.

And, as they passed by that dark wood, one knight of those that rode, missing his comrades, wandered far away and returned to them no more; and they, sorely grieving, rode on without him, mourning him as one dead.

Now, when they reached the fair castle toward which they had been journeying, they stayed there many days, and made merry; and one night, as they sat in cheerful ease around the logs that burned in the great hall, and drank a loving measure, there came the comrade they

had lost, and greeted them. His clothes were ragged, like a beggar's, and many sad wounds were on his sweet flesh, but upon his face there shone a great radiance of deep joy.

And they questioned him, asking him what had befallen him: and he told them how in the dark wood he had lost his way, and had wandered many days and nights, till, torn and bleeding, he had lain him down to die.

Then, when he was nigh unto death, lo! through the savage gloom there came to him a stately maiden, and took him by the hand and led him on through devious paths, unknown to any man, until upon the darkness of the wood there dawned a light such as the light of day was unto but as a little lamp unto the sun; and, in that wondrous light, our wayworn knight saw, as in a dream, a vision, and so glorious, so fair the vision seemed, that of his bleeding wounds he thought no more, but stood as one entranced, whose joy is deep as is the sea, whereof no man can tell the depth.

And the vision faded, and the knight, kneeling upon the ground, thanked the good saint who into that sad wood had strayed his steps, so he had seen the vision that lay there hid.

And the name of the dark forest was Sorrow; but of the vision that the good knight saw therein we may not speak nor tell.

A CHINESE VERSION OF "MAUD MULLER."*

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

Millee Maudee Muller,
Bigee warmee day,
Walkee inee meadow,
Muchee lakee hay.

Maudee wellee lazee,
Leanee onee lake,
Gazee towardee citee,
Heartee muchee ache.

*From "Meditations of Samwell Wilkins," by permission.

**Feelee wellee madee,
Face no lookee sweet,
Got no kidee bootee,
Stubble hurtee feet.**

**She no likee workee,
She no likee hay ;
She no singee songee,
Allee longee day.**

**Judgee wellee thirstee,
Muchee wantee dlink,
Lookee plettee girlee,
Allee samee wink.**

**Plettee girlee smilee, —
Teethee wellee white.
Judgee longee gazee, —
Headee feelee light.**

**She no likee workee, —
Likee cuttee dash.
Judgee wellee soffee, —
Muchee gottee cash.**

**Plettee girlee blushee, —
Singee sweetee song.
Longee lashee droopee, —
Judgee allee gone.**

**Judgee oldee manee,
Headee wellee white.
Judgee liftee pursee,
Feelee wellee light.**

**Judgee lookee backee,
Cost too muchee wink.
Wifec gone to partee,
Judgee muchee think.**

**Allee sadee wordee,
Bookee allee pen,
Allee wellee sadee,
Whatee mightee been,**

**Allee samee worsee,
Girlee lakee hay,
Richee manee lidee,
*Better keep away.***

THE WIZARD'S SPELL.*—LETITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

In the dark Thuringian forest stood a castle tall and grim,
 In whose chambers aged and hoary, hung with arras old
 and dim,
 Dwelt the Baron of Von Klingen,—he a master stern and
 cold,
 In whose service many a brow-beat serf and vassal had grown
 old,
 Bent with blows and spent with starving (so had whispered
 Rumor's tongue).
 On his walls ancestral ever, suits of curious armor hung ;
 To the Wizard's rude ancestors this whole barbaric array
 Had belonged ; and he delighted, like a child, in their dis-
 play !
 There was one, among the number in the Wizard's den,
 that lacked
 Rust and dust, like all the others,—'twas a giant cataphract ;
 Curious-carved the scales, the gauntlets formed to glove a
 monster's hands.
 There, grim-towering in his closet, chief of his delights, it
 stands.

All apart, within the forest with his lady young and sweet,
 Dwelt Von Klingen, stern and mystic, at the awful Mesmer's
 feet.
 In his turret, from his lady far apart, he often stayed ;
 Locked her from his mystic sessions, though she oft admit-
 tance prayed.
 "Could she love this savage monster ?" asked Dame Rumor.
 Aye, and more,—
 Passionate love and deep devotion for her lord in heart she
 bore.
 Beauty and the Beast were nothing, wonderful to tell, beside
 This Thuringian Wizard-Baron and his fair and hapless
 bride !

In his turret-chamber lonely, locked from all the world
 away,
 Sat the Wizard, working magic, at the close of autumn day.
 He from board had long been absent, nor he once had sought
 the side
 Of his weeping, yearning Gretel,—of his soft, adoring bride :
 And she longed, with sweet optation, as she'd never longed
 before,
 For the love the Baron gave her in the happy days of yore.
 When their honeymoon was newest, and her cup was run-
 ning o'er

*By permission of the Author.

With the joy of life and loving. Gretel wept in bower, apart,
 With her sad eyes full of sorrow, and a load upon her heart :
 Often, as she paced the forest, to that turret high she turned
 Wistful eye and wishful bosom, where his night-lamp dimly
 burned.

Then she speeded up the stairway, in the gloaming, like a
 ghost,
 Heeding not the spectral shadows in the corners, nor the
 hosts
 Of grim steel-men,—empty armors,—to his turret-chamber
 locked ;
 Then she beat upon its portals ; stood, and tremblingly she
 knocked.
 “ Dear my lord ! ” she cried, entreating, “ let me in ! for I
 have grown
 Pale with pining, sad with waiting for your coming, all
 alone ! ”
 “ Nay,” he answered Gretel sternly : “ hearken to thy lord’s
 desire—
 Meddle not with red-hot irons, lest your fingers touch the
 fire ! ”
 Day by day the same stern answer, day by day more loud
 she prayed
 At the Wizard’s turret portal by its terrors undismayed ;
 Till he yielded to her praying—for he loved her—though he
 told
 Of strange horrors she must witness with a courage strong
 and bold,
 And tried to intimidate her ; but he only tried in vain :
 For she beat his portals louder, and besought him once
 again.

In that dim, mysterious chamber, with its awful gramarye,
 Gretel only clasped her hands, and begged its wonders
 strange to see ;
 Till worn out with her entreating, he consented to enact
 For his lady ; so he cased him in his wondrous cataphract.
 Thence he spoke—involuntary fear began to blanch her
 cheek :
 “ When the spell is strong upon me, ye must neither scream
 nor speak !
 Fearful things, as I have told ye, ere you forced me with
 your prayers,
 Must be seen by her who listens, who the Wizard’s secret
 shares !
 When the spell is strong upon me, at the wonders you
 shall see
 If ye lisp a cry of horror it will bring *catastrophe* !

'Neath this castle, unsuspected, lies a stream, which there
 hath run
 Since the stars were lit in heaven and first blazed the virgin
 sun!
 Bottomless it is, and inky—for there wafts it o'er a breath
 From the sluggish, dank miasma of the chilly land of death!
 If ye speak or shriek or whisper when the evil spell is on,
 Up shall rise the lake—the castle shall be none, ere light
 of dawn!"

Grave she grew, but brave she listened to the wonders he
 disclosed,
 As she knelt upon a divan, pale and outwardly composed.
 Now the formula is spoken—barred and locked the turret
 door;
 And the Wizard's form lies writhing like a serpent on the
 floor.
 Horrid! how the scales so burnished on the cataphract, ap-
 palled,
Rose and bristled—as the Wizard through the chamber, sinuous,
 crawled!
 Longer stretched his form and thinner, yonder waved the
 forky tail!
 And the serpent's eyes fixed on her, made the Wizard's lady
 quail.
 Nearer came the human monster, till its hot breath fanned
 her cheek,
 And the gaping jaws seemed ready some dark prophecy to
 speak.
 Hush!—a cry. The spell is broken by the lady's piercing
 shriek!
 One loud crash, a sullen murmur sounded through that lonely
 wood,
 And a coal-black tarn was dimpling where the castle lately
 stood!
 And to-day the peasant, stopping, as he passes through that
 vale,
 Pale with awe, in frightened murmurs, tells the traveler the
 tale.

GLORIA BELLI.—WILLIAM J. BENNERS, JR.

Written expressly for this Collection.

'Tis early morn. The clash of arms
 Is heard midst nature's fairest charms;
 Loud peals the bugle's stirring note,
 And on the breeze bright banners float;
 The trumpet's call echoes afar—
 An army marches on to war!

With stately step they pass us by,
Each head with pride erected high ;
Each eye with daring bravery fired ;
Each heart with deepest hate inspired,—
Hate to the foe they long to meet,
The enemy they must defeat.

Clear on their swords the sunlight glows
And all their glittering armor shows,
While every waving plume with dew
Sparkles like diamonds through and through.
Still swells the thrilling music, still
The brilliant pageant passes, till
The last plume glistens in the sun,
The last sword flashes—they are gone!

'Tis night, the smoke has cleared away
That hid the battle-field all day ;
And the pale moon looks coldly down
On Victory with his bloody crown,
Lighting the dreadful place where lie
The dead and those who soon must die.

White faces, stern in death, are there ;
Hands clasped and stiffened in despair,
The veteran of many a fight ;
The boy with hair still childish bright ;
Rank's noblest sons, and those whose fame
Is all forgotten, with their name ;
The sunburnt brow, the cheek of snow,
Master and servant, friend and foe —
Are heaped together, pile on pile ;
The lips of some wreathed with a smile
While others frown in rage and clutch
Their swords, or on the trigger touch
As if they just had sped the ball,
And, dying, seen the foeman fall ;
Some limbless, some with shattered face ;
E'en those who loved them could not trace
A feature, but would pass them by
Shuddering, and with averted eye.
Here is a headless body ; there,
A head with tangled bloody hair ;
And plumes, balls, swords, torn banners, lie
With mangled limbs, mixed horribly.

But oh, the dying! there alone,
Without a tear, or one kind tone,

Praying for water, all in vain
 Though blood is round them thick as rain ;
 Some sobbing like weak women, some
 Cursing the day they left their home ;
 Calling on mother, sister, wife,
 To save them from the dreadful strife.
 No loved hand wipes the anguished brow ;
 No kiss is on the hot lips now,
 As groaning in deep agony,
 Upon the battle-field they die.
 But famished wolves a requiem howl,
 And o'er the scene of slaughter prowl.
 The vulture and her hideous brood,
 Drawn by the sickening smell of blood ;
 And ere the victims cease to feel
 Banquet upon their human meal.

Nor is this all. Who can relate
 How many homes are desolate ;
 The widow's lonely grief express ;
 The sorrow of the fatherless ;
 Or know what bitter tears are shed
 By aged mothers of the dead ?
 Oh ! turn we from the saddening story—
 This, this is what the world calls—Glory !

WAITING—AT THE CHURCH DOOR.*

MRS. ALEX. McVEIGHT MILLER.

A moment, scarcely more, I stood
 In reverent silence, waiting there ;
 Nor dared profane with footsteps rude
 The brooding hush of earnest prayer.

But in that moment's solemn space
 How sad a fancy touched my soul,
 And brought me, trembling, face to face
 With fears beyond my weak control.

I thought, oh ! if I stood to-night
 From this chill earthly bondage free,
 Were these the golden gates of light—
 Would these closed doors swing wide for me ?

Would angels harp my welcome home,
 Or that dear Lord, too oft forgot,
 Reproachfully pronounce my doom :
 " Depart from me, I know you not."

Wild thought! my startled spirit swayed
 By one sharp pulse of agony,
 Wavered on doubting wings, afraid
 Of that sad thought that came to me.

But softly fell the deep "Amen!"
 And rose the voice of praise in song,
 A moment's pause, a step, and then—
 I stood among the singing throng.

From darkness into light—oh! heart,
 So weary of life's glare and din,
 Thus mayst thou hear, oh! not "Depart!"
 But "Knock and ye shall enter in."

THE CHOIR'S WAY OF TELLING IT.

Attending services not long ago in an elegant church edifice, where they worship God with taste in a highly æsthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although not possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was felt when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was re-inforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed,—was *not* arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed; when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sung, as if

it had been officially announced, that "he was not arrayed." Then, when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, even in that climate, the choir altogether, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sung of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? Solomon with an eye-glass and a moustache, his hair cut Pompadour? No, most decidedly, Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that might not excite our risibilities, or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash; and the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash; then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash; next, a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash.

At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

—*Good Housekeeping.*

CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.*

LOUIS EISENBEIS.

'Twas Christmas Eve, I fell asleep, despite a Christmas drum,
And lo! I dreamed of Christmas day a hundred years to
come.

I saw a stately mansion rise, before my wondering eye,
Of marvelous symmetry and form, some twenty stories high;
It had no stairs, but up and down, on what, I could not see,
They came and went as quick as thought, and just as silently.

As now, so then, the drifting snow was falling thick and
fast,
And just as cold, and fierce, and bleak, shrieked out the
wintry blast;

Within, mid floods of dazzling light upon the velvet floor,
I saw a merry, laughing group I ne'er had seen before.

Reclining in a cozy chair, an old man, blithe and gay,
Said "Children, let us merry be, to-day is Christmas day;
We'll catch the mammoth turkey hen, up in her roost so
high,

And have a luscious Christmas feast, with yellow pumpkin
pie;

And John may go, if through the drift of snow he now can
pass,

And bring some golden pippins from the garden under
glass;

We'll start the parlor fountain, with its jets of silvery spray,
And though 'tis snowy Christmas, it shall be as flowery

May;
Although 'tis near the hour of noon, there's yet sufficient
time,

We'll send for aunts and uncles, by the new pneumatic
line."

And the old man, blithe and gay, puts his finger on a knob
And there came a little message, like a momentary throb:
"We'll be with you in a moment, but before we start to go,
We will tarry in Chicago for a friend from Mexico.

And we'll wait for Cousin Sue; ere we start upon the trip,
She just left Rio Janeiro in an airy-flying ship;

And we'll all come up together, reaching you we think in
time,

On the safe and rapid transit of the new pneumatic line."

So, before the turkey hen was taken out the oven door,
They were there from sunny Rio, San Francisco, Baltimore---

*By permission of the Author.

For you need but take your seat, and in but a moment's
time,
You are where you wish to be by this new pneumatic line.
So they all sat down to dine, on that merry Christmas day,
Age and childhood blend together, in a gleeful Christmas
play.

On went my dream, sweet music's strains came faintly to
my ear;
I stood entranced, was mute with awe, the notes, now far,
now near,
Now high, now low, unearthly most, o'erwhelming to my
soul,
Now softer than Eolian harp, now like the thunder roll.
From whence the enchanting music came, my dream did
not reveal,
I only heard the music roll, and o'er my spirit steal;
I saw no human hand, nor touch, nor organ grand and tall,
To me 'twas like a Christmas chant which angel lips let fall.
"Glory to God in the highest, peace, good-will to men,"
Was the echoing chorus wafted o'er forest, moor and fen.

Again I saw, in my strange dream, the old man blithe and gay
Gather his happy household near, he had somewhat to say:
"Be seated now, I pray," said he, "our Great Grandfather
Clive
Will talk to you a little while, as when he was alive;
He'll tell you of the old, old ways, of ancient Christmas
time,
He lived a hundred years ago, in eighteen eighty-nine."
Now in my dream I saw the group begin to smile and laugh
As the kind old man, so blithe and gay, brought out the
phonograph;
With reverent mien, he placed it on the Persian marble
stand,
And gently touched the strange device, with nervous, trem-
bling hand.
A silence still as death itself awaits the mystic sign,
To hear our Great Grandfather Clive, who lived in eighty-
nine.
Slow the awaking marvel moves, and this is what he said:
"We seem to have a deal of rain, 'twill raise the price of
bread;
The wheat was bad, the corn is poor, potatoes in the ground
Were spoiled by heavy rains and floods, and very few are
sound.
But pasture seems quite good, I think 'twill help keep down
expense,
My butter I shall try to sell at least for fifty cents.

Sometimes I mix in politics, at least to some extent,
 I helped elect Ben. Harrison to be our President.
 About the women's right to vote, I don't know what to say,
 I'm pretty sure they'll bring it round, they always have
 their way.
 A merry Christmas to you all, this eighteen eighty-nine!"
 And so our Great Grandfather Clive spoke of the olden time.
 And now the old man blithe and gay, despite our listening
 ears,
 Puts by the curious phonograph for another hundred years;
 And so the visions of my dream may not be overdone,
 About that merry Christmas day, a hundred years to come.

RIGHT LIVING.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
 Lies the secret source of being,
 And the soul, with truth agreeing,
 Learns to live in thoughts and deeds.
 For the life is more than raiment,
 And the earth is pledged for payment
 Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
 Every living man our brother;
 Therefore let us serve each other,
 Not to meet the law's behests,
 But because through cheerful giving
 He shall learn the art of living,
 And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies,
 Not a game of idle chances,
 But it steadily advances
 Up the rugged heights of time,
 Till each complex world of trouble,
 Every sad hope's broken bubble,
 Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of practice, less profession,
 More of firmness, less concession,
 More of freedom, less oppression,
 In the church and in the state;
 More of life and less of fashion,
 More of love and less of passion:
 These will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
 From the chaff of error sifted,
 On their crosses are uplifted,
 Shall the world most clearly see
 That earth's greatest time of trial
 Calls for holy self-denial,
 Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
 Let it be the soul's endeavor
 Love from hatred to dis sever;
 And in whatso'er we do,
 Won by truth's eternal beauty
 To our highest sense of duty,
 Evermore be firm and true.

PETER ADAIR.—ROBERT OVERTON.*

Peter Adair was a native of Slushington-in-the-Mud, but had left the village when a boy to go to sea. He had served his Queen well and faithfully for many years, and had acquired the dignity of a petty officer, being pensioned off while still a few years short of fifty. He had come back to live and die in his native place, and had bought the very house in which he was born, a little way out of the village, had furnished it comfortably throughout and had erected a huge flagstaff in the garden that he might study the wind (to what purpose nobody knew). Peter Adair was well-off, for besides his pension he had a snug little annuity, and having nothing to trouble him ("no wife," as Stodge feelingly observed), what wonder he was one of the happiest men in the place?

One night he and his friends had something of unusual interest to discuss. The "clergyman" had opened a new school in connection with the church, and had pensioned off widow Canem, the keeper of the "Dame's School," and had engaged a schoolmistress from unknown parts, who was shortly to make her appearance and begin her duties.

*Author of "The Three Parsons," "Me and Bill," "Juberlo Tom," and other character sketches, in previous Numbers of this Series.

"I do hear," said Peter Adair, slowly, emphasizing his remarks by a few slow and stately puffs from his pipe, "that she be wonderful clever, and knows reading and writing and grammar a'most as well as parson himself."

"Readin' and writin' and grammarin'!" said Dobbs, contemptuously; "why I have heard as 'ow she do talk the lingovay Fransay!"

"When is she coming?" asked Pills.

"The parson he be a-goin' to send the carriage over to the railway station, I do hear, to-morrow, and long afore this time to-morrow she'll be here surelie. Maybe we shall see'un go by."

Sure enough the next evening the vicar's carriage drove through the village, conveying Miss Mabel Brown, the new schoolmistress. Not a sour-visaged elderly woman, as some had fancied her; not a stern, hard-featured "blue-stocking" was Mabel Brown, but a fair girl of barely twenty, with smiling lips and blue eyes and golden hair. From the porch of the "Oak Apple," all our friends of the previous evening saw her, and that night nothing was spoken of but the new schoolmistress, whose appearance had so much surprised them. But it was noticed afterwards that Peter said little, and left early. Before "turning in," as he expressed it, Peter sat thoughtfully in the arbor in his garden for a long time: and that night he dreamt of a woman with smiling lips and blue eyes and golden hair.

Miss Brown settled at once to her new duties, and under her care the village children looked like turning out regular "prodigals," as the villagers put it. The youngest hope of the Dobbs family, an urchin of five, made such rapid progress with the alphabet that before many days he could repeat it backwards,—an accomplishment which he injudiciously displayed before the shopboy, upon which the latter had a fit with great promptitude. Firkins' children, Pills' children, and in fact nearly all the youngsters in the place got on wonderfully, and Miss Brown stood high in everybody's favor. Her praises

were frequently sounded in the select circle of the "Oak Apple," but Peter Adair, on such occasions, seemed uneasy, and was silent. Peter used to meet the children oftener than ever now as they came out of school, and soon it became quite a practice for him to step inside the school room if he happened to be too early, and there to wait till the signal was given for breaking up. One day he appeared with an immense bouquet of flowers, just about sufficient to adorn a Cathedral on a festival, and with his honest face intensely red, looking also intensely uneasy. As soon as the children dispersed, he approached the teacher, and presented her with the bouquet; and as her little hands touched his there came into Peter's great face a look at which some would have laughed and others wept for very pity.

It is very easy to laugh at an old man's love for a girl, and we are all apt, I fear me, to regard such love as a legitimate butt for our derision and sarcasm; but has it ever struck you that there is sometimes something very touching in such a love as Peter Adair, the man of fifty, had conceived for this woman of scarcely more than twenty? Do you not know that sometimes a heart such as Peter's, beating in a bosom older than his, can bestow a love which passes most understandings to comprehend, a love that is fervent and lasting and pure,—do you not know that sometimes, after the meridian of life has long been passed, a passionate desire enters the heart for an object to love and cherish through life's declining years? God knows how true, aye, and even unselfish, thy love, poor honest Peter, for this woman with the smiling lips and blue eyes and golden hair!

After a time, Peter was sometimes missing of an evening from the worthy coterie at the village inn, and at first his friends could not make out where he got to, or understand his uneasiness on being questioned; but one night Stodge (who was much pitied from the fact that he was dreadfully henpecked and stood in mortal dread of Mrs. Stodge) burst in upon them with pallid face, and

stammered: "God help poor owd Peter! God save him! He's a-courtin' schoolmistress; he's a-courtin' schoolmistress I tell 'ee; oh, Lord!" In his acute sympathy with his friend, Stodge urgently pressed that the vicar should be entreated to offer on the following Sunday a special prayer for one in deadly peril; but in this he was overruled. The fact was, Stodge had seen Peter that evening enter, in full uniform, the little cottage where Miss Brown lived, near the vicarage, and had seen at once that the old sailor was driving fast on to the rock of matrimony.

There was to be a tea and entertainment one night in the schoolroom (these entertainments being an innovation introduced by Miss Brown), and the children were dismissed early that the room might be prepared: and Peter went to help Miss Brown. They were imprudently left alone together, and suddenly, without a moment's warning, Peter fell on his knees at Mabel's feet, his buttons flying off in all directions, owing to the suddenness of the flop he made. Taking hold very tightly, but very tremblingly, of Mabel's hand, he told her—in very simple and manly words, when his agitation had somewhat subsided—that he loved her very dearly and very truly, and asked her if she would come to him, and make him a prouder and a happier and a better man than he had ever been before. Mabel looked thoughtfully away. It was weary work teaching these children day after day, week after week, month after month with the knowledge that it would in all probability be year after year: and this man at her feet, waiting so eagerly, with the tears in his eyes, for her answer, offered her what she had never had before, a comfortable home of her own where she might be forever free from the anxieties of daily toil. She hesitated awhile, and then she said something which filled Peter's heart with joy, and he sprang to his feet, heedless of another shower of falling buttons, and folded her tenderly in his great strong arms.

Mabel was present at the tea and entertainment, but

too busy to speak to him. But Peter was superlatively happy,—so happy that he had to go out several times, lest people should wonder what on earth he was smiling at.

Stodge went out into the passage on one of these occasions to look after him, and found him sitting placidly in a large plate of bread and butter, which had been unfortunately placed on a chair near the door, and chuckling audibly. To Stodge, Peter imparted the great secret. The butcher and greengrocer listened with gloomy features to all Peter said: and then he grasped his friend's hand and said fervently: "God help you!"

The night before the wedding-day, Peter was surprised by a cautious tap at the door. Opening it, he was confronted by neighbor Stodge, who hoarsely muttered: "Peter, there is one more chance! Say the word and I'll have my mare harnessed in no time, and get you thirty miles off before break o' day." Peter's threatening gesture at the conclusion of this remarkable offer so alarmed Stodge, however, that he walked quietly, though sorrowfully, away.

You ought to have seen the wedding, for I doubt if you will ever have the chance of witnessing such another. Everybody was there, and as the happy couple left the church, men, women and children rent the air with their shouts. I can't describe how the bride looked, because only a woman can describe another woman properly on these occasions, but they called her a "perfec' pictur':" and poor old Peter looked as proud as though he had just been made a Lord High Admiral. Dobbs's boy had more fits that day than he had ever been known to have before. They—Mr. and Mrs. Adair—went away for a week or two and then came home and "settled down."

Well, things went on much as usual at Slushington-in-the-Mud for a year or two; and then one night a rumor that went round the village roused all the inhabitants to a state of tremendous excitement. A great event had happened at Peter Adair's. At last, the curiosity of Peter's friends could bear the suspense no longer. They

gathered cautiously under his window, and managed to attract his attention.

Peter threw open the window.

“Peter, what is it?”

“It’s twins,” roared Peter, “*that’s* what it is!” and shut the window hastily.

The twins lived and thrived, and Peter loved them with so quiet and holy a love that I would not, if I could, write jocularly of his affection for these helpless children; of how he watched them and taught them, and of how happy he was when their little lips could lisp his name. Peter was happier now than ever; but alas! for the great shadow that was to come upon his life; alas! for the bitter trouble coming which should darken his life till that darkened life should close; which should bow his honest head in shame, and break his great, brave heart. Few be the words in which I tell of this sore trouble. The woman he loved so fondly, for whom he would have given his life so freely, the mother of his children, left him.

As the days passed on, Peter’s head grew whiter and whiter, and all the light died from his face.

The women would raise their aprons to their eyes as he passed their doors, no longer with the old gay step, but slowly, with stooping gait; and the men would grasp his hand in silence and walk on. Even the village children knew that some great affliction had come upon him, and would gaze at him shyly and wonderingly.

By-and-by, news reached the village that Mabel had died and was buried in a strange land. Peter never joined his old companions of an evening, but used to sit at home by the fireside or in the garden, with his little children playing near him. He used to sit watching these little girls of his, his eyes never away from them,—watching them with sad, pitiful, wistful eyes, the tears rolling down his face. But when they climbed upon his knee, and twined their little fingers round his neck, or pressed their rosy faces against his cheek, wondering why “papa” was weeping so; when their little hands stroked the

white hair upon his face and head, or their little lips were pressed to his, the sadness would seem for a moment to fade from his face, though the hands he folded round his darlings—oh, so tenderly, so gently, so lovingly—and the voice in which he spoke to them—oh, so tenderly, so gently, so lovingly—shook and trembled.

On Sundays, Peter was always seen at church, the little ones with him; and the kindly villagers used to look with softened eyes at the three kneeling together, and walking home through the churchyard and the quiet street, hand in hand.

One day with pitying voices the villagers told each other that Peter's children were sick,—sick unto death. With sympathizing hearts, some of the women hastened to Peter's cottage, and they took it in turn to nurse the children. Day by day the little ones grew worse, till it became evident to all—even to poor Peter, who had himself become very weak and very ill—that the end was near at hand. At length, one evening the doctor said that the night which was coming on would see the crisis, that if they lived through the night they would rally. But I do not think he had much hope, for in response to the pleading question in Peter's eyes, he only pressed his hand and said—"God help you, Peter!"

Terribly feeble was Peter now; so worn and aged that no one would have known him for the hearty, genial man he was a year or two before.

The evening wore on into early night, and Peter Adair sat, white and weary, in his chair down stairs. By-and-by, he walked feebly up to the sick room, and besought the nurse that he might watch by the bedside of his dying little ones for awhile, alone. And for very pity she left him there while she herself sought rest, understanding he would call her should need arise. Peter fell on his knees by the bedside, and buried his face in his hands. And he prayed. The hours passed, and still he remained alone on his knees in the sick chamber; till at last morning broke over the far-away hills, waking the sleeping

earth to life again. When the chamber door was opened, the golden beams were shining through the lattice work of the window, and falling upon the children's white bed.

Peter Adair knelt still beside it, one hand wide outstretched, the little heads that were never to ache again nestled upon his arm. An awful stillness was in the chamber, for in the night the Angel of Death had entered: Peter and his little ones had died together.

And clutched in his other hand they found a locket with a portrait,—the portrait of one they had all known, that of a woman with smiling lips and blue eyes and golden hair.

THE CALIFORNIA FLEA.*—FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

The California flea may be termed the insect clown or merry-maker, for although the cause of universal annoyance he is the source of more amusement and laughter than all other insects together. Let one of a company of friends be annoyed by a flea and the fact is immediately discovered by the others from the restless twisting, turning and wriggling, whereupon the laugh begins. Even in church, if you shrug a shoulder or catch your sleeve as if to disturb something, everyone happening to notice you knows very well you are troubled by a flea. This mischievous little pest, is omnipresent and never quiet except when overfed, or when his feet and legs get tangled in a woolen garment or blanket. The flea is caught between the thumb and forefinger, which have been previously moistened to enable one to hold him, for unless the greatest care is taken he will jump away.

By "Forty Niners" is meant those early pioneers who went to California in the gold excitement of 1849.

A tiny, jumping apple seed,
That doth on saint and sinner feed
With equal relish, equal greed,
 Born of assurance,
His appetite beyond his need
 And our endurance.

When Eve the famous apple ate,
The seeds began to propagate;
And like a dire, avenging fate,
 With instinct human,
Have since that very ancient date
 Been eating woman.

This pretty little parasite
Will keep a body in a plight:

*From the "San Francisco News Letter," by permission of the Author.

At first he'll tickle, then he'll bite,
While his relation
Chase round as though their sole delight
Was recreation.

The precious maiden, sweet and fair,
Will twist and wriggle in her chair,
Regardless of the presence there
Of friend or lover ;
She grabs the flea, ere he's aware,
And turns him over.

It's little matter where you are,
That hungry flea is always "thar."
E'en while you ride the cable car
He keeps on walking ;
He's bound to travel just as far
Beneath your stocking ;

A misery that rarely shows,
For you're the only one that knows ;
It being just beneath your clothes,
You cannot catch it ;
The bite's the least of all your woes —
You dare not scratch it.

While sitting quietly in church
They creep about you in the search
Of ticklish point on which to perch
And then slide back,
As frisky boys with sudden lurch
Slide down a stack.

The pious deacon bows his chin,
Repenting Adam's primal sin ;
But ere he fairly can begin
His day's devotion,
This little devil bites his skin
To change his notion.

In church the righteous flea is given
To fasting six days out of seven ;
The play-house flea fed every even,
Is not so needy —
Thus man against his will is driven
Where they're less greedy.

A woman is the most abused ;
Just when you think she's most amused

She'll sweetly beg to be excused,
 And quick retire
 To some apartment then unused,
 For vengeance dire.

Although you're very entertaining,
 Don't censure her for not remaining;
 Some miseries are past explaining;
 Wait patiently,
 She'll come, her wonted smile regaining,
 Minus a flea.

No living thing can jump as high;
 Far quicker than a woman's eye;
 He's bound to prove an alibi,
 And never lingers
 To let man catch him, though he try
 With moistened fingers.

You'll never catch him in the bed,
 Unless, perchance, he's overfed,
 Or tangled in the woolen spread;
 Mind how you trust him;
 Pinch how you will he's never dead
 Until you "bust" him.

Our native flea no better thrives
 Than when the "tenderfoot" arrives;
 At first the stranger thinks it's hives,
 Then grows dejected,
 Blaming those bugs that spend their lives
 In beds neglected.

Next day he's forced to change his mind,
 Yet dares not look for fear he'll find
 An insect of a meaner kind,
 That's ever toiling
 The lazy soldier to remind
 His shirt needs boiling.

These strangers say the strangest things:
 "Why, your mosquito has no wings!
 All through the night he bites and stings
 Till early morning,
 Yet out of meanness never sings
 To give us warning."

At first all strangers blush with shame
 Until they find this doubtful game

Infesting all mankind the same,—
 Black or Circassian ;
 How soon small vices lose their name
 When they're in fashion.

As yon policeman be will stray
 Around your suburbs night and day,
 Stopping betimes where'er he may
 To take a "nip,"
 But when you seek him he's away—
 You've got the slip.

Our lawyers strange emotions trace
 Upon the Judge's mobile face,
 Believing they have won their case
 In "Common Pleas,"
 To find 'twas owing to a brace
 Of common fleas.

Our Seal of State: A maiden fair,
 Enthroned beside a grizzly bear,
 "Eureka" blazoned on the air,
 With stars around it,
 Which means, as people are aware,
 The flea, "I've found it."

The "Forty-niner" stroked his breast:—
 "Contented here my soul shall rest
 If this uneasy little pest,
 This 'Pioneer',
 And 'Native Son of the Golden West,'
 Don't interfere!"

E'en now, as certain symptoms show,—
 A restless moving to and fro,—
 There's something troubling you, I know:
 You've got a flea.
 If you'll excuse me friends, I'll go—
 There's one on me.

GERMS OF GREATNESS.—ELIZA COOK.

How many a mighty mind is shut
 Within a fameless germ!
 The huge oak lies in the acorn-nut,
 And the richest regal robes are cut
 From the web of a dusky worm.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
 On its full and swelling tide,
 But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
 From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips
 That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.

The thoughtless word from a jesting breath
 May fall on a listening ear,
 And draw the soul from its rusty sheath,
 To work and win the rarest wreath
 That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
 Gay Flora's fairest gem,
 Let the sunlight stay and the shower go past,
 And the wee green bud shall blaze at last,
 The pride of her diadem.

The sower casts in the early year
 The grains of barley corn,
 And barns and barrels of goodly cheer
 Of winter's bread and nut-brown beer
 From the infant seed are born.

The poet-chant may be a thing
 Of lightsome tone and word ;
 But a living sound may dwell in the string,
 That shall waken and rouse as its echoes fling,
 Till myriad breasts are stirred.

Look well, look close, look deep, look long,
 On the changes ruling earth,
 And ye'll find God's rarest, holiest throng
 Of mortal wonders—strange and strong—
 Arise from noteless birth.

Fate drives a poor and slender peg,
 But a crown may hang thereby ;
 We may kill an eagle when crushing an egg,
 And the shilling a starving boy may beg
 May be stamped with fortune's die.

'Tis well to train our searching eyes
 To marvel, not to mock ;
 For the nameless steed may win the prize,
 The "wee" child grow to giant size,
 And the atom found a rock.

THE WRECK OF THE "MARY WILEY."

E. STANWAY JACKSON.

Out upon the Bay of Filey,
Where the stern north-easters blow,
Boldly sailed the "Mary Wiley,"
And a sister smack or so.
Spake the skipper to a sailor,
"On the brig the waters break,
And the Flamboro' lights burn paler,
But a prosperous trip we'll make."
"Aye, sir, aye," the seamen answer,
"Doubts nor fear nor care have we."
Their trim craft, they all could trust her,
And a captain brave was he.
"Hard a port, boy, keep her heading
Well against the freshening wind."
Like a colt the greensward treading,
On she dashed, and left behind
Parting ripples on the ocean,
Soon in larger billows lost;
Rolling with uneasy motion
Rising, falling, on she tossed.
High and higher rose the storm waves,
Gleaming on the distant rocks;
Plunging, booning, through the white caves,
Waking echoes of their shocks,
Hasting, hurrying, landward tending,
Sped above the driving rack;
On the near horizon blending,
Met the clouds and waters black.
Through the deepening gloom of midnight
Not a star o'erhead was seen;
But some fellow fishers' mast light
Threw a clear unsteady gleam;
Touching cruel waves with brightness,
Just as children laugh and play,
Knowing naught in simple gladness,
Of the troubles of the day.
Neither skipper, boy, nor sailor,
Fear, or hesitation knew;
Though the Flamboro' lights were paler,
And they lost the town lights too.
But the skipper thought of Mary,
In her little cot at home,

He, a seaman old and wary,
 Wiped away the salt sea foam.
 Though the good boat 'neath him shivered,
 While before the wind they flew,
 Nerve, nor eye, nor muscle quivered,
 Doubt nor fear, the brave man knew;

But his wife in their neat cottage
 Up in Filey's humble street,
 Sinking felt her woman's courage,
 All too well she knew the beat,—
 Knew the meaning of that storm blast,
 Thought of morn upon the beach;
 Saw a floating, shattered topmast,
 And a face, just out of reach.
 But her cruel thoughts were broken,
 When a squall terrific blew,
 And it seemed a doubtful token
 That the casement open flew.
 Far across the bay of Filey,
 Swept the tempest merciless,
 Ruthless caught the "Mary Wiley,"
 And it left one light the less.

Slowly passed the night towards morning,
 Fog, and cloud, and darkness cleared;
 Slowly came a brighter dawning,
 And a few pale stars appeared;
 Then across the dull waves flinging,
 From their upturned floating boat,
 Skipper, boy, and men sent ringing
 This their song with trembling note:

"Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,
 Till the storms of life be passed;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last."

Up the sky the morning creeping,
 Sees the beach still white with foam
 And a restless woman keeping,
 From the window of her home,
 Outlook o'er the troubled water,
 Tossing sullen in the bay;
 While her lisping infant daughter
 Whispers, "Dad comes home to-day."

Artless words of expectation,
Breathing hope undimmed by fears;
Startled from her meditation,
Dubiously the mother hears.
Like an arrow with its sharp sting,
Through her heart the brief words go;
Much she questioneth their meaning,
Speak they hope or speak they woe?
But upon the far off sea-line,
Her quick eyes a sail detect,
Swiftly passing o'er the deep brine,
Making for the land direct.
Straightway she her cottage leaveth,
Takes her daughter by the hand,
While her troubled bosom heaveth,
Seeks in haste the wind-swept strand;
Hoping still, but much more fearing,
Scanning every well-known face,
Watching still that far sail nearing,
Coming on at rapid pace.
Oft the little maiden crieth,
"Daddy will come home to-day;"
But the mother's courage dieth
As she hears the beachman say
That it is the good boat "Spectre,"
Now so quickly drawing on,
And her last fond hopes forsake her,
Slowly shattered one by one.

Stands she then as if not knowing,
Thought-bound by some weird delusion,
Midst life's currents darkly flowing,
While in terrible confusion,
Wave beats on the rolling shingle,
Cries of "Daddy won't be long,"
With the fitful storm-gusts mingle,
And her dread grows yet more strong.
Then above all others swelling,
Sounds the unexpected voice:
All her dismal fears dispelling,
Making her fond heart rejoice;
Near her, loud a boat-keel rattles,
Then her husband springs to land,
While their joyous infant prattles,
"Daddy, do take Polly's hand."

THE GAMBLER'S TALE.*—WILL VICTOR MCGUIRE.

I will tell you a tale that will make you turn pale,
 A tale that will seem most absurd,
 And I know you will say it is false anyway,
 But I'll swear to its truth, every word.

In the year forty-eight, I believe that's the date,
 O'Neil and I picked up our traps,
 And started out West to join the rest
 Of the coast range mining chaps.

When there safe and sound, to the red men around
 We managed to make a few signs,
 And they gave us to eat of some buffalo meat,
 And then we struck out for the mines.

It was chilly and damp when we reached the camp,
 And the first thing we saw that night
 Was a man shot dead for something he said,
 But they treated us all right.

Within a few days we had learned their ways;
 And pretty hard ways they were,
 For the mining men were hard boys then,
 And a fellow could hardly stir

Without some lead was sent through his head,
 Or a bowie plunged into his heart,
 For each one there must act on the square
 Or no one would take his part.

Well, it didn't pay for us to stay,
 For we didn't get much ahead,
 And I think it was near the end of the year,
 When I spoke to O'Neil and said :

" We had better go down to the mining town
 ('Tis San Francisco now)
 And try our share with the gamblers there,
 For this you must allow

" That Jim will play the night away
 And win at every deal,
 But of all the rest we are the best—
 Now what do you say, O'Neil? "

*Written expressly for this Collection.

“Your advice is good and I always would
Comply with what you said,
And wherever you go, I am with you, Jo,
Till we're numbered with the dead.”

So we started away the very next day,
With all the money we had,
And when that night we came in sight
Of the village we both felt glad.

Well, we started then for a gambling den,
And joined the gamblers' ring;
For gambling fills your pockets with bills,
And money was everything.

The time did fly and a month slipped by,
And still we held our own;
And it couldn't be more than a year before
We had both of us wealthy grown.

We were playing one night by the candle light,
A dozen of men or more;
When we heard a sound and looked around,
As some one opened the door,

And a man came in who was tall and thin,
And looked like old Jim Vear;
But it couldn't be him for I knew that Jim
Had been dead for more than a year.

And we shivered and shook at every look
He gave, and at every tone,
Yet I honestly swear there were no cowards there,
They were grit to the very bone.

Well, anyway, we asked him to play,
And he came at the very first call
And took a chair beside us there,
And played and beat us all.

But we wouldn't flinch, no, not an inch;
'Twas luck—we'd try him awhile;
But the very next game was just the same,
He easily swept the pile.

And so it went till the night was spent,
And I was getting mad,
For I could see there appeared to be
No end to the money he had.

“He’s a devilish cheat or he could not beat
Us all!” Then I drew my knife:
“Now, you miserable cuss, give it back to us,
Or—I will have your life!”

And with the shout revolvers came out,
And were leveled at his head,
But he calmly rose and spoke to his foes,
And his voice was the voice of the dead:

“Boys don’t come near, I am old Jim Vear!”
And a shudder swept through each frame,
For a skeleton stood by the table of wood,
With eyes of burning flame

Then he vanished from sight, and from that night
I’ve let the cards alone,
And when under the sod, I hope that God
Will forgive me for what I’ve done.

MY FIRST SINGING LESSON.*—C. S. BROWN, JR.

Having a natural love for music, and desiring to cultivate my voice, my friends advised me to try the noted teacher, Miss ——.

“What part do you sing?” said she.

“I don’t know, ma’am,” said I.

“Well, we’ll begin at middle C and find out what you can do.”

I hadn’t contracted for any ocean voyage, but didn’t say anything. She seated herself at the piano and carried me up and down the scale two or three times, and finally said, “You have a baritone voice.”

I said, “Yes’m, I can *bear a tone* about as well as any body I know of. She smiled a little and said we would now try some of the technique. As I had never seen any, I was very anxious to try them, but she went on fingering the keys and never said anything more about them. Presently she said:

“You must get a full breath and control it well, and take care not to let it out too rapidly.”

*Written expressly for this Collection.

I was determined to do the thing just right, so I took in a good breath and closed my lips firmly. Then came the do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. I tried to make them just like she did. As she was seated at the piano, I could not see exactly how she managed her mouth, but I took particular pains to keep mine well closed, and sang do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

We went over this several times, and then she said:

“I am afraid you don't open your mouth well. You must open your mouth wide enough to get in two fingers thus, and then sing out distinctly.”

I didn't see how in the world I was to keep back a good supply of breath with my mouth wide open. I decided, however, to try it, if it gave me the lockjaw. So she played it over again and I sang (*fingers in mouth*) do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. She told me that my voice still wasn't clear, and that I must hold my tongue well down against my lower teeth.

I asked her in a somewhat despondent tone if one man was expected to do all that and sing at the same time. She took pity on me, and said it would all come natural after awhile.

Then she changed the exercises and began la, la, la, la, la. I just thought “La, la, la, me alive, woman, what are you doing?” After singing la, la, la, till I was ashamed of every man, woman, and child in the town, she said we would now sing la, le, li, lo, loo. I couldn't imagine why she wanted Lou to lie low. I didn't see why she couldn't come out and face the world as well as anybody, but I was afraid to ask any questions.

Then she informed me that we would try the portamento next. I pretended that I had been used to portamentos all my life, and so waited for further developments. I soon found however, that there was no dependence to be put in that kind of singing. You never saw such jumping in all your life. She started way down in the cellar and went clear to the second story at one jump. Down she came again, and then up just like she was

made of India rubber. I just stood still and waited to see where she was going to light. Finally she settled down, and after resting a moment or two said we would learn the staccato. She said all I would have to do would be to make the note by a simple stroke of the glottis. I told her I would. Then she began ha, ha, ha, ha, just like I was the biggest idiot in creation. I didn't like to be laughed at right in my face, but I thought I would put up with it for the sake of learning to sing.

While I was resting, she said she would run over the minor scale. I told her I would be pleased to hear it. She went over it once right slowly. I knew there was something wrong. I studied a moment and then said, "Do that again, will you?"

Before she had finished, I could see the graveyard. Tombstones rose up in the background. It seemed like all my folks were dead and she was playing the funeral dirge. I told her that I was not well and must go home.

Before I left she told me I must practice holding my breath, and for a good exercise she recommended that I take a full breath and then count forty before letting it go. All the way home I could think of nothing but staccatos and portamentos, and la, le, li, lo, loo, kept ringing in my ears. When I reached home, I went out on the piazza, stood up erect, and prepared to make my forty. I drew in a full breath and began to count, but made only fifteen. I was not to be discouraged, however, and so I took a new start. By the time I reached twenty, my cheeks had begun to stand out considerably, and at twenty-five the explosion took place. I took a good rest and then determined to make forty in spite of all obstacles. I filled my lungs well and began. At twenty I began to feel weak, at twenty-five the blood was rushing to my face, and at thirty my eyes began to roll back, but I held on like grim death. Just as I reached thirty-five, my boarding-house lady came to the front door, and, seeing me in this condition, dashed a bucket of cold water in my face. And I fainted.

LOST ON THE DESERT.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Burning, burning, burning is the sand,
 And burning, burning, burning is the sky!
 Three days upon this trackless arid sea,
 The sun white-hot, the heavens a bright steel eye
 That gloats upon me, lost and pitiful;
 The red sand shining like another eye
 I tread upon. The Khamseen's fiery breath,
 Blowing in fitful gasps, has killed the air.
 There is no shade, not any tree nor shrub,
 Not any rock to hide me from the glare
 Of sky and earth; and all the sound there is
 Is the faint tinkling of the blowing sand
 That cuts me as it flies, save in the night,
 The hot, dry night, when stifled murmurs come
 Of fray mysterious in the under world
 Where Korah, Dathan and Abiram still
 Are tortured with the fierce thirst of the lost.
 Not any sound, not any bird or beast,
 Not any insect—only, once I heard
 The groaning of the camels far away
 Of some slow caravan going Egyptward.

Where is *my* camel? Ah, it died last night—
 I had no water for it and it died.
 Water! See my goat-skin! Dry it is,
 And all around is parched and blistering sand.
 Nay, nay, there is the water! Hail, bright length
 Of liquid life! There it is, and broad palms
 Droop over it, how cool; and little waves
 Round into curves upon the shingly shore,
 And—ah, 'tis gone again; again 'twas but
 The mirage I have seen these bitter days,
 The shadow of sweet waters somewhere in
 A fertile land, or near or more than far.
 Ah, for a moment's shade! ah, for a drop
 Of moisture for my tongue that aches upon
 The pebbles in my mouth that keep my throat
 From drying till I die! Let me forget,—
 Let me remember!

A few short days, it seems,
 And Cairo saw me and my Musa there,—
 Musa, my brave lover, bold and strong,

Musa prisoned by the Arab dog
 For guarding me from slavery in the mart
 Where my fair looks should bring a pretty price.
 "The Desert, to the Desert!" O my love!
 Die of God's drouth, die not of man's surfeit—
 Thy body burn away, but not thy soul.
 If I can follow, that I surely will,—
 Will find the shining track across the sand,
 After I slay my jailors. Take, O love,
 My camel and the goat-skin filled with sweet
 Nile water, and the dates and almonds which
 I treasured for our marriage feast, O love!"

And then they led him far. And I obeyed—
 Ran hither, thither, found his camel and
 The goat-skin and the dates. And that is all!
 The dates I lost, the camel dying rolled
 Upon its side and crushed the filled goat-skin.
 And I am here, and, Musa, where art thou!
 I dreamed last night thou can'st to me and laid
 Cool sherbet on my tongue and lumps of ice
 And manna; and I woke to find thee not,
 And only bleaching camel-bones were here
 And the soft tinkling of the sliding sands
 And that wild tumult in the under world!

As rivers of water in a dry, dry place,
 Art thou, O Musa, to me; as shadow thou
 Of a great rock in a most weary land,
 A barren thirsty land where no water is!
 O Musa, O my love in prison chains,
 Ah, could I find my way back unto thee,
 And die beside the walls that keep thee from
 This lonely death with me!

Ah me—a drop,
 A tiny drop of water, O my God,
 Who led Israel's children through this howling waste
 When three days toiled they and no water found!
 A little dew to soothe my swollen lips,
 That burst apart, peeling upon the dry
 Hot pebbles that no moisture bringeth forth
 From the scorched cavern underneath the tongue!

Musa! Musa! Ah, I crave the shade,
 The little shade the camel dead may give;
 I sink beside it, bathe my hands within

The dimness of the shadow cast by it,
 And scorched and burning am I, and the air
 Shakes with the heat like any solid thing,
 And—Musa! Musa! See the water there,
 The palms, the mottled bird, and—Musa, love,
 Thou too art there, dipping a golden gourd
 Within the water cool and trickling from
 Thy fingers! Musa, Musa, lo, I come!

Ah, God! 'tis but the mirage once again,
 And I am burning in the burning sand,
 In the eternal silence hot and dry!

A TEETOTALER'S STORY.*—DELIA A. HAYWOOD.

" Well, Alfred, you're welcome, old fellow!
 Step in—take this big easy chair,
 I remember your fondness for louging,
 You see. Old boy, I declare,
 Time hasn't dealt with you harshly—
 Albeit your bonny brown hair
 Is silvered a little, and crow's feet
 Line cheeks that were ruddy and fair.

" It's twenty odd years since we parted,
 You say, Alf? Why—yes, it must be,
 For I have a boy now at college—
 And you, Alf? *Not married?* Let's see,—
 Where's Stephen St Clair? I remember
 We thought he was partial to Grace,
 Your sister; no wonder, that girl had
 A beautiful, flower-like face.

" *Both dead?* Sad indeed are Time's changes—
 But here, take a glass of champagne.
 You look tired and pale, pray excuse me,
 Your coming has set my brain
 In a whirl—and it may be
 I'm forgetting my duty as host.
 What, nothing! Why Alfred, you're joking,
 I remember you used to boast

That liquor could never upset you.
 You aren't in earnest, Alf, *you—*

* *Written expressly for this Collection.*

A man of your sense—you surely
 Are not in league with the crew
 Of ultra reformers, the ranters——”

“I am a teetotaler, Fred,
 No offence at your comments. If after
 I tell you, old friend, what led

“Me into the ranks of the ‘ranters’
 You ask me to drink this champagne,
 For once, I will stifle my scruples.

I promise to cheerfully drain
 This glass to its dregs—but my story :
 You spoke, Fred, of Stephen St Clair,
 You remember him, handsome, great hearted,
 Big brained and yet sunny and debonair ?

“Well, Stephen and Grace were married,
 And never a happier bride
 E’er went from the home-nest and never
 Was one on whom love and fond pride
 Were lavished more freely, nor ever
 A lovelier home. And when
 The babe came, the dear, dimpled Eva,
 I almost envied them then.

“The rosebud beauty of childhood
 Is ever most fair to see ;
 But Gracie’s babe had a dream face
 That filled me with mystery,—
 The face of a pictured angel.
 Her hair was of dusky gold,
 Her eyes, they were deep soft azure.
 Not strange that love should unfold

“That babe in the rose-lined cradle,
 Nor strange that her mother should fail
 To see in her Eden a shadow,
 Or mark of the serpent’s trail,—
 The serpent that lurks in the wineglass ;
 The monster who under the guise
 Of fairest seeming doth enter
 Too often in paradise.

“Yes, friend, I remember how often
 I echoed my boyish boast
 That wine could not harm me, and truly
 I think I am stronger than most,

For I'm of tough stock, men of iron
With nerves like the beaten steel,
But Stephen was finer of fibre,
Hot blooded and quick to feel

"Life's jarring notes, and its discords
Would tell on his sensitive frame.
He drank less than I—but I fancied
Sometimes, that a borrowed flame
Lit up his dark eyes, that his sallies
Of wit were not all his own.
Yet never until that evening,
That fateful night, had I known

"His step to become unsteady;
Nor ever before had I heard
From lips that seemed pure as a woman's
One coarse or unmanly word.
We both had been drinking and Stephen,
For Congress a candidate,
Of course must be feted and toasted;
And though we were both elate

"And I had a dizzy feeling,
A slight confusion of brain,
My brother had lost his manhood;
And I saw with a feeling of pain
My sister shrink as we entered—
Poor girl! 'twas a terrible shock
To learn of the worse than weakness
Of one whose strength was the rock

"On which her womanhood rested.
'Old woman, you're poky to-night!
Sh'd think you'd be proud, pon honor;
A senator's wife—well, all right.
Wont kiss me? well, here's baby Eva,
She'll kiss her old papa, I know.'
Grace stood with lips parted but speechless,
Her face like the drifted snow,

"Till Stephen reeled toward the cradle,
Then she sprang to his side, with a cry:
'Oh, husband! don't take her, she's sleeping.'
A mad gleam shot from his eye,
He swore a great oath at the woman
He loved—and oh, Heaven! the child

Was hurled from his arms to the hearthstone!
That shriek of my sister's so wild

"Rings yet in my ears! The poor baby—
With only a quiver and moan—
Lay limp in my arms, and the father,
Half sobered, knew what he had done.
A gleam of swift steel in the gaslight,
A heavy, quick fall on the floor;
And Stephen St Clair lay writhing
Before me, and covered with gore.

"Two dead and one living, but never
Shone reason's clear light again
In those azure eyes of my sister;
A mercy, perhaps, that her brain
Was clouded,—that the horror
Of that one night had effaced
All traces of mem'ry. Fantastic
Creations of mind had displaced

"All anguish. I loved her, but wept not
That fair spring morn when she died.
And now, old friend, if you wish it,
I'll lay these weak scruples aside—
You do not? I thank you, but tell me,
If weak ones are vanquished by rum,
Have we who count ourselves stronger
The right to be passive and dumb?

"Shall I judge my brother? Poor Stephen!
Was I then less guilty than he?
I dallied as well with the serpent
Whose fangs were less deadly to me;
I rant of these things and I tell you
The curse on the brow of a Cain
Is his by whose word or example
The weakest of brothers is slain."

AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

ROBERT J. INGERSOLL.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of

rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and re-take an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

THE BICYCLE RIDE.*—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

[Whether bicycle riding on Sunday be sinful or not, depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is done and the associations of the ride.—EDITORIAL.]

You have read of the ride of Paul Revere,
 And of Gilpin's ride, so fraught with fear;
 Skipper Ireson's ride in a cart,
 And the ride where Sheridan played a part;
 Calendar's ride on a brazen hack,
 And Islam's prophet on Al Borak;
 The fateful ride to Aix from Ghent,
 And a dozen others of like portent,
 But you never have heard of a bicycle spin
 Which was piously ended, though started in sin.

Tom was a country parson's son,
 Fresh from college and full of fun,
 Fond of flirting with bright-eyed girls,
 Raving, in verse, over golden curls,
 Sowing a wild oat, here and there,
 In a way that made the parson stare
 And chide him sternly, when face to face,
 While, in private, he laughed at the young scape-grace.
 But the wildest passion the boy could feel
 Was the love he bore for his shining wheel.

He rode it by night and he rode it by day,
 If he went two rods or ten miles away;
 And Deacon Smith was heard to remark
 That he met that pesky thing in the dark
 And it went right by with a glint and a gleam
 And a wild "hoot-toot" that made him scream;
 In spite of the fact that he knew right well
 That evil spirits were all in—well—
 He wouldn't meet that thing again
 For a corn-crib full of good, ripe grain.

One Sunday morning the sun was bright,
 The birds' throats bursting with glad delight,
 The parson mounted his plump old bay
 And jogged to the church, two miles away;
 While Tom wheeled round, ten miles or more
 And hid his wheel by the chancel door;
 And he thought, as he sat in the parson's pew,
 "I wonder what makes dad look so blue,"

*From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of the Author.

Till it came like a flash to his active mind,
He'd left his sermon and spec's behind.

Now the parson was old and his eyes were dim
And he couldn't have read a line or a hymn
Without his spec's for a mint of gold ;
And his head turned hot while his toes turned cold ;
And right in the midst of his mental shock,
The parson deceived his trusting flock,
And gave them eternal life and a crown,
From the book he was holding upside down.
Tom, the rascal, five minutes before,
Like an arrow, had shot from the chancel door.

The horses he frightened I never can tell,
Nor how the old church folks were shocked, as well,
And they said they feared that the parson's lad
" Was a-gettin' wild " and would " go to the bad ;"
For 'twas wicked enough to set folks in a craze
Without " ridin' sech races on Sabbath days ;"
And they thought the length of the parson's prayer
Had something to do with his fatherly care—
While the truth of it was, which he afterwards dropped,
He didn't know what he could do when he stopped.

Of course you know how the story will end ;
The prayer was finished and duly " Amen'd,"
When Tom, all dust, to the pulpit flew
And laid down the specs and the sermon too.
Then the parson preached in a timid way
Of sinful pleasure on Sabbath-day ;
And he added a postscript, not in the text,
Saying that, when they were sore perplexed,
Each must decide as he chanced to feel.
And Tom chuckled : " Sundays, I'll ride my wheel."

Part Thirty-First.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION on first page of Contents.

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 31.

THE CURRENT OF LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whim to the letter,
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle,
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.—MAIDA BUON.

La Tour D'Auvergne was a French soldier noted for his bravery. Napoleon, at one time, by order of the directory, sent him a sword with an inscription declaring him to be "First grenadier of the Armies of the Republic." This he refused to accept, saying: "Among soldiers there is neither first nor last." He steadily refused advancement in military rank, and was killed, a simple Captain, June 28, 1800. When he died the whole French nation mourned for him three days, and until 1814 his name continued to be called at the muster-roll, when the oldest sergeant answered: "Died on the field of honor.

Once at eve a soldier brave
 Hastened up a stony way ;
 Rocks and shrubs and tangled vines
 Failed his struggling steps to stay.
 Leaping swift from crag to crag,
 Not a moment did he lag,
 Till he reached a wild ravine
 Where a sheltered fort was seen.

Then he shouted loud and clear,
 "Guard, what ho !
 Lo! the foe
 Gathers round the lowland mere!
 Man the guns and bar the gate!
 Make all ready ;—watch and wait.
 Keep the pass a single day ;
 Hold the Austrian foe at bay
 This brief space,
 Then our army, van and rear
 Calling troops from far and near,
 Will apace
 March to certain victory.
 Ho! awake ; arouse, ye dolts!
 Turn the keys and draw the bolts!"

All amazed, the grenadier
 Lists, in vain, response to hear.
 On he wends through open door ;—
 Guard and garrison are fled !
 All their arms upon the floor
 Tell of fright and senseless dread.
 Filled with shame and shocked surprise
 At the sight before his eyes,
 Wrathfully the soldier cries :
 "Poltroons! cowards! knew ye not,
 One brave Frenchman in this spot
 Might a thousand foeman rout?"

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

Single file they must deploy
Through the narrow pass. Oh, joy!
I will guard the fort!" A shout
Leaps to the soldier's lips,
As hurriedly he slips
All the bolts within their sockets,
Loads the guns and mounts the rockets,
Makes all ready for the foe.
Then he waits; and list! a rustling;
'Tis the breeze? No, 'tis the bustling
Of stealthy footsteps creeping slow.

Whiz! a rocket shoots in air.
"At your peril come! Beware!"
Shouts, in tone defiant,
This hero self-reliant.
Halts the foe, his plan betrayed;
Now he'll wait for daylight's aid
To attack the fort.

While within, the grenadier
Patient bides, with weapons near,
And courage high upwrought.

Bang! the first shot cleaves the air,
Just as Phœbus rises fair,
And smites the silent tower.
Bang, bang, bang, bang! the shots fly fast.
And BANG! the fort replies at last,
And strikes with telling power.
At every shot a foeman falls,
Though singly come the musket balls,
Whereat the Austrian wonders.
No heads above the ramparts rise,
No mark the enemy descries;
He blindly shoots and blunders.

Hour by hour until the eve,
Fought the foe with slight reprieve,
Charging the grim redoubt.
Each time there fell some comrades dead;
No wasted shot passed overhead;
And still the fort held out.

At length a herald drawing near
Confronts a simple grenadier,
To treat of terms of peace.

"If you your firing will withhold
 Till daybreak," cried the Frenchman bold,
 We will the fort release
 Into your hands, on promise sure
 Our garrison shall pass secure
 With all their arms."
 The Austrian herald bowed assent;
 Each party passed the night content,
 Without alarms.

At dawn the Austrian rank and file
 Drew up along the close défilé,
 To see their brave foes pass.
 How still the fort! No noise within;
 No hurrying feet; no parting din;
 All quiet as at mass.

Slow the rusty hinges turn;
 Slow the massive gates unfold;
 Then with aspect calm and stern,
 Bearing weight of arms untold,
 Comes a single grenadier!
 As he marches past the van,
 Wondering eyes are on him cast.
 "Where is the garrison, my man?"
 Cries the Austrian chief at last.
 Proudly rose the soldier's head,
 "I am the garrison," he said.

"Your name, your name?" the Austrians cry.
 "La Tour d'Auvergne," comes in reply.
 "La Tour, La Tour," with three times three,
 "Hurrah! hurrah! we honor thee!"
 Cheer on cheer
 Burst from every Austrian heart;
 And again,
 Down the glen,
 The ringing echoes start.
 While the Colonel, bowing low,
 Said in accents grave:
 "I salute my gallant foe,
 The bravest of the brave!"

—*Good Cheer.*

THE ETERNITY OF MUSIC.—ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

Who was it, when he formed this Temple of Creation, that first introduced into it sculpture, painting, poetry, music, those marvelous missionaries of the beautiful, that, like the angels in the vision of sleeping Israel, bring earth and heaven into sweet union? Who was the first sculptor that struck with his chisel the marble rocks, and fashioned them as He would? Who was the first painter that touched with his brush the flowers of the valley and tinged with deep azure the ocean.—that mystic baptismal font in whose waters He purified the universe, and decreed that by its waters and His spirit man should become regenerate? Who was the first decorator that studded with gems the Milky Way and spread this arch of splendor across the concave of this, His temple? Who first told the strong sons of God to “shout with joy,” and bade “the morning star sing together,” when all creation was ringing with the notes of Him, the first composer; when earth and air and heaven celebrated His praises—until the intruder Sin broke the universal chorus, jarred against nature’s chime, and tore the harp strings of His angels; and who, by conquering sin and death, brings back the lost melody? Who has sanctified this art of music, not to oppress the intellect, not to cloud it, not to silence it, not to lull it into a sleep fatal to its powers? No, but to beautify, to elevate and to influence even the intellect itself, by purifying the imagination and the heart. He it was who, having inspired this glorious art, declared that music should become in heaven itself eternal; that when all the others should, as it were, faint at the gates of heaven; when the chisel should fall from the sculptor’s hand on seeing the magnificent ideals that he thought to represent; when the painter should cast away the brush in view of the glorious coloring beyond the stars; when the poet should breathe no more the song of hope, but should enjoy eternal fruition; when the architect

need no more to build a house with hands in view of the eternal temple of Almighty God; when the sacred mission of all the other arts shall have been fulfilled, that then glorious music shall survive them all, and, flying in, as it were, through the gates of light, give her lessons to the angels, and the architect and the sculptor and the painter and the poet should all become for eternity the children of song.

SO WAS I.—JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.*

By permission of the Author.

My name is Tommy, an' I hates
That feller of my sister Kate's.
He's bigger'n I am an' you see
He's sorter lookin' down on me,
An' I resents it with a vim;
I think I'm just as good as him.
He's older, an' he's mighty fly
But he's a kid, an' so am I.

One time he came,—down by the gate,
I guess it must been awful late,—
An' Katie, she was there, an' they
Was feelin' very nice and gay,
An' he was talkin' all the while,
About her sweet an' lovin' smile,
An' everythin' was nice as pie,
An' they was there, an' so was I.

They didn't see me, 'cause I slid
Down underneath a bush, an' hid,
An' he was sayin' that his love
Was greater'n all the stars above
Up in the glorious heavens placed;
An' then his arm got round her waist,
An' clouds were floatin' in the sky,
An' they was there, an' so was I.

I didn't hear just all they said,
But by an' by my sister's head

*Author of "Presto Chango," "A Chinese Version of 'Maud Muller,'" &c., in No. 30, of this Series.

Was droopin' on his shoulder, an'
 I seen him holdin' Katie's hand,
 An' then he hugged her closer, some,
 An' then I heered a kiss—*yum yum!*
 An' Katie blushed an' drew a sigh,
 An' sorter coughed,—an' so did I.

An' then that feller looked around
 An' seed me there, down on the ground,
 An'—*was* he mad?—well, hetcher boots
 I gets right outer there an' *scoots*.
 An' he just left my sister Kate
 A-standin' right there by the gate;
 An' I seen hlood was in his eye,
 An' he runned fast—an' so did I.

I runned the very best I could
 But he cotched up,—I's 'fraid he would,
 An' then he said he'd teach me how
 To know my manners, he'd allow;
 An' then he shaked me *awful*. Gee!
 He jest—he frashed the ground with me.
 An' then he stopped it by and by,
 'Cause he was tired—an' so was I.

An' then he went back to the gate
 An' couldn't find my sister Kate
 'Cause she went in to bed, while he
 Was runnin' round an' thumpin' me.
 I got round in a shadder dim,
 An' made a face, an' guffed at him;
 An' then the moon larfed, in the sky,
 'Cause he was there, an' so was I.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
 The men had marched all day,
 And now beside a rippling stream
 Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
 As swept the hours along,
 They called to one who mused apart,
 "Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause—"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear,
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night;
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

"THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN."

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Some folks 're allers findin' fault 'nd frettin' round y' know.
The older that they git in years the wus they seem tu grow.
It's kinder second natur' tu some folks that I have found,
'Nd all the fun they seem tu git is jest to fret around.

If it should rain, then it's the mud that sets 'em all awry ;
If it don't rain, then it's the dust a-blowin' in their eye ;
If clouds arise, of com'f'n' storms they are a willin' reader ;
'Nd if the day is clear 'nd bright, then it's a weather-breeder.

If it is cold they shiver round 'nd call the weather horrid ;
If it is warm they sweat and fret about the weather torrid ;
If it is summer then they scowl 'nd long for winter cool ;
'Nd if it's winter they will yearn for summer ez a rool.

If they have money ev'ry one is arter it, they think ;
'Nd bound somehow tu beat 'em 'nd appropriate their chink ;
If they are poor they think they are the worst abused of all
The creeturs of God's providence upon this rollin' ball.

'Nd if they have a family they're always sartin sure
No other man could such a wife or child ez theirs endure ;
'Nd if they're single they bewail their sad 'nd lonely lot,
'Nd say when plums are passed around they allers are forgot.

'Nd so it goes, the goodness knows if any fun they git
In findin' fault with Providence they need it every bit ;
But how under the canopy they manage tu git round
On the wust side of everything beats anything I've found.

The sun shines jest ez bright on 'em ez 't does on you 'nd me,
'Nd none of us kin dodge the storms of life ez I kin see ;
But why some folks 'd rather count the storms than pleas-
ant days
Is somethin' I don't understand and fills me with amaze.

The birds sing no less sweetly 'cause a sunny day has passed ;
The apple-trees don't cease tu bloom when they no shadder
cast ;
The cattle on a thousand hills don't lose their appetite
'Nd beller round because they aint in clover day 'nd night.

If bees can't find a clover patch they put up with buck-
wheat ;
They're jest ez happy, 'nd I guess the honey's jest ez sweet.
There aint a creetur livin', 'cept the human, ez I know,
That loves tu fret 'n' grumble round ; now, neighbor, aint it so ?

A ROMAN LEGEND.—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.*

From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission.

Hour by hour, with skilful pencil, wrought the artist, sad
and lone,
Day by day, he labored nobly, though to all the world un-
known.
He was brave, the youthful artist, but his soul grew weak
and faint,
As he strove to place before him, the fair features of a saint.
Worn and weary, he strove vainly for the touch of heavenly
grace,
Till, one day, a radiant sunbeam fell upon the upturned face,
And the very air was flooded with a presence strangely
sweet,
For the soul, within the sunbeam, seemed to make the work
complete.
Swift as thought, the artist's pencil deftly touched the fea-
tures fair,
Night came down, but one bright sunbeam left its soul im-
prisoned there;
And around his dingy garret, gazed the artist, wondering,
For the work sublime illumed it, like the palace of a king;
And within the artist nature, flamed his first, fond love di-
vine,
Which bewildered all his senses, as with rare, old, ruby
wine.
Yearningly, he cried: "I love thee," to the radiant, saintly
face,
But the never-ceasing answer was a look of heavenly grace.
Out into the world he wandered, questioning, searching
everywhere,
And the stars above, full often, heard his soul burst forth
in prayer:
"God in Heaven, in mercy, hear me! Hear thy suppliant's
pleading cry;
Lead, oh! lead my footsteps to her. Grant but this, or let
me die."
Friends forsook and want pursued him, still he struggled
on, alone,
Till, at last, outworn and trembling, reason tottered on its
throne,
And he seemed the helpless plaything of some mad, relent-
less fate,
Till the Sisterhood of Mercy found him lying at their gate;

*Author of "The Whistling Regiment," "At the Stage Door," and other popular recitations in previous Numbers.

Made him welcome, gave him shelter and with ever-patient
 care
 Bathed his brow and brushed the tangled, matted tresses
 of his hair.
 Long he lingered on the borders of the holy-land of death,
 One fair Sister, by his bedside, counting low each fluttering
 breath.
 Softly fell the evening shadows, shutting out the golden
 glow
 Of a gorgeous, lingering sunset, gilding all the earth below.
 When, upon his pillow turning, swift came to him hope's
 bright gleams,
 For the anxious face above him was the loved one of his
 dreams.
 But her life was one of mercy and the band across her brow
 Gave the spotless testimony of a maiden's holy vow.
 "Is this heaven? Are you an angel?" swift he questioned
 her, the while
 She smoothed back his wavy tresses, only answering with a
 smile;
 "Tell me truly, couldst thou love me, since thou wouldst
 not let me die?"
 But she pointed to the band about her brow and breathed
 a sigh.
 In her hours of patient watching, she had learned the bit-
 ter truth
 That the Sisterhood of Mercy has its anguish and its ruth;
 Nevermore she came, well-knowing from temptation she
 must fly,
 For his eager, tender questions, in her heart, had found reply.
 Every morning, he would question: "Will she come to me
 to-day?"
 And the tender, truthful Sisters shook their heads and turned
 away,
 For adown his classic features passed the shadow of his pain,
 As he closed his eyes and murmured: "She will never come
 again."
 In his dreams, one night, he fancied she had bent above his
 bed,
 And his longing arms reached upward, but the vision sweet
 had fled.

Hopeless, in his great heart-hunger, through a storm of wind
 and rain,
 To his picture turned the artist, bowing low with grief and
 pain;
 Open wide, he threw the shutters of his garret casement
 high,
 Heeding not the vivid lightning, as it flashed athwart the
 sky.

On his lowly couch reclining, soon in weariness, he slept ;
 While the storm clouds o'er him thundering, long and loud
 their vigils kept.
 Wilder grew the night and fiercer blew the winds, until, at
 last,
 Like a bird of prey or demon, through the shattered case-
 ment, passed
 The old shutter, rending, tearing every wondrous touch and
 trace
 Of the artist's patient labor, from the radiant, saintly face ;
 And the jagged bands of lightning, as they flashed along the
 floor,
 Lit the crushed and crumpled canvas, worthless now, for-
 evermore.
 And the artist, slowly rising, groped his way across the room,
 Feeling, knowing he had lost her, though enshrouded in the
 gloom.
 Then he sought his couch and murmured : " It is well, God
 knoweth best."
 And the sunbeams of the morning found a weary soul—at
 rest.

AUNT MARIA AT THE EDEN MUSEE.*

S. JENNIE SMITH.

When Aunt Maria returned home after her first visit to the city, and Uncle Jed inquired if she had seen anything wonderful down in "York," she gave expression to her feelings in these words:

If you happen to mean anything wonderful wicked, Jedediah Willoughby, I did see more of the workin's of Satan and the pomps and wanities of this arthly spere in one arternoon than you'll find in a hull year in the County of Kiterwille. You see Jane Lizbeth and me was walkin' one day in one of the great big streets, and she said to me, said she, "Aunt Maria, how would you like to go in there?" pintin' with her nose to a big buildin' with picters on the outside.

"Jane Lizbeth," said I, "I've come to York to see the sights, and if there's anything going on t'other side of that door, I'm not hinderin' you takin' me in."

So we went up some steps and waited in a hall to git

*By permission. "Mrs. Murphy's Recipe for Cake," "A Mother's Tinder Falin's," and other excellent humorous recitations, by the same author, will be found in previous Numbers.

our tickets. While Jane Lizbeth was takin' change, I noticed a young feller standin' nigh and he looked so mighty like our Mose that I enermost spoke to him. He was standin' readin' something on the wall. Howsomever, I knowed in a minute that it wasn't Mose, cause he had a pimple on the west side of his nose, and this young feller hadn't no sech disease on his'n. I felt pretty sure that Mose wouldn't go and have that pimple scratched off without his ma knowin' it. In a few minutes I noticed a sassy lookin' man kinder glancin' at me sidewise. Now I know I'm a handsome woman when I'm dressed up right smart, but that's no reason why young fellers should look out of their eyes sidewise at me, nohow I can see. But I didn't let on to notice him and pretty soon we got in the show room. Would you believe it? Right by that door was the grinniest nigger I ever sot my eyes on. He jest looked right on my continents and kept on grinnin'. By that time I had stood all I was agoin' to. So I said to him, said I, "Young man, aint you got nothin' better to do than to set grinnin' at a lady from Kiterwille. Where on arth is your manners?"

'Megitly Jane Lizbeth nudged me and said, "Stop, Aunt Maria, that aint a man."

"Then what under the canopy be it?" said I, "you can't nohow make me believe it's a woman."

"Why, it's a wax figger," said she.

"Well, Jane Lizbeth," said I, "if that aint flesh and blood, it's the fleshiest and bloodiest lookin' thing I ever seed."

Arter that we come to a baby gittin' christened. The parsing was there, and all the baby's kin, and the parsing had his hands up, but hadn't begun to say nothin' yet. "When will he begin?" said I to Jane Lizbeth.

"Begin what?" said she.

"Begin to christen," said I.

"Why, that's another wax figger, Aunt Maria," said she, "it can't say nothing."

Then Jane Lizbeth pulled me along till we stood by a dead emp'ror. There was a gal kneelin' by him and she looked powerful sorry. I alus feel sympathize for any body in inflexions and I forgot that they mort be wax, so I said to her tender like, "Don't take on, miss; he's most likely better off nor we be." She didn't let on to notice me, and Jane Lizbeth said, "Oh, Aunt Maria, these is wax figgers too."

"Jane Lizbeth," said I, "for I was goin' to know the hull unwarnished truth immegit, "be they all wax figgers, everybody here?"

"No," said she "some's wax figgers, and some's people. You must excriminate." Jane Lizbeth is powerful fond of usin' hiferlutin' words.

Howsomever, I couldn't nohow tell which was which. If I come to a right smart lookin' woman and thought she was alive, she turned out to be wax; and if I put my hand nigh a figger and said it was a perticerler fine imitation, that same figger laughed and walked off.

Arter a while we come to a hull lot of people on steps. "That's Queen Victory and the President," said Jane Lizbeth, p'intin' to two people what sot together.

"Did Queen Victory come way over to this country to see the wax figgers?" said I.

Then Jane Lizbeth laughed and everybody standin' there done likewise, and Jane Lizbeth whispered, "Don't you understand, Aunt Maria, them's wax figgers too."

Sech a quantity of wax figgers! I couldn't somehow believe my sentences that they was made of wax. They looked jest ready to harticerlate, as the deacon says. Anyhow, I felt convicted that the grinnin' nigger by the door wasn't no figger and I made up my mind to give him a leetle advice when I got back there.

Next we come to a man nigh a piany, and I asked him soft like if he would obleege us with some musical compliments, but he never smole, nor even wunk his eye, so I concluded that he must be another wax figger.

While we was walkin' round I seed a wonderful nice look-

' woman, and she stood so still that I thought she must be another representation, as Jane Lizbeth says, so I put my finger right on her eye, and said to Jane Lizbeth, "How can they make their eyes so natural?" But immedegit as I touched it that lady enermost jumped out of her skin, and then looked at me like a roarin' lion seekin' what she mort dewore. I felt pretty nigh beat then, and I seed that Jane Lizbeth was laughin', but I concluded to treat sech actions with silent dignerty. For there didn't seem to be no way of tellin' people from wax figgers, nor wax figgers from people.

Then we went down some stone steps into a dark place and immedegit my heart went up into my bronical tubes. The first thing I sot my eyes on was a nigger man with his head cut off. I knowed right away it was that nigger what sot by the door and grinned. Then I enermost hinted. "For the lands sake, Jane Lizbeth," said I, "as I could gasp for breath, "I had no idee you'd bring me to the cellar of execution. I don't reckon there's no horse goin' on nor that at India's frozen mountains."

Jane Lizbeth tried to stop me by talkin' wax figger me agen, but I knowed better. I seed a figger on the floor gittin' stabbed and there wasn't no blood a-owin', but there was blood down in that dark place and was drippin' from that cut-off head. So I jest went on talkin' about sech doins, and I let everybody hear me, too. Pretty soon I happened to turn round and I seed so many other awful sights that I shut my eyes an 'em. "Jane Lizbeth," said I, "take me immedegit out of this house. It's enough to make anybody's blood run in their wanes." Some people was laughin', but Jane Lizbeth was only tryin' to stop me with that wax figger story but I wouldn't be stopped. A good many people was comin' down the stairs then, but I wouldn't stop on their account neither. I hadn't no idee that people would laugh with folks bein' doomed afore their merry eyes, but they did, that's certing, and they connered to laugh while I hurried away from that place

with my eyes shut tight as eyester shells. Jane Lizbeth was sayin' something about goin' to the garden to git a drink, but I couldn't trust no garden arter what I seed in the cellar. Now I thought since Abraham Lincoln put his name to that declaration of independence, and Georgie Washington, bless his heart! refranchized our colored brethring that there wasn't no more decapitationing of heads of free, nateral, American citizens, but it 'pears there be, more shame to a liberated country.

The next mornin' Jane Lizbeth inquired if I would like to wisit that wax show agen, but I jest informed her, with proper sperit, that my heart hadn't got through yet palpitatin' like a dead lamb's tale, and that I wouldn't never, on no consideration whatsumever, step my new two dollar shoes into that place agen as long as my name's Maria Willoughby, Kiterwille, left hand side of the road, nigh the toll gate.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.*—CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Dhere vas many qveer dings in dis land off der free
 I neffer could qvite understand ;
 Der heobles, dhey all seem so deefrent to me
 As dhose in mine own faderland.
 Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps
 Mitoudt der least bit of a cause ;
 Und, vould you pelief id, dhose mean Yangee chaps,
 Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws ?

Shust dink off a white man so vicked as dot !
 Why not gife der oldt lady a show ?
 Who vas it gets oup, ven der nightd id vas hot,
 Mit mine baby, I shust like to know ?
 Und dhen, in der vinter, vhen Katrine vas sick,
 Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
 Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so qvick ?
 Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

*From "Dialect Ballads," by permission of the author. Mr. Adams has won a national reputation in his line. In previous Numbers will be found "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," "Dot Baby off Mine," "Mother's Doughnuts," "Vas Marriage a Failure," and other famous recitations by the same writer.

Id vas von off dhose voman's rightds vellers I been,
 Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboutd me ;
 Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
 Why, I shust let her run id, you see.
 Und ven dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
 (A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw !)
 Eef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off bricks,
 Dot's all rightd ! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek outd und geek in, id vas always der same,
 Dot voman vas boss off der house ;
 Budt, dhen, neffer mindt ! I vos glad dot she came,
 She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
 Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
 Und firewood to shplit oup and saw,
 She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
 Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—JANE KAVANAUGH.

'Twas Christmas eve ; the snowflakes fell
 On house-top, street and spire,
 Until earth's foulest spots were clad
 In holiday attire.

Around the somber prison walls
 The gentle showers fell,
 And silvered o'er the iron bars
 That guarded each dark cell.

In one of these, upon his cot,
 A youth so young and fair
 Sat darkly brooding on the lot
 That led his footsteps there.

Scarce twenty changeful years had sped
 Above the bright young head,
 So bowed in woeful misery
 Upon a prison bed.

Adown the gloomy corridor
 A dark-robed figure glides,
 And halts beside the grated cell
 Where woe and sin abides.

She tells him with such tender words
 Of hope and pardon, too,
 Of brighter paths on earth to win,
 Of honest work to do.

And something in the low, sweet voice
 That probes his bosom's pain
 Reminds him of his mother dead,
 Like some sweet, sad refrain.

Adown the gloomy prison walls,
 The pure white snowflakes fell,
 Until a silver curtain hid
 Each inmate in his cell.

Sweet Sister Mary, done her work,
 The prison turned to leave,
 With hope that one young soul was saved
 On that glad Christmas eve.

A score of years have passed away;
 Again the snow falls down,
 Again the Christmas eve has dawned
 Upon a northern town.

We stand within the massive walls
 That guard a convent broad,
 A hundred helpless orphans, and
 A noble sisterhood.

An old acquaintance here we find;
 The care-marks on her brow
 Bespeak her honored rank, for she
 Is Mother Mary now.

The convent treasury is bare;
 Poor Mother Mary sighs—
 Her children may not eat the feast
 That's held in paradise.

But hark! the convent bell is rung,
 A peal so sharp and clear;
 The smiling portress hastens in,
 With present for Ma Mere.

The package is a bulky one,
 And when the sum is told

The awe-struck sisters marvel o'er
The coins of solid gold.

But Mother Mary does not heed
The gold that shines so bright ;
A vision of the long ago
Comes to her aged sight.

She reads: " Dear Lady, please accept
This gift I send to thee
In token of a Christmas eve
When you were kind to me.

" Your words of hopeful comfort sank
Into my sore young heart,
And gave me courage yet to strive
To win a better part."

The soul-tonched Mother speaks at last
And tears are in her voice :
" Our Lord has sent the Christmas feast ;
Come praise him, and rejoice ! "

OWEN'S OATH.—FREDERICK MORELL HOLMES.

" Who says I dare not walk the sea-wall to-night ? "
" I do."

" Then you're a fool. "

And the speaker banged his fist on the table so heavily that the glasses clattered and rang again, and the stalwart men sitting round it, half drunk, gazed at each other with looks of alarm. For when Owen Hopeton was angered, his wrath was terrible, and they knew it.

" Don't you be stupid, Warton, and dare him to do it. If you do, you know he will walk it, and—and it will be the death of him to-night."

" He should not be such a domineering fool, then," grumbled Warton. " Who's he that he's to master over everybody ? "

" Oh, come, he is not so bad as that, 'cept when he's had a glass," remonstrated the other. " He's a good fellow on the whole."

But Warton had taken just enough strong ale to be obstinate and rather quarrelsome; he would not give way. He was not drunk—oh, dear, no; but there was no gainsaying that he was more “cranky” than he would have been if he had not taken anything.

“I say he is a fool,” repeated Owen, still more angrily, and bending his heavy glance on Warton, who, frowning and moody, was drinking still more strong ale.

“It’s a ter’ble night, Owen,” said the man who had spoken to Warton, “and blowing great guns from the sou’-west. The water is raging over the wall like a mad thing.”

“I don’t care,” replied Owen, boisterously; “why, man alive, d’ye think I’m a baby that I don’t know what a night it is?”

“Well, I dare not walk it,” said the other.

“And Owen dare not for all his brag and bluster,” exclaimed Warton, tauntingly.

Hopeton rose hastily, and anger flashed from his dark eyes. His heavy hand was about to strike Warton, but they prevented him. Suddenly he changed his mind. “Come,” he cried, “all of you. Come to the lane and see me mount the wall, and then, led by that coward (pointing contemptuously to Warton), you may go round by the road over the cliffs, and see me come off the wall at the other end. I’ll do it. I swear I’ll do it.”

“Nonsense!” cried his friend, who was now quite alarmed; “it’s sheer madness to go to-night.”

“Tut, man, be silent,” exclaimed Owen, pushing him off roughly; “Warton dared me to do it. I’ve sworn I’d never be dared to do anything. I’ll show you what I’m made of; I’m no namby-pamby baby to go back from my word, nor am I afraid of a storm. I’ll go—I swear it—so there, leave off your whinings.”

In vain they pressed around him and endeavored to dissuade him. Like Warton, he had taken just enough strong ale to be obstinate, careless, and reckless.

“Landlord,” he shouted, “bring me six o’ brandy hot,

just to keep out the cold, and then I'm off. I'll show you what I'm made of. I'm afraid of nothing, you may take your oath of that."

The sea-wall spoken of was a strong and massive structure, built to protect the railway (which here crept below the lofty cliffs) from the force of the encroaching sea. It frequently afforded a pleasant promenade for the inhabitants of the neighboring town, but in stormy weather, and especially when the fierce sou'-wester blew, it was dangerous indeed. The raging waters foamed and roared over it, and twice at least during the score of years since it had been built had the whooping waves dashed it to pieces, lifting the huge stones of which it was composed as though they were but children's toys, and sweeping them out to the open sea. Frequently it had been partially destroyed.

It was but three or four feet wide, and on the side facing the sea there was no railing and no guard, but on the other, skirted by the railway, was a low stone breast-work. It was a dangerous place even at the best of times, and no mother ever saw her little ones there without nervous fears for their safety. The railway company had often been petitioned to place a railing on the side near the sea, but they always refused, saying it was not intended for a promenade, and if people walked there they did so at their own risk. For their part they wished people to keep off.

But it was a "very short cut" for the townspeople, and consequently was largely used in favorable weather. At one end was a lane leading to the high road over the cliffs, and in this lane was the "Crab and Lobster" public-house, and if any one "took too much" at that favorite hostelry, ten to one but they swore they would walk home by the sea-wall "to show how steady they were." Discussions on this point were frequent at the "Crab and Lobster," and it was one of these discussions which had originated Owen's foolish resolution to-night.

This was the walk, then, that Owen Hopeton proposed

to take that dark and stormy night, to show his courage, and because he had sworn he would do it, and not be "dared" by anybody. They had talked and quarreled over their beer as men often, if not always, do, and this was the result. But Owen Hopetou, foolhardy as he was, would not have done it but for the carelessness born of drink.

He was not a drunkard; indeed it was his boast that he had never got drunk; but, for all that, he had frequently been "the worse" for liquor. When completely sober he was a skilful, prudent, and courageous fisherman; after a few glasses, without being drunk, he became a noisy, reckless, foolhardy bully, and like many other pothouse politicians, ready to overturn any Government that might happen to be in power, and re-arrange the map of Europe in a few seconds.

At the foot of the steps leading up to the wall from the landward side, the men paused and again endeavored to dissuade Owen. The night was pitch dark, the rain falling heavily, and the fierce sou'-wester blowing in terrible gusts. Amid the noise of wind and rain could be heard the thundering roar of the huge waves, as driven mountains high by the stormy gale, they dashed themselves over the stout sea-wall.

Mournfully, with saddened faces, they saw Owen mount the wall and disappear in the gloom, then, setting their faces homeward, they hastened up the lane and down the road to the other end of the wall. There they waited long and patiently.

* * * * *

The night train was crowded. And when an unusually long stoppage took place at Rainsford station, many were the inquiries addressed to the officials as to the reason, but as usual no reason or explanation could be got from them. If there was an accident, they would not say so.

In the carriage in which I was traveling was a gentleman who knew that part of the country well, and he

suggested that our stoppage might be caused by an accident to the sea-wall, over which the line passed soon after leaving Rainsford.

"I've known that wall completely demolished," said my traveling companion. "Doubtless they were waiting until it has been ascertained if it is quite safe, for the storm is indeed severe. Ah, now we are off! They are going to try it, then."

"There are so many passengers, you see," I replied, "that they would surely go if possible. If there were only a few, now, I expect the engine-driver would stay where he is."

Presently we were on the wall. With a rattling blast the wind and waves rushed on us as we left the tunnel; the windows were broken in by the fury of the storm, and the carriage was filled with sand and spray, and even stones. Our speed increased. The driver had evidently turned on full pressure and was running the train as quickly as possible, hoping to find safety in speed. We rushed on. The carriage rocked from side to side. Again and again the blast of wind and waves burst upon us, but the great speed carried us safely on.

I gazed anxiously, wonderingly, into the darkness,—a darkness only partially lit up by the flash of the carriage-lamp shining on the white wall, and the foaming crests of the waves as they dashed over it and on to the breastwork of the railway.

I was in the carriage next the engine, and at this moment the fireman opened the furnace-door to throw on more coal. Instantly the wild, weird, lurid glare from the fire lit up the wall and the white-crested waves. What was it that caused me to step back in alarm and utter a startled cry? In that glare I saw, suddenly, but with terrible distinctness, the figure of a man as a wild wave broke over him. His arms were extended, his face was pale, and his eyes seemed to seek mine with a strange appealing look; he seemed to be stepping back and falling over the wall into the terrible waters beneath.

But then the light passed—the train swept on—I saw no more.

“Doubtless the train had surprised him, coming so swiftly and so suddenly, and had caused him to start back”—so I said to my fellow-passenger when I explained the meaning of my sudden cry. But he would not believe in what I had seen.

“No man in his senses would walk that wall to-night,” he said; “and no madman either, for, as a rule, lunatics are wonderfully cunning for their own safety. You must have been mistaken.”

When we reached the next station it was to find that the train would go no farther that night.

“It’s far too rough to skirt the sea any more to-night,” said the careful guard, and he was right.

But I could not get that strange sight out of my head, and so, wrapping myself in my ulster, I walked down to the end of the wall with my friend, “to witness a great sea,” as he said.

When there we found the knot of anxious men still waiting and watching for him who came not.

“Oh! he’s not had time enough yet,” cried Warton. “Give him another half hour. For my part, I believe now he’ll come. It is not so bad if he holds on to the breastwork.”

As I heard these words, cold drops of perspiration stood on my face. “Then what I saw was not fancy,” I whispered; “it was a man’s death-agony.”

Presently we learned what they were waiting for, and in return I told them what I had seen. And as I spoke a solemn, awful silence fell on those stalwart men,—a terrible silence I shall never forget. Still we waited, but Owen came not.

The next morning broke heavy and gray. But the storm had passed, the wind was subdued, and the sea was “going down.” The tide ran out at noon, and Owen’s friends ventured along the wall. I accompanied them, for I longed to verify that what I feared had not come

to pass. As we proceeded the wan winter sun struggled out from the torn masses of cloud and shone down with a faint and sickly light. But nothing was to be seen. The sullen sea moaned as it broke against the wall, and the wind still swept chilly by with dismal sound, but the strength of the storm was spent and now their melancholy music was but the requiem of the dead man.

For Owen never came back, and the wild look of despair I had seen in his eyes must have been the startled gaze that rested on Eternity.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.—EVA LOVETT CARSON.

Archibald Edward Theophilus Jones
 Had a way of expressing his feelings in moans,
 In sobs and sighs,
 And dolorous cries;
 The water continually ran from his eyes.
 Upon every occasion he "started the bawl"
 At the silliest trifle, or nothing at all,
 Till his mother declared: "Why, Theophilus, dear,
 If you are not more careful, you wont leave a tear!"

"And some day, you know,
 It might happen so,
 Your feelings, or head, might receive a hard blow;
 A blow that would really be worthy a tear,
 And by being so lavish at present, I fear
 You'll have not a tear left,
 And being bereft
 Of the tears that are needful to make a good cry,
 With no means of relieving your feelings you'll die!"

But Theophilus paid to this counsel no heed.
 He continued to roar
 And cry as before.
 The family wished themselves deaf,—yes, indeed;
 Although certainly some
 Of them wished *he* was dumb,
 For surely among things excessively trying
 May be reckoned the child that forever is crying.

Well—the worst of the story remains to be told.
 He was weeping one morning—because it was cold—
 When he felt a strange quiver,
 A shake and a shiver;
 It began at the point where his eyes met his nose,
 And ran through his backbone quite down to his toes.
 Astonished, he stopped for an instant his wail,
 And when to renew it he tried—ah, sad tale!
 Alas, how can I tell
 Of the fate that befell?

This poor little boy found he'd cried himself dry.
 Not a tear could he squeeze from his dear little eye;
 Though he struggled his hardest, 'twas useless to try.
 Vain—all vain!
 And an unsatisfactory cry
 Is the one where you haven't a tear in your eye!

Boys, be warned by his fate,
 Before 'tis too late.
 Don't cry for small matters,
 Slight bruises and batters;
 Or, indeed, who can say,
 It might happen some day,
 When some weighty occasion for crying should rise,
 You'd be left, like young Jones, with no tears in your eyes!
—Good Cheer.

AN EVENING DOZE.—ALBERT E. HUNT.

When twilight's sombre shadows fall,
 And evening zephyrs softly blow,
 I love to lie and list the call,—
 The nightly call I so well know:
 "Crabs—Balt-eemore crabs!"

The soothing clouds that round me surge
 From out my meerschaum's browning bowl
 My drowsy soul to slumbers urge.
 While from the street the echoes roll:
 "Corn—hot corn!"

And while my lazy fancy dreams
 Of bliss and joy that never die,
 Of love and sweet ecstatic themes—
 Up from the corner swells the cry:
 "Pep-ree pot!"

FAUNTLEROY.—BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, JR.

Now look here, Jack; I know this track,
 I got it all by rote.
 I'm agoing to back the Guv'nor's hack,
 For a twenty-dollar note.
 'E's 'calthy an' sound, an' 'e'll swaller the ground
 With one o' them bursts of speed.
 The race is a walk—you hear me talk!—
 With Fauntleroy in the lead.

Twenty dollars on Fauntleroy,
 And the odds a hundred to one,
 When they get to the post I'm a Dutchman's ghost,
 But yer going to see some fun.
 Last night I washed 'is fetlocks clean,
 An, I give 'im an extry feed,
 'E'll give 'em the laugh, 'fore they reach the 'alf—
 With Fauntleroy in the lead.

'E'll never go back on 'is old pal, Jack—
 See the nags is ready to start.
 When 'e gets 'is 'ead 'e'll knock 'em dead,
 God bless 'is honest 'art.
 'E knows, of course, e's a gentleman's 'orse,
 An' 'e never was pulled in 'is speed.
 If 'e gets a chance, 'e'll lead 'em a dance—
 With Fauntleroy in the lead.

There's "Apple Bud" is sweatin' blood;
 The "Duchess" is far behind;
 The nigger's mount is no aceount,
 The geldin' beats the wind.
 The "Harkness" colt hez shot 'is bolt,
 Just watch that nigger jump,
 'Is mount is as dead as a lump o' lead,
 But 'e's working like a pump.

They're in the stretch, I win my bets!
 The field is far away.
 The shortest horse on the bloomin' course
 Will win the stakes to-day.
 I tell you pard' 'e's got 'em dead!
 Did you ever see such speed?
 See, there's the wire a yard ahead—
 With Fauntleroy in the lead.

E wins! 'e wins! my money, quick!
 I got ter get back ter town.
 I'll drink to-night to the geldin' tight,
 That run the "Duchess" down.
 No racer foaled can beat the colt;
 'E'd make Firenze bleed;
 Oh! didn't I laugh when they passed the 'alf—
 With Fauntleroy in the lead.

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.*—S. B. PARSONS.

By permission of the Author.

Peace hath its victories more renowned than war;
 And not Horatius or the brave Winkelreid
 Can stir the pulse or make the eye o'erflow
 Like the stern sacrifice of Christian men.

Upon the borders of the fair Passaic,
 Where the wild plover wings his rapid flight,
 Amid the fringe of marsh and grass and trees,
 A lowly cottage stands. Autumnal sun
 Ne'er gilded with its rays a happier scene,—
 A stalwart man, well-knit and strong of limb,
 Whose quiet eyes, firm lips, and manly air
 Gave indication of the strength within;
 A maid-like mother on whose healthy cheeks
 And glistening eyes and glossy nut-brown hair,
 The cares and toils of life had left no trace;
 And a fair boy whose bright and happy look
 Had borrowed all the glory and the joy
 Of the ten summers which had o'er him passed.

The father's eye, through the festooning vines,
 Glanced down upon the river: "Lizzie dear,
 Give me my hat; good-bye, I see a sloop
 That comes to pass the draw; I'll let her through;
 And then the train will soon be coming down!"
 A quick eye beamed, young fingers touched his hand
 "Father, dear father, let me go there, too;
 I love to see the vessel gliding by
 With sail all set, and then to stand and watch

*The same story, under the title of "The Drawbridge Keeper," told by a different author, can be found in No. 3, of this Series. The name of the heroic father is Albert G. Drecker.

With what a thundering noise the train goes past.
 It's grand, and better than a game of ball."
 "No, Harry darling, I would rather not,"
 The mother's anxious fears made quick reply.
 But still the lad's appealing, wistful face
 With mother's love calmed down a mother's fears.
 "Well, I suppose I am a coward born,
 But yet you know he is our only one;
 I think I'd die if he should come to harm!"
 "Oh! mother, let him go, I will take care
 That nothing happens, and full well I may,
 For I do think that never father yet
 So loved his son as I my little lad."
 "Well, Albert, take him, bring him safely back,
 And we'll be thankful in our prayers to-night."
 The mother's eye gazed after as they walked.
 "With what a springing step our Harry goes!
 How like his father in his manly ways;
 God grant he make another such a man!"
 Then turned within the house.

He reached the bridge,

And bidding Harry safely stand aside,
 He placed the crank and moved the fastened draw.
 Slowly it rolled aside, and slowly through
 The swelling sail and loaded vessel passed.
 Just then the noise of the fast-coming train
 Struck loud his listening ear. He bent his form,
 With both arms grasping the strong iron crank,
 To make his work all safe for human lives.
 But, hark! a cry and splash, and looking up,
 He saw his boy, in whom his life was bound,
 Had fallen in the dark and rapid stream.
 He dropped the crank, threw off his loosened coat—
 But then there came upon his quickened brain,
 As the sun paints upon the polished plate,
 As meteor flashes on among the stars,
 Or as the lightning, on the startled eye,
 Paints its clear pictures of the scene around,
 Two visions full of grief and human woe.
 One was the thundering train freighted with life,
 The strong men trusting to his watchful care,
 The women, helpless, trusting to his strength,
 And little children in their happiest moods.
 He saw them coming on their rapid course,

And in a moment through the gaping bridge,
 Crushing and breaking down, and lower still
 Into the whelming waters. Then the cry
 For help, all unavailing, seemed to smite
 Upon his listening ear. Faces upturned
 Of women and of children, as their forms
 Floated a moment e'er they sank beneath
 The turbid waters; while the wailing cry
 From many homes made desolate struck in
 Upon his dark and sorely troubled soul.

Such was one picture;—quicker than thought
 Came still the other, and—the agony!
 He saw his darling lad, stiffened and pale,
 The light all vanished from his loving eye,
 The grace all taken from his graceful form,
 No answering look to many a look of love,
 Stretched on his cottage bed, and at his side
 That loving mother crushed and broken down,
 Her face all full of tearless agony,
 The light all taken from her earthly life;
 While from her silence he could feel the words:
 “Oh! Albert dear, how could we let him go?”
 Never, I think, in the world's history,
 Was such a choice on loving father thrown.

Five seconds scarce had passed, but on his soul,
 Amid the agony which no words can tell,
 God's strength was cast,—he seized the crank again;
 “My place is here, I cannot leave it now,
 Oh! oh! God help me, save my little lad!”
 With both arms on the crank and eyes on stream,
 He strained his muscles,—never was the need
 Of muscle greater,—swings the draw around.
 “Keep quiet, Harry, let your arms fall down,
 Throw your head back, I will be with you soon.”
 But to his ear came back the answering cry:
 “Oh! help me, father! I am going down.”
 Swelled hard the muscles, still the draw came slow,
 And groaned the father in his agony.
 “Father, I cannot, all my breath is gone.”
 A fainter struggle, then a plaintive voice
 Said, “Father, good-bye! tell mother, moth—”
 And the last tones were smothered by the waves.
 The father with his eye and mouth firm fixed,

And pale as death can make the ruddiest cheek,
 With his hair turned as white as driven snow,
 Saw the sweet face sink slowly, slowly down,
 Saw the rich clustering curls a moment float,
 Then sink beneath, and saw the bubbles come
 From the life-breath and swim upon the wave,
 Then vanish into air.

Now on the bridge
 The draw came strong, and shoving fast the bolt,
 The father gave a leap into the air
 And plunged into the water, while the train,
 Unconscious, hurried by. With rapid arm
 He cleaved the water, reached the fatal spot;
 He saw a mass upon the river's floor; to dive
 Was but a moment's work, and in his arms
 To raise the precious burden took small time.

The shore was gained, and from the slackened train
 Poured hundreds out to aid him, who had seen
 The leap, and knew their peril now, and debt
 To him who saved them; and around the child
 Came skilful surgeons, all whose anxious thought
 Was to restore his life; but yet vain hope;
 No human skill could bring the rifted breath;
 The light was taken from the sparkling eye,
 And nothing but the clay-cold form could meet
 That mother's eye, who of the coming grief
 Was all unconscious, singing at her work.
 And who can paint that grief, and who can know,
 Save Him who made her loving mother's heart,
 How the stern agony will smite her down,
 When cradled in his stricken father's arms,
 The darling of her life is carried home?

We'll draw the veil; too sacred is such grief
 For human word or vision. God alone
 Can pour the balm into her bleeding heart,
 Can send the Comforter, and shed His peace,
 Which eye hath never seen nor ear hath heard,
 Into her stricken soul, and give her joy.
 For He can show the lad she loved so well
 Under the Tree of Life, beside the crystal stream,
 And happy in the love of one whose love
 Is mightier than all grief; grief cannot live
 In His all-blessed presence. But for us

The lesson still remains—that sacrifice
 Is glorious beyond anything on earth.
 Fathers may tell to children's listening ears,
 While time shall last, the story of this age,
 And the bridge-tender of the fair Passaic
 Shall be remembered for all coming time.

THE CHINAMAN'S PRODIGAL.

At the Chinese Mission school a young Chinaman, Wong Lee, read the Testament in English and then from memory gave the sense of what he had read. This is what he made of the parable of the Prodigal Son :

A man, he two sons. Son speakee he to fathel ; fathel got heap o' money ; give some he. He takee half ; he go long way—like me come China to Philadelp. No be careful of money, spend too much ; money all gone ; he velly hungry. He go to boss. He want job, he say ; all light ; he tell him feed pigs. He give pigs beans ; he eat with pigs, self. He just now talk : “ My fathel he velly lich—too muchee money. What for me stay here hungly ? Me wantee go back and see my fathel.” He go back ; long way fathel see him. He takee him on the neck. The son say : “ I velly bad. Me no be your son ; me be coolie,” His fathel say : “ Get handsome coat ; give he ling ; bling fat cow—kill cow ; give he plenty eat.”

They velly glad. He allee same dead ; just now come back alive ; he lost ; he get back. Othel son come. He listen music. He ask servant : “ What fol they makee music ? ” He say : “ You blothel come back ; fathel velly glad he no sick ; he kill fat cow.” Othel son velly mad ; he no go inside. Fathel he come out ; he say : “ No, no be mad.” Othel son he say : “ I stay allee time by my fathel ; never makee him mad. My fathel no kill fat cow fol me. Blothel he velly bad ; he spend money too much ; he have fat cow and music.” Fathel say : “ You no undelstand ; he just dead ; he now come to life ; he lost ; he now come back.”

They all makee music.

OUR CHURCH SOCIABLE.*—LOUIS EISENBEIS.

What's got the matter in the church, have Christians quit a-
speakin'?

Because the preacher said to-day, "We'll have a social meet-
in'."

He wanted all to come, he said, and speak and git acquaint-
ted—

It sounded so outlandish queer, I purty nearly fainted.

Somehow, I got the notion that the members of a meetin'
Don't have to first git introduced, to give a friendly greetin'.
Them kind of people, 'pears to me, have souls as tuff as leather,
They ought to have religion 'nuff to bind 'em all together.

I never knowed until to-day, the Church was so unsainted
That when you once got in, 'twas hard to speak and git ac-
quainted;

Does jinin' meetin' change the face of sister and of brother
So dreadful much that when they meet, they hardly know
each other?

I hardly think it, for last washday—the children were a-
screamin'—

They come to git the pewrent. I was washin', scrubbin',
cleanin',

And though I hardly knowed myself, I looked so out of sea-
son,

They really called me by my name, and smiled so sweet an
pleasin'.

They knowed me, but I think there's some, who seem to've
lost their reason,

Who 'pear to bring in loads of ice, to give the church a
freezin':

They'll give you chills in summer-time; they're cold as blocks
of granite,

And strut about with heads so high, you'd think they'd
bump a planet.

Why, only last communion day, I saw a deacon brother,
Just after Parson Brown had preached on, "*Lovin' one an-
other,*"

Pull out his pocket handkercher, an wipe his weepin' eye,
And when I turned to speak to him, he coolly passed me by.

Another time, I mind it well, I often think upon it,
I wore my yaller weddin'-dress and green Parisian bonnet;

*By permission. Mr. Eisenbeis has contributed to this Series: "The Church Fair," "The Parson's Vacation," "The Deacon, Me and Him," and other popular recitations in the same vein.

I think they took me for a queen; for all the time of meetin',
They stared at me, and at the close, such smilin' and a-speak-
in'!

Each one seemed bound to shake my hand, and there was
Deacon Weaver,
He pushed so hard to speak to me, he smashed his bran new
beaver;
I laughed right out in meetin', till I couldn't see for tears,
But I tell you, it was socialer than I had seen for years.

But only think! one week from that, though John some-
what upbraided,
I wore my clean-washed gingham frock, 'twas just a little
faded;
I took my seat inside the pew, and listened to the sermon,
While next me sat the banker's wife, a-twistin' and a-squir-
min'.

I wondered what the matter was, she looked so pale and
sickly;
When meetin' broke, I turned to speak, but my! she got off
quickly.
I then struck down the crowded aisle, to shake hands with
the sexshun,
And everybody turned their backs, or looked the wrong di-
rection.

It struck me most amazin' queer that no one 'peared to know
me;
How they forgot my face so soon, I'd like some one to show
me;
But then I just remember now, my dear first husband's
sayin':

"A peacock gits a heap of praise for feathers he's displayin'."

And so, says I, that must be it; but it kinder seems distress-
in',
To make religion frown or smile, accordin' to your dressin'.
It makes me think of Lazarus at the rich man's wealthy quar-
ter,
And the rich man, once in purple robes, a-beggin' coolin' wa-
ter.

'Tis vexin' to my righteous soul, a-seein' sich behavin',
For wrappin' souls in shinin' silk, isn't the same as savin'.
No! dressin' never makes a saint, no more than six makes
seven,
For Satan even tries to dress like angels do in heaven.

If dressin' in the latest style is what the church is needin',
Then what's the use of preachin', or of havin' Bible readin'?

The church would be a dressin' show, and meetin's prove a
failur',
And the cheapest way to git to heaven, would be to cheat
the tailor.

It's pride and money, dress and show, that's killin' up the
meetin'—
If they don't want us poor folks there, just let 'em quit a
speakin',
And every time they see our face pretend they never knew
us,
But look' above, or back, or down, or anywhere, but to us.

I want to see 'em shakin' hands as if they knowed each other;
And not as if they thought they'd ketch the small-pox from
their brother.

I like a good old-fashioned shake, that sets the soul a-blazin',
That makes the poor man think he's rich, and sets em all to
praisin',

That warms and melts 'em into one, by livin' coals of prayer,
So none shall think they're better, cause they have good
clothes to wear,
And whether in sunshine or in storm, in plenty or in losses,
They all would help each other 'long, and bear each other's
crosses.

For 'taint no use to sing and pray, or have protracted meetin',
Unless you wear a lovin' smile, and show a kindly greetin'.
For souls cannot be floated on toward the golden throne
By sailin' in a bubble, on a *sea of sweet Cologne*.

A PROTOTYPE.

The church was still, as the parson read
That dear old tale of the Prodigal Son,
And many a worshiper's eyes were dim
When the cracked voice ceased and the lesson was done.

But I caught a glimpse through the open door
Of a figure, ragged, slouching, cold.
I knew not why, but my thoughts recurred
To the son of the story,—that story old.

As later I passed the vestry door
I heard re-echoed that joyful cry ;
The parson had clasped the wanderer
As he cried aloud, "Safe home, my boy!"

THE SUNBEAM'S MISSION.—I. EDGAR JONES.

Long time ago, when this old world was young,
 A sunbeam from God's lighthouse blithely sprung
 Out into space, and searched through earth and sky
 For homely things to gild and glorify;
 It brightened up the days serene and fair,
 It danced with other sunbeams frolics rare,
 It paled within the noon sun's steady glare.

But testing all effects and searching round,
 Its best results in strangest things it found.
 It made a diamond of a tear of pain,
 Transforming griefs into prismatic rain;
 It formed in dusty mills red golden bars,
 Transformed rude boats into illumined cars,
 And made of raindrops brilliant falling stars.

Far cut at sea it glowed, deep, rich and warm,
 In heart of spray cast up by wind and storm;
 High up on mountains touched the pale, dead snow
 With swift enchantment into warmest glow;
 It made of mists strange forms with gilded wings;
 In gloomy caves—where silent darkness clings—
 Its golden fingers searched for hidden things.

But, better still, one day a cloud it met—
 A sombre pall with surface black as jet—
 And straightway o'er its velvet surface traced,
 With threads of gold and crimson interlaced,
 Such grand designs as earth had never known,
 Such rich effects of color and of tone,
 It seemed a copy of God's very throne.

Its darkling fleeces turned to molten gold,
 Its deep recesses,—lined and crimson scrolled,—
 Its billowy banks, with marvels richly spread,
 Of priceless gems upon a priceless bed
 Of curve and color, joined with matchless grace,
 Until the awe-struck soul could plainly trace
 Heaven's splendors mirrored on the sky's broad face.

- And so throughout succeeding days and years
 Sunbeams love best to glow in falling tears;
 To change to gold the chill, swift-falling rain;
 To forge gold bars in dark abodes of pain,

And, finding those in gloom, to visit such
 With kindly light, with magic skill and touch
 Transforming ills which haunt them over much.

Then, best of all, when veiled in darkling clouds,
 Which seem to wrap the world in ebon shrouds,
 The sunbeams love its blackness to transform
 To dreamlike beauty, rich and glad and warm ;
 God's promise in its grandeur glorified,
 While light from heaven's gold streets, a radiant tide,
 Sifts through the blessings to its earthly side.
 And so the heaven-light's richest work appears
 On darkest clouds, enshrined in hearts of tears ;
 Love's pattern woven into lives and years.

ZE MODERNE ENGLISH.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

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CHARACTERS.

MARQUIS DE TROUVILLE, an old man with a new language.

RALPH RANDOM, a young man with an old habit and a new complication in languages.

TOM FENCHURCH, a young man with a new engagement irrespective of languages.

MRS. RANDOM, a mother with new troubles regarding an old language.

EVVY, her daughter, a young lady with a new idea of an old language.

MARIE DE TROUVILLE, another young lady with a newer idea of an old language.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished drawing-room ; sofa, center.*

The characters are all in evening dress.

Enter Evvy and Ralph.

RALPH. You see now, sister, that I am in no end of a scrape.

EVVY. You certainly have done your best to get into trouble.

RALPH. Trouble! The word does not express it. How am I to get out of it?

EVVY. How like a man that is!—to do his very best to sow the seeds of discomfort, and then helplessly inquire how he is to escape reaping the whirlwind!

RALPH. You are a woman,—you have resources a man would never dream of.

*Author of "The Day Before the Wedding," "Did You ever see a Ghost," "The Top Landing," "A pair of Gloves," "A Bonnet for my Wife," and about a dozen other Comedies, Farces, &c., in previous Numbers of this Series. The leading peculiarity of Mr. Meyers' Dramas lies in their sparkling dialogue, quick action and easy adaptability to place. For a synopsis of these and other new Plays, included in our List, send for Catalogue.

EVVY. Mamma is a woman, why not go to her?

RALPH. Mother? She would never forgive me. Besides, you are in something of my predicament yourself.

EVVY. I? I am in no trouble that I know of.

RALPH. You are in love, which amounts to the same thing.

EVVY. In which case you are in double trouble, being in love and a scrape at the same time.

RALPH. But you will be a good sister and help me out.

EVVY. That depends. What sort of a wedding present are you going to give me?

RALPH. Anything from a canary bird to a brown-stone house.

EVVY. Thanks! we'd better average it and call it a framed engraving. But am I sure that I understand the case? From college you went abroad. Mamma gave you a letter to her old friend, the Marquis de Trouville, in a province of France.

RALPH. Whom I found destitute of the English language and wild to learn it. I offered to teach it to him, and gave him lessons for six months.

EVVY. And how did you teach it to him, you wretch?

RALPH. It was all a piece of fun. He knew me to be fresh from college and consequently a master of my native tongue.

EVVY. He forgot college athletics, I presume. You taught him all the slang you knew, and he thinks it the most polite English there is.

RALPH. I tell you I did it for fun.

EVVY. Not knowing there was a daughter in the case.

RALPH. I knew there was a daughter, but she was away from home at the time. When the Marquis left me he went to her, and for three more months he taught her as I had taught him.

EVVY. All the slang phrases he had imbibed from you. Then you met Mademoiselle Marie and fell in love at once.

RALPH. She is divine—

EVVY. Of course. I am divine to Tom, I hope. The upshot of it was, that you proposed, were accepted, and the Marquis has brought his daughter to the America he admires so vastly, and they are now in their rooms above preparing for Mrs. Montgomery's ball.

RALPH. Mother has not met them yet; she was dressing when they arrived a half hour ago. What will she do when she hears them talk?

EVVY. They *may* use French.

RALPH. You forget that the Marquis is so elated over his English, that he uses no other tongue, and insists that Marie shall do as he does. And what will he do when he finds out how I have taught him? He will take Marie from me, he will think me a scoundrel.

EVVY. Well, well, well!

RALPH. It is certainly very *ill*. The only way I see is for all of us to talk slang.

EVVY. I talk slang! Mother talk slang!

RALPH. We might coach her.

EVVY. We? not I.

RALPH. Tom Fenchurch and I could coach both of you in an hour.

EVVY. Thank you, sir, Tom uses no slang.

RALPH. Everybody does now-a-days.

EVVY. Not to the extent that you do.

RALPH. As I *did* Evvy. Hear the oath! I will never use slang again,—not if the court knows herself, and she thinks she does.

EVVY. Oh, here is Tom.

Enter Tom.

TOM. Hi, Evvy, who built your gown? You look stunning, are you most ready for the ball?

EVVY. Oh, Tom, the Marquis and Marie have come.

RALPH. Tom, I've put my foot in it,—both feet.

EVVY. Oh, Tom, Ralph's in such a way. He has been confessing to me, and I don't know what he ought to do.

TOM. Make the penance commensurate with the fault.

RALPH (*impressively*). Tom, are you an authority on slang?

TOM. I may be a pocket dictionary, but not an encyclopedia. I don't use much slang, it's too big a contract.

EVVY. You'll talk slang to please me, I am sure?

TOM. Talk slang to please you! what in the world are you driving at?

EVVY. I am going to use slang.

TOM. You! impossible—you are not a progressive lady.

RALPH. She will do it for her poor afflicted brother.

EVVY. I'd do it for you, also, Tom.

TOM. Talk slang for me! who wants you to do it?

EVVY. No, I want you to talk it for me.

TOM. Evaline, are you mad? What does this mean?

RALPH. Tell him, Evvy, tell him. I can't. (*Throws himself on sofa.*) I believe I am losing my mind.

TOM. It'll be returned without a reward; don't advertise it.

EVVY. Don't, Tom. This is no way to treat your fiancée whose engagement to you is to be announced at the ball this evening.

RALPH. Not this evening, some other evening. Oh, no, I didn't mean that. The habit is strong on me. Evvy, take him into the conservatory and tell him everything. He is not phenomenally brilliant, but stupidity usually finds the way.

EVVY. So does love. Come, Tom, and don't look so silly.

TOM. Silly!

EVVY (*complainingly*). Ralph, you've upset both of us.

RALPH. I've upset everything—the world's staggering.

TOM. Upon my word, I'd like to know the meaning of all this.

EVVY. Then come and be enlightened. [*Exit, both.*]

RALPH. What a donkey a fellow may be when he wants to—sometimes when he doesn't want to. I'll never commit another joke as long as I live. Live! I'll die if the Marquis cuts up rough and takes Marie from me. Oh, Marie! Marie! And, oh,—Here comes France!

Enter the Marquis in evening dress, and orders on coat.

MARQUIS. Ah, Ralph, my boy, how it goes?—how goes it? How is ze royal nibs?

RALPH. I—I see you are ready for the ball.

MAR. In ze togs? Mais—yes.

RALPH. And Marie?

MAR. She vill be here presentment. In ze costume du bal she vill ze town paint red. And vare is ze old lady, ze mere, madame, your muzzer?

RALPH. I am expecting her every minute. Oh, Monsieur de Trouville—

MAR. Ah, mon cher, you look not well. I have myself been zare—it is ze dinner you have eat—you razzle-dazzle, eh? Let up on ze high table, my boy, or you vill have ze what you call snakes.

Enter Mrs. Random.

MRS. RANDOM. Oh, my dear Marquis! (*Greeting.*) This pleasure after twenty years of interrupted friendship! I am

delighted, delighted—and also to hear that you have made a study of our language and insist upon its use. Ah, we will have so much to talk over. And you will surely pardon my being invisible when you arrived.

MAR. You knock me silly, Madame. I comprehends; it was ze toilette zat detain you. I am on to it.

MRS. R. (*astonished.*) What is that? I—ah, Marie—where is the dear child?

MAR. I am mum. Ze last word she say to me, “Governor, do not give it away.” She refer to her costume.

MRS. R. Give away her costume! I really do not understand.

RALPH. Mother—monsieur, excuse me a moment. Oh, Evvy! Tom! [*Exit.*]

MAR. He see ze snakes—it is ze high table.

MRS. R. Really, monsieur, I am completely astonished.

MAR. Wiz my fluency in ze English? You should hear Marie! Ha! ha! Ralph, ole hoss, he teach me, I teach Marie. See?

MRS. R. Ralph taught you your English?

MAR. Mais, oui! It is ze college English; I vill speak no ozer. It is ravishment. You must hear Marie, she climb all over me wiz ze tongue.

MRS. R. Climb over you with her tongue! My dear Marquis—

MAR. Mais oui, she work it for all it is worth. French she likes not worth a cent, it is passé,—played out.

MRS. R. (*as Tom enters.*) Tom! Tom! I am so bewildered—

MAR. Ze lady is rattled, oui.

MRS. R. (*to Tom.*) Ralph has been teaching the Marquis English. This is horrible.

TOM. (*to Mrs. R.*) It is outrageous. I have refused to have anything to do with it. Evvy wishes us all to talk in this abominably vulgar way in order to screen Ralph.

MRS. R. I talk this way!

TOM. I’ve just had a tiff with Evvy about it.

MAR. (*overhearing.*) Tiff! Zat is the same as scrap, eh? Or am I way off?

MRS. R. Pardon me! Marquis, allow me—Mr. Tom Feuchurch.

MAR. Ah, Ralph he tell me,—you vill become ze mari, ze husband, ze hubby of Mees Random. I congratulate you,

sair ; Mees Random is too cute for any use. Tommy, make room for your uncle ! Madame, I salute you !

TOM. I regret to say, monsieur, that I have to make an explanation to you. A miserable practical joke —

Enter Marie.

MRS. R. My dear Marie,—my dear daughter that is to be!

MARIE. Ah there, ma !

MAR. Marie, salute Madame. (*Marie and Mrs Random embrace.*) Zis, Marie, is ze fiancé of Mees Random, Mistaire Tommy Fenchurch.

TOM. I am delighted, Mademoiselle. I knew you would be charming.

MARIE. Ah, papa, zen you gave me away, after all. Sair (*to Tom, holding out her hand*), shake ! Vare did you get zat hat ? It is a dandy. Papa, you must get un chapeau,—a hat like zat.

MRS. R. Marie, my love, I am distressed beyond measure—that is, I mean you are looking charming.

MARIE. Vat you giving me ?—taffy ?

MRS. R. I—mean that your ball dress is vastly becoming.

MARIE. Ah, ze bal Americaine ! I should smile ! I long for ze bal—I will have ze daisy time. I shall get ze work in. Papa he is not in it, he is vat you say played out, on ze shelf. Papa, though, he is a trump. (*Embraces Marquis.*)

MAR. You see, Madame, Marie she speak ze English like ze luni-tum. You tumble ?

MARIE. I never get left. I get zare all ze same.

TOM (*aside*). This is simply shocking.

MRS. R. (*aside*.) I am ready to faint.

TOM. Monsieur, there is—ah—a little mistake. The garden is lighted by the moon—come, let us go there and I will try to explain.

MARIE. Ze garden ! Go and chin wiz Tommy, papa ; I would be wiz Madame. Trot ! Get ze move on you ! Light out, boys !—go take ze walk. Ah, ze picture of Ralph ! (*Marie and Marquis examine photograph on table.*)

MRS. R. Oh, Tom !

TOM. Come, Monsieur !

EVVY (*entering*). Not a word, Tom ; Ralph shall not be made unhappier than he is already.

TOM. I certainly shall explain to this gentleman ; nobody else will.

EVVY. Then everything is over between us.

MRS. R. Oh, Evvy!

EVVY. There will be some way out of it. But Tom must keep quiet. Ralph is beside himself.

TOM. I cannot get up any sympathy for Ralph. Come, Monsieur!

EVVY. Explain to him, and we are strangers henceforth.

TOM. Monsieur! Monsieur, I say!

MAR. Pardonnez! I am wiz you, Tommy. Ah, Mees, this is ze happy day. I congratulate you,—you are Mistaire Tommy's best girl. *[Exit Marquis and Tom.]*

MARIE *(laying down photograph)*. Good! Zey make me tired. Now I am alone wiz ze mamma and ze sistaire of ze man who teach papa ze beautiful English. Ralph he is my mash. I loved him first because he teach papa ze beautiful English,—ze tongue of Shakspeare. Do you catch on? I may make ze mistake ten times out of nine, but if Madame vill tip me ze wink I will make ze regular circus, see? I am ze talker from Talkerville, I am, see? I am in ze soup every-time. How is that for high?

MRS. R. Evvy, was there ever such a horror!

EVVY. Marie——

MARIE. But my English—is it not good? It is not pas-sé? it is modern?

EVVY. Very modern, awfully modern.

MARIE. Ah, I like ze mode. My costume is ze mode. I am ze stuff. I tell papa wiz zis toilette I will ze town paint red.

EVVY. Marie! Marie! My poor Marie! ah, if I had my will of Ralph! *(Mrs. Random weeps.)*

MARIE. Vill of Ralph! Vill! zat means ze testament of ze man who passes in his checks and leaves ze boodle, eh? Ralph—Ralph is not ill?

EVVY. I would like to make him so.

MARIE. Mademoiselle, you sit on Ralph? Nevair. Ze person zat give my Ralph ze cold shake is N. G.

MRS. R. *(aside.)* This is monstrous! *(aloud.)* Marie—Marie—Marie, my child, come with me; I must explain this disgraceful predicament.

EVVY. Remember Ralph, mamma. Do not separate them, an explanation may do that.

MRS. R. I cannot allow this, I will not. Come, Marie!

MARIE. But ze bal—do we not attend ze bal ?

MRS. R. I must speak to you first. Ralph has not been kind to you.

MARIE. Not kind ! Ralph ! why he teach papa ze English.

EVVY. Mamma, be careful ; say that Ralph was out of his mind, say anything but the truth.

MRS. R. Marie, I am waiting for you.

MARIE. Oh, oui, we must make haste, zat is about ze size of it. Ta-ta, Mees Evvy, so long ! [*Exit Mrs. Random and Marie.*]

EVVY. Did anything more disgraceful than this ever happen ! Ralph will pay dearly enough for this. But the idea of Tom doing what I do not wish him to do ! If he has said a word to the Marquis I will never speak to him again, never.

TOM (*entering*). Evvy !

EVVY. Sir !

TOM. At least you might remember my name.

EVVY. There is small danger of my forgetting it. I wonder if any other man on the eve of the announcement of his engagement ever treated his fiancée as you treat me.

TOM. I have done nothing.

EVVY. Nothing ! you deliberately went against my wishes.

TOM. In what way ?

EVVY. Where is the Marquis ?

TOM. In the garden communing with the American stars and dwelling on the beauties of the American language, and contracting pneumonia.

EVVY. Then you have explained nothing to him ?

TOM. Did you not say I must not ?

EVVY. Oh, Tom ! (*Goes to him.*) Dear Tom !

TOM. But Evvy, my silence does not make the affair any the less atrocious.

EVVY. But you respected my wish, and that is a great deal, Tom.

TOM. That's all right. But what is to be done ? We cannot let these people go on. Imagine them at Mrs. Montgomery's ball using the English Ralph has taught them !

EVVY. We will not go to the ball.

TOM. But the Marquis is wild to go, that he may see an assembly of polite Americans. What excuse have we for staying away ?

EVVY. I might faint.

TOM. Would a mere swoon keep them away?

EVVY. Then Ralph must have hydrophobia, or something; I'll make him tease Fido and get bitten. Ralph! Ralph!

RALPH (*entering, dejectedly*). What have I done! What have I done!

EVVY. You may well say that. And there is more for you to do. You must have a fit at once, so that we may have an excuse for staying away from the ball and keeping the English of the Marquis and Marie from publicity.

RALPH. A fit! I'm in condition for the strongest fit you ever saw. (*Throws himself on sofa and kicks. Then rises.*) No, no, that will not do. Marie would not be permitted to marry a fitty man. Let mother have the fit—have one yourself. Or, I'll set fire to the house, if you say so. Tom, go murder somebody—the cook, the chamber-maid. Oh!

MARIE (*rushing in*). Ralph! Ralph! I do not catch on. Madame was about to speak wiz me, and I thought she would praise ze English I have mastered, when suddenment I say "Rats!" and she cries out, and her maid she fire me out and say Madame have ze hystrikes.

EVVY. Poor mamma!

[*Exit.*]

MARIE. Ralph!

RALPH (*sinking on sofa*). Oh, Marie!

MARIE. You are seek?

RALPH. No, no.

MARIE. You are. Zen I refuse to attend ze bal, and sit on ze la-las. (*To Tom*.) My festive friend, tell papa I remain away zis night, his royal nibs is indispose.

TOM. There's four at home,—Ralph, Marie, Evvy and her mother. Now to enlist the sympathies of the Marquis—I will not take him.

[*Exit.*]

MARIE. Pauvre ami! Is it ze swelled head? I will bathe it. (*Sops handkerchief from a glass and bathes Ralph's head.*) We will get ze bulgè on ze headache.

RALPH. Oh, Marie!

MARIE. You say "Oh, Marie!" so much. You owe me nothings—it is mere water on ze brain (*bathing his head*). Eau, water—or maybe it is owe, ze debt (*laughing*). Zat sounds like ze pawn man—ze oncle—ze hock. But you smile not?

RALPH. Marie! Marie!

MARIE (*soothingly*). Ah, ze pain is much. It is ze plaisir—

ze pleasure of seeing mon pere and me zat make ze head to swell. Great head! sensible head, full of ze beautiful English. Ah, ze joy to me zat I can speak to you in your own tongue.

RALPH. I wish to heaven you could not.

MARIE. Wish I could not! merci! Monsieur, what are you giving us? Did you not teach us ze tongue? Zat is too thin—give us a rest. See?

RALPH. Marie, this is simply torture; it has been torture ever since I first met you.

MARIE. Torture! Since you first met me! You do not love me—you wish to shake me?

RALPH. Not love you! I would die for you.

MARIE. Rats! Zare is nothing mean about me; live for me, don't kick ze bucket, my angel.

RALPH. Promise me, Marie, promise me, that come what may you will not be separated from me.

MARIE. Go back on you? Nevair—so help me gracious.

RALPH. You will always believe in me?

MARIE. Always. Did you not teach us ze English?

RALPH. Oh! oh! oh! (*Buries face in sofa cushions. Enter the Marquis and Tom.*)

MAR. What's up? Seek? Bah, get ze move on you, old chappie; it is only ze high table, you know.

TOM. Ralph, I think you had better tell the truth to Monsieur.

RALPH. He would never forgive me.

MAR. Forgive! Zare is something to forgive?

RALPH. Much.

MAR. Marie, you hear?—zare is something to forgive. I forgive anything—did you not teach me ze English? Yet—Ha!—you no longer love Marie.

MARIE. Papa, you are off, way off.

RALPH. I love her with all my soul.

MAR. Zen zare is nothing to forgive.

RALPH. There is—there is; it is your English.

MAR. (*bridling.*) How! My English! Sare, I would have you to know zare are no flies on my English. Did you not teach it to me, are you not ze educated man from ze college? Do you mean Marie and I are not tight twisted—zat we lose our grip on ze tongue? Sare, I am Fr-rench, mon pere fight wiz Napoleon —

TOM. No, no, no; he meant nothing disrespectful.

MAR. Vat did he mean, then, sare? We fight ze duel in France—I will not have ze bulge put on me.

TOM. He only meant —

RALPH. I mean that I am dying.

MARIE. Ralph!

MAR. Is zat all? It is only ze high table, and don't you forget it. I have been zare myself.

MARIE. Papa! Ralph! Ralph!—ah, he is dying! Madame! Evvy! Tommy! oh, Ralph! (*They surround the sofa. Enter Mrs. Random and Evvy.*)

MRS. R. There is nothing the matter, Marquis, I am well again.

MARIE. It is Ralph.

MAR. It is ze English language. He says —

EVVY. Wait! wait! It is indeed the English language, Marie—Monsieur. But we must go to the ball.

MARIE. Bal! when Ralph is played out? Nevair.

MRS. R. Monsieur, I know what ails my son.

RALPH. Mother, don't.

TOM. Oh, Mrs. Random!

EVVY. Tom, behave yourself; I am responsible for this. Ralph, I have found out what is the matter.

MAR. It is ze high table.

MRS. R. No, no.

EVVY. It is the English language. Marquis you know what a quick people we are, we Americans?

MAR. I salute ze Americans; zare is no dust or ze Americans.

EVVY. Precisely, and —

MAR. Ze Americans are fly, Mademoiselle.

MARIE. No slow in theirs.

EVVY. Thanks! then I will tell you what ails Ralph,—he is ashamed that the English language has experienced a change. (*Exclamations.*)

MAR. Change! Is it in ze soup?

EVVY. The fact is, the American language changes, on an average, every six months. When Ralph taught you he was teaching you the language as he had learned it at college—

MAR. He was too fresh?

EVVY. Exactly. But he had been away from home some

time when you met him, and during his absence the language had undergone one of its changes.

MAR. So zat is ze size of it?

TOM. Precisely. The English Ralph taught you is no longer elegant or correct, and is used only by ordinary people.

MAR. What a gr-rand country is America!

RALPH (*jumping up*). Yes, yes, that is it, that is what made me ill, the thought that I had taught you wrong.

MARIE. My angel!

MAR. Bah! Zen we know ze wrong English? It is disappoint to me, ver much so. Bah!

MRS. R. But we will rectify that; to-morrow we will begin the correct English. Only, to-night at the ball you and my dear Marie had better use the French language.

MARIE. Certainement, Madame. But we will catch on yet.

MAR. Merci! Messieurs, we will not get left. It is Ralph's kind heart zat make him seek? Ralph, you are mon fils, my son. (*Embraces him.*) Marie, Ralph may kiss your hand—are you not in it? (*Ralph kisses her hand.*)

MRS. R. But now we really must hasten to the ball. Marquis, your arm. (*Marquis gives her his arm, the rest follow.*)

MAR. We will learn to-morrow, Marie. But whether we speak ze English or ze French we will have ze dandy time at ze ball, eh?

MARIE. You bet, papa. And I will sit on ze lum tums.

EVVY. Yes, yes, but not in English.

MRS. R. Only in French, always in French.

TOM. Every word in French.

RALPH. But whether in French or in Choctaw, Marie, you will be the belle of the ball.

MARIE. I vill paint ze large evening red?

MAR. We will all get zare all ze same, ze whole caboodle of us. Marchons! Avant! Marchons!

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

I am the American Eagle,
 And my wings flap together.
 Likewise, I roost high,
 And I eat bananas raw.

Rome may sit on her
 Seven hills and howl,
 But she cannot
 Sit on me!
 Will she please put that
 In her organ and grind it?

I am mostly a bird of peace,
 And I was born without teeth,
 But I've got talons
 That reach from the storm-
 Beaten coasts of the Atlantic
 To the golden shores of the
 Placid Pacific,
 And I use the Rocky Mountains
 As whetstones to sharpen them on.

I never cackle till I
 Lay an egg;
 And I point with pride
 To the eggs I've laid
 In the last hundred years or so.

I'm game from
 The point of my beak
 To the star-spangled tip
 Of my tail feathers,
 And when I begin
 To scratch gravel,
 Mind your eye!

I'm the cock of the walk,
 And the hen bird of the
 Goddess of Liberty,
 The only gallinaceous.
 E Pluribus Unum
 On record.

I'm an Eagle from Eagleville,
 With a scream on me that makes
 Thunder sound like
 Dropping cotton -
 On a still morning,
 And my present address is
 Hail Columbia,
 U. S. A.!!
 See?

BO'S'N JACK OF THE "ALBATROSS."

E. STANWAY JACKSON.

The good ship "Albatross" sailed out
 From Hull Old Dock at morn ;
 And quickly down the Humber dropped,
 And past the Spurn was borne.
 Her ample canvas freely shook
 From every yard and mast,
 To hold the merry wind that blew,
 And northward drove her fast.
 No more her seamen catch the sight
 Of English hills or capes,
 But glittering icebergs past them float,
 With weird fantastic shapes.

The flowers were blooming when she sailed,
 But now the sloes were black ;
 And one by one the whaling fleet
 Had safely journeyed back.
 And some were full, and some were clean,
 And some had little gained ;
 Of all the ships, the "Albatross"
 Unheard of still remained.
 Then many a seaman heard the quest
 Of pretty Polly Green :
 "Oh, tell me sailor, the last time
 The 'Albatross' was seen ?

"A goodly craft and trim was she,
 Oh, tell me, sailor true ;
 A skilful captain bold she had,
 A smart and gallant crew ;
 And everybody knew my Jack,
 The merry bo's'n he ;
 Oh, did you speak the 'Albatross,'
 Where think you may she be ?"
 All cheerily the seamen spoke
 In answer to the maid :
 They knew the ship, but none might tell
 The cause which her delayed.

But many a night that winter time,
 Was Polly Green content
 To sit before the fire and hear
 The yarns of Harry Dent.

The whaler "Falcon" was the last
 That homeward came that fall;
 She once had seen the "Albatross,"
 Just spoke her, that was all.
 While Polly listened, Harry talked,
 Told every tale he knew;
 Nor did the maiden heed the while
 How friend to lover grew.

The winter past, the spring returned,
 And brighter glowed the sky;
 And eager every crew was found,
 Their luck once more to try.
 Each lover's art young Harry plied,
 Nor word nor pledge could earn;
 For faithful Mary's heart alone
 To distant Jack would turn.
 "I will not yet despair," she said,
 "Or be I brave or mad;
 And Harry, if you love me true,
 Bring back my sailor lad."

The more he urged, the firmer still
 The maiden stood her ground,—
 Her baseless faith that even yet
 Her lover might be found.
 They parted; but his eager heart
 Two feelings strong divide,—
 The love of Polly, and the hate
 Of Jack burn side by side;
 If he were found, all hope were fled,
 But were his rival lost
 He might succeed; a threatening doubt
 His restless spirit crossed.

Away, away, the "Falcon" sped,
 The seamen's hope rose high;
 Still further north, where icy spires
 Stood sharp against the sky;
 Then through the flocs and drifting packs,
 They slowly make their way,
 Until they find the lonely haunts
 Where seal and walrus play.
 Alone they dwell in that white world
 Of ice and frost and snow,

Where magic lights and changing tints,
From bright Auroras glow.

One day in headlong quest of game,
Had Harry wandered wide;
He paused to gaze, some mark to find,
His wandering steps to guide.
Far, far behind he faintly saw
The "Falcon's" lofty mast,
But when ahead, with watchful care
His eager glance was cast,
He saw, or thought he saw, a sight
That filled him with surprise;
A tattered remnant of a flag,
Hung out against the skies.

He onward pressed with hasty steps,
And still divided mind,
His hope and fear that now at length
His rival he might find.
Approaching near, he plainly read
The letters A L B—
The rest was gone, that part was left,
He could not choose but see.
The past came back with vivid force,
And then, perchance he thought,
And thinking, he despised himself,
"I help too late have brought."

He found a poor and tottering tent;
Cold, stiff and dead without,
One seaman's wasted body lay;
He entered,—there no doubt
His rival lay, stretched out alone,
Of all the crew the last.
He looked and found him breathing still,
Then through his spirit passed
A hatred, a temptation strong,
A blasting, scorching pain;
How easy now to end it all;—
And then he thought of Cain.

He paused, he trembled head and foot,
Of home and Polly thought;
He saw her tearful, pleading eyes;
In briefest moment short

A voiceless prayer to heaven he sent ;
 One purpose clearly felt,
 To save that life, whate'er he lost ;
 And gently down he knelt ;
 Did what he could, then sought for aid,
 With breathless haste and speed ;
 And soon returned with willing hands
 To help him in his need.

Far, far away one heart there was
 That lived 'twixt hope and dread,
 And when the shorter days returned,
 Oft from the jetty head
 She watched the ships come tacking in,
 And asked the sailor men
 " Oh, have you seen the 'Albatross,'
 Will she come back again ?"
 But kindly is a sailor's heart,
 They gently spoke the lass,
 " We have not seen the ship and fear
 No more this way she'll pass."

So one by one they all returned,
 At last the " Falcon" came ;
 And Polly soon found Harry out,
 Her question still the same.
 He showed the bit of bunting worn,
 He simply told his tale :
 The "Albatross" was lost indeed,
 But Jack was safe and hale.

He saw their joy, he felt a pang,—
 A quick, deep pang of pain ;
 But oft in after years he said,
 "Some loss brings sweetest gain."

THE WOMAN HEALED.—MRS. JESSIE F. HOUSER.

The throng was great. Back from the Gaderenes
 Who would have none of Him, the Christ had come
 Unto his own again. With what great joy
 They welcomed his return! How eagerly
 They pressed around his blessed form, sick ones
 And sinful, just to feel His healing touch ;

The poor, the rich, but all for heart or flesh
In need of saving power.

Among that crowd

A trembling woman stands, irresolute.
Back in her mountain home the tidings came,
That no one coming unto Him was turned
Away, whate'er the malady might be.
Had He not raised the widow's son at Nain,
And healed the slave of the centurion?
And, for a woman clothed about with sin,
Reproached the Pharisee, as He forgave
Her all, and bade her "Go in peace and sin
No more?"

Up from her bed of weary pain,
Weak from so many years of suffering,
A new hope taking life in spite of past
Discouragements, she comes at last so near
The Healer. Can she tell Him all e'en now?
She fears the crowd! She fears to stay the Christ!
What is her woe to Him, and yet, oh yet
She cannot turn away! I will but touch
His garment's hem, she whispers low, and so,
With new-born strength, and heart all quivering,
She comes to Him, her hope. With timid hand,
Outstretched, she touches but His robe, when lo,
Her faith hath made her whole!

But hark! He speaks!

"Who touched Me?" she can hear the Master say.
Affrighted lest she may have done amiss
(And yet she dare not but confess her guilt,
If guilt it be), forgetting time or place,
Remembering only what her Christ had done,
Low at His feet she falls, and humbly there
Pours out the story of her troubled life.

Did He rebuke her boldness? Does He now
When to His side a sin-sick sinner comes?
Methinks I see to-day His look of love
Bestowed upon that tired, anxious face,
Uplifted pleadingly before His gaze.
See how He claims her even as His own!
Not with reproach, but with great tenderness;
"Daughter, be of good comfort, go in peace,"
And then, as if to crown still more her faith
And love, He says, "Thy faith hath made thee whole!"

IT'S MY NATURE.

An aged colored man rose to a standing position and at a point of order the other night with a tremulous voice and a feeble mien, and combated a sentiment adverse to the crushing out of old King Alcohol. Said he :

"You 'mind me, my bredern an' my sistern, of a nannecot I wouse heerd when I was nigh about a pickaninny. Dar was a sh't ho'n kalf a ramblin' ob hissself down a shady lane, when wot should he see but a snaik a lyin on the ground wid a big rock on his hed.

"Says Mr. Kalf: 'Wot's de matter ob you?'

"Says Mr. Suaik: 'Please, Mr. Kalf, to take dis stone off my hed.'

"'Dunno,' says Mr. Kalf, 'spec you'll bite me.'

"'Deed, no,' says Mr. Snaik; 'you take de stone off an' sure I'll nebber bite you.'

"So Mr. Kalf he knocked de stone off Mr. Snaik's hed.

"'Which way you gwine, Mr. Kalf?' says Mr. Snaik.

"'Down dis way,' said Mr. Kalf.

"So dey started off togedder.

"Bine by, Mr. Snaik says: 'Mr. Kalf, guess I'll bite you.'

"'Why,' said Mr. Kalf, 'you said you wouldn't bite if I turned you loose.'

"'I know dat,' says Mr. Snaik, 'but I kan't help it; it's my nature.'

"'Well, says Mr. Kalf, 'we'll leave that queschun to de fust niggah we meet.'

"Well, de fust niggah they met was a fox.

"'Mr. Fox,' says Mr. Kalf, 'I took a stone offen Mr. Snaik's hed awhile back, an' he promised he wouldn't bite me; an' now he wants to bite anyhow.'

"'Well,' says Mr. Fox, 'de only way I can arborate de matter is to see de 'rig'nal persishuns ob de parties.'

"So dey went back, an' Mr. Snaik laid hissself down and Mr. Kalf put de stone on his hed.

"'Now,' says Mr. Fox, 'dat am de 'rig'nal persishuns ob de 'sputants, am it?'

“Dey boff said it was.

“‘Well,’ said Mr. Fox, ‘Mr. Kalf, you just go ’bout yo’ bis’ness and Mr. Snaik wont bite you.’

“Dass it, my bredern, dass it. You mus’ put de stone on de hed an’ gwine about yo’ bis’ness, an’ de Snaik wont bite you.”

APOSTROPHE TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

Mrs. A. M. WILCOX.

How ceaseless is thy flow, O sire of streams,
 Onward forever to the far-off sea!
 I gaze on thee and back return the dreams
 Thy presence glorified, when life was free;
 Free from corroding care, and thought and toil,
 Glad in its freedom from belief in sin;
 From disappointment and that sore turmoil
 Which bred the canker of distrust within.

Like thee, my life with rushing flood sweeps on,
 But not like thee with current strong and deep,
 Though shady nook and placid ebb were won
 By turbid breasting of some rocky steep,
 Yet out beyond the surging and the rush
 Lies the great ocean of Infinite Love,
 Beyond grief's icy winter's restful hush,
 With heavens like thine own summer skies above.

Thy shores are thronged with old-time memories,
 Thy restless ripples toss like flying feet
 Of those whose lives like frightened argosies,
 With golden prow and white, wide-flowing sheet,
 Cut time's deep wave, and passed eternal shores
 Into the harbor where no storms can come.
 Soft chimes of voices distant sweetness pours,
 Back to oncoming shallows, in the mists and foam.

So! Let thy current sweep with lithesome hum,
 Let thy broad breast bear out these waifs to sea,
 While time's still broader sweep o'er which we come
 Tides us along into eternity.
 Roll, deeper roll, as that wide gulf appears,
 In whose deep breast thy rushing waves shall sleep.
 Whirl on, O Time! The music of the spheres
 Surges with grander harmony as on we sweep.

THE KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT.*

LEITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

In the grim old light-house tower, with his daughter, lived
 "Old Grey,"
 Keeper was he of the beacon that illumined Starhead Bay ;
 " 'Twas a baddish spot as ever rocked a boat, on windy night,"
 So were wont to say the sailors who depended on the light.
 Surly graybeard was the father ; his repute had traveled far ;
 And his daughter's was as widespread,—she was called the
 "Light-house Star ;"
 So the gallant "tars" had named her, for her brilliant beauty
 bore
 Likeness to a star that glimmered, flashing, on that lonely
 shore.
 Margot's beauty was a wonder,—ill did she seem formed for
 work !
 And her surly, silent father watched his daughter like a Turk.
 In his half-fierce, half-fond fashion—oft by softer mood be-
 guiled—
 He did seem to love his daughter, to adore his only child.
Loved ? aye loved in such a fashion as the desert lions do !
 He would brook that none should rob him—for her hand
 none dared to sue.

Yet Love laughs at bars and padlocks, and he breaks them
 like frail toy.
 Margot had a secret lover, he a handsome sailor-boy !
 They had met—no matter, reader, how to pass the meeting
 came ;
 In *their* case, as in all others, the old story is the same !
 They had met not once but often ; at the meeting lately past
 He had whispered ; " Please God, darling, this farewell shall
 be our last !
 When I come back from this voyage, see once more old Star-
 head Light,
 (Three short weeks from now expect me ; keep your lamp
 aglow, that night,
 With the green side turned to seaward ; it shall serve for
 token, dear,
 To assure me that my Margot feels her sailor lover near !)
 When I come back flushed with victory, conqueror in for-
 tune's strife,
 I shall face your father boldly and demand of him my wife !"

" Three long, weary weeks are drawing, thank God !" sighs
 she, " to a close,
 And to-morrow night —" *The secret none ! but eager Margot knows !*

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Yet, a trifle, how a trifle may change joy to blank despair!
 "In the sighing of a woman there is sign of love or care,"
 Whispered Grey, and eyed her sidelong, saw her changing
 color light,
 Like a flame, her soft cheek burning, as she trimmed her
 lamp that night.
 "Something's in the wind," he muttered, as he watched her
 all day long
 Singing o'er her homely duties, "Love" the burden of her
 song.
 "One more night," she whispered lowly, "one more night
 my eager heart!
 Then, ah! then my love will join me, and we twain no more
 will part."

Trifles turn the wheel of fortune, have done so since time
 began:
 'Twas a trifle, but a trifle, caused the fall of yielding man,—
 One taste of the tempting apple, pleading smile on woman's
 face,
 And the dire result, accomplished, was the ruin of a race!
 'Twas a scrap of written paper, 'twas a letter, one week old,
 Fluttering out at open window, that to Grey the secret told
 Of his daughter's stolen amour; but he showed it by no word,
 Though ye well may guess, who know him, that to fury him
 it stirred.
 "Turn the green light out, my darling!" scoffed he low, and
 loud laughed he
 With a mirth that made one shudder and a look not good
 to see.

Sank the sun like ball of fire in the bosom of the bay,
 And the wind rose, wild and gusty, at the closing of the day.
 Margot's yearning eyes strained seaward. "There will be
 wild work to-night!
 But he's close to home by this time—it is time to set the
 light."
 But when, toiling up the stairway, she had reached the tower
 door,
 Throbb'd her heart in sudden terror—*Grey himself was there
 before!*
 Laughed he in her face his scorning; in his outstretched
 hand he held,
 Close before her eyes the letter—then she knew her love was
 knelled.
 Writ as 'twere in words of fire, she could read his message
 sweet:
 " 'Twill be but a few short hours, dear my love, ere we shall
 meet!"

Hush! The giant winds were howling, wild the winds began to moan—

“It is time the lamp was lighted, let me pass!” her white lips groan.

“He must even *now* be struggling ’gainst the fury of the night—”

Dared she think what would befall him if she failed to set the light?

Sneeringly Grey barred her entrance, mocked with taunting words and air;

Stood he with his face turned seaward and his back toward the stair.

“*Father!*” Hush! to ears of marble do you cry for mercy. Hark!

One mad blast—or cry for succor—wails from seaward through the dark.

’*Tis his voice!* Despair-born courage sweeps her veins like liquid fire:

With a cry of “*I will save him!*” backward Margot pushed her sire.

Trifles turn the wheel of fortune, trifles turn the scale of doom.

Margot stands there wildly staring, all alone, within the gloom,

And a sullen thud, then silence dead, her straining ear appalls,—

’Twas the horrid, muffled thumping of a body as it falls!

Some one found them there together three days later, it is said;

There they found the harmless maniac, there they found the old man *dead!*

“He had fallen in the darkness,” said they, “on that stormy night,

Climbing up, had lost his balance when he went to set the light!

And the shock has turned her brain, poor lass! she is a sorry sight!”

On the day old Grey was buried a young bronzed sailor trod the road

Leading to the Starhead light-house, and he whistled as he strode,

Paused beside the open window, caught one glimpse of Margot’s face,

Then his wild, glad cry of “*Darling!*” rang like clarion through the place.

But no smile of welcome gave she—no glad light glowed from her eyes;

With bowed head she stood before him, like one lost in vague surmise;

And a low, unceasing whispering held she ever, not with
him
 But with phantom shapes her fancy bred in her mind's
 chambers dim.
 As he bent to catch the murmur, trembling at her eyes'
 strange light—
 "I must turn the green light seaward," said she, "twill be
 rough to-night!"
 Then they told him—some one told him, for few dared to
 face his grief—
 But he looked as one *not* hearing, or too stunned for true be-
 lief.
 And they stole away and left him: "It were better she had
 died,
 Or that he had never loved her, poor, young things!" they
 softly sighed.
 But the village folk will tell you, if the sequel you would
 hear,
 How a wedding strange and solemn took place in the young
 New Year,
 And how tenderly the bridegroom to the altar led his bride,
 And how all the women whispered: "It were better she
 had died!"
 And how mournful was that wedding, and how every eye
 shed tears,
 They will tell you, till your heart aches as its end the story
 nears;
 They will tell you how she watches for his sail, across the
 wave,
 Knowing not he is beside her—for her mind is in the grave;
 They will tell you how he woos her, strives her memory to
 recall,
 How with dumb trust she adores him and obeys—but that
 is all;
 And how Allan shares her vigil in the tower each stormy
 night,
 Tenderly her mad whim humors, and to seaward turns the
 light.

"THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD ME."

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem?
 I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the
 train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought
 as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see
 the dust-covered caravan showing that they come from
 far away.

Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the Queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon and the saffron and the calamus and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The Queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup-bearers bow. The meats smoke. The music trembles in the halls and through the corridors until it mingles in the dash of the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and she walks through the conservatories, and she gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God. She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money,—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she had brought them. She says within herself: “I heard a great deal about this place and about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half,—the half was not told me.”

Well, there is coming to every Christian a far greater surprise. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath-school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate,

exhilarant words ; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian.

Like the Queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia, to the great King. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels! I see the domes, against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims. Send the word up to the palace that we are coming and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters, recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh, and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar."

And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry world without end: "The half,—the half was not told us!"

AN ALL-AROUND INTELLECTUAL MAN.—TOM MASSON.

He was up in mathematics,
 Had a taste for hydrostatics,
 And could talk about astronomy from Aristarchus down;
 He could tell what kind of beans
 Were devoured by the Chaldeans,
 And he knew the date of every joke made by a circus clown.

He was versed in evolution,
 And would instance the poor Russian
 As a type of despotism in the modern age of man.
 He could write a page of matter
 On the different kinds of batter
 Used in making flinty gimcracks on the modern cooking
 plan.

He could revel in statistics,
 He was well up in the fistics,
 Knew the pedigree of horses dating 'way back from the ark.
 Far and wide his tips were quoted,
 And his base-ball stuff was noted.
 In political predictions he would always hit the mark.

He could write upon the tariff,
 And he didn't seem to care if
 He was called off to review a book or write a poem or two:
 He could boil down stuff and edit,
 Knew the value of a credit,
 And could hustle with the telegraph in a style excelled by
 few.

He could tell just how a fire
 Should be handled; as a liar
 He was sure to exercise a wise, discriminative taste.
 He was mild and yet undaunted,
 And no matter what was wanted
 He was always sure to get it first, yet never was in haste.

But despite his reputation
 As a brainy aggregation,
 He was known to be deficient in a manner to provoke,
 For no matter when you met him
 He would borrow if you let him,
 And he seemed to have the faculty of always being broke.

THE YOUNG BOOTBLACK.—W. F. BURROUGHS.

Shine, sir? Have a shine? make 'em look like patent leather,
 Or put this oil on,—make 'em stand all sorts o' weather,
 Rain or snow—no matter which, sir.
 Only a nickel: come—you're rich, sir;
 I need some money bad, to buy some bread,
 For Mammy and little sister—Daddy, you see's dead.
 Before he died, sir, we were living well;
 Had a nice store, and lots o' things to sell;

But one day he took very sick,
 And though I went for the doctor quick,
 It warnt no use ; peralsis, they said,
 And 'fore the doctor came, dear dad was dead.

I was a little chap then,—only four ;
 That was some eight years ago, or more ;
 And sister, she was only born
 The day Dad died—that very morn ;
 Poor Mammy grieved as if her heart had broke
 When the neighbors told her of that awful stroke.

She couldn't keep the store then, so 'twas sold,
 To pay Dad's creditors—so she was told ;
 Took everything to settle up, they said,
 Nothing left to live on ; not even a bed.
 The landlord wanted his rent,—wouldn't wait you know,
 So's soon as Mammy was well enough we had to go.

Poor Mammy worked at anything she could get.
Hard times!—with us two youngsters ? Well—you bet !
 'Twas mighty hard on Mammy to be so poor,
 Who always had enough and some to spare before ;
 But she did not complain—said God was good,
 He wouldn't let her want for clothes and food.

So eight years passed ; dear Mammy kept up well ;
 But at last hard work and poor food began to tell :
 She got so weak that she could hardly stand,
 I was old enough then to see the lay o' the land,
 So I just told her she must stay in and rest,
 And to help her and sister I would do my very best.

I began by running errands, and only quit
 When I'd saved up enough to buy this 'ere kit.
 Then I began to black and shine,
 And now I'm called the best in the line.
 Dear Mammy's getting better every day,
 And she sha'n't work so hard again, I say.

There sir, that's done ! How do you like the shine ?
 A dollar—*don't want no change ?* All mine ?
 Oh, thank you, sir ! Now Mammy'll have a treat,
 Some tea and lots o' sugar to make it sweet.
 Good-bye, sir ! God is good to me and mine,
 Black your boots?—Come, have a patent leather shine !

THE LITTLE DAGO GIRL.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

Her little violin
 Under her little chin,
The little Dago girl played drearily,
 "Home sweet home," the air,
 With false notes here and there,
For she shivered, and she thought of Italy.

Very tired she was,
 She had played all day, alas!
And night was near, and cold the winds that swept,
 But a dollar must be earned
 For the Padre, ere she turned
To the crowded tenement where she slept.

Her fingers had grown numb,
 But she had not quite the sum
The Padre would demand and so she played
 In the murky crowded street,
 To the tramp of hurrying feet,
While bitter winds her ragged garments swayed.

There were hundreds passing by,
 But she could not catch an eye—
And she must make up the dollar, or else go
 Hungry up to bed,
 With blows on back and head,
For the Padre had a heavy hand, you know.

So she played her song of home,
 Still hoping, trusting some
Passing hand would throw a cent or two,
 And she thought of Italy,
 And the sun there, and the free
And happy childish life that there she knew.

Through the sharp electric light
 Came a man with eyes as bright,—
Brighter still the fever of his thought;
 His palm had caught the itch
 Of the passion to be rich,
And he saw the way to riches that he sought.

*Author of the popular recitation, "Jamie," in No. 23, also, "If I should Die To-night," "Our Columbus," "The Sentinel of Metz," "Eunice," "The Masque," &c., in previous Numbers of this Series.

There was money, not his own,
 He might take, and take unknown—
 Was not his reputation more than fair?
 He might build a mansion then,
 Be foremost among men,
 And enjoy what earth could give, without a care.

He would do it—now—this night!
 He clasped his two hands tight—
 He would do it!—none would know, for none *could* know!
 He felt no bitter cold,
 For the fever in him rolled
 Like lava in the crater's fiery flow.

So he came along the street,
 The echo of his feet
 Griding in with thousand others, and he laughed
 For the joy that lay in store
 When care he'd have no more,
 And the sparkling cup of pleasure he had quaffed.

When all at once there fell
 Upon him a strange spell—
 The street was gone, the hurrying crowds, and all;
 He was back, years back, in some
 Green lane he called his home,
 And peace was there and many a song bird's call.

The skies were bright above,
 His heart was full of love,
 And standing in a humble cottage-door
 Was a woman, and she sang,
 As up the lane he sprang,—
 His mother, who grew old, and was no more;

She sang the song of home,
 The song of "Home, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"
 And she smiled on him, her eyes
 With love grown more than wise,
 And her voice was old, but sang of "Home, sweet Home."

He cried out "Mother!"—there
 In the crowded thoroughfare;
 And something wet his cheek like a tear.
 Then he heard a violin,
 And he saw a little thin
 Tired, dark-eyed foreign child standing near.

He was in the street again,
 The old home faded then,
 But he trembled, and the fever was all gone.
 "God bless her!" said he, and
 He dropped into her hand
 Sparkling, jingling coin, and more than one.

That night he asked for strength,
 It had come to him at length,
 And he slept as he had slept in the old days;
 And he dreamed of the old lane,
 And the song birds, and again
 His mother smiled and sang in the old ways.

With her little violin
 Under her shawl so thin,
 To the Padre sped the Dago girl with glee;
 Gave the money, had a sup
 And a crust, and then went up
 To her bed to dream of home and—Italy.

WOMAN.—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Give us that grand word "woman" once again,
 And let's have done with "lady."

One's a term
 Full of fine force—strong, beautiful and firm,
 Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen—
 And one's a word for lackeys.

One suggests
 The mother, wife, and sister; one the dame
 Whose costly robe, mayhap, gave her that name.
 One word upon its own strength leans and rests;
 The other minces, tiptoe.

Who would be
 The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart
 And broad of soul, to play her troubled part
 Well in life's drama. While each day we see
 The "perfect lady," skilled in what to do,
 And what to say, grace in each tone and act
 ('Tis taught in schools, but needs serve native tact),
 Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

Give the first place, then, to the nobler phrase,
 And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

MR. EISSELDORF AND THE WATER PIPE.

“Hans, dot vater bipe giffs no vater alretty, und you vos petter sent oop dot blumber to vix id vonce more.”

This remark was addressed to a highly respected German citizen as he sat in front of his cosy grate. He received the announcement with evident disfavor.

“Vot! Dot vater bipe again? I vas shoost congratulatin’ meinself dot de ice vagon comes no more, und dot new hat vos paid for, und dot Christmas vas a long vays ahead—und now von off dose blumbers! Mein gracious, Gretchen! I got no money for blumbers. I vixes id myself. Joe!” addressing his ten-year-old son, “vere vos dot leak?”

Then Joe proceeded to explain that the leak was under the house, where the stout frame of his worthy ancestor could hardly go.

“Neffer mind, neffer mind. You gets me some bipe und a monkey wrench, und I save dot blumber’s bill.

So the next day Joe got the pipe and the monkey wrench, and his father, having divested himself of all surplus garments, entered the hole, pulling the pipe after him. It was a tight squeeze, and after lying on his back to convenience his position, he proceeded to discover the leak. Very little water was now coming from it, as he had taken the precaution to turn off the tap. He hadn’t turned it quite tight enough and yelled;

“Turn off de vater.”

“All righdt, fader,” replied Joe.

Joe didn’t know his right hand from his left, nor the philosophy of screws, and turned it on.

The old gentleman’s mouth was under the leak. He was wedged in. He sputtered and swore and swore and sputtered, but his wild yells to Joe were muffled by the sound of deluging water and Joe was intent on a dog-fight across the way, as he sat on an empty nail keg and chewed gum.

He looked over his shoulder and saw the old man with

a shining, red face, mud-bespattered, angrily creeping from the hole. His clothes clung limply to him and trickling streams meandered down his neck.

Joc apprehended danger and dashed away at a pace that left his corpulent father far in the rear. As the boy sped out of sight Mr. Eisseldorf gathered himself with a supreme effort and hurled the monkey-wrench at the fleeing form, crying :

“ Mine cracious, do you dink I vas a duck ? ”

BE YE READY.—J. B. WALTER, M. D.

From the plains of far Judea,
From where turbid Jordan flows,
From the slopes of snow-capped Leb'non,
Where the stately cedar grows ;
From where Galilee lies sleeping,
Placid 'neath the eastern sky ;
From where Israel's high-walled cities
In forgotten ruins lie ;

From where once on hills and valleys,
Rich and green, the eastern sun
Poured his rays in kisses ardent—
Hills and vales now sere and dun ;
From where silently on Hermon
Fell the dews at eventide ;
From Mount Pisgah to far Carmel,
Where the promised land spread wide ;

From where Cedron still flows onward,
By the city loved of old
For its beauty, for its temple,
With its wealth of beaten gold ;
From where rock-hewn tombs lie buried
'Neath the dust of ages past,
Rose a cry—a cry of warning—
Thrilling through the spaces vast :

“ For His coming be ye ready !
Make the path before him straight ! ”
And a pilgrim, old and weary,
Resting by a city's gate,

Looked with dim eyes up to heaven,
Clasped his feeble hands in prayer,
And a whispered, "Lord, come quickly!"
Fell upon the evening air.

Centuries, in grand procession,
Since that day have come and gone;
Ages full of blood and battle,
Cities, nations overthrown,
But adown the long, long vista
Of those swiftly flying years,
Still has rung that voice of warning,
Sounding in unwilling ears.

And our hearts to-day are beating
Quicker as we work and wait,
Toiling up the rugged pathway,
Toward the distant, pearly gate.
"Make his path straight! Be ye ready!"
Do we heed that olden call?
Can we whisper, "Lord, come quickly!"
As our evening shadows fall?

When the last rays of the sunset
Kiss the distant, purple hills,
And we listen in the twilight,
To the music of the rills;
When, in musings retrospective,
All our lives in long review
Pass before us, shall we find them
Filled with worthy deeds and true?

Shall we see along the pathway,
Trodden by our restless feet,
Sign of thought or action noble,
Bringing consolation sweet?
Have we paused to whisper comfort
To one halting by the way?
Have we tried to guide some footstep
All too prone to go astray?

Wrapt in robes of self-esteeming,
Have we, scornful, stood aside,
Watching from our coigne of vantage
Others rush with hasty stride
To their ruin? All self-righteous,
At their sad, despairing cry,

Have we stood aloof, replying,
 "I am holier; stand thou by?"

Would we make us through this desert
 Straight a highway for our God?
 We need learn from Him a lesson
 Who the way in sorrow trod.
 "Be ye ready!" What the answer?
 Motionless and dumb men stand
 At the warning voice still ringing
 From that far Judean land.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler on a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,
 And one took root and sprouted up and grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early
 vows,
 And age was pleased in heats of noon to bask beneath its
 boughs;
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet mu-
 sic bore;
 It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
 A passing stranger scooped a well where weary men might
 turn;
 He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
 He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil
 might drink.
 He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a
 life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old and yet
 'twas new;
 A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
 It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
 The thought was small, its issue great, a watchfire on the hill;
 It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart
 Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart.
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
 It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death;
 O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first but mighty at the last.

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT.—HENRY WATTERSON.

Extract from a speech in reply to the toast, "The war is over: let us have peace!" delivered at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee, Chicago, October 8, 1891. On the day previous, in the presence of nearly one hundred thousand spectators, the colossal bronze equestrian statue of General Grant was unveiled. The statue measures eighteen feet three inches in height from the bottom of the plinth to the crown of the slouch hat, and is the largest casting, of the kind, ever made in America. The movement to erect the statue was started in Chicago, July 23, 1885—the same day General Grant died.

The war is over; and it is well over. God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives. I am glad of that. I can conceive nothing worse for ourselves, nothing worse for our children, than what might have been if the war had ended otherwise, leaving two exhausted combatants to become the prey of foreign intervention and diplomacy, setting the clock of civilization back a century, and splitting the noblest of the continents into five or six weak and warring Republics, like those of South America, to repeat in the New World the mistakes of the old.

The war is over, truly, and, let me repeat, it is well over. If anything was wanting to proclaim its termination from every house-top and door-post in the land, that little brush we had last spring with Signor Macaroni furnished it. As to the touch of an electric bell, the whole people rallied to the brave words of the Secretary of State, and, for the moment, sections and parties sunk out of sight and thought in one overmastering sentiment of racehood, manhood, and nationality.

I shall not stop to inquire whether the war made us better than we were. It certainly made us better acquainted, and, on the whole, it seems to me that we are none the worse for that better acquaintance. The truth is, the trouble between us was never more than skin deep, and the curious thing about it is that it was not our skin, anyhow! It was a black skin not a white skin, that brought it about.

* * * * *

I came, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled yes-

terday. The career and the name which that statue commemorates belong to me no less than to you. When I followed him to the grave—proud to appear in his obsequies, though as the obscurest of those who bore any official part therein—I felt that I was helping to bury, not only a great man, but a true friend. From that day to this, the story of the life and death of General Grant has more and more impressed and touched me.

I never allowed myself to make his acquaintance until he had quitted the White House. The period of his political activity was full of uncouth and unsparing partisan contention. It was a kind of civil war. I had my duty to do, and I did not dare trust myself to the subduing influence of what I was sure must follow friendly relations between such a man as he was and I knew myself to be. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I met him for the first time beneath my own fig-tree, and a happy series of accidents, thereafter, gave me the opportunity to meet him often and to know him well.

He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity and courage; every inch a general, a soldier and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death a little something for the support of wife and children when he was gone! If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an immortal epic!

A little while after I came home from the last scene of all, I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant—the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges—and had grouped and framed them, unbidden, silently, tenderly; and when I reflected that

the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: "The war indeed is over; let us have peace!"

Gentlemen; soldiers; comrades; the silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation; for, realizing the truth at last,—with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember,—the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in that far away meadow upon the margin of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

A GOOD JOKE ON MARIA.

The Centennial Celebration of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was held in Philadelphia, May 17-29, 1888. During the week commencing May 21, the Butchers held their National Convention in the same city and paraded in their peculiar dress on the 24th. The day was a very rainy one.

I've got a good joke on Mariar,
 'Nd that allers does me prond.
 'Taint that I'm no ways spiteful,
 But—she's a leetle inclined to crowd.
 I don't say nothin' agin her,
 I haint never had no call;
 But I must say this, ef she is my wife,
 She sets up to know it all.

Well, me an' Mariar is Baptists;
 I don't think we're no ways sot;
 I haint, 'nd she says she haint,
 'Nd that's ez fur ez we've got.
 Whatever there is to see or hear,
 We're up to see an' hear it,
 Whether it's Baptist or whether it haint,
 In a genooine Christian speerit.

So we come in, the twenty-fourth,
 To obsarve the celebration

The Presbyterians had got up
 For their hundredth centenation.
 'Nd we stood there in all that rain
 To see their grand parade.
 Ef it hadn't 'a' been to encourage 'em
 I don't think I'd 'a' stayed.

I've got purty liberal idees,
 So I didn't mind it much
 To see them preachers a horseback,
 'Nd wearin' white gowns, 'nd such.
 I only hunched Mariar, 'nd says:
 "Presbyterians is pretty gay;
 I didn't hardly expect to see 'em
 Carry on in no sech way."

I wish you'd 'a' seen Mariar,
 She jest looked round an' smiled
 In sech a high-up superious way
 That I jest nacher'ly biled.
 "You've mistook the denomination;
 'Most any man would, ye see;
 Them haint no Presbyterians;
 Them's 'Piscopals," sez she.

Then a man next to me spoke up,
 Ez civil ez civil could be:
 "They're wet enough to be Baptists.
 But they're jest the Butchers," sez he.
 I gin one look at my pardner;
 Her face wuz ez red ez fire;
 So I jest let the matter drop,
 But I've got a good joke on Mariar.

UP HIGHER.—JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

Every time you miss, or fail,
 Start in on a higher scale.
 Let each tear, and sigh, and moan,
 Only be a stepping-stone;
 Let each dark experience
 Point you to an eminence
 Up higher.

Every stab that racks your heart
 Fits you for a stronger part.

Every stunning blow of pain
 Lifts you to a broader plain.
 Every foe that can appear
 Trains you for a larger sphere
 Up higher.

Never pause, and ne'er look back
 O'er the fast-receding track.
 There's a ghost there, grim and gaunt—
What's ahead is what you want.
 Turn, and you will stand aghast.
 Never search the bitter past,
 Look higher!

From each crushing blow of pain
 Rise and go ahead again.
 Though your days fly swiftly past,
 Push to conquer to the last.
 Upward yet, and upward ever;
 Onward still, and backward never!
 Even when you hear the sound
 Of Death's whisper, look beyond,—
 Up higher.

THE FIREMAN'S PRIZE.

These lines were suggested by the brave act of Fireman McAlhattan, in rescuing a little child from death, near Dimmock Station, Pa., April 21, 1891.

With his hand upon the throttle as the train swept round
 the bend,
 The engineer stood ready the signal forth to send;
 His eye alert and watchful as he scanned the iron way
 That between him and the station in the gleaming sunlight
 lay.

All alone he kept his vigil, save for one who, true and tried,
 With a spirit never failing, shared each danger by his side,—
 His fireman, brave and dauntless, with his nerves like tem-
 pered steel,
 But, with heart of gold within him, prompt to act and quick
 to feel.

Like a flash of summer lightning, onward dashed the fiery
 steed,
 Never pausing for a moment in its rush of headlong speed.
 When suddenly the whistle sounded shrill upon the air,
 And the engineer grew pallid with a look of wild despair;

For there, before him standing, not a hundred yards away,
Was a tiny blue-eyed baby, from its mother's arms astray,—
A fairy little figure, with its bright hair floating back,
All unconscious of its danger, on the curving railway track :

From the throttle-valve his fingers in a nerveless tremor
fell ;
But only for an instant—quick as thought he struck the
bell,
And reversed the flying engine, but, alas, in vain, in vain !
For, with terrible momentum, onward sped the rushing
train.

“*You stay! I'll save the baby!*” all at once rang in his ear ;
And, almost before the meaning of his comrade's words was
clear,
From his cab had leaped the fireman, of the danger think-
ing naught,
Driven onward by an impulse that with generous love was
fraught.

Like a deer before its hunters, like an arrow through the
sky,
Sped he on his noble mission, the dread monster to outvie,
While from every door and window of the scarcely slack-
ened train
Anxious eyes his footsteps followed as he strove the goal to
gain.

On he dashed, the score of watchers gazing with suspended
breath
At the contest, so unequal, in the very jaws of death ;
Every voice to whispers sinking, direst fear in every face,
Lest the brave man, speeding onward, should be conquered
in the race.

It could last but little longer, and a breathless silence fell,
When suddenly, like thunder, rose a wild, triumphant yell,
That, echoing and re-echoing, seemed to pierce the very
skies,
For the fireman was the victor, and the baby's life his prize !

Ah ! the smiles and tears and praises showered on him ev-
erywhere
As he placed the blue-eyed baby in its mother's tender
care ;
Then, to his post up-springing, as the train again moved on,
Mid the sound of cheering voices, in a moment he was gone.

—*Golden Days.*

THE CLOSING SCENE.

On the liquor vender stern Death had called,
 He his last day on earth had passed ;
 The sins of the flesh and the love of gain,
 Found a fitting rebuke at last.
 His cold corpse lay in its damp bed of clay,
 And his salesrooms with crape were hung,
 While he, himself, the spiritual man,
 To the cold river Styx had come.

Oh ! the waves of that cruel stream flowed fast,
 He fain would have stayed on the land,
 For the loose sails shook in the cutting blast,
 As he felt the force of Death's hand.
 He entered the time-worn and dismal craft
 And trembled so in affright
 That the weird and hideous boatman laughed
 Till the echoes darkened the night.

" Oh, where are we going ? " the dealer cried.
 In mocking, sepulchral tone,
 The ferryman Charon grimly replied :
 " To the gates of your future home."
 A fearful voyage was that, in all truth,
 To the wretched and abject man ;
 His thoughts returned to the days of his youth,
 And he wished he was young again.

The boat touched the strand of a dreary land,
 " We separate here," Charon said ;
 On the shore stood Nemesis, pointing where
 A path through a dark tunnel led.
 Impelled by a power he could not see,
 He followed his merciless guide
 Until they arrived at a loathsome den,
 By the foot of a mountain side.

" Spirit," the regal custodian said,
 " Behold here the home you have won !
 Here you must live till your victims forgive
 The numerous wrongs you have done.
 The growth of seeds sown in your earthly home
 You are called upon here to reap,
 And here you must learn what you should have known
 Ere you planted those seeds so deep."

Grim dragons leered at the unhappy wretch,
Noisome serpents hissed in the gloom,
As the ghastly guide turned the grating key
And left him alone to his doom.
Ah! who could find words for the thoughts that flowed
Through the mind of the guilty man;
He cursed his fate through his chattering teeth,
And he wished he was young again.

“Who are my accusers? Come, bring them to me,
My business was sanctioned by law,
I paid for a license,” he hoarsely cried.
Oh! a terrible sight he saw,
For the first to come was a tiny child,
With a face that was pale and thin;
She slowly lifted a skeleton hand
And pointed it straight toward him:

“I have sobbed with hunger many a night,
As I lay on my bed of straw,
While my father paid you the price of bread—
Is starvation sanctioned by law?”
Before the bars of the damp prison doors
A poor drunkard's wife next appeared;
He remembered well how, many a time,
At her prayers and sobs he had sneered:

“I begged of you through my fast-falling tears,
As I knelt on your bar-room floor,
Not to give to my half-crazed husband, rum,
And at my petitions you swore.
My husband was killed in a drunken brawl,
Brought on by the liquor you sold,
May you now drink of the bitterest draught
That the depths of Hades can hold!”

A fair, blue-eyed boy, with a crimson gash
Cut deep in the broad youthful brow,
And his murderer passed, with fearful oaths,
By the door of the culprit now.
Full many a drunkard, with blood-shot eyes,
And delirious, woeful form,
Lingered near, to mock him, with jeering cries,
Ere the sad procession moved on.

There were little children, crying for bread,
And mothers who wept for their sons,

And maidens, whose lovers to crime were led,
 Slowly greeted him, one by one.
 Blind babes, deaf mutes, and children deformed
 In many a horrible way,
 Their sentence passed on the penitent wretch
 During that, his settlement day.

Vainly he prayed in those hours for relief,
 For the past he could not efface,
 And he tore his hair in remorseful grief,
 As the fruits of his sins he faced.
 No license could help him under the weight
 Of the punishment he had won ;
 No arguments fair were efficient there,
 For his work could not be undone.

Oh ! 'tis sad to think how many to-day,
 Sow seeds for a harvest of tears,
 And that they must reap at some future date
 The results of their wasted years.
 They, too, must pass over the river Styx,
 With Charon, the ferryman old,
 And Nemesis follows, to find their home
 But a cell in a mountain cold,—

A mountain whose walls are rocks of remorse
 That form round the spirit a cell,
 Where serpents of pain and dragons of grief
 Are symbolized inmates of hell.
 Oh, pause, ere too late, beware of your fate,
 Beware how you traffic with blood !
 The curse of the lost is the certain cost
 To those who embark on its flood.

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.*

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

“ Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. Henny was a young gal dat b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de din-

*From “Colonel Carter of Cartersville,” by permission of the author.

ner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring-house, an she says :

“‘Chad, what yer cookin' dat smells so nice?’

“‘Dat's a goose,’ I says, ‘cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,’ says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

“‘Quality!’ she says. ‘Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you and de cook.’

“Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, au' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

“‘Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, ‘Gittin' late, Chad ; bring in de dinner.’ You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer ; kitchin an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

“Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' Marsa says, lookin' up :

“‘I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?’

“‘I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,’ I says. ‘I'll ask de cook.’

“Next minute I yerd old Marsa a-hollerin' :

“‘Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?’

“‘Lord-a-massy! yes, Marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?’

“‘Is we got a goose?’ said I.

“‘*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?’

“‘I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

“‘Now see what de ladies ’ll have for dinner,’ says old Marsa, pickin’ up his caarvin’ knife.

“‘What ’ll you take for dinner, miss?’ says I. ‘Baked ham?’

“‘No,’ she says, lookin’ up to whar Marsa John sat; ‘I think I’ll take a leg ob dat goose’—jes so.

“Well, Marsa cut off de leg an’ put a little stuffin’ an’ gravy on wid a spoon, an’ says to me, ‘Chad, see what dat gemman ’ll have.’

“‘What ’ll you take for dinner, sah?’ says I. ‘Nice breast o’ goose, or slice o’ ham?’

“‘No; I think I’ll take a leg of dat goose,’ he says.

“I didn’t say nuffin’, but I knowed berry well he wa’n’t a-gwine to git it.

“But, Major, you oughter seen ole Marsa lookin’ for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an’ dat way, an’ den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin’ fork in him an’ hel’ him up ober de dish an’ looked under him an’ on top ob him, an den he says, kinder sad like:

“‘Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?’

“‘It didn’t hab none,’ says I.

“‘You mean ter say, Chad, dat de geoses on my plantation on’y got one leg?’

“‘Some ob ’em has an’ some ob ’em ain’t. You see, Marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an’ we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one ’cause I cotehed it fust.’

“‘Well,’ said he, lookin’ like he look when he send for you in de little room, ‘I’ll settle wid ye after dinner.’

“Well, dar I was shiverin’ an’ shakin’ in my shoes an’ droppin’ gravy an’ spillin’ de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an’ when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an’ gemmen, an’ says, ‘Now come down to de duck pond. I’m gwineter show dis nigger dat all de geoses on my plantation got mo’ den one leg.’

“I followed ’long, trapesin’ after de whole kit an’ b’ilin’, an’ when we got to de pond”—here Chad nearly went

into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de geoses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked uuder de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar Massa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem geoses didn't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you'—"

"'Stop Marsa John!' I hollered; 't ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"'Cause,' says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"

ST. PETER'S POLITENESS.

As Peter sat at heaven's gate
 A maiden sought permission,
 And begged of him, if not too late,
 To give her free admission.

"What claim hast thou to enter here?"
 He cried with earnest mien;

"Please, sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,
 "I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough!" the hoary guardian said,
 And the gate wide open threw;
 "That is the age when every maid
 Is girl and angel, too!"

THE STRANGER'S EVIDENCE.*—E A BLOUNT, JR.

Tell all I know about the case, about the dead man there?

Well, listen, coroner, listen and I'll tell you plain and clear,
For brooding fancy's made the scene as vivid to my sight
As when we acted it upon that dark November's night.

Don't heed me if I wipe my eyes; I'm chilled just through
and through;

I was out upon the plain last night where the fiercest bliz-
zard blew.

Many a weary year 't 'as been since first I saw John May—
Then I was in the prime of life but now my hair's turned . . .
gray.

I met him on the Texas plains; 'twas way out there he fell
From off his horse and broke his leg, I nursed him through
the spell;

And from that time our friendship grew till we were more
than friends,

Such friends as never can exist—save love its ardor lends.

Wherever you saw me right there you always saw John
May,

Till he was like my shadow as the boys all used to say.

We very seldom touched the cards, but once a game we
played;

And I had got the whisky down, "to liven up" I said;
And as we played our interest grew; we quaffed the deadly
drink—

I was a heavy winner, sirs, and John had lost, I think.

The night was dark and drear and wild, the candle flickered
low,

Yet still we played; the wild coyote was howling o'er the
snow,

The norther's breath was sharp and chill, the dugout's roof
was thin,

Yet still we played, nor heeded we the freezing cold within;

We held the cards with feverish grasp, and burnt like fire
my face,

Yet still we played—the stake was large and I threw down
an ace.

I won his every dollar, sirs; his share in our small claim;

Then up he sprang with bloodshot eyes, "A-ha, is that your
game?"

I saw his deadly weapon gleam, I saw the blinding flash;
I seemed to feel the bullet strike, with dull and heavy crash.

*Written expressly for this Collection.

And then there came a long, long blank, how long I have
 forgot,
 But when I came to life again 'twas in a herdsman's cot.
 They said that John had told them where a man was lying
 dead,
 That he had brought them where I was and that same night
 had fled;
 That I was tenderly cared for by the herdsman and his wife
 Who by their long and weary work had won me back to life.

I paid them for their trouble and then started out to find
 The friend who thought he'd murdered me, to ease his guilty
 mind:
 And I've been searching ever since, I've searched this coun-
 try o'er
 From the far Atlantic's roaring tide to the wild Pacific shore;
 And yet 'twas only on last night that fate had brought me
 here,
 And here I found my ancient friend,—the man that's lying
 there!

'Twas where the road and railway cross, and down the level
 track
 I saw the light of a coming train that pierced the night's
 deep black;
 There was an old man standing there, his hair and beard
 turned gray,
 I touched his stooping figure for I wished to know the way.
 He turned a furrowed careworn face, then sprang in terror
 back
 Until his aged figure stood upon the nearer track;
 And then I saw it was my friend, though years had blanched
 his face,
 For the eager glance of those brown eyes no time could e'er
 erase.
 "Back, back," he cried, "Back to thy grave upon the dreary
 plain,
 Oh, have I lived this weary life and prayed so long in vain!"
 A shuddering wave crept o'er my frame that made my spirit
 quail;
 I saw the fiery demon rush adown the glistening rail,
 I strove to warn him from his fate but awe had stilled my
 tongue,
 And the engine shrieked its warning till the hills about us
 rung;
 Yet there he stood as carved from stone full in the vivid
 light
 That towered high above his head with flood of radiance
 bright.

And then the giant swept him down beneath the greedy
wheel,
And ground his aged form to--*that*, and stained with red the
steel.

A fearful sight, a sickening sight, and one to fright the brave,
To see a once dear friend struck down, yet powerless to save.
E'en now I fel upon my brow that engine's humid breath,
E'en now I hear that clanging cry, of "Death—Death—
Death!"

Ah yes, I knew the dead man; he was my oldest friend.
But let this sad tale to your hearts some ray of pity send;
Judge not too harsh lest ye be judged, and who is there can
say
That what he suffered cannot atone for the crime of poor
John May.

HEROES OF INKERMAN.—ROBERT OVERTON.*

At the time of the outbreak of the Crimean War I was
sergeant in her majesty's ——th foot, and with me were
a goodly number of old comrades with whom I had fought
under the burning sun of the tropics; and, taken all a-
round, men and equipments, few better regiments ever
took the field than our gallant lot (though I say it), when,
soon after the declaration, we were told off for duty in
the East. I sha'n't forget how we were cheered when we
embarked for the seat of war, how proudly and hope-
fully we set out, but, alas! how few of us ever returned
to the dear old country. I said all my good-byes before
we left London, but many of our fellows had to say the
word to father, mother, wife, sweetheart, brother, sister,
friends—just before we sailed; and there was many a tear-
ful parting between those who were never to meet again.

Amongst the last to say the final good-bye I noticed
our young ensign, a bright noble young fellow, not many
years past twenty. He stood between father and mother,—
an old white-headed couple who might well fear their

*A very superior reading by Mr. Overton, entitled "The Three Parsons," will
be found in No. 25 of this Series. "Me and Bill," (on which is founded the au-
thor's popular nautical drama, "Hearts of Oak,") is in No. 26, "Turning the
Points," in No. 27, and "Juberlo Tom," in No. 29. Each of these presents a pe-
culiar blending of quaint humor, strong pathos and stirring dramatic effect.

eyes would never behold him again. I saw the old man look upward for a moment with joined hands, and silently bless his boy ; and then the last embrace was given and the shore-bell rang out its loud unwelcome signal.

We landed safely, and took part in most of the work our friends the enemy gave us to do, till the memorable day of Inkerman arrived. Cold and gloomy broke the dawn of that fifth of November. A thick fog hung over the camp, and we could scarcely see from tent to tent. Almost before the bugles woke us from our brief slumber, the booming of the enemy's guns gave warning of the approaching struggle. Then loud over the foggy field echoed the blast of our trumpets, and from tent to tent, from man to man, rang the cry, "The Russians are upon us !"

Scarcely had we time to arm and form before we heard the solid tramp of quickly marching men, and saw, through the yellow mist, closing in around us, the gray-coated legions of the foe. And then began in terrible earnest that fearful fight, the tradition of which will never die out from the heart of the British nation, or fade from the memory of the British army. Man to man, bayonet to bayonet, sword to sword ! How long the fight had continued when the incident I am going to speak of occurred I do not know. Ever since the commencement of the fray our regiment had been incessantly engaged ; and we had managed to keep pretty well together, close to the colors held by poor Ensign Gray. As the hours went on, however, our number grew less and less, many a brave comrade falling never to rise again, and many being gradually beaten back. At last only eighty or a hundred remained together, when suddenly a mounted officer dashed up, exclaiming--

"Look out,--th, the enemy's cavalry is upon you !"

Even as he shouted we heard the thud of hoofs upon the turf, and the jingling of spurs and bits. A moment afterwards they were close on us, a small but solid square, kneeling round the flag. A volley from each side emp-

tied many a saddle and laid many of our gallant comrades on the ground, never to "receive cavalry charge" any more. Our square was broken, and the Russian troops rode in upon us. Sword in one hand and the colors in the other, his fair curly hair falling around his bared forehead, and a brave passionate light glaring on his face, stood poor Ensign Gray. But only for a second, for like a lightning flash fell a sabre, cutting a ghastly wound across his head. He fell, and the colors he had defended so bravely were carried off by the trooper who smote him!

"Good God!" he groaned—and I shall never forget the terrible anguish of his voice—"they've got the colors! On, lads, on—bring me back the colors or die!"

"Bring me back the colors!" None but a soldier can realize fully how such an appeal must influence a soldier's heart, filling it with a burning, desperate, wrathful courage, which shot and shell and steel, and the certainty of death, cannot daunt. "Bring me back the colors!" But alas! the dying man seemed speaking only to the dead and the dying; faithful fellows who would have shed their blood to place that flag in his hand again, had met already a glorious death around it. Only one man remained unwounded of the square over which the Russian horsemen had ridden,—that man myself. Again the cry, with the same accent of bitter agony and despair, "Bring me back the colors." But before the words were finished I had leaped upon a riderless steed hard by, and thrust the jagged point of a broken sword into his side. On, on, after the flying troops, a mad, wild chase to win the colors back or die. A sudden volley from the French guns (for our allies were now in the field) played upon the Russian horsemen, and the sight of a British cavalry regiment, preparing to charge, dispersed them in every direction, and the man who had taken the colors—our colors—was cut off from his comrades. Wild with hope, I tore on (bullets flying thickly about me), getting nearer and nearer, inch by inch, to

the man I pursued—till at length we were level. A short, sharp struggle, and the colors were mine, the Russian trooper dead. How I got back I don't know: the next thing I remember is bending over our ensign, and putting the colors, all blood-stained and bullet-riddled, into his hands.

And hark! above the rattle of the gradually ceasing fusillade rise ringing shouts. The great Battle of Inkerman is fought: who has won it?

What are those triumphant voices shouting Thank God! for they are crying "Hurrah!" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*"—the allies have conquered.

"Sergeant!"—said my dying officer—"if ever you get back to the dear old country, tell them—father and mother I mean—that I died with the colors in my hand." The end was coming quickly. With an effort he raised his hand and broke from the colors a strip hanging only by a thread or two, saying, "'Tis the best thing I can leave you, sergeant—take it, for of all the brave hearts here, living and dead, yours is the bravest."

Then the summons came for the roll-call we must all answer; and he whispered, "Good-bye, comrade"—and fell in.

Close, fast and thick, O gathering shades of eventide, over the field of battle. Hide thy light, O setting sun,—blood-red, as though the field of carnage were reflected in thy face. Oh! moon and stars, shine not to-night upon a scene like this.

I was wending my way slowly back to the tents some hours after the last shot had been fired, when a sudden gleam of light revealed a sight which seems never to have faded from my mind. Stretched on the cold ground, wet with evening dew and scarlet streams of blood, her eyes half closed, her fair white hands clasped together in prayerful attitude, a look of ineffable peace upon her pale, delicate features, lay a Sister of Mercy. Oh, rightly are they called so, the God of Mercy bless them!

By her side were the food and wine and medicine she

had brought wherewith to succor the wounded. But alas! dear sister, never more shall thy tender hands and kindly voice fulfil their offices of love, for from the pure and gentle heart which inspired them, blood is surging slowly through the black dress. Oh, I pray God that the bullet which has struck thee was fired not wilfully—and may the Good Shepherd gather thee to His bosom, poor lamb! Then I knelt by her side, and reverently covered with the silken strip of our regiment's banner what was in very truth the noblest, bravest heart on the field of Inkerman.

Very tenderly I carried her to her sisters in the rear, and on the day following the morrow of her death I saw her buried, with the beautiful rites of her Church. And my thoughts often wander to a little grave some thousands of miles away, on the rough headstone of which is written the name of Sister Ruth.

THE CURTSY.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Mrs. Chertsy loved to curtsy
 To the high ;
 A mayor was somewhat rare,
 But a doctor, and the proctor
 Of a college lived quite nigh,
 So Mrs. Chertsy
 Used to curtsy
 When they went by.
 Said she, " I must agree
 I love a lord,
 And yet, upon my word,
 A lord I never see.
 I must to London town
 Where the king walks up and down,
 So polite, I have heard say,
 That he bows the livelong day
 To the people he goes by.
 So I'll curtsy,"
 Said Mrs. Chertsy,
 " When I catch his eye."

*Written expressly for this Collection.

To London town she went,
 A hundred pounds she spent
 For a crimson velvet gown
 In which to bow when down
 And up the king should walk.
 All her talk
 Was how he'd see her curtsy,
 And say, "That's Mrs. Chertsy,"
 And he'd bow, bow, bow,
 And she'd curtsy, curtsy, curtsy,
 Till the people would allow
 She must be pretty high,
 For the king to bow so low
 When he went by.

One fine morning, without warning,
 Mrs. Chertsy and her curtsy
 Went down upon the Mall.
 The king, and eke his court,
 Would pass that way at noon,
 On the way to hear a tune,
 And to taste a glass of port
 At a charming singer's house.
 The Mall was just a crowd,
 And the laughs and talk were loud,
 But as quiet as a mouse
 Was little Mrs. Chertsy.
 Said she, "I came to curtsy,
 Not to laugh and talk, not I,
 Till the king goes by."

Then the king, with robe and ring,
 His crown on, and a thing
 Called a sceptre in his hand,
 Appeared upon the Mall.
 The people one and all
 Shouted, and the band
 Struck up, "God save the King,"
 And the king bowed, and the crowd
 Threw up their hats and yelled.
 Then the king saw Mrs. Chertsy
 And her curtsy.
 And he said, "I bow—I—I—
 But no one dared to bow
 To me ere now,
 As I went by."

The word was passed along
To the court that was a throng
Of fifty-seven score,
Or more,
That all should bow to her
The king bowed to, while she
Should curtsy, curtsy, curtsy,
And not stir
Away till there should be
Not a single courtier nigh,
But all gone by.

The king bowed, and the same
Did the courtiers as they came,
While the crowd
Cheered loud, then very loud,
Then louder, louder, louder,
While Mrs. Chertsy
Made her curtsy—
English, French and German,
Chinese, Turk and Burman,
Mohammedan and Quaker,
Israelite and Shaker,
By hundreds came they on,
And each one bowed and bowed
To Mrs. Chertsy, and the crowd
Liked the fun.

It took just seven hours
By the clock in St. Paul's steeple—
"Never," said the people,
"By all the kingly powers,
Did it take so long, oh, fie!
For the king to go by."

But Mrs. Chertsy made her curtsy,
Till her cap fell off, her gown
Ripped up the back and down,
She paler grew and paler,
But that did not avail her;
At first she curtsied slowly,
Majestically, lowly,
Then quicker, even faster,
And more fast—and the plaster
Of her paint and powder passed her,
Like dust from a pilaster,

And her curls she thought would last her
 Dropped off—oh, dire disaster!
 And her neck of alabaster
 Grew prickly and harassed her,
 As she curtsied quick and quicker,
 While the crowd drank strengthening liquor,
 Which made them cheer unmildly,
 And they shrieked with laughter wildly,
 While faster Mrs. Chertsy
 Made her curtsy,
 Till dizzy grew the king,
 And snatching off his ring,
 He cried “’Tis his who stops her!”
 But they couldn’t stop her,—faster
 Was the curtsy, and disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster.
 They saw her head was wabbling,
 That her shoulders needed cobbling,
 Her arms flew from their sockets,
 Her money from her pockets,
 Her feet jumped in the air,
 Her body anywhere,
 Her bones strewed all the stones,
 Yet despite the people’s groans,
 Her cap, her curls
 Made polite whirls;
 Her arms, her feet
 Made bends most neat;
 Her bones they danced,
 Fell back, advanced;
 Her velvet gown
 Moved up and down,
 And all of her and hers just pranced,
 Going faster, faster, faster
 With a speed that none could master,—
 And naught was left of Mrs. Chertsy
 But her curtsy.

PERONELLA.

Beauty and rags were the portion possessed
 By this maid that the breezes of heaven caressed.
 She ne’er heard of trouble; she knew not a care;
 No burdens appeared for her shoulders to bear;

Light-hearted and free, o'er the mountains she sang;
The bird's song was hushed, as the sweet echoes rang;
The gold of her hair made the sun blush for shame;
The stars hid away at the sound of her name,
Beautiful Peronella.

But alas, discontent o'er her life cast a taint,
And a fairy in passing thus heard her complaint:
"I would be a queen with a crown of pure gold,
I'd sit on a throne and a sceptre I'd hold;
I'd wear precious jewels; in fine state I'd ride,
With vassals and serfs bending low at my side.
Oh make me a queen, pretty fairy," she said,
"And honor and riches I'll pour on thy head,"
Said Peronella.

"A queen thou shalt be," the good fairy replied,
"On a throne thou shalt sit, in state thou shalt ride,
Thou shalt have serfs and vassals to kneel at thy feet,
And ladies and lords in thy palace shall meet.
But thou shalt be withered and wrinkled and old;
Thy hair will be gray, where it now is bright gold;
Thine eyes will be dull, and thy form now so round
Will be ugly and gaunt; not a grace will be found
In thee, Peronella."

So it all came to pass as the fairy had said,
She dwelt in great splendor; the kingdom she led;
Her wealth was unbounded, it could not be told;
And of course, as a queen, she in luxury rolled.
But her beauty was gone; she was burdened with care;
And troubles and trials she met everywhere,
Till she cried in despair "Good fairy, I pray,
Oh give me again what thou once took away!"
Sad Peronella.

THE DICKENS GALLERY.—M. J. FARRAH.

Within the town of Weissnichtwo
This famous building stands,
And there the picture lovers go
From all adjacent lands;
And once I also chanced to stray
Among the rest, to see

This exhibition of the day,
The Dickens Gallery.

And first the face of little Nell
Smiled on me from the wall,
And many a maiden form as well
Around the spacious hall.
There little Dorrit's weary face
Recalled the Marshalsea;
And child-wife Dora filled with grace
The Dickens Gallery.

Sweet Dolly Varden stood beside
The Pecksniff sisters twain,
And little Dot and Florence vied
With Kate and Madelaine;
And Sairey Gamp the next I found
With Betsy Prig at tea,
And spreading scandal all around
The Dickens Gallery.

And opposite a motley crew,
Smike, Toots and Marley's ghost,
Micawber, Squeers and Pickwick, too;
And others, quite a host.
And Captain Cuttle, walking out,
With thoughtful face, we see,
Engaged in "making notes" about
The Dickens Gallery.

And fraternizing in a row
Sit Wegg and Carrier John,
And Scrooge, and Trotty Veck and Jo,
No longer "moving on";
And Barkis, "willin', waitin'" still,
Upon the wall, we see,
And many more whose portraits fill
The Dickens Gallery.

And last, within a tarnished frame,
A face well known to me,
And, written underneath the name,
"I spells it with a wee."
Then homeward wended I my way,
Across the Northern Sea,
In hope to find, some other day,
The Dickens Gallery.

THE BLIND FLOWER GIRL OF POMPEII.

ELLA LINDSEY MATCHETT.

In the following interesting poem the scene is the time of the ruin of the gay and joyous Pompeii, and at the beginning of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. Every reader of Bulwer's novel "The last days of Pompeii," will remember Nydia the blind flower girl whose unrequited love of Glaucus, fired by a jealousy of the beautiful Ione, caused her to seek peace and oblivion in the blue depths of the Mediterranean.

The hour is come! What mean these words so full of gloom?
 A wild refrain,—the hour is come!
 The hour is come! these words fill all the air above, around,
 With tongues that know no other plaint.
 One mighty voice, one mighty tongue!
 What hour? Ah yes—I heard Olinthus say
 It is the day of doom! the day of doom!
 A surging tide of human woe
 Bears me along down to the seas—
 And yet in all this multitude am I alone!
 Glaucus! Glaucus! who called my name?
 Sallust! friend—his friend—the gods are kind!
 Hast thou seen Glaucus? Not seen him?
 And bidst me "Come," for refuge hasten to the sea?
 If Glaucus perish what then were my poor life to me?
 Unclasp my hand—I will retrace my steps.
 The gods protect thee, Sallust—make haste—escape!
 This darkness is but the pall that all the years have brought
 to me.

Sallust, thou art his friend—farewell—(*to one passing*) Stay!
 hast thou seen Glaucus?

He curses me and says, the vengeance of the gods
 Pours from Vesuvius a molten rain!
 The air is hot, is stifling, and on my hair
 I feel the ashes of this fiery rain.
 Pompeii, all thy brightness, joy and mirth,
 Youth, beauty, love and song, master and slave—
 Find then, one common grave.
 Oh answer! is there not one in all this surging throng
 That knows of Glaucus? they heed me not—
 I'll ask no more—oh, Athenian! Greek!
 My hand could guide thee to the sea.
 Whose voice? this is the forum.
 He oft comes here, he calls my name!
 It is I, dear heart, thy Nydia;
 Glaucus—thy hand! oh follow fast, I'll lead the way

Down to the sea. You say we journey but to Hades,
The under world, the land of shades—
Then be it so. Where Glaucus is can come no woe.

And now the bark glides calmly on.
He sleeps—I'll keep my vigils while he sleeps.
Blest sleep! oh bear him to his Athenian shores;
With breath of flowers fill his dreams,—
Roses of mine own Thessaly,
Land of Olympus,—Thessaly,
Where once the soft winds kissed the brow
Of poor blind Nydia—not then a slave,
But free as song of bird—as perfume of sweet flowers.
And now I mind me of cruel lash and chain
And bondage—by thee set free.
O Glaucus! then pulsed within my veins new wine of life.
The dews that fell upon the flowers of my care
Seemed the ambrosia of the gods!

Once kneeling at thy feet
Thou didst place thy hand upon my head
And tell me of the light. It seemed that zephyr,
Bud, and flower found voice and filled the air
With low sweet chimings—the music sang one name,
The name of Glaucus—and thou didst tell me
Of Harmodius and her past grandeur;
Of lovely olive groves that made green walls
For bright Ilissus; of Athenian nights
And their pale glory. Once in my dreams
The gods smiled on my love—
Nectar and ambrosia they placed upon my lips
And we were both immortal.
Our barque went drifting out among the eternal stars;
Far on a moonlit sea, forever and forever
We held our glorious way. O Glaucus! Glaucus!
These are thy gifts, these bands, this chain.
I often wept my thanks, words were so poor.

Ah, Glaucus! when the sad days came,
Deep in my heart I knew thou didst not slay Apœcides,
I knew thou couldst not murder.
And when Arbaces made me prisoner in his palace
I bribed his slave, and with my stylus
Wrote the words to Sallust that sent thy friend to thee.
I sought Calenus in those gloomy vaults—
In Cybeles' sacred grove he saw Arbaces,

Priest of Isis, deal the fatal blow.
 I led him forth to save thy life.
 And in the praetor's mouth he put the words:
 "Arbaces—not the Athenian—shall die."

And still the bark glides on—how deep his sleep.
 Ah, rest and dream!
 The soft winds stir thy hair;
 They say thy hair is like the sunlight
 Spun with threads of gold—but this I know not of
 Save that it must be beautiful.
 A moment on thy forehead, broad and smooth,
 I'll rest my hand—oh! what is sight?
 Some rare sweet blessedness revealing more than touch,—
 The sunlight in thy hair, the glory on thy brow?
 Once, kneeling at thy feet, I said
 Upon thy brow should be an olive crown.
 He twined white roses in my hair
 And said: "Thessalian Princess thou shalt be, fair child!"
 I wept such happy tears—
 For on the ides of June I was a slave!

And still the barque glides on.
 Oh, solemn, sacred sea, bear us to Thessaly!
 Glaucus! Glaucus! how sweet to touch thy hand—
 Ione! Ione! her hand in thine!
 Ah! she is more than friend,—thy future bride!
 She hath every charm,—learning, beauty, wealth and grace,
 High born, the gift of sight—and I am blind!
 Glaucus, Greek, Athenian!
 I can bear no more,—no longer slave,
 Yet slave so bound in chains
 That only death can set me free.
 Glaucus, I too shall sleep; the sea is deep and wide.
 O sacred sea! they forfeit future life
 Who go unbidden to thy cold embrace.
 But in the land of shades, this woe would follow me.

Immortal gods! hear me in this last hour,
 This hour of woe. Orcus—the Avenging—
 In pity veil thine eyes. O Jupiter, the All-seeing—
 Beneath Olympus heights the breath of roses
 Fanned my baby brow, roses of mine own Thessaly.
 There grieves my mother yet for her lost child—
 When death shall come to her
 Oh gently may she glide across the sea.

Dioscuri, thou guardian deity
 Of those who drift upon the sea,
 In safety to Athenian shores, guide thou this barque.
 Watch, thou, o'er Glaucus.
 O sacred sea, upon thy threshold now I stand;
 I bring my soul to thee,—white as this rose,
 His gift to me. As white leaves close
 And veil the white heart of the rose,
 So—let—me—die. O solemn sea!
 Eternal darkness is thy wide domain;
 Eternal peace and silence in thy chambers dwell.
 Wrap me in dreams.
 I come to slumbers deep and still.
 Life, youth, love, Glaucus—farewell!

A FINISHED EDUCATION.

CLARA, *aged eighteen, just graduated.*

LUCY, *her sister, aged thirteen.*

Clara. Oh, Lucy, I'm so glad my education at last is finished! Now I can take a long, long rest. And I really need it after working so hard. Lucy, the high school studies are dreadfully difficult! However, you'll find out yourself before long.

But I must finish this letter at once. By the way, Lucy, shall I write *until* with one *l* or with two?

Lucy. *Until* has only one *l*.

Clara. So it has, of course! Only think, Lucy, I've studied Latin and German and French, and can read some in each of the books we had. Latin is awfully hard. They throw the words together pell-mell and you have to pick them out in the right order, and if you change a single letter at the end, it is all wrong. Instead of plain English *pen*, they say *penna*, *pennæ*, *pennum*, *pennibus*, *pennos*, and so on, with all sorts of queer endings. And you never can know which to put. Sometimes it is one, sometimes the other, and whichever you select is sure to be the wrong one. I'm glad I'm through with it.

German isn't much better. In English we can say *the* table, *the* pencil, *the* anything. But the Germans, just to bother us I suppose, say *der*, *die*, or *das*, and you couldn't for your life tell which is right. They say "Baum" for "tree," and it is either *der* Baum, or *die* Baum, or *das* Baum; but I don't see that it makes much difference, for the meaning's just the same. And the plural instead of being simply "*Baums*," like our English "trees," is either *Baume* or *Bame*, *Bäüumer* or *Bäümer*, I'm sure I don't know which.

French is much nicer. Mademoiselle talks to us in French, and even if we don't understand all she says, we have only to say, "Oui, mademoiselle," and she is satisfied. And then, French is so fashionable. But I haven't quite finished my letter. (*Writes.*)

Dear Friend: Yesterday, Brother Frank went to the exposition with Lucy and I — Is that right, Lucy? Grammar always puzzled me. Shall I say "with Lucy and I" or "with Lucy and *me*?"

Lucy. With Lucy and *me*. They must both be objective case after *with*.

Clara. You're right of course. Just think, Lucy, of studying algebra and geometry and trigonometry, all about *x*'s and *y*'s and quadratics and such things, and to prove that the circle is square; no, not exactly that, but something about squaring the circle; and about trapezoids and pyramids and parallelopipeds—think of it! And then in trigonometry about cosines and tangents, and how to measure a steeple without seeing it, and other things of the sort. It is dreadful!

Lucy, dear, do help me get these sums to balance. I can't get my accounts straight and you're so much better at figures than I. (*A pause, during which Lucy balances the accounts.*)

Then, Lucy, we studied astronomy and learned about Jupiter and Arcturus and the asteroids and azimuths and declensions (or I believe they call them "declinations" in astronomy) and ever so many things, I can

hardly think of their names. And do you know, Lucy, that all the stars go round the sun; I mean, some of them do and some of them go round the earth, and the moon is always full, even when it looks as though a piece were out. I tell you, it is wonderful!

By the way, Lucy, here I read in the paper about Antwerp. The name sounds so familiar. But where in the world is Antwerp? It is so long since I studied geography, I declare I've forgotten!

Lucy. Antwerp is a large city in Belgium.

Clara. Sure enough! But we were talking about the high school studies. That isn't nearly all we learned. We studied zoology and botany and geology and physics and chemistry and mental philosophy and political economy and elocution. But I'll tell you about those some other time. I promised mamma I'd read to that poor blind lady this afternoon and I must be going—unless—unless, Lucy, you will go in my stead. You know you can read so much better than I, and I'm sure Mrs. Rollins would rather listen to you. (*Lucy assents.*) Thank you, Lucy, I knew you wouldn't refuse. But wait a moment, I wish you'd write my name on these visiting cards before you go. I want to make some calls this afternoon and your writing looks so much better than mine. (*Lucy writes.*) Thank you! You're a dear, good sister! And when you get to high school, I'll help you all I can; see if I don't.

—*Journal of Education.*

THE WATERMILLION.

There was a watermillion
 Growing on a vine,
 And there were a pickaninny
 A-watching it all the time.

And when that watermillion
 Were a-ripening in the sun,
 And the stripes along its jacket
 Were coming one by one,

That pickaninny hooked it,
 And toting it away,
 He ate that entire million
 Within one single day.

He ate the rind and pieces,
 He finished it with vim—
 And then that watermillion
 Just up and finished him.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.—EDWIN ARNOLD.

The following beautiful poem was one of the earlier compositions of the now well-known author of "The Light of Asia," and "The Light of the World."

He who died at Azan sends
 This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
 Pale and white and cold as snow;
 And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
 Weeping at the feet and head,
 I can see your falling tears,
 And can hear your sighs and prayers;
 Yet I smile and whisper this:
 "I am not the thing you kiss;
 Cease your tears, and let it lie;
 It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave
 For its last bed of the grave,
 Is a tent which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage, from which at last,
 Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
 Love the inmate, not the room,—
 The wearer, not the garb; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from these splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye,—
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'Tis an empty sea-shell.—one
 Out of which the pearl has gone;

The shell is broken—it lies there ;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 A mind that loved him ; let it lie !
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
 Now thy world is understood ;
 Now the long, long wonder ends ;
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss instead
 Lives and loves you ; lost 'tis true
 By such light as shines for you ;
 But in the light ye cannot see
 Of unfulfilled felicity—
 In enlarging paradise,
 Lives a life that never dies..

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;
 Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space ;
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
 Sunshine still must follow rain ;
 Only not at death,—for death,
 Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above ;
 Be ye stout of heart, and come
 Bravely onward to your home !
La Allah illa Allah ! yea !
 Thou Love divine ! Thou Love always !

He that died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

COLUMBUS.—OLIVE E. DANA.

Christopher Columbus—or, in his native tongue, *Christofero Colombo*; in the Spanish, *Christoval Colon*—was born in Italy in fourteen hundred and thirty-five. The city of Genoa is proud to link his history and achievements with her associations, and to claim him as her son, yet when the great city, rich in fleets and ships and princely dwellings, and with treasure constantly going out of and coming into her gates, sheltered him, the greatest of her children by birth or adoption, his share of the Genoan wealth was small indeed. The family of Colombo was not housed in any of the luxurious dwellings in the city. The father was poor and obscure, and neither he nor any of his family, save the son *Christofero*, seem to have been ambitious to attain more than the privilege of earning a modest living and some few opportunities for study.

In pursuance of their wonted occupation, that of wool-carding, Colombo had removed his family to Genoa from a smaller town near by. Christopher was the oldest of his children, and there were three younger. A larger share of work and responsibility than was the portion of the others fell, of course, on the oldest son, and it does not appear that he was inclined to shirk his tasks, though it is said that he found some of them distasteful.

So the little Christopher was, in his earlier boyhood, a wool-comber. Then he worked on the docks and quays, where were always vessels coming and going, laden with priceless cargoes. Some of these ships took their way across the storied Mediterranean, and came back with all sorts of Eastern treasures; others sailed upon the wide Atlantic, and perhaps went to the shores of Great Britain, where they could obtain coal and iron.

The blue sea, the hope and freedom and sympathy of it, the white-winged boats that flew over it, and the romance and adventure of the seamen's lives, seem to have fascinated the boy, and at fourteen he became a sailor.

Most of the voyages he went on in his boyhood were across the Mediterranean. Sailors and travelers told wonderful stories of strange, to-be-discovered countries,—of the fabled lost continent Atlantis, and of the “Ultima Thule.” We may be sure that the boy knew very soon all that his mates could tell him about these places.

But he had been studying as well as working, and seems to have been an apt student. He understood geometry, astronomy, and navigation, as they were then taught, and had studied Latin also. He had been a little while at school in the university town of Pavia.

When he grew older, he took up the trade of map making, but he was also, throughout his early manhood, a sailor and explorer. He lived for a time in Lisbon, and for a while on the island of Porto Santo, a dependency of Madeira. Once, when he was voyaging, the vessel met in battle, ships from Venice. Again, when he seems himself to have had command, he had a terrible encounter with a Venetian ship. Both that vessel and his own were burned, and he saved his life only by swimming to the mainland, two miles away.

The shore where he was cast was the coast of Portugal, and there he met a beautiful woman, who became his wife. Her father was a sea-captain, full of daring thoughts and adventurous projects. He believed, as did Columbus, that there were lands beyond the ocean; that China and India could be reached by sailing to the west as surely as by sailing to the east. The elder man had seen, in his travels, many signs of undiscovered but not undiscoverable countries.

Some property, and consequently greater leisure, had come to Columbus after his marriage. He gave himself more unreservedly to geographical studies, and to musing on questions which had become to him of unspeakable interest and importance. His wife sympathized with him fully in these things, and was one of his best helpers and encouragers.

People were just beginning—the very wisest of them—

to believe that the earth might be round, instead of flat and square. Columbus was fully persuaded of the fact. A certain saying of Aristotle had great weight with him. But he found it well-nigh impossible to win others to his way of thinking. Those best fitted, by birth, education, and occupation, to appreciate his reasoning—philosophers, astronomers, travelers, sailors—were last to give credence to his theories.

Indifference, however, did not dampen his ardor. He was determined, if means could be raised, to set out on a voyage of exploration into these unknown regions. He wished to see if his guesses at truth approached geographical reality. He would have liked a share, no doubt, in the wealth of these alluring lands. There were purposes of his own that a portion of their gold would help him to fulfil, one of which was the recapture of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It seemed to him that nothing was so much to be desired as the conversion to Christianity of India and the eastern peoples. It seemed to him not impossible to reach India by way of the sea, and to win it, with its sovereigns, to Christ.

He found few, however, to sympathize with him in this hope. He went to many kings and queens, petitioning for aid to fulfil his plans. No one was willing to grant it, and many of them withheld, too, even courtesy and deference. They were too busy with their own often troublesome kingdoms to pay heed to so visionary a project, as this of Columbus sounded to them. They did not dream that a continent, one that should owe little to kings and queens, awaited the finding.

The wife of Columbus had died, meanwhile, and he had grown old. At thirty-five his hair was snowy white. He was a pathetic figure, as he went about with Diego, his little son, in the vain search for aid. He went at last to Spain, because one of the princes was interested in geographical discoveries. But Ferdinand and Isabella would promise him no help, and he turned back, sadder than ever.

On his return home, Columbus stopped one night at a Spanish convent, whose abbot, Juan Perez, a scholar himself, became much interested in Columbus' story. He sympathized, too, with the traveler's hopes, and longed to see them fulfilled. He was Queen Isabella's confessor and her friend; and he offered to intercede with her in Columbus' behalf, if the latter would wait at the convent until the abbot could lay the case before the queen. The finance ministers of the two crowns, also favored Columbus' undertaking, and the queen consented to aid him, offering, if it were necessary, her jewels, but the sacrifice was unneeded.

Columbus was summoned to the court at Granada, and made his arrangements for the expedition. He was to pay one eighth of the expense, and the three Danzon brothers, ship builders, who were in sympathy with the project, loaned him the money. They were willing also to accompany him on his voyage. Three small ships, called caravels, were made ready, and they sailed from Palos, August 2, 1492.

It was on many accounts a most trying voyage. The men had been drafted into service, and they had little faith in either their commander or his purposes and hopes. As the days went by and land did not appear they would have returned gladly. The waters they sailed on seemed shoreless. But neither entreaty nor threat moved Columbus.

By-and-by, however, after much disappointment, dis-sension, and anxiety, tokens of land, not very far distant, appeared to them. Reeds were seen, and floating branches with berries, and a carved staff. The men were jubilant, Columbus watchful; but a few hours of fruitless watching discouraged again the sailors. It was almost ten weeks since they set sail from Palos.

Their night long watch and weary journey were rewarded together on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. Then they saw an island with fertile, wooded shores, which Columbus at once took possession of in the name of Spain, naming it San Salvador. It was

on the outskirts of the new world, and he did not know how great his discovery was.

But he knew enough to give him and the monarchs he represented great satisfaction. He was received on his return to Spain with ovations. He was allowed to sit in the royal presence, and received the promised title, Admiral, which his descendants retain, with the precedence of all the Spanish nobles to this day. In their families, the oldest son is always named Ferdinand for the king, and the second of their sons, Christopher, after our discoverer.

The first voyage of Columbus was his happiest. He made four voyages to the new hemisphere, but envy and detraction followed him as he grew famous. Monarchs proved ungrateful, and discovery, even of new worlds, unprofitable. He was not able to raise an army and equip it for the taking of the Holy Sepulchre, as he had hoped. And he did not dream of the triumphs of Christianity in the western world; that Christian principles would leaven society and shape governments, and that these would influence in return the Old World and the outlying nations.

Columbus died in 1506. His last years were lonely and full of disappointment. Some years after his death the king ordered a tomb placed over his remains. Later they were taken to the Cathedral in San Domingo. After that they were carried to Havana, in 1786. The magnitude of his discovery was slowly realized both by his contemporaries and their descendants. Magnificent as was the New World he discovered, it was then like a rough, unlovely germ. Time alone could show to what it would attain.

---*Journal of Education.*

CHRISTOPHER C —.

In the city of Genoa, over the sea,
In a beautiful country called Italy,
There lived a sailor called Christopher C —;
A very wise man for his times was he.

He studied the books and maps and charts,
All that they knew about foreign parts ;
And he said to himself ; " There certainly oughter
Be some more land to balance the water.

" As sure as a gun the earth is round ;
Some day or other a way will be found
To get to the east by sailing west ;
Why shouldn't I find it as well as the rest ? "

The court philosopher shook his head,
Laughing at all that Christopher said ;
But the Queen of Spain said, " Christopher C — ,
Here is some money ; go and see."

That is just what he wanted to do,
And in fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
From the port of Palos one August day
This Christopher C — went sailing away.

He sailed and sailed with the wind and tide,
But he never supposed that the sea was so wide.
And the sailors grumbled, and growled, and cried :
" We don't believe there's another side.

" Oh take us back to our native shore,
Or we never will see our wives any more.
Take us back, O Christopher C — ,
Or we'll tumble you overboard into the sea."

In spite of their threats he wouldn't do it ;
There was land ahead, and Christopher knew it ;
They found San Salvador, green and low,
And the Captain shouted " I told you so !

" This is the land King Solomon knew,
Where myrrh, and aloes, and spices grew,
Where gold, and silver, and gems are found,
Plenty as pebbles all over the ground."

They thought they had sailed clear round the ball,
But it wasn't the other side at all,
But an island, lying just off a shore
Nobody had ever seen before.

They planted their flag on a flowery plain,
To show that the country belonged to Spain ;
But it never once entered Christopher's mind
That North America lay behind.

Then Christopher C —, he sailed away,
 And said he would come another day ;
 But, if he had stayed here long enough,
 We should talk Spanish or some such stuff.

THE LOST FOUND.

"Twas only a missing sheep,
 One out of the great wide fold,
 'Twas a wayward sheep and wild,
 And had wandered times untold.
 But what if it died alone?
 Or what if the hills were dark?
 'Twas only a sheep that was lost,
 As an arrow may miss the mark.
 But the Shepherd answered, " I cannot rest
 While my sheep is away from me ;
 I'll call till it comes, and I'll bring it home,
 For I bought it on Calvary !"

"Twas only a silver coin ;
 And the silver was mixed with dross ;
 It seemed as a worthless thing,
 And to lose it but little loss.
 There were nine bright pieces left,
 And they shone like the morning sun ;
 And why was there need to search
 When the toils of the day were done ?
 But the Seeker said, " Though the coin be rough,
 And though ragged its edges be,
 Still it bears my image — I cannot rest
 Till my lost piece of silver I see !"

"Twas only a prodigal son,
 A wanderer far away ;
 A sinner made poor by his sin,
 Getting poorer every day.
 But what if he had no friend ?
 And what if he had to roam ?
 Would such a wild, prodigal son
 Be missed in his father's home ?
 " Though all men condemn thee," the father said,
 " Yet not I, for I came to save ;
 And I came to lift thee out of thy sins,
 And to rescue thee from the grave !"

And the message in heaven was told,
 Mid the music of angel choirs,
 That a son was born anew,
 By the Pentecostal fires;
 That the fatted calf was killed,
 And the fairest robe was given,
 For the lost was found again,
 As a child of the kingdom of heaven!
 "Rejoice! rejoice, for the dead are alive,
 And the lost have a welcome given;
 They have washed their robes, and made them white,
 And of such is the kingdom of heaven."

COME, SIGN THE PLEDGE.—M. W. FRAZER.

Come, sign the pledge! O thou whose hand
 May scarcely guide the pen;
 That thou a man once more may stand,
 Among thy fellow men!
 Ah, why a victim longer be
 Of base, designing knaves?
 Why longer have men say of thee,
 "There's one of rum's poor slaves?"

Come, sign the pledge! No wizard's spell
 E'er wrought so great a feat
 Of wondrous change as he can tell,
 Whose victory's complete
 O'er that fierce fiend, whose ruthless hand
 Doth crush his subjects down;
 Nor stops to count how high they stand,
 How great be their renown.

Come, sign the pledge! Here to record
 With high resolve thy name
 May thee a greater good afford,
 Than on the scroll of fame.
 For oh, how often do we find
 That man whom men extol,
 With rum destroying his great mind,
 Imperiling his soul.

Come, sign the pledge! 'twill be thy stay,
 A balm for all thy wounds;

Enable thee to keep at bay
 Rum's soul-destroying hounds;
 Restore the image which thy God
 Unto thy countenance gave,
 And none may write above thy sod,
 "This is a drunkard's grave."

NICKEL PLATED.—I. EDGAR JONES.

Josephus Macduffus Florentinus Bran
 Was a sweet, an accomplished, a handsome young man.
 He had studied in colleges, bored into books,
 Had traveled with close and inquisitive looks,
 With gold in his pocket and oil in his cruse—
 Josephus was not of least practical use.

He talked of the 'ologies, Darwin and such,
 And criticized all with commendable ease;
 His envy was not at the front overmuch,
 His purpose was kind, his intentions to please;
 His eloquence floated on feathery wings,
 Yet he was a cipher in practical things.

Miss Flora Blavinsky Mabellarine Purls
 Was one of the sweetest and chattiest girls.
 She had all the boarding school lore in her head,
 With books of deportment; and all she had read
 Would ripple in elegant prose from her tongue
 In accents as sweet as a lark ever sung.

She thumped the piano with beautiful hands,
 She painted on plaques and embroidered on frames;
 She was leader of chat in society's bands,
 And never neglected society's claims;
 As pretty a girl as the world could produce
 But not of the least little practical use.

Josephus and Flora together were tied,
 A beautiful mansion holds husband and bride;
 They violate nothing, they fracture no rules,
 Their children are nothings,—mere amiable fools.
 No gossip against them one word has to say,
 They smile and they chatter, they sing and they play;
 But the world would not miss them if all died to-day

A QUIET SMOKE.—W. H. NEALL.

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CHARACTERS.

MR. ADOLPHUS SHALLOWTOP, addicted to the use of tobacco.

MRS. ADOLPHUS SHALLOWTOP, with an aversion for the same.

SARA, their daughter.

CHARLES, her lover.

NELSON, an English servant, in livery.*

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in the Shallowtop residence, with table, chairs, sofa, stool &c.*

MRS. SHALLOWTOP (*at door, as if bidding some one adieu*). Good-bye Doctor—your orders shall be obeyed. (*Advances to table; sits on chair; takes up fancy work.*) That settles it. Mr. Shallowtop shall not touch, taste, smell, or even see tobacco in any form. I have known all along that he has been smoking too much. He is so nervous that the slightest noise upsets him. Now that he is suffering with the gout, I shall have him under my eye. I have instructed Sara not to dare furnish her father with anything of a smokable nature—not even a match; and I have also informed Charles that, if he ever expects to win Sara, with my consent, he must not even have the odor of tobacco upon him, when he visits here.

Enter Nelson, loaded down with cigar boxes, all manner of pipes and various bags of tobacco hanging from hands and arms. He advances to centre.

MRS. S. (*looking up*). Ah! Nelson, have you succeeded in gathering together all those filthy things?

NELSON. Hi 'ave, ma'am!

MRS. S. Then throw them into the street.

NELSON (*staring in affright*). Hif you please, ma'am; hinto the street, ma'am?

MRS. S. (*decidedly*). I said into—the street. (*Resumes work.*)

NELSON (*staring first at Mrs. S. then at his burden*). Ho! what ha wicked waste hcf good material. (*To Mrs. S.*) Did you say hinto the street, ma'am?

MRS. S. (*severely*). Nelson, I am not in the habit of repeating my orders but I did say, throw those articles into the street. (*He turns to obey.*) And Nelson, if you mention a word in ref-

*The character of servant can be easily changed, and adapted to Negro, Irish or other dialect, if costume is more attainable or the impersonation more desirable.

erence to tobacco in the presence of Mr. Shallowtop, your position, here, will be vacant. By the Doctor's orders, Mr. Shallowtop is not to smoke or even think of tobacco.

NELSON. Hi hunderstand, ma'm!

MRS. S. Under no circumstances are you to supply him with smoking materials—no! not a single thing. Now go!

NELSON. Hi hunderstand, ma'm! (*Aside.*) Hit breaks my 'art to do hit—'ow the master will 'owl! [*Exit.*]

MR. SHALLOWTOP (*heard without*). My dear! My dear! Now where is that lady? (*Enter with difficulty, right foot bandaged.*) My dear!—my—oh! there you are—still at your fiddle-faddle work, eh? Do you know—oh! ah!—Mrs. Shallowtop I've actually had to go over my entire stock of shirts before I found one with a button on it?—oh! ah! (*Sits down at table.*) Now, if you could only give up that everlasting fancy jimcracks for a time and see to putting on buttons, why—I wouldn't kick—oh! ah!

MRS. S. Now, Adolphus dear, you know that you couldn't kick with that foot, anyhow.

MR. S. Mrs. Shallowtop your wit is exceedingly keen—oh! ah! confound it—(*She starts.*) I beg pardon—I mean the foot not the wit.

MRS. S. Adolphus, the Doctor has given strict orders in regard to your condition—you are not to smoke under any consideration; not a whiff, not a smell!

MR. S. (*arising.*) Madam! the doctor—oh! ah! (*Sits.*) This foot will be the death of me.

MRS. S. No, not your foot, love, but your incessant smoking. Now, Adolphus, I am going to look over your shirts, myself; the seamstress was ill this week and that accounts for their condition. [*Exit.*]

MR. S. The Doctor forbids me smoking, eh? (*Rings call bell.*) Well! I am happy to say I am king in my own castle. (*Reads book. Enter Nelson.*)

Nelson (*aside*). 'Ere be ha rich time; hand hall the things hinto the street.

MR. S. (*observing him.*) Ah! Nelson—bring me my pipe, tobacco and matches.

NELSON. Hi will, sir. (*Stares and looks frightened.*)

MR. S. (*looking up from book.*) Did you understand me?

NELSON. Hi did, sir. (*Makes faces.*)

MR. S. Then, why in the name of common sense don't you do what I bid you?—oh! ah!

NELSON. Hi—Hi—cawn't, sir!

MR. S. You impudent rascal; do you mean to tell me that you cannot get me my smoking material? why—why—confound you.—

NELSON. The Doctor's horders, sir!

MR. S. (*aghast.*) The—doctor's—orders. Nelson, has that man dared to instruct you?

NELSON. Ho! no! sir! The missis, sir.

MR. S. The mistress, eh! and what did *she* order?

NELSON. She horders me to throw hevery thing hinto the street—(*Mr. S. helpless with astonishment.*) pipes, segars, tobacco, matches—hevery thing, sir.

MR. S. And! and! and! did you do it?

NELSON. Hi did, sir (*rolling eyes*)!

MR. S. You did, you miserable idiot! (*Throws book at him.*) Get out, stay! stop!—hold on! inform your mistress that I wish to see her, here. (*Exit Nelson, hurriedly.*) Into the street, eh! I'll show them that I'm master here. Oh! for a smoke. Here I've been a whole day without a single puff.

NELSON (*entering*). The missis will be 'ere presently sir, hand one word, Mr. Shallowtop; my sister sails for hold Hingland tomorrow, sir; could Hi possibly get hoff to-night, sir; and say farewell to 'er, sir?

MR. S. (*fiercely.*) Have you the face to stand there and ask a favor of me, after disposing of my personal property as you have done? No! you can't go to-night. [*Exit Nelson.*]

MR. S. Oh! for a smoke. Now that's what I call cheek, knock a man down and then want to borrow a quarter from him.

Bell rings; enter Charles, lays hat on sofa.

CHARLES (*advancing*). Ah! my dear Mr. Shallowtop; good evening, just the one I wish to see, and alone. One word, ah—Mr. Shallowtop, I love your daughter deeply and I know that she loves me —

MR. S. (*interrupting.*) Charles, do you smoke?

CHARLES (*disconcerted*). Well, well, ah—yes; occasionally, sir, occasionally. (*Aside.*) Now what will I do? Mrs. Shallowtop has given me strict injunction not to refer to that subject, at all.

MR. S. Charles, draw up a chair, I want to confide in you (*Charles seats himself.*) Charles, I am the victim of conspiracy—oh! ah (*looking around*)! I am —

CHARLES. Why, sir, I am surprised —

MR. S. Charles, you are not any more surprised than I am. Now, you being a smoking man, let me whisper—have you a pipe about you?

CHARLES (*dumbfounded*). Why, why, well—all college men, of course, carry pipes; but let us change the subject. Your daughter, now —

MR. S. Charles, my daughter doesn't smoke, she's in the conspiracy, no doubt! what do you think? My doctor, the donkey, has prohibited me smoking and Mrs. Shallowtop, the—the angel, has instructed Nelson, the idiot, to pitch all my smoking articles into the street —

CHARLES. How shocking!

MR. S. Shocking, I should say that it was shocking. And Charles, the lunatic did it!

CHARLES. By jove, what a shame.

MR. S. Of course, it's a shame—oh! ah! wow! If it wasn't for my foot, I'd make things hum. Charles, I'm going to start a conspiracy myself. I'll be the main conspirator and you'll be my assistant.

CHARLES. Ah! sir, delighted, I am sure, to be of service but —

MR. S. (*solemnly*.) Charles, lend me your pipe?

CHARLES. Ah! Mr. Shallowtop, impossible, sir; impossible! Mrs. Shallowtop would never forgive me.

MR. S. Tut! Tut! Mrs. Shallowtop would never know. And besides, Charles, in regard to Sara—I'll consent, see?

CHARLES. My dear sir, my dear sir, I —

MR. S. What? you —

CHARLES (*in haste*). I yield!

Charles produces a pipe and quickly hands it to Mr. Shallowtop, who gazes at it fondly.

MRS. S. (*heard without*.) Now Sara, dear; your papa has sent for me, I will attend you presently.

CHARLES (*arising in alarm*). Now don't betray me, I will withdraw to the library.

Exit Charles, taking up hat. Mr. Shallowtop conceals pipe in work-basket, as Mrs. Shallowtop enters.

MRS. S. Now, Adolphus dear, what is it? (*Sits herself left of table.*) Your shirts were indeed buttonless, I must say.

MR. S. Mrs. Shallowtop, I understand that all of my smoking utensils have been thrown into the street, by your orders.

MRS. S. They have, my dear, but for your good.

MR. S. They have, eh! they have! If that hyena of a doctor was here I'd punch his head.

MRS. S. Now, Adolphus, love, calm yourself. (*Looks through work-basket.*) Where are all my needles?

MR. S. (*alarmed.*) Whoop! wow!! let that alone.

MRS. S. (*starting up.*) Goodness gracious, how you frightened me, Adolphus, are you crazy? (*Again examines basket.*) I want the thread and needles.

MR. S. (*snatching basket.*) Whoop! Thread and needles! Don't dare touch that basket, there's—there's a mouse in it!

MRS. S. A mouse—oh! oh! oh!

MR. S. Yes! a real live, genuine mouse. Now go to Sara and keep away, I'll kill it.

MRS. S. Oh! pray, be careful, Adolphus. When it is dead, do call me. [Exit.]

MR. S. (*falling back with basket in his arms.*) Almost discovered! whew! an awful close shave; that woman is a born ferret. Now to slay the mouse. (*Gets out pipe.*) Why it's dead, poor thing, but I'll soon liven it up. (*Conceals pipe in pocket just as Nelson enters with salver upon which are pitcher and glasses.*) Ah! Nelson. One moment—

NELSON (*stiff and prim.*) Your hobedient, sir!

MR. S. Er—er—Nelson, are you very anxious to see your sister?

NELSON (*eagerly.*) Hanxious? Hi ham, sir, werry.

MR. S. Well, now you may go—

NELSON (*delighted.*) Ho, sir! Hi thank you, sir!

MR. S. (*considering.*) Under one consideration.

NELSON (*serious.*) Hand what his that, sir?

MR. S. Nelson, I know that you indulge in a pipe, between times; I would like to see what kind of tobacco you use. Bring me a sample.

NELSON (*frightened.*) Why—why, sir—hif Ii should bring you smoking hutensils the missis would discharge me, sir.

MR. S. Nelson, your mistress (*waving his hand*) shall not be informed of the transaction. No tobacco, no sister!

NELSON. Ho dear! Hi'll do hit, sir. (*Aside.*) Ho what ha terrible per-dic-her-ment. [*Exit, with salver.*]

MR. S. (*gleefully.*) Now that's what I call skilful conspiracy. Oh! now for a smoke. All that remains is to get a match.

SARA (*heard without.*) Yes, mamma, I will get you the cotton and needles.

MR. S. Ah! I have it. I'll work *her*.

SARA (*entering.*) A mouse wouldn't hurt any one—ah! papa have you killed the poor, little thing?

MR. S. Yes, darling—after a terrible combat the enemy has been slain (*winking*)—oh! ah!

SARA. You are quite sure that it is dead (*handling basket very carefully*).

MR. S. Oh! yes—quite out. I mean—quite dead.

SARA. Mamma was so frightened that she deputized me to get the sewing materials. (*Gets out cotton and needles.*) Oh! papa—has—has any one seen you?

MR. S. (*startled.*) Seen me? Oh! I understand. My dear, Charles has been here.

SARA (*eagerly*). Charles, ah (*drawing small stool to feet*)! What did he say? Tell me, that's a dear, good papa.

MR. S. (*smoothing her hair.*) He said that he wasn't allowed to smoke. No! no! I don't mean that. I'll tell you presently.

SARA. Oh, papa! you did not send him away (*pouting*), did you?

MR. S. There! there! my dear, don't cry; but before I tell you all about it, I want you to do your poor, suffering father a favor, will you?—oh! ah!

SARA. Yes, indeed! anything! only ask it.

MR. S. (*aside.*) Rather a pleasant conspirator, after all. (*To Sara.*) Now dear, just get your poor, sick papa, a match.

SARA. A match? oh! papa, you are not going to smoke, are you?

MR. S. Smoke! My child, do I look like a man who would smoke? Your dear mamma has fired, I mean thrown, my pipes, segars and tobacco away.

SARA. Poor papa!

MR. S. Yes, indeed. Now I just want a little match so that I can strike it and see it flare up; just as if I was going to smoke; see? just to see it flare up. It will make me feel so good.

SARA. Just to see it flare up; why there's no harm in that, is there, papa?—just a wee, tiny match.

MR. S. Harm! No, of course not. A man like me take advantage of a poor, inoffensive match? I couldn't smoke a match—absurd!

SARA. Yes, simply absurd.

MR. S. (*warmly*.) Yes, simply absurd.

SARA (*arising*). Now, papa, do not move; I'll get you a match, wait here.

Sara takes up cotton and needles and goes out. Nelson enters quietly with hand behind back, and remains unobserved.

MR. S. Wait here! I couldn't get away if I tried. Everything is charming—charming—oh! ah! What a conspirator I am—actually, I think I could dance (*trying to, but foot pains him*)—oh! ah!

NELSON (*advancing*). 'Ere, sir, hive got the tobaccy, sir!

MR. S. Ah! Nelson, you have earned your night off. Produce the article.

NELSON (*handing bag to Mr. S.*). Hits the werry best; hif Hi may be so bold, sir.

MR. S. (*gazing fondly at it.*) Ah! hem!

For deep contentment
And ecstatic blies
Give me not kingdoms
Give, oh give me, this—

SARA (*entering hastily*). I wasn't long, papa, was I—I—(*Mr. S. hastily conceals bag and Nelson trembles violently.*) Why what is the matter?

MR. S. (*recovering*.) Nothing, child, nothing. I have only ordered Nelson to remove the dead rodent. (*Nelson stares stupidly.*) Pray turn your head away, Sara. To look upon death in any form—is sad. Nelson! take that mouse away and—and bury it!

NELSON (*in astonishment*). What mouse, sir?

MR. S. (*aside, winking his eye.*) You idiot—get out!

Nelson turns and marches out after tapping head to signify that Mr. S. is slightly demented.

SARA. Papa dear, I do believe that Nelson was afraid of it.

MR. S. No doubt of it, love.

SARA. Here, papa, I have brought you three matches. (*Gives them to him.*) You can let them off one at a time, they will last longer. Now don't burn yourself; pray be careful—or shall I light them for you? (*Offers to take them.*)

MR. S. Oh! no, no. I want *that* pleasure, myself.

SARA. You wont tell mamma, now, will you? And—and

what did Charles say? Papa, come tell me; that's a good, kind papa.

MR. S. (*slowly*.) I think—perhaps, you'll find Charles in the library. Now run along and let him tell you himself.

SARA (*embracing him*). Oh! what a dear, sweet papa. [*Exit*.]

MR. S. Alone, at last! and with all the implements of the conspiracy in my hands. Oh, for a smoke! Fortune comes to him who waits. (*Takes out pipe*.) My solace; my comfort! (*Door bell rings, he starts*.) Ough! ough! how nervous I am; everything upsets me. (*Gets out tobacco; knocks book on floor*.) Great heavens, what's that (*looking nervously around*)? I thought that it was *she*. (*Fills pipe, clock strikes nine*.) Keep it up; that's right,—keep it up; I like it. (*About striking match, door slams, he starts*.) Suffering Moses, everything's taking a hand to-night!

After several attempts, the pipe is lighted and Mr. S. with bandaged foot on stool, smokes violently. Mrs. S. enters; looks around.

MRS. S. Adolphus, dear, Adolphus! I smell something burning; I am sure that the house is on fire—(*Discovers Mr. S. smoking; utters a shriek*.) Oh!! (*Enter Charles and Sara, and Nelson with hat and coat*.)

MRS. S. Oh! Adolphus, Adolphus! what are you doing?

MR. S. Smoking, love. (*Puff-puff*.)

MRS. S. This will be the death of you.

MR. S. Oh! go way. (*Puff-puff*.)

MRS. S. What will the doctor say?

MR. S. Thunder with the doctor! (*Puff-puff*.)

MRS. S. And your gout—

MR. S. Ge-out! (*Puff-puff*.)

MRS. S. Oh! this is too much—too much!

MR. S. Oh, no! this is just right. (*Puff-puff*.)

MRS. S. Adolphus, you will kill me.

MR. S. (*blowing smoke at her*.) When you are killed, madam, this will cure you. (*Puff-puff*.)

MRS. S. Oh, for retribution! Oh! (*Faints in chair*.)

MR. S. Oh, for a smoke! (*Puff-puff*.)

During the dialogue of Mr. and Mrs. S., Charles reasons with Sara; Nelson looks on in bland enjoyment and indulges in some humorous business; when Mrs. S. faints Sara runs to her assistance; Mr. S. and Charles shake hands violently; Nelson puts on hat and coat and advances to door; curtain falls.

A VELVET COAT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Yes! 'tis old and faded now,

Sadly torn;

Yet let us remember how

'T would adorn

A gay gallant at Vauxhall,

And at Bath Assembly ball;

And how walking in the Mall,

Once 'twas worn.

With a delicate cravat,

Made of lace,

And a smart three-cornered hat,

And a face

Framed in hair of sunny hue

Tied behind in hanging queue,

Curled and frizzed—of powder, too,

Just a trace.

And a rapier gayly swung

At his side;

O'er his hands lace ruffles hung,

Fine and wide.

Oh! his gauds became him well,

And the village cronés can tell

How full many a Tunbridge belle

For him sighed.

Fought he duels one or two,

Maybe more,

And full many a billet doux

At the door

Of some patched and powdered fair,

He would leave with tragic air,

Which he took especial care

That she saw.

But for wife no fashion's queen

Did he take,

But a maid of modest mien,

For whose sake

He determined fashion's crowd

With its buzz of voices loud

And its train of beauties proud

To forsake.

Thus his merry old-time days
 Fleeted by ;
 And if we our eyes upraise
 We can spy
 On a tomb—" Sir Clement Gray
 And his virtuous Lady May,
 Dying on the self-same day,
 Here do lie.

INASMUCH.—S. V. R. FORD.*

Good Deacon Roland—"may his tribe increase!"—
 Awoke one Sabbath morn feeling at peace
 With God and all mankind. His wants supplied,
 He read his Bible and then knelt beside
 The family altar, and uplifted there
 His voice to God in fervent praise and prayer ;
 In praise for blessings past, so rich and free,
 And prayer for benedictions yet to be.
 Then on a stile, which spanned the dooryard fence,
 He sat him down complacently, and thence
 Surveyed with pride, o'er the far-reaching plain,
 His flocks and herds and fields of golden grain ;
 His meadows waving like the billowy seas,
 And orchards filled with over-laden trees.
 Quoth he : " How vast the products of my lands ;
 Abundance crowns the labor of my hands,
 Great is my substance ; God indeed is good,
 Who doth in love provide my daily food."

While thus he sat in calm soliloquy,
 A voice aroused him from his reverie,—
 A childish voice, from one whose shoeless feet
 Brought him unnoticed to the deacon's seat ;
 "Please, mister, I have eaten naught to-day ;
 If I had money I would gladly pay
 For bread ; but I am poor, and cannot buy
 My breakfast ; mister, would you mind if I
 Should ask for something, just for what you call
 Cold pieces from your table, that is all ?"
 The deacon listened to the child's request,
 The while his penetrating eye did rest

*Among the contributions to our Series from Mr. Ford will be found two excellent humorous recitations, in No. 26, entitled "Shouting Jane," and "The Obstinate Music-box."

On him whose tatters, trembling, quick revealed
 The agitation of the heart concealed
 Within the breast of one unskilled in ruse,
 Who asked not alms like one demanding dues.
 Then said the deacon : " I am not inclined
 To give encouragement to those who find
 It easier to beg for bread, betimes,
 Than to expend their strength in earning dimes
 Wherewith to purchase it. A parent ought
 To furnish food for those whom he has brought
 Into this world, where each one has his share
 Of tribulation, sorrow, toil and care.
 I sympathize with you, my little lad,
 Your destitution makes me feel so sad ;
 But, for the sake of those who should supply
 Your wants, I must your earnest plea deny ;
 And inasmuch as giving food to you
 Would be providing for your parents, too,
 Thus fostering vagrancy and idleness,
 I cannot think such charity would bless
 Who gives or takes ; and therefore I repeat,
 I cannot give you anything to eat."
 Before this "vasty deep" of logic stood
 The child, nor found it satisfying food.
 Nor did he tell the tale he might have told
 Of parents slumbering in the grave's damp mould,
 But quickly shrank away to find relief
 In giving vent to his rekindled grief,
 While Deacon Roland soon forgot the appeal
 In meditating on his better weal.

Ere long the Sabbath bells their peals rang out,
 To summon worshipers, with hearts devout,
 To wait on God and listen to His word ;
 And then the deacon's pious heart was stirred ;
 And in the house of God he soon was found
 Engaged in acts of worship most profound.
 Wearied, however, with his week-day care,
 He fell asleep before the parson's prayer
 Was ended ; then he dreamed he died and came
 To heaven's grand portal, and announced his name :
 " I'm Deacon Roland, called from earth afar,
 To join the saints ; please set the gates ajar,
 That I may 'join the everlasting song,'
 And mingle ever with the ransomed throng."

Then lo! "a horror of great darkness" came
 Upon him, as he heard a voice exclaim:
 "Depart from me! you cannot enter here!
 I never knew you, for indeed, howe'er
 You may have wrought on earth, the sad, sad fact
 Remains, that life's sublimest, worthiest act——"
 The deacon woke to find it all a dream
 Just as the minister announced his theme:
 "My text," said he, "doth comfort only such
 As practise charity; for 'inasmuch
 As ye have done it to the least of these
 My little ones,' saith he who holds the keys
 Of heaven, 'ye have done it unto me,'
 And I will give you immortality."
 Straightway the deacon left his cushioned pew,
 And from the church in sudden haste withdrew,

And up the highway ran, on love's swift feet,
 To overtake the child of woe, and greet
 Him as the worthy representative
 Of Christ the Lord and to him freely give
 All needful good, that thus he might atone
 For the neglect which he before had shown.
 Thus journeying God directed all his way,
 O'er hill and dale, to where the outcast lay
 Beside the road bemoaning his sad fate.
 And then the deacon said, "My child, 'tis late;
 Make haste and journey with me to my home;
 To guide you thither, I myself have come;
 And you shall have the food you asked in vain,
 For God himself hath made my duty plain;
 If he demand it, all I have is thine;
 Shrink not, but trust me; place thy hand in mine."
 And as they journeyed toward the deacon's home,
 The child related how he came to roam,
 Until the listening deacon understood
 The touching story of his orphanhood.
 Then, finding in the little waif a gem
 Worthy to deck the Saviour's diadem,
 He drew him to his loving breast, and said,
 "My child, you shall by me be clothed and fed;
 Nor shall you go from hence again to roam
 While God in love provides for us a home."
 And as the weeks and months roll on apace,
 The deacon held the lad in love's embrace;

And being childless did on him confer
The boon of sonship.

Thus the almoner
Of God's great bounty to the destitute
The deacon came to be ; and as the fruit
Of having learned to keep the golden rule
His charity became all-bountiful ;
And from thenceforth he lived to benefit
Mankind ; and when in life's great book were writ
Their names who heeded charity's request,
Lo ! Deacon Roland's "name led all the rest."

HOW THE CHURCH WAS BUILT AT KE- HOE'S BAR.*—JOHN BENNETT.

There were eight hundred men at Kehoe's Bar—and such men!—with cold, unrecking eyes ; brown, tough, creased and year-singed faces, hard as stone through their matted beards, and harder still without those tangled screens, in many cases grown to shield from eyes that never came, but which dare not be met.

There were two hundred women at Kehoe's Bar—and such women!—of them the least said, soonest forgiven.

In usual communities the better half looks askance at the worse, fears, shudders and condemns. But things were different at Kehoe's. The rough, bluff and tough little Sodom never *had* a better half, but brawled and cursed within itself, and grubbed and fought the gritty sands without, year after year, in all the pristine wickedness of its bachelorhood of vice.

There was no church at Kehoe's Bar. There was no meeting-house but "Pursell's Chapel"—mining-town sarcasm, that—Pursell's, where none but heathen gods might claim their devotees,—drunken Bacchus, tinsel Venus, and a blear-eyed God of war,—to end the drunken orgies of the waning night and add one more sunken spot to the straggling row on the hill beyond the bar. No, there was no church at Kehoe's.

*From "The Home Magazine," by permission of the Publishers.

A tall, spare man, with deeply earnest eyes and a long black coat had once sternly denounced the sins of the Kehoites, right under their sharp or ruby noses, as the case might be, and in their wolfish faces had warned the yelling citizens of the wrath to come, and to flee while yet there was time.

Punishment condign had no fears for them. They flouted him and scouted him. They laughed the gray-haired man to scorn, and drove him from the town with curses. The "Vigilance Committee" cut off the tails of his long black coat, daubed him with mud, and warned him with worse. Bewildered and bruised, he went away. Bacchus, Venus and Mars resumed their mutual sway, and Kehoe's was its straggling, wolfish self once more.

Yet here again "the diggins" were in an uproar and dumfounded with sheer amaze. Another "gospel sharp" had dared show himself at Kehoe's!

And, what was more and "tarnally wuss," between the pines, by Pursell's, flapped and tautened a broad, white sheet announcing in bold capitals a religious service there that evening.

They all came down to see the fun,—tall, stumpy, fat and hungry; grim in their likeness to the wilderness from which they tore their livelihood; fearless and contemptuous alike of God, or man, or devil; a swearing, roaring mob, stained with clay, tobacco, rum, and sin, the last thicker and more palpable than all the rest.

Across the stumps was nailed a plank, and upon this whip-sawed platform before them, stood the "gospel sharp," young, slender, steady-eyed, his yellow hair thrown carelessly back; a short blue coat and a flannel shirt, a belt and faded trousers. A disapproving growl showed how unwillingly the crowd were balked of their expected ridicule of dingy sacerdotal sable and long cloth tails.

There was a moment or so of anticipatory calm. The frank blue eyes of the young missionary gauged the homogeneously motley crowd, turned upon the hanging sign and read, in silent emphasis of its declaration,

then turned calmly to the elbowing crowd. A pair of hands rested carelessly upon flexible hips. The silence was complete. He spoke, low but firmly :

“ I have come to build a church at Kehoe’s Bar ! ”

No minstrel premier ever more convulsed an appreciative audience with a comic yarn. Such screams of laughter and hoarse whoops of mirth. Of all ridiculous things they had dreamed, this was the richest. A church at Kehoe’s ! Kehoe’s children roared amain. Out of it all arose a clear tenor voice. With unflinching gaze and earnest smile, the young minister was singing, singing until the wild, derisive howl died down through exhaustion and they listened again. This was a novelty. Sweet and strong rang out the young, clear voice. The ursine crowd almost forgot they came to revile, in the unexpected.

“ Sweet By-and-by ” was a new song to them, and a good voice a precious rarity in their bacchanals ; but “ sweet ” and “ beautiful ” were too effeminate words for the crude vocabulary of Kehoe’s Bar. They struck no sympathetic chord. The “ by-and-by ” had no sweets for those warped natures—their sieved, cradled, greed-washed blood-splashed shores were all but “ beautiful,” and the murmur of adverse intent bubbled up anew. The singer paused a moment, irresolute, his eyes wandering above the passion-tossed human waves before and around him, with their ironical murmurs, aggressive front and nervous movement. He had thought to speak, but words failed him, now, at his need. Stretching out his hands almost appealingly, the silence became as that before a storm. He gazed out over the muddy stream, the last radiance of the dying day lighting his pleading face and golden hair, and sung with a thrill of yearning that wondrous prayer-song :

“ Jesue, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.”

There was a sharp agonized cry in the crowd—a struggle—a fight ? No. An herculean gold-washer, wild and

unkempt, wrenched his way through the swaying mob, and, leaping to the plank, almost savagely clutched the singer by the shoulders.

“Them’s the words—sing them there agin—‘while them nearer waters rolls’—*sing ’em agin!*”

With a startled fervor and a deeper tremor of feeling that rung of victory, out quivered the pleading words:

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll—”

“Them’s it! Stop right where ye is, parson—‘while them nearer waters rolls!’—I’ve got suthin’ ter say. Boys, ye all knowed Dick Norcott?” A strange new light was in this miner’s wolfish eyes. A stir breathed assent from the crowd,—breathless, voiceless, to hear what all this meant. For well they knew Dick Norcott—or had known—young, quiet and strange when he came among them, his life-hope killed by a mistake that was not a crime. Abused, brow-beaten, bullied, cursed and threatened daily, uncomplainingly and ever unflinchingly he had worked steadily at his claim, day in, day out, while the year ran, under the bitter stigma of cowardice, for with one horrible memory ground into his soul, he refused for all to fight and became the butt of the brawling camp. But when—there was more than one sudden gulp among those bronzed men—and “big Tom” Rickett spoke again:

“Parson, we don’t want no cantin’, hippercritical whang-doodle in ourn. We don’t want no cryin’ an’ groanin’ over our oneryness. We don’t want no brimstun an’ sulphire shuck onter us. We aint the kind of ducks that kin beskeered inter heaven. When the days comes up, it’s us an’ the rocks, an’ the san’, an’ work, work, work. When the nights comes down acrost the divide, it’s us an’ the dark, to be tough, an’ kill time, an’ sleep, ontill the days comes up agin, an’ then back to the rocks, an’ the san’, an’ work, work, work. We kin do all that. We has done it, year ’n year. *That’s us!*”

Ther we kin hol' our own agin Calaveras, an' asks no odds o' nobody—aint it, boys?"

"Bet your life!" rose in a shifting murmur from the sea of heads, a stern proclamation of reliance in self against the world's worst, their fellow-men.

"All what men needs fer men, fer work, we'se got right hyer in these arms of ourn"—and brawny muscles swelled beneath the clinging flannel—"but it's 'when them nearer waters rolls!"

"Parson, we called Dick Norcott coward, but one day down ther at two-mile bend, a homeless widder's babby toddled inter the san's. 'Twa'n't no uthly use, that babby, but Dick, out perspectin, hearn it cry, an' I hearn Dick yell. When I kim on the jump, yander were Dick a-wallerin' in the quick-san' arter the kid, the little un so light he jus' begin to sink, but Dick knee-deep areddy with his weight.

"I kin see it yet—how he tore the screamin' babby from the san's an' throwed him back like a g'y'nte inter the shaller water an' safe bottom when the mucky, shaky, hungry stuff had sucked him down to the waist. How I tried to find a plank, an' none in miles. How I tried to rope him, an' the lariat were too short,—him quiet an' pale-like ez death, advisin' an' suggestin', an' me the only soul in hearin'. How I fout along the edge to reach him till my boot-tops filled weth san' an' I had to fight outen it again. An' how I screeched for help— an' then cussed an' cried when we both knowed it were too late. An' him a-lookin' back to me weth the las' sun acrost his face an' gal-like hair, jes' like yourn, parson, smilin' that smile, sweeter an' quieter as a babby on its mammy's breas', and 'Tom,' says he, 'drop that. I can't go over the divide to that tunc!'

"The san's oozed like under his stretchin' out arms, an' shook and sizzed an' wiggled like a big coil-up snake jes' under the splashin' water."

The streng man covered his face with his hands and shuddered as he lived it all again. The crowd moved,

painfully silent, chewed hard, not one would look into another's face. There was a suspicious dimness in Tom Rickett's eye when his brawny hands went down.

"Then Dick's voice come gentler, like a wind a whisperin': 'Tom,' says he, 'gin my shanty to the widder, gin my washin' claim to Lame Blake, he aint no luck, and tell the boys, Tom, tell the boys that—that I wa'n't afeard!' His voice were clear ez a silver bell, nary a shake, ez two litte swirls showed his shoulders was under.

"O Dick!—an' I swore, a-fallin' on my face so'st I mightn't see the en'—'fergin us, Dick, fergin us, we didn't a-knowed ye!' 'Tom,' says he, deep and ca'm an' kindly liket, ther aint nothin' to fergin. I never beared ye no gredgc—but, Tom, gin every man a fair shake, an' tell 'em I wa'n't afeard, Tom; tell 'em I wa'n't afeard. Good-bye, ole man, good-bye!'

"I looked—parson, I sees him now, head throwed back in the sun an' water roun' it, nary fraid in them boy's blue eyes o' his'n, an' him a smilin' up at the sky—I seed no more. I couldn't look—but I hearn him sing out all to oncet like an angel in heaven. Parson, I'm tough, but my heart hurts yit, an' them's the words what he sung :

Jesus, lover o' my soul,
Lemme to thy bosom fly,
When them nearer waters rolls —"

The great hoarse voice shook as it stumbled through the lines.

"'When them nearer waters rolls!' How his voice rung ther—then so still. I hearn myself a-breathin'. I couldn't look, nor think on it, nor listen fer cryin'. I could 'a' died right thar on the san's. When I durst see, them lyin', shiny, laughin', waters was splashiu' along in the sun, an' up in the hills I seem to hearn them words a-cryin' 'When them nearer waters rolls, lemme to thy bosom fly!'

"When the days an' the nights an' the work an' the fightin's jes' all, men on Kehoe's Bar don't need no sech, but it's 'when them nearer waters rolls'—that's what we

wants. Boys, words what Dick Norcott could die to 'll do fer men to live to! Here's fer a church at Kehoe's! Parson, sing them words agin!"

Into his huge sombrero chinked his sack of dust, and as the words rang out again in the growing dusk, a wordless shout, a cry of all that was good in the hearts of these men, welcoming "words that men could die to," rose like a cheer. Almost scrambling over one another, into the wide hat dropped the golden offerings, until, heavy with its load, "big Tom" Rickett laid it at the singer's feet.

And so the church was built at Kehoc's bar.

THE MOUNTED KNIGHT.

Beside a window sits the maid, a harp within her hand ;
In robes of golden silk arrayed, she looks out on the land,
And sings a song of a mounted knight, who crossed the distant plain—

Ting-a-tang--ting-a-tang--ting-a-tang--ting-a-tang—and ne'er returned again.

Ten years pass on, and yet the maid sits by the window there ;

Another fashion is the style in which she wears her hair,
And loudly on her harp she plays that weird, familiar strain
Of the mounted knight who went him forth and ne'er returned again.

Another ten years fleet go by ; the maid is in her place ;
Her silken robes have faded, and the rose has left her face,
And yet her voice keeps, as of old, the never-changed refrain

Of the knight who left his native land and ne'er returned again.

Still one more decade ; yet the maid the old, old story sings
While age-bent fingers try to creep across the few left strings ;

And the reason why she sang this song her weary lifetime through,—

Ting-a-tang--ting-a-tang--ting-a-tang--ting-a-tang,—'twas the only one she knew.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CALL.—GEORGIA A. PECK.

I don't want to compel you
To let your baking go,
But I came in to tell you
Some things you ought to know !

It wont take long: no doubt you
Will think it can't be so,
But folks all talk about you !
I've come to let you know.

Now there's your next door neighbor—
Don't say, I told you, though !
She says it's no great labor
To find out all you know !

You see you're too confiding ;
You don't know friend from foe.
I'll set you right, providing
You think you ought to know.

You've heard of Mrs. Grundy ?
She thinks it looks quite low
For you to drive out Sunday.
I'm sure you ought to know.

Your class don't like their teacher.
I knew it long ago !
They all prefer Miss Preacher—
Thought you might like to know.

You must change your dressmaker ;
You make a sorry show
Primmed up like some old Quaker !
I s'pose you didn't know.

But then I've heard it hinted
You don't pay what you owe ;
I s'pose your means are stinted.
Of course you ought to know.

Though you may not concede it,
Your baby doesn't grow !
They say you don't half feed it—
But then you ought to know.

I saw your husband last night
 With Mrs. So and So ;
 Of course it may be all right,
 But I should want to know.

I think this bread will sour,
 You don't half mix your dough,
 I mould mine just an hour—
 It's strange you shouldn't know!

You need me to propel you !
 This clock's a little slow—
 I'll drop in soon and tell you
 More things you ought to know!

AN UNSEEN ANGEL.—NANCY PATTON McLEAN.

Soft fell the tender shades of eve, the coming night foretelling;
 Afar and near rose sweet and clear the organ's song upswelling;
 To other ears a wordless hymn ; to mine, attuned to sadness,
 Each note was full and running o'er with loving praise and gladness.
 With weary heart and tired feet I crossed the sacred portal,
 Weary of sin and tired of toil, the common lot of mortal.
 Down through the aisles the music rolled, from out the organ ringing,
 The angel met me at the door, a joyous message bringing:
 " Give thanks, the Lord our God is good, His mercy faileth never,
 Be glad, O heaven, and sing, O earth, our God is God forever!"

" I am too tired to sing," I said, " I have no thanks to render.
 Life's path is cold and hard to tread, my feet are sore and tender.
 Where friendship's torch should constant burn, it shows but fitful flashes;
 The gold I grasp to rust will turn, the fruit is only ashes.
 They have the less of care to bear whose life is soonest ended."
 Sweet with the organ's solemn roll the angel's answer blended:
 " Envy thou not the quiet dead, nor covet thou their sleeping.
 Bear bravely thy appointed lot, thy faith and honor keeping."

And hold this blessed truth in mind, forget its beauty never,
Whether life smiles or darkly frowns, our God is God forever!

"I am so sick of sin," I said, "and sin is all surrounding,
The good I would do, do I not, because of sin abounding.
I reach toward the higher life, my soul for freedom longing,
My feet are struggling in the mire where base desires are thronging.

What need is there of sin to be? Why spurn I not its prof-
fers?

The very bitterness of death is in the cup it offers."

Still underneath and far above the organ's solemn pealing
The angel's tender melody unto my heart came stealing:

"Behold the Cross! O tired soul, lay down thy heavy bur-
den!

Seek here the strength oft-promised as true faith's unfailing
guerdon."

"I have no faith," I said, with tears. "Why should I cease
from crying?

Within the clasp of these sad years my darling dead are lying.
Why are they gone while I am here? My grief is just and
holy."

The angel sang still sweet and clear, still lovingly and lowly:

"Thy dead are safe in God's own care, O sad soul, cease thy
wailing!

Earth hath no guardian anywhere so loving, so unfailing.

The Lord is very pitiful unto His children's sorrow,

This grief is for thine earthly day—what joy the heavenly
morrow!

O sing the Father's grace to thee, whose mercy failing never
Gives, unto thy beloved, sleep—then sinless life forever."

I bowed my head in bitter pain that strove with deep con-
trition,

"Father!" I cried, and with the word my heart broke in
submission.

I saw the love, I saw the grace, I saw the tender beauty

That shineth from the Father's face along the path of duty.

The angel's voice was hushed awhile and all the people,
singing,

Sent up to God a noble hymn with thankful praises ringing.

And when the solemn words of prayer rose over heads all
bended.

The doubts, the fears, the cares, the tears, and weariness
were ended;

And all the happy bells of peace within my heart rang ever,

"Give thanks! Our Father is our God, whose mercy faileth
never."

THE RESCUE.—MARION P. RICHE.*

By permission of the Author.

In the grass by a lowly doorway,
 Sat a beautiful little child ;
 Within the door the mother
 Passed busily by, and smiled
 And cooed to the little prattler,
 As he laughed in baby glee,
 And said in her heart devoutly,
 "What joy God has given to me!"

And a dream of her darling's future
 Came floating before her eyes ;
 "Ah! surely" she thought, "a bright pathway,
 Before my sweet wee one lies.
 To guard him from all that is evil,
 To teach him the true, right way,
 Shall be my life's one great duty,
 Our boy shall ne'er go astray ;

"Oh, my prince! with your crown so golden,
 And your eyes so heavenly blue,
 Through life, even down to death's valley,
 Mother's love shall watch over you
 And keep you—and keep you, my sweet one,
 Sin never shall touch one so fair."
 So she dreamed of her baby's future
 While busied with household care.

But why is the baby so quiet ?
 Fast asleep in the grass he lay,
 The snowy lids closed, oh, so softly,
 Curles brushed from the brow away.
 "The angels have kissed him," she whispered,
 As she stepped through the open door ;
 And paused ere she lifted the sleeper,
 To gaze on his beauty more.

But instead of her baby's beauty,
 She now sees a reptile head
 Rise angrily up beside him,
 As he stirs in his grassy bed.
 A rattlesnake slowly uncoiling,
 Half hid by his garments fold,

*Author of "Memories of the War," a very effective Temperance recitation in No. 30 of this Series.

The hateful fanged head now is swaying—
The heart of the mother turns cold.

There is but an instant to save him—
“Lord, keep him all motionless now!”
A spring—a cry, and she has him,
The beaded drops stand on her brow.
Tears start as she clasps her baby
Close, close to her quivering breast,
And bedew his curls as she lays him
Unwaked, in his bed to rest.

How our hearts go out to the mother
Whose boy the danger came near!
And we rejoice at the rescue,
As we wipe away a tear;
But oh, what a greater danger
Lurks near every home to-day!
Strong drink, like a cruel coiled serpent
Lies close by each path and highway.

Stay not till he strikes his venom
To the hearts we love so well,
But with keen and rightful weapons
Slay the serpent and break his spell.
Then childhood may sleep in safety,
And manhood be strong and true;
And the homes of our land be brighter,
In the coming day, glad and new.

MRS. O'TOOLE AND THE CONDUCTOR.*

S. JENNIE SMITH.

She entered a crowded car and was followed by five blooming children. Then she looked around with a disgusted air because no one offered her a seat. Finally, directing her glance toward three stalwart men who had been fortunate enough to procure sitting room, she burst forth in this manner:

“It’s a mane sort av a spalpane that’ll thry to chate a poor widdy woman out av a sate. Faix me ounn

*Written expressly for this Collection. Among Miss Smith’s contributions to our Dramatic Series is a very beautiful figurative dialogue in a religious vein, entitled “The Journey of Life,” which will be found in No. 29.

Terence that's dead and gone (pace to his ashes!) wouldn't be afther lavin' a lady howld on to the shtrap, and she in her bist sharl and bunnit, not to sphake av the childer, ivery wan in their missus hubbards and tammy shanties. Phwat is the matter wid yer? Mary Ann, can't yer kape on yer feet? Yer moight if yer was presinted wid some papes'. Patsy, jist lane agin the gintlemin ferninst yer. Katie, me beautiful darlint, it won't beshtandin' in cars yer'll be tin years from now. Yer'll be a foine lukin' gurril thin, and the min'll be knockin' aich other over to say who'll guv yer the sate fust. Arrah, me lovely twins! don't be afther pullin' down me drapery; howld on to the gintlemin's coat-tail.

"*Yer want me fare, eh?* Sure, papele that are compilled to shtand should git the ride for nothin'. There's me ouwn cousin's fust b'y phwat's a conductor on the stame-boat wid a blue jacket and a biled shirt, he niver axes me have Oi paid me fare, and he guvs me the illigintist sofy sate wid an aisy back——"

"Madam," said the conductor, sternly, "I want your fare. I have no time to listen to talk about your cousin."

"Sure aint me cousin ivery bit as respectable as yourn?"

"I'm not comparing your cousin with anybody's. I want your fare."

"Thin it's treminjus lucky for yer that yer aint. Tim's as foine a b'y as iver brathed, and his stip-uncle's jist afther goin' on the foorce——"

"Madam, your fare is thirty cents. Please hand it over."

"Thirty cints. Howly Moses! do yer take me for an Ashtorbilt?"

"I take you for a woman of common sense, and you can either pay your fare or get off the car."

"Aint Oi goin' to pay it thin? but Oi'm a woman of common since enough to kape the loikes of yer from chating me outer thirty cints. There's me and Mary Ann to pay for, and that's tin cints, and not wan blised pinny more. Sure yer don't mane to charge me for

thim little teeny childer? *Ivery one above the age*, do yer say? Phwat age are yer tarkin' about? *Did Oi rade the sign?* Indade, and Oi have no toime to be rad-in' signs. Oi'm in a hurry to git to Barnum's to say his hippypots and giraffers, and Oi've got to shtop at Twinty-ninth Strate for me cousin Biddy Looney and little Moiky, so Oi shtarted airy. Thirity cints? Make an explynation av that, if yer plaze. There's mesilf and Mary Ann, that's tin——"

"Madam, I insist on you paying your fare or leaving the car," broke in the conductor again furiously.

"Aint Oi payin' me fare? There's mesilf and Mary Ann, that's tin——"

"And all the others make it thirty, and the sooner you pay the money the better for you."

"Oi'm no lightuin' calkerlator, sorr, and Oi am a decent, honest woman, but me oun mother lift me a little prudence widout much else to shpake av, and Oi finds out that me bills is kerict before I pays out wan pinny. Now there's mesilf and Mary Ann, that's tin, and Patsy foive more, which bain' added to tin makes fifteen; thin there's Katie, who ought to ride widout fare ivery toime, but she bain' charged, brings it up to twinty, and the twins make it foive more, if yer that daspicable that yer axes fare for sech teeny childer, and altogither it's twinty foive, and not wan pinny more."

"Madam, the twins make it thirty, if I know anything about counting."

"Nobody said yer did, sor, in my hearin', and Oi'm thinkin' it aint loikely ony body iver will. Now to make sure of havin' no mishtakes, we'll count it over agin, and carl on the good pable to listen. There's mesilf and Mary Ann, that's tin, and——"

"Madam," roared the conductor, beside himself with rage, "if you begin that string again, I'll call a policeman and have you arrested. For the last time I ask you to pay your fare, thirty cents."

She glanced quietly out of the window at the number

on the lamp-post, and then, winking slyly at the other passengers, inquired with the meekest of airs, "And yer won't take the twinty-foive cints?"

"No, not one cent less than thirty; either pay that, or leave the car at once."

"Be aisy, sorr, and Oi'll lave the car, for Oi can't submit to bain' chated out av foive cints be any wan. Come on, me darlints."

And the conductor, flushed with victory, failed to notice that his exasperating passenger had reached Twenty-ninth Street, her destination, and was being rapturously embraced by Bidly Looney and the aforesaid little Moiky. He thought, poor fellow, that the laugh which went round the car was at the expense of that woman and her sprightly progeny.

GOD'S MUSIC.—F. E. WEATHERLY.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water, and air, and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.

In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chord with might.

He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks, and the waters flow,—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.

He touches the waving flower-bells,
He plays on the woodland streams
A tender song—like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.

But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.*—I. H. BROWN.

After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Capt. Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and, the day after his capture, was hanged as a spy, Sept. 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and the brutal treatment which he received at the hands of his captors have suggested the following:

'Twas in the year that gave the nation birth,—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force,
Must compensate for lack of numbers.
He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy; in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork.
In culture, grace, and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.
The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve, considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength,—the act, the risk,
You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance, which

*By permission.

Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
 Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
 Should capture follow in the British camp? "

In tones of fitting modesty that well
 Became his years, the patriot answered thus:
 "My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
 My highest purpose to defend. That country's foes
 Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
 And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
 The loss of those who late our standards bore;
 Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
 We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
 Of those now cold in death are not replaced
 By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—
 Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
 The schools have given me capacities
 This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise
 Should not deter me from the act
 Whose issue makes our country free. In times
 Like these a nation's life sometimes upon
 A single life depends. If mine be deemed
 A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
 Deliverance." "Enough, go then at once," the great
 Commander said. "May heaven's guardian angels give
 You safe return. Adieu."

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
 The bay, and moved through British camp
 Without discovery by troops or refugees.
 The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
 Munitions, guns,—all military accoutrements
 Were noted with exact precision; while
 With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
 Casemated battery, magazine, and every point
 Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.
 The task complete, the spy with heart
 Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
 Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence
 A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
 His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
 His single hand might turn the tide of war,
 His country yet be free.

"Halt!" a British musket leveled at
 His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.

A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
 Upon the picket with a blow that else
 Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
 Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
 And desperate; in vain demands to be released.
 A tory relative, for safety quartered in
 The British camp, would prove his truckling loyalty
 With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
 A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
 So much in freedom's name was free no more.

O Judas, self condemned! thou art
 But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
 Who ere and since thy time betrayed to death
 A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed,—
 A base example to earth's weaker souls.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
 Was led. "Base dog!" the haughty general said,
 "Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the spy
 Quite well, I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
 You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
 An honest man; but in a rebel's hands they're vile
 And mischievous. If aught may palliate
 A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp,
 I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

With tone and mien that hushed
 The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
 The patriot thus replied: "You know my name—
 My rank;—my treach'rous kinsman made
 My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
 To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
 The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
 But never since I've known the base ingratitude
 Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
 Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
 Despotism which God and man abhor,
 And none but dastards fear to overthrow.
 For tyrant royalty your lordship represents
 I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
 Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
 His trembling soul might well condemn."

"I'll hear no more such prating cant," said Howe,
 "Your crime's enough to hang a dozen men.

Before to-morrow's sun goes down you'll swing
 'Twi'x earth and heaven, that your countrymen
 May know a British camp is dangerous ground
 For prowling spies. Away."

In loathsome cell, deprived
 Of holy sacrament, and e'en the word of Him
 Who cheered the thief upon the cross,—refused
 The means wherewith he would indite his last
 Farewell to her who gave him life,
 And to another whose young heart
 The morrow's work would shade in gloom,
 He passed the night in charge of one whom Satan had
 Commissioned hell's sharpest torments to inflict.

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
 A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
 Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached,
 Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
 Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
 His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph :

" Men, I do not die in vain,
 My humble death upon this tree will light anew
 The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
 Before will strike for country, home and God,
 And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
 Eternal plan to make this people free.
 A million prayers go up this day to free
 The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
 Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne ;
 The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land—
 This glorious land—is free—is free!

" My friends, farewell! In dying thus
 I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
 I have to give in Freedom's cause."

THE PRAIRIE MIRAGE.

A burning summer sun had beaten down on the prairie for days. Furnace-like, the south winds came racing out of the pulsing haze at the far horizon. The sky seemed of copper and the floor-like plain's once emerald disc was tinged by the heat with grayish-brown.

But one object broke the monotonous sameness of the scene,—a white-covered wagon, its flapping canvas top giving scant shelter to the emigrant and his wife crouched within. Their journey has been long, fever throbs in the woman's veins.

Suddenly the man looks up, startled. Their search for a home is over.

"See!" he cries in joy.

They have come out on the edge of a wide-reaching valley. Lines of dense-leaved, billowy forest, bend and sway in a gentle breeze. A lake with here and there a touch of foam to relieve the sparkling blue of the waves restlessly tosses and wrinkles its waters. Broad meadows suggesting clover and golden-rod are near by, and the undulations of the grass are like those of the lake. Yonder, along the beach, they catch a glimpse of dwellings—seeming palaces whose bold frontage awes their simple minds.

"See!" calls out again the glad husband, and his strong arm lifts the fainting wife that she may get a better view.

Rest is there and hope and joy. The burdens of the past have been so great! In the fierce race of life they have been left so far behind; but now the journey over the thin-grassed prairie is almost ended—the haven is in sight. They can almost taste the fruits of the deep-foliaged trees and catch a scent of the clover and of the sea.

Hungrily, earnestly they feast their eyes as they gaze through the opening in the flapping canvas.

A passing cloud drifts suddenly before the sun.

A cry of pain and disappointment surges to the woman's lips as she sees again a dreary length of plain whose level lines had so long fatigued her eyes. The torrid wind finds not a leaf to stir. She falls back on her heat-filled pillow.

The mirage has lifted.

The emigrant is alone on the prairie with his dead.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

LADY JANE.

Down the green hillside fro' the castle window
 Lady Jane spied Bill Amaranth a-workin';
 Day by day watched him go about his ample
 Nursery garden.

Cabbage thrived wi' mort o' green stuff,—
 Kidney beans, broad beans, onions, tomatoes,
 Artichokes, seakale, vegetable marrows,
 Early potatoes.

Lady Jane caredⁿnot very much for all these.
 What she cared much for was a glimpse of Willum,
 Strippin' his brown arms wi' a view to horti-
 Cultural effort.

Little guessed Willum, never extra vain, that
 Up the green hillside, i' the gloomy castle,
 Feminine eyes could so delight to view his
 Noble proportions.

Only one day while, in an innocent mood,
 Moppin' his brow ('cos 'twas a trifle sweaty)
 With a blue kerchief—lo, he spies a white 'un
 Sweetly responding.

O delightsome Love! Not a jot do you care
 For the restrictions set on human inter-
 Course by cold-blooded speculative old folks;
 Nor do I, neither.

Day by day, peepin' fro' behind the bean sticks,
 Willum observed that scrap o' white a-wavin',
 Till his hot sighs out-growin' all repression
 Busted his weskit.

Lady Jane's guardian was a haughty duke, who
 Clung to old creeds and had a nasty temper;
 Can we blame Willum that he hardly cared to
 Risk a refusal?

Year by year found him busy mid the bean sticks,
 Wholly uncertain how on earth to take steps.
 Thus for eighteen years he beheld the maiden
 Wave fro' her window.

But the nineteenth spring, i' the Castle post-bag
 Came, by book-post, Bill's catalogue o' seedlings
 Marked wi' blue ink at "Paragraphs relatin'
 Maiuly to pumpkins."

“W. A. can,” so the Lady Jane read,
 “Strongly commend that very noble gourd, the
 Lady Jane, first-class medal, ornamental,
 Grown to a great height.”

Scarce a year arter, by the scented hedgerows—
 Down the shorn hill-side, fro’ the castle gateway—
 Came a long train, and, i’ the midst, a black bier,
 Easily shouldered.

“Whose is yon corse that, thus adorned wi’ gourd leaves,
 Forth ye bear with slow step?” A mourner answered,
 “’Tis the poor clay-cold body Lady Jane grew
 Tired to abide in.”

“Delve my grave quick, then, for I die to-morrow,
 Delve it one furlong fro’ the kidney bean sticks,
 Where I may dream she’s goin’ on precisely
 As she was used to.”

Hardly died Bill when, fro’ the Lady Jane’s grave
 Crept to his white death-bed a lovely pumpkin—
 Climbed the house wall and over-arched his head wi’
 Billowy verdure.

Simple this tale!—but delicately perfumed
 As the sweet roadside honeysuckle. That’s why,
 Difficult though its metre was to manage,
 I’m glad I wrote it.

HER IDEAL.—KATE MASTERSON.

She wanted to reach an ideal ;
 She talked of the lovely in art,
 She quoted from Emerson’s essays,
 And said she thought Howells had “heart.”
 She doted on Wagner’s productions,
 She thought comic opera low,
 And she played trying tunes on a zither,
 Keeping time with a sandal-shod toe.

She had dreams of a nobler existence,—
 A bifurcated, corsetless place,
 Where women would stand free and equal
 As queens of a glorious race.
 But her biscuits were deadly creations
 That caused people’s spirits to sink ;

And she'd views upon matters religious
That drove her relations to drink.

She'd opinions on co-education,
But not an idea on cake ;
She could analyze Spencer or Browning,
But the new kitchen range wouldn't bake.
She wanted to be esoteric,
And she wore the most classical clothes ;
But she ended by being hysteric
And contracting a cold in the nose.

She studied of forces hypnotic,
She believed in theosophy quite ;
She understood themes prehistoric,
And said that the faith cure was right.
She wanted to reach an ideal,
And at clods unpoetic would rail—
Her husband wore fringe on his trousers
And fastened them on with a nail !

THE COURT OF THE KING.—FLORENCE MAY ALT.

The armor hung high in the tapestried hall
Where the knights and the nobles were banqueting all ;
Their shields laid aside and their lances insheathed,
And the tall silver flagons with ivy enwreathed ;
The fumes of the winecups like incense arose,
While the monarch who drank had forgotten his foes ;
And the might of his laugh made the rose-garlands swing—
There was feasting and mirth in the court of the king.

Only one voice was still in the shout or the song,
And one face was sad in the midst of the throng,
Rinaldo, the jester, and Lillo, his son,
Had frolicked together in days that were done ;—
But Lillo was looking his last upon earth,
Within sight of the lights, within sound of the mirth.
What wonder the father has no songs to sing,—
Who thought of his child in the court of the king.

The banquet went on and the torches up-flared—
If the son of the jester were dying, who cared ?
"Ho, rouse there, Rinaldo," the king said again,
" My minstrels are tiring, take thou up the strain."

The jester advanced to the foot of the throne ;
 He silenced their stories and told them his own,
 And, waiting the mercy his service might bring,
 He silently knelt at the feet of the king.

The monarch was frowning (Rinaldo, thy fears
 Have cause, for the world has no patience with tears);
 "What—Lillo," he answered, "this nonsense for him?"
 The eyes of the jester were raised now, and dim.
 "Why trouble my feasting with thy trifling woes?
 Come, sing, I command thee!" The jester arose
 And sang, but his voice felt his heart's broken string,
 And seemed to drop tears in the court of the king.

The banquet went on, and the winecup went round
 Till foes were forgotten, and caution was drowned ;
 And a stranger pushed in and stole unawares
 Past nobles who nodded or slept in their chairs.
 With soft steps he crept to the foot of the throne ;
 The minstrels, too, nodded—Rinaldo alone
 Saw the steel in his hand and with one sudden spring
 Had saved the king's life in the court of the king.

Descending, the dagger was sheathed in the heart
 Of Rinaldo, the jester ; who, playing the part
 Of a motley-garbed court-fool when living, lay dead
 With the crown of a hero. The murderer fled
 Past the courtiers startled, who heard, in the dim
 Morning light, from the convent the nun's matin hymn.
 And Rinaldo, the jester—ah, sweet, solemn thing—
 Met with Lillo once more in the court of a king.

LITTLE JACK TWO-STICKS.*—MARION MANVILLE.

'Twas a terrible day, and we spent it fighting the third divi-
 sion of Hill's command
 In the Wilderness ; then, just as night was falling, we finish-
 ed the combat hand to hand.
 Our ranks were thinned, and the men had fasted hour after
 hour of the hard-fought day,
 With canteens empty, and knapsacks lying on the ground
 in camp when we marched away.

*From "Over the Divide and Other Verses," by permission of the Author.

Corporal Hunt had stood beside me all through the fight as our men went down,—

That tall, blue grain in its long swaths lying, hiding the earth where it *had* been brown.

The cleft twigs dropped from the trees above us, cut by the bullets which whistled there,

And with labored breathing we clambered forward, muttering sometimes a curse or prayer.

Little Jack Two-Sticks, the company's drummer—you see we had nicknames among the boys—

Was drumming away at my left, and helping to deaden the shriek of those leaden toys.

Jack was a lad, and a little fellow about the size of my youngest girl

I had left at home; eyes the same color, and hair that was always trying to curl.

“Look at that boy!” the corporal shouted. “Look at that little chap drumming away!”

And we sort of smiled in each other's faces. “He takes it as cool as if it was play!”

And the powder-grimed face of the corporal softened, then suddenly hardened, and down he fell.

“What! Hunt, are you hit?” But he made no answer, and I heard in the front the rebel yell,

And our colonel shouting, “Charge bayonets, men!” I rushed through the thicket to take my part,

Leaving the corporal lying quiet with a minie-ball lodged in his gallant heart.

We fought and we won with the little handful left of our brave old Company G.

Our colonel dropped, half rose, and shouted, “Follow them, boys! Not a man stays with me.”

But after the cannon had stopped their rattle, and after the bullets had ceased their play,

And we searched for our comrades, I heard the drumming of little Jack Two-sticks far away.

Queer that Jack wasn't up with the company, as the sharp tattoo of his drum we heard,

But it suddenly changed to a muffled long-roll, and five of us started without a word

And followed the sound through the Wilderness shadows. There, with his back to a fallen tree,

And six of his comrades dead around him, he was beating the long-roll for Company G.

"Why, Jack, old chap, are you hurt?" we questioned; his jacket was torn and the front was red.

I thought of my girl as I watched him faintly beating the long-roll there to the dead.

"How did it go—who beat?" he whispered. "We saved the day at the last—we won!"

"Write to mother about it——" His hands fell lifeless, and little Jack 'Two-sticks' drumming was done.

The night came down with its blessed quiet, and I said a prayer for my little girl,

And the little chap in the darkness sleeping, with hair too stiffened with blood to curl.

But of all the sights that the Wilderness shadows were trying to hide as the smoke-clouds fled,

The saddest of all was that little fellow beating the long-roll there for the dead.

THE CURATE'S STORY.—JEROME K. JEROME.

It was Christmas-eve! Christmas-eve at my uncle John's, in the dimly lighted front parlor, where the flickering fire-light threw strange shadows on the highly colored wall-paper, while without, in the wild street, the storm raged pitilessly, and the wind, like some unquiet spirit, flew, moaning, across the square, and passed, wailing with a troubled cry, round by the milk-shop.

We had had supper, and were sitting round, talking and smoking.

Aunt went to bed soon after supper, leaving the local curate, old Dr. Scrubbles, Mr. Samuel Coombes, our member of the County Council, Teddy Biffles, and myself to keep Uncle company. We agreed that it was too early to give in for some time yet, so Uncle brewed another bowl of punch; and I think we all did justice to that—at least I know I did.

Uncle John told us a very funny story in the course of the evening. Oh, it was a funny story! I forget what it was about now, but I know it amused me very much at the time; I do not think I ever laughed so much in all my life. It is strange that I cannot recol-

lect that story too, because he told it to us four times. And it was entirely our own fault that he did not tell it us a fifth. After that, the Doctor sung a very clever song, in the course of which he imitated all the different animals in a farm-yard. He did mix them a bit. He brayed for the bantam cock, and crowed for the pig; but we knew what he meant all right.

Oh, we did have such fun that evening!

And then, somehow or other, we must have got on to ghosts; because the next recollection I have is that we were telling ghost stories to each other.

Teddy Biffles told the first story. He called it Johnson and Emily; or, the Faithful Ghost. It made me cry very much, Biffles told it with so much feeling.

We had some more punch and then the curate told us a story. I could not make head or tail of the curate's story, so I cannot retail it to you. We none of us could make head or tail of that story. It was a good story enough, so far as material went. There seemed to be an enormous amount of plot and enough incident to have made a dozen novels.

I should suppose that every human being our curate had ever known or met or heard of was brought into that story. There were simply hundreds of them. Every five seconds he would introduce a completely fresh collection of characters, accompanied by a brand-new set of incidents.

This was the sort of story it was:

"Well, then, my uncle went into the garden and got his gun, but, of course, it wasn't there, and Scroggins said he didn't believe it."

"Didn't believe what? Who's Scroggins?"

"Scroggins! Oh, why, he was the other man, you know—it was his wife."

"What was his wife—what's she got to do with it?"

"Why, that's what I'm telling you. It was she that found the hat. She'd come up with her cousin to London—her cousin was my sister-in-law and the other niece

had married a man named Evans, and Evans, when it was all over, had taken the box round to Mr. Jacobs because Jacobs's father had seen the man when he was alive, and when he was dead, Joseph——”

“Now look here, never you mind Evans and the box; what's become of your uncle and the gun?”

“The gun! What gun?”

“Why, the gun your uncle used to keep in the garden, and that wasn't there. What did he do with it? Did he kill any of these people with it—these Jacobses and Evanses and Scrogginses and Josephses? Because, if so, it was a good and useful work, and we should enjoy hearing about it.”

“No—oh, no—how could he? He had been built up alive in the wall, you know, and when Edward IV. spoke to the abbot about it my sister said that in her then state of health she could not. So they christened Horatio, after her own son, who had been killed at Waterloo before he was born, and Lord Napier himself said——”

“Look here, do you know what you are talking about?” we asked him at this point.

He said no, but he knew it was every word of it true, because his aunt had seen it herself. Whereupon we covered him over with the table-cloth and he went to sleep.

—*Told after Supper.*

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.—HORATIUS BONAR.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;

Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on ;
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in darkness
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So I would be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graven on stone ?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown ;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken ;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying ;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;
Upraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered,
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

BILLY'S ROSE.—GEORGE R. SIMS.*

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell :
There's a tale I know about them, were I poet I would tell ;
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like a breath of country
air
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odors there.

*Author of "The Life-boat," "The Old Actor's Story," "In the Harbor,"
"The Ticket O' Leave," and other famous Readings in previous Numbers.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago one winter's day,
Dying quick of want and fever, hapless, patient Billy lay,
While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering with her gentle presence Billy's pathway to the
tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and his worn, wan fea-
tures smiled ;
Tales herself had heard hap-hazard, caught amid the Babel
roar,
Lisped about by tiny gossips playing round their mothers'
door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over,—where, when all the
tears were shed,—
He would be a white-frocked angel, with a gold thing on
his head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's
love,
How He'd built for little children great big play-grounds up
above,
Where they sang and played at hop-scotch and at horses all
the day,
And where beadles and policemen never frightened them
away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven,—just a bit of what she'd
heard,
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred.
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to under-
stand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the prom-
ised land.

“ Yes,” he whispered, “ I can see it, I can see it, sister Nell ;
Oh, the children look so happy, and they're all so strong
and well ;
I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them,
too !
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and
you.”

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been
spent
In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the
rent ;

Where a drunken father's curses and a drunken mother's
blows
Drove her forth into the gutter from the day's dawn to its
close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell this sinking
boy,
"You must die before you're able all the blessings to enjoy.
You must die," she whispered, "Billy, and I am not even
ill ;
But I'll come to you, dear brother, —yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother, you are dying, oh, so fast ;
I heard father say to mother that he knew you couldn't last.
They will put you in a coffin, then you'll wake and be up
there,
While I'm left alone to suffer in this garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy. "Ah, but, sister, I don't
mind,
Gentle Jesus will not beat me ; He's not cruel or unkind.
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I should like to take away
Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every
day.

"In the summer you remember how the mission took us out
To a great green lovely meadow, where we played and ran
about,
And the van that took us halted by a sweet bright patch of
land,
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear, half as big as moth-
er's hand.

"Nell, I asked the good kind teacher what they called such
flowers as those,
And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose.
I have never seen them since, dear—how I wish that I had
one !
Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I'm up beyond the
sun."

Not a word said little Nelly ; but at night, when Billy slept,
On she flung her scanty garments and then down the stairs
she crept.
Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a
fawn,
Running on and running ever till the night had changed to
dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared a-
way,
All around her, wrapped in snowdrift, there the open coun-
try lay.

She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut
her feet,
But there came no flowery gardens her poor tearful eyes to
greet.

She had traced the road by asking, she had learnt the way
to go ;
She had found the famous meadow—it was wrapped in cruel
snow ;
Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade
Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down
and prayed ;

With her eyes upcast to heaven, down she sank upon the
ground,
And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be
found.
Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew
strangely dim ;
And a sudden, awful tremor seemed to seize her every limb.

“ Oh, a rose ! ” she moaned, “ good Jesus,—just a rose to take
to Bill ! ”

And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill ;
And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet ;
As she passed she flung it from her, and it fell at Nelly’s
feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,
And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet ;
But the poor, half-blinded Nelly thought it fallen from the
skies,
And she murmured, “ Thank you, Jesus ! ” as she clasped
the dainty prize.

Lo! that night from out the alley did a child’s soul pass a-
way,
From dirt and sin and misery up to where God’s children
play.
Lo! that night a wild, fierce snow-storm burst in fury o’er the
land,
And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in
her hand.

Billy’s dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy’s sister Nell ;
Am I bold to say this happened in the land where angels
dwell,—
That the children met in heaven, after all their earthly woes,
And that Nelly kissed her brother, and said, “ Billy, here’s
your rose ? ”

RECLAIMED; OR, SUNSHINE COMES AT LAST.*

H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

CHARACTERS.

EDWIN BARNWELL, a drunkard.
 MARY BARNWELL, his wife.
 FRANK BARNWELL, their son, a small boy.
 DENNIS McTOOZLE, an Irishman.
 BEN WATSON, a saloon keeper.
 MARK HARLEY. } Bar-room loafers.
 DAVE CRAFTON. }

• ACT I.

SCENE.—A room poorly furnished, Mrs. Barnwell seated, sewing.

Mr. Barnwell, a dejected look on his face, seated on a broken chair. Frank on a stool or box.

MR. BARNWELL. Mary, it seems useless for me to make any further effort. The demon has got hold of me—he claims me for his own and I am powerless in his grasp. I may as well drink myself into perdition at once and close my miserable career.

MRS. BARNWELL. Oh, Edwin, do not talk in that way! Rouse yourself. Ask help from on high; pray earnestly for help that you may be enabled to stand! This, I believe is your only hope now.

MR. B. Oh, Mary, there is no hope. When the thirst comes upon me I yield—I am forced to go. I may think of your poverty and suffering, I may think of our poor child here, but in spite of all I must go. Oh, Mary, you do not know what a hold the love of strong drink has got upon me. The thirst at times is so great that I am willing to sacrifice everything,—life, home, my hopes of future happiness,—everything, that I may have the accursed drink. Oh, no, you cannot understand how entirely I am in its power.

MRS. B. Edwin, I beseech you, make one more effort to save yourself and us. We are in poverty; life is a burden. If you continue in your present course what must be the end of it all?

FRANK. Oh, papa, if you only could quit drinking how happy we would all be! When you come home from the saloon I am afraid, and mamma is afraid. Sometimes I think you will kill us. Oh, papa, can't you be a good man, just like when you are not drinking?

MR. B. My poor child, I know I am a brute—but I am lost, I am lost! (*Rises, seemingly in great agony and strides across the room, then seats himself.*)

FRANK (*going to him and climbing upon his knee*). No, papa, you aren't lost—you're here. I'm your little Frank and I'll help you all I can if you'll only be a good man again. Don't you know how mamma feels? I think she is sick all the time now because you are so bad and if she should die, oh, what would I do?

MR. B. (*putting Frank down, and rising.*) Oh, how can I endure this? (*Takes his hat.*)

FRANK. Oh, papa, don't go out again. Don't go to the saloon.

MRS. B. (*going to him.*) Edwin! Edwin!

MR. B. (*waving her aside.*) It is of no use, Mary. I am lost. The thirst has returned. Why should I struggle any longer? Let me go; let me end my miserable life. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. sinks into a chair, weeping; Frank tries to comfort her.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act I. Frank lying on a cot in one corner of the room. Mrs. Barnwell seated by a small table, sewing.*

FRANK. Mamma, I'm so sick, and I've had such an ugly dream. I thought papa was driving both of us out of the house and then after awhile we both died.

MRS. B. My poor child! Try and go to sleep again and I think you will feel better in the morning.

FRANK. Mamma, I can't sleep. I'm so cold. If I should die and go up to heaven don't you think I could ask God to help my papa, so that he wouldn't drink any more? (*Mrs. Barnwell doesn't reply but buries her face in her hands.*) Don't cry, mamma. I'll die, and then I'll go to heaven and I'll do *everything* to get God to help you, and to keep papa from being so bad. (*Noise heard outside; Frank sits up.*) Oh! (*Seems frightened.*) Oh, mamma, he's coming.

MR. B. (*entering, intoxicated.*) What yer sittin' up fur? Why don't yer go to bed?

MRS. B. I am trying to finish this piece of sewing.

MR. B. Throw down yer sewin'; pitch it out of er house. Don't want no sewin' here. Better have some supper, I think. Git some supper, I say.

MRS. B. Edwin, how can I get supper? There is only half a loaf of bread in the house.

MR. B. Well, set it up; set it up. Must have somethin' to eat. Been out all night—ought to have somethin'. You are a fine woman, now aint you? I've come home and there's no supper ready.

FRANK (*seated on his cot*). Papa, there is nothing but a piece of bread. Mamma didn't eat anything at all this evening.

MR. B. Shut up, you whinin' pup. What are you talkin' about anyhow? I tell you, Mary, you lazy woman, I must have my supper. (*Angrily.*) Do you hear what I'm sayin'?

MRS. B. (*rising.*) Yes, Edwin, I will get the bread for you. It is all we have.

MR. B. Why didn't you have somethin' more? Been sewin', haven't you? Why didn't you sell yer sewin' and buy some beef an' fried oysters?

MRS. B. I was working as fast as I could —

MR. B. Shut up! You're a lazy, good-fur-nothin' old reprobate. I might as well kill you an' be done with it. (*Seizes a chair and raises it.*)

MRS. B. Oh, Edwin!

FRANK (*running to his mother*). Oh, papa, don't! Oh! oh!

MR. B. (*Sets chair down.*) Git the supper then or I'll kill you right on the spot. I don't want no foolin'. You're nothin' but a lazy, whinin', good-fur-nuthin' woman. (*Angrily.*) Yes, curses on you, I'll kill you anyhow. (*Raises chair to strike; Mrs. Barnwell and Frank scream. Enter hastily Dennis McToozle; he grasps Mr. Barnwell and throws him down. The chair falls on the floor.*)

DENNIS. Ye murdtherin' ould haythen, what w'ud yez be doin' onyhow? [*Curtain.*]

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A saloon. Shelf on which are bottles, and glasses, Ben Watson behind bar. Mark Harley and Dave Crafton, seated at a table, with empty glasses, etc.*

MARK. Dave, I'll bet I can beat you singin'.

DAVE. I'll bet you can't.

BEN. Don't want no singin' here. You mustn't be so noisy. I keep a respectable saloon.

DAVE. Yes, you do. You're a purty square man and you keep a purty good house.

MARK. Yes, that's so. But I could sing kind of easy, you know—I think I can sing "Annie Rooney" 'bout as well as the nex' feller.

BEN. Wont have no singin' here. If you want to sing you can go out into the street.

MARK. Guess I wont go out. Come to think about it I guess I don't want to sing. It's all right, I *wont* sing; I'll pass "Annie Rooney." That is—I'll not warble any this evenin'.

Enter Mr. Barnwell in worn and ragged clothes.

DAVE (to Mark). There's Ed. Barnwell. Looks kind of ratty, doesn't he?

MARK (to Dave). I think he's going down hill purty fast.

MR. B. (to Ben.) Give me a drink.

BEN. Got any money?

MR. B. No, but I'll make it all right.

BEN. You'll get no more drinks here till you pay up. You owe me somethin' over two dollars now.

MR. B. Oh, I'll make that all right. I want a drink now. I'm a'most wild.

BEN. Well you'll be a hanged sight wilder afore you get any more drinks from me unless you pay up.

MR. B. Oh, come now, give me a drink! I tell you I'll settle up soon. I'm goin' to work to-morrow. Just want a drink to brace me up.

BEN. Get out of the house or I'll brace you up. Get out or I'll kick you out. I've had enough of your whinin' and beggin' around here. Get out, I say.

Enter Dennis McToozle. He stands at one side.

MR. B. (*aroused.*) Yes, I *will* get out, and let me say, Ben Watson, I'll never enter your saloon again.

DENNIS (*aside*). He's talkin' loike a gentleman now.

MR. B. I've been a fool. The accursed appetite which was created here shall be subdued. I have a mind—I have a will, and I have taken the last drink of your soul destroying liquor. I am a degraded being, but you are one of the vilest of the devil's shop-keepers. You have no rum for me now,—no! But while I had money the drink flowed freely and you were willing that it should brace me up.

DENNIS (*aside*). Faith, an' aint he rainin' it down onto him?

MR. B. Ben Watson, may the curse of God rest on you

and on all rumsellers. I have been your dupe. I have been a slave to my appetite. I have spent my money here while my family was starving. I have made a degraded, besotted being of myself but, by the help of God, it shall go on no longer.

DENNIS (*aside*). Now that makes me feel like hollerin'. Hurrah! Shure an' he's got some av the qualities av a gentleman about him yet.

MR. B. I am going to show you that I can be a man. I have entered your rum-hole for the last time. Go on, Ben Watson in your infamous work; bring others down as you have brought me, and then, when their money is gone, turn them with curses from your door! Go on, Ben Watson, and you shall have your reward!

BEN Ed. Barnwell, if you have commenced to turn over a new leaf, why don't you turn it over? You needn't stand there talking about it. I don't want you to tell me what you are going to do. I have heard that kind of prating before and I have heard enough from you (*advancing from behind bar*). There's the door. Go!

DENNIS (*aside*). Faith an' Oi'd loike to take a hand in that scrimmage. (*To Ben.*) Lay a finger jist on that gentleman and Oi'll knock yez into the middle av nixt week an' kick yez whin ye git there.

BEN. Who are you? How dare you interfere with my business?

DENNIS. Oi'm a Scotchman, be jabers, from the north av Ireland, an' faix Oi'm able to tache yez a lesson in good manners. Let this man go on wid his spache an' trate him respectfully. Oi want yez to undherstand that there sba'n't be ony more interruptions. Now d'ye moind that?

BEN. Here Mark, Dave, I want your help. These bounds must be pitched out.

MARK (*aside*). There's goin' to be a fight; I'll go. [*Exit.*]

DAVE (*aside*). I aint no fighter and I don't want to git mixed up in no bar-room squabbles. [*Exit.*]

BEN (*grabbing Mr. Barnwell*). Get out, I say! Out of my house!

DENNIS (*catching Ben and hurling him backwards upon the floor*). Faith an' if yez git my dander up Oi'll clane the shop.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A room neatly furnished. Mrs. Barnwell and Frank seated; Mrs. Barnwell sewing; Frank reading.*

FRANK. Ma, ma, we are just as happy now as we can be. We have no troubles at all. I can go to school and we always have plenty to eat and a good fire to keep us warm. Oh, I am so glad that papa has stopped drinking. My clothes are good and I can go out now without feeling as if I didn't want people to see me. (*Rises and walks about.*) I think these are pretty nice pants. And, mamma, aren't these nice boots? I don't feel now like I used to when papa was drinking so much. I feel so glad about the way it has turned out that I thank God ever so much at night when I say my prayers. Oh, I think I'm just the gladdest boy in the world!

MRS. B. Yes, my child, we are happy now. We have had dark days but they are past and the sunlight breaks through the clouds.

FRANK. I wish papa would come. I want to speak my piece for him. I have it all learned now. Papa said he thought I could have it learned against this evening.

MR. B. (*entering.*) Very well, Frank, I will hear it now. (*To Mrs. B.*) I was detained a little while this evening. I had some extra work to do. As I came in I heard my little Frank say that he wanted to speak his piece for me. I am ready now to hear him, and we will have our supper afterwards. (*Any recitation can be introduced here, or a song substituted; after which a knock at door, Mr. B. opening it.*) Ah, my friend, come in.

DENNIS (*entering*). Shure an' Oi wull. Oi've been wantin' to call an' pay me respicts while Oi was in the village an' Oi thought Oi w'd do so this avenin'.

MR. B. I'm sure I am glad to see you. You have befriended me on two occasions at least, but you have always disappeared so suddenly that I have failed to ascertain your name.

DENNIS. Me name, misther, is Dennis McToozle, an' Oi was born an' raised on the grane sod av ould Ireland.

MR. B. Mary, this gentleman has twice befriended me, once, as you know, when I, frenzied with liquor, was on the point of striking you down. The thought of it fills me with the deepest shame! Of course we all feel grateful for his

interference on that occasion. I present him as a man who has proved to be a friend in need and a friend indeed. And although so kind I have just learned his name is—Dennis McToozle.

MRS. B. (*advancing and taking his hand.*) Truly I thank you for what you have done.

DENNIS. Shure an' Oi always thry to do my duty to my fellow man. An' now Oi'll explain this matther. Some three years ago this man, your husband, did a kind act fur me. He gave me foive dollars whin Oi hadn't a penny to me name—an' Oi didn't ax him fur it aither. An' faith Oi hadn't had a bite to ate fur two days. Oi was on the hunt av work an' was axin' him about it jist, whin he tould me where he thought Oi could get it an' thin he gave me the foive dollars into the bargain. Wull, Oi kept sight av him fur Oi knowed he was a gintleman. Indade, it a'most broke me heart whin Oi saw how he was goin' down the hill by his dhrinkin' an' neglectin' his work! But, sure, it's all roight now. He's kept as straight as a clergyman fur seven months an' Oi fale sure he wull stand as firm as the rock av Gibraltar.

MR. B. "By the grace of God I am what I am."

FRANK (*coming forward and taking Dennis by the hand*). Oh, mister, I will always like you. You have been a very good man and I want you to stay with us always.

DENNIS. Faith an' Oi'll kape an eye on yez onyhow. Oi niver forgit a man whin he does me a kindness.

Frank faces audience. Mr. and Mrs. Barnwell stand at one side of Frank, Dennis at the other.

FRANK. Our troubles are over and I am so glad. Papa's all right and I've got new pants and new boots. (*Sets out one foot and looks at his boot.*)

MR. B. Our darkest days are past —

MRS. B. And sunshine comes at last.

DENNIS. And if any man here has a thirst for the vile, soul destroying liquor—and is in the power av the demon, let him send fur me jist an' Oi'll endeavor to git him out. That's all.

[*Curtain.*]

THE PRETTY MAID OF KISSIMMEE.—JOEL BENTON.

Upon the cars—in spirit gay,
As rapturous as could be—
I met a girl from Florida
Who lives in Kissimmee.

Her eyes were like the sapphire's blue,
Her hair was flowing free,
She asked if I was going too,
To Kiss—to Kissimmee.

I never knew the town before,
But she was fair to see,
And she had charms and gold galore—
This maid of Kissimmee.

We talked with most amazing speed,
And did not disagree;
And still she urged, "I trust, indeed,
You're going to Kissimmee."

I am not often dashed, I'm sure,
Nor prudish can I be,
But think I blushed when she said "You're
Now going to Kissimmee."

The cars were full—I tried to say
(She sat so close to me):
"Is there a tunnel on the way?"
"Oh, yes—to Kissimmee."

"Now by old Ponce de Leon's shade—
If any such there be—"
I thought, "I'll kiss this pretty maid
As sure as she is she."

Reaching a tunnel near a curve,
She cried with vigorous shout
(For from my task I did not swerve):
"What are you, sir, about?"

"O maiden of the pretty face,
How can you angry be?
You said, (although I ask for grace),
'You're going to Kissimmee.'

“I could not stand a hint like that—
 And my mistake you see.”
 She smiled—and smoothed her ruffled hat—
 And turned to Kissimmee.

SHADOWS ON THE SNOW.—I. EDGAR JONES.

A woman watched the falling snow
 Through window panes in plants embowered ;
 And heard the angered breezes blow
 O'er carven drifts that whitely towered
 Against the clouded winter's eve ;
 While comfort reigned within the room
 Where shadows born of embers weave
 Their glowing fancies through the gloom ;
 Her prattling children warmed and fed,
 “How beautiful the snow!” she said.

A woman watched the falling snow
 Through broken panes with dirt defiled,
 And paced her garret to and fro,
 Where starving children, wan and wild,
 Joined in the storm king's sad refrain ;
 Their mother's heart in anguish stirred,
 For well she knew their pangs of pain,
 The evils wrought by hopes deferred ;
 And, praying for a crust of bread,
 “How terrible the snow!” she said.

A woman watched the falling snow
 Through windows turned toward the sea ;
 Heard winter's snow-veiled tempest blow,
 While billows roared in angry glee ;
 As forests bent before the gale,
 She caught her darlings in her arms,
 And watched the distance for a sail,
 Her wife-heart stirred with wild alarms ;
 “God grant his ship be safely led !
 How treacherous the snow!” she said.

A woman watched the falling snow,
 Who struggled through the city's street ;
 Hers all the anguish outcasts know
 Who walk the world with weary feet ;

Faint, hungry, saw through lighted panes
 The well-filled boards, interiors warm,
 Her crushed and anguished soul complains;
 But staggering onward through the storm,
 Ill-clad and dogged by haunting dread,
 "How cruel is the snow!" she said.

A woman watched the falling snow,
 Who wandered on through winding lanes;
 Her labored footsteps sad and slow,
 Her frozen body racked with pains;
 Her senses reeling, while her prayers
 Float upward on the winds of night,
 But no man knows and no one cares,
 As ghostly drifts are mounting white;
 At last she totters, reels and lies
 Where snow-flakes, gently round her form,
 In fleecy piles of ermine rise,
 As though to shield her from the storm.
 "How merciful the snow!" she said.
 And there they found her cold and dead.

WE ALL KNOW HER.—TOM MASSON.

She warbled the soprano with dramatic sensibility,
 And dallied with the organ when the organist was sick;
 She got up for variety a brand-new church society, and
 Spoke with great facility about the new church brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immorality,
 And organized a system that would open up their eyes;
 In culinary clarity she won great popularity, and
 Showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great propen-
 sity;
 Her Tuesday-talks were famous and her Friday-glimmers
 great.

She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity, and
 Lectured with intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,
 She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day on
 rocks;
 And while she dealt on density, or space and its immensity,
 With such refined audacity, her mother darned the socks!

BROUGHT BACK.—JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

She wandered alone at midnight, through alley and court
 and street,
 Through the heart of the wealthy city, yet starving for food
 to eat;
 Still on, though her feet were weary, and the wintry wind
 blew keen,
 Whilst her heart was nearly breaking at thought of the
 "might have been."

Through her mind old scenes are passing, so vivid and quick
 and clear;
 She can see the stile where Harold first met her and called
 her "dear ;"
 And the old, sweet country village, where she lived in the
 days gone by,
 And where not a pang of sorrow e'er caused her a tear or
 sigh.

Then again does her fancy paint her a picture of that gay
 scene,
 When the wedding bells rang sweetly, and she was a sailor's
 queen.
 But the vision melts, and quickly there flits through her
 haunted mind
 The sight of her love departing, and leaving her sad behind.

He had gone to his duty bravely, away o'er the salt blue sea ;
 "Oh, God!" she prayed when he left her, "bring Harold a-
 gain to me."
 But months went by and he came not, and now two years
 had fled ;
 She had lost all hope, and mourned him as one who was
 surely dead.

She had wed against parents' wishes, they'd renounced her
 long ago,
 And poverty's strong hand forced her to take to the needle
 and sew ;
 But she who had loved the country, and thrived in its pure,
 fresh air,
 Soon pined in the crowded city, penned up in a workroom
 there.

Still on did she wander slowly, till, weary and well-nigh
 spent,
 Into one of the broad recesses on London Bridge she went,
 And peering just over the coping, she strains her eyes to scan
 The place beneath where swiftly the cold, black river ran.

What horrible thoughts are coming! They tell her a leap
 in there
 Will ease her of all life's burdens, its pain and want and care.
 "Only one leap," she murmurs; "no more to be starved,
 oppressed;
 May be I shall meet my Harold in the far-off land of rest."
 She sprang on the bridge's coping, and gave just a glance a-
 round.
 No one in sight! 'Twas lucky! But her sharp-ear caught
 a sound.
 'Twas a footstep coming quickly. Should she wait till it
 passed her by?
 No, she would plunge that instant. What matter who saw
 her die?
 But a voice cries, "Hold! for God's sake!" She starts, and
 falls from the ridge,
 Not into the rushing river—not on to the hard, stone bridge;
 But a man's strong arms have caught her, she is gently raised
 to her feet;
 She turns, and they both are startled as soon as their glances
 meet.
 "Harold!" "Why, Bess, my darling!" The husband and
 wife have met.
 What pen can describe the gladness such meetings as these
 beget?
 Bess hardly believed her senses; she felt so supremely blest,
 As her weary head lay pillowed on her sailor-husband's
 breast.
 He told how his ship had foundered, how he managed to
 reach a shore,
 Where he eked out an existence for eighteen months or
 more,
 Till rescued, he came to England to search for his poor young
 wife,
 And how he at last had found her, and brought her back to
 life.

NORA MULLIGAN'S THANKSGIVING PARTY.*—LOUISE H. SAVAGE.

"Oh, wusha thin, tis the sore thrubble that's kim ter
 mesilf this toime, an' jist wait a bit till I be tillin' yez, an'
 say how yer harrts 'll be achin' wid sympathy fer me
 misfortins. The misthress wor the cause av it arl, bad

*Written expressly for this Collection.

luek till 'er, wid 'er goin' away ter the coontry, ter spind Thanksgivin' wid 'er brither; an' be the token, she wor goin' ter shtay the wake, fer they were havin' a big toime there, wid shleighin' an danein', an' the loike o' that, bein' her youngist brither wor home from Californy, an' warnted ter have a "family rayunion," hersilf sed.

Wull, av it was, thinks I to mesilf whin I seen 'em a-shtartin' aff: "Now is yer toime, Nora Mulligan; shure, tis yersilf can git up the illigint party fer Thanksgiviu' at home, an' be St. Michael, we'll have a dance, too, as 'll bate ivirything."

An' so I wint ter plannin'. "An' who 'll I ax ter me party" thinks I. "There's Terry Mulrooney, shure I coodent be haviu' coompany widout him, fer wid arl the gas, an' the 'luminatin', the rooms wad be dark if he wor-*rn't* there. Arrah, 'tis himsilf is the illigint feller, wid 'is blue eyes an' 'is big fwiskers. They're a trifle *rid*, ter be shure, but that's jist nothin' at arl, at arl—I can say 'im arl the sooner at Mass. Kitty Hooligan she says, says she, "Whin 'e coomes ter say yer, wid 'is rid nead, an' 'is brass jewelery arl arn 'im, the pape thinks theys a torchlight percession, an' wance the fire kimpanies kim out wid jist eatchin' a glimpse o' thim whiskers." Are-*rn't* that the foine lie fer her, the invious jade! Shure, I shlapped her face, good, fer 'er impidence; an' wor I ter blame fer it? The loike o' *her* a-makin' that talk 'bout me own dear bye, an' shure a finer lad niver kem from Mullingar! I'll not ax *her* ter me party, that's so.

But there's Katie Flynn, she's a good gurrul, an' Judy Ryan, wid her swate smilin' ways, as giutle as the flowers o' May, so she is; an' of eourse, I'll ax Mickey Branigan, fer Judy is the light o' his eyes; an' Bridget O'Mara, she's that cute, now, she makes ivery wan laugh wid her sayin's, ye 'd die yesilf ter hare 'er; an' there's Maggie Reilly, an' Pat Toole, an' Janie Sullivan, an' Nora Mc Funnigafferty, an' Dinnis Finnegan an' a lot more. Shure, I'll have a varry *selict* party, too; an' I'll

have the invitations printed, so I will, wid a burrud a' stannin' on wan fut, in the corner, as is sthyle *now*, ye know. An' oh-h-h—! The Howly Vargin be praised!! Shure, the mistriss have an' illigint new navy blue satin dhriss, trimmed that *loafly* now, wid shiny sparklin' things arl over it, an' a *train* a yard long. Oh, it's jist beautiful an' it 'll go wid *me* compliction, illigint. There'll be *nothin'* loike it, at the party; an' won't Terry's eyes sthick out? Wusha! I care more ter looke foine ter Terry, than to make the gurruls invious aven, if ye'd belave it."

Wull, ye see, I got ivery thing planned, an' me cookin' arl done, an' the avenin' o' the party come. Ivery thing wor jist roight; the ice-crames wor lovely, an' arl the odther things accordin', an', av it was, whin I pit arn the mistrisses blue satin, it fitted me beautiful, an' wid me new yaller tie, that Terry gev me, an' me hair arl banged up, they calls it, I did look lovely an' Terry sed so, a-callin' me the pride av 'is harrt an' the jewel av 'is eye, an' the loike o' that—yer know how 'tis, yer-silf. I wor a proud an' happy gurrul that toime, for J opened the grand dhrwin'-rooms ter the coompany, an' wid the bright loights, an' the good atin', ivery thing wor jist splendid.

But oh! wusha, wusha, ochone! whin we wor a-clarin' aff the refreshmints, what did that ould haythin av Biddy McWhirk do, but impty a whole sasser of ice-crame right arn the frint av the dhriss I had arn me—the *mistrisses blue satin!* Howly mither o' Moses! but I thort I'd die. An' that wor'n't enough, but while I wor a-stannin', a-cryin' an' a-wringin' me two hands, an' Bridget a-tryin' ter clane it wid some soft soap, O-o-o ochone, wirrithroo! the waiter kim rinnin' oup, an' toul me some mane thafe kim in the ary dure, an' sthole the spoons we'd bin afther usin'. *I wor wild thin*, I tell yez; I yelled "Perlice" an' "Fire" an' "Murdther," bein' that lunny, I did'n't know fwhat I wor sayin', an' thin—Or-r-r thin—ter crack the climix, as folks be

sayin', the mather an' the mistriss driv up ter the dure, an' kim right inter the midst o' the coompany. Oh-h-h! the yell she let out whin she seen that dhriss, an' shmall blame ter her indade, fer it wor a sight, an' thin—wid the mather a-dhrivin' the coompany out, an' the mistriss a ballyraggin' the whole av us, an' the perlice a-comin', an' the whole o' thim a-scrachin' an' a-yellin' tergither, shure I thort me sowl wor in purgatory, an' I jist wint inter highstrikes, fer, faix, there wor nothin' else lift fer me to do.

THE QUICKSAND.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

After the revolution of 1688, in England, there sprang into existence the Jacobites, who adhered to the cause of the dethroned James II and his descendants, of the house of Stuart. A little party of Jacobites are here sorely pressed by their enemies upon a marshy fen.

They had pressed us sore, and we fled from them,

To us they were surely as ten to one;

Our chief they had shot, so we laid him there

In the wood in the flare of the setting sun.

"They call us serfs," said he, "our rights

Are only such as the king will say;

They have killed our brothers and our sons,

They would steal our wives and daughters away.

"Hear our wives! Do you hear them bleat?

Poor dams with little lambs that cry!

Let our loved ones kill us. Take me, I pray,

To Lizabeth, my wife, to die."

We carried him to the women there,

We heard the foemen onward come,

Nearer and nearer, with bugle blast,

And shrill fine fifes and beat of drum.

Lizabeth she heard and spake—

Her face was white like ivory—

"Women," she said, "the spoiler is here;

When our men are dead is it ours to die?"

At that each woman grasped her knife,

Lizabeth kissed our chief's set face,

Written expressly for this Collection. 8

And nearer came the shout of the foe
Like hunters of fox at close of the chase.

And then we saw them! "Strike!" said he,
Our chief, and bared his hairy breast.
So each man did, and "Strike!" said they—
In the women's eyes was the flare of the west.

And lirra, lirra, the bugles sang,
And trap, trap, trap, the drum-beats came;
The feathers waved in the crests of the foe,
And their voices rose as they spied their game.

Then Lizabeth spake, the flare of the west
Deep in her eyes as she raised them there,
Her arms upthrown, and her throat bent back,
Like a thing at hay where the hunters are.

Yea, Lizabeth spake: "Come, God!" she cried,
"As unto Israel in the Red sea,
Come thou to us in miracle!"
And her face it was white like ivory.

And there was the foe a hundred yards off,
Their music and laughter stinging the day.
"Come, God!" cried Lizabeth." "Strike!" said the men,
"Then sheathe in your own hearts your knives that slay!"

The women they looked in the eyes of their lords,
They raised up their daggers—to let them fall;
For Lizabeth cried, "The quicksand! Hold!"
And every one of us heard her call.

"God," she cried, "thou hast come, thou hast come!
Lo! thy miracle comes between!"
And the earth it was moving like oil made thick
Over there where our foe had been.

Oh, life! it was awful! the trees slid flat,
The rocks heaved heavy almost with groan,
And our foe had a foe they fought in vain,
The black beast quicksand sucking them down.

They shrieked, they cried for help from us
We could not give them, hand gripped hand.
They fought with each other, they cursed, they killed,
But none came out of the black quicksand.

Our wives and daughters they hid their eyes,
They clung to us, and the children cried;

And there was the moving earth, and there
 Were the sinking men in the sucking tide.

And then a voice, 'twas Lizabeth's,
 Spake out with awe in every word:
 "God is here!" And our foe was gone,
 And the quicksand only a little stirred.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

Three locks of hair in my hand I hold
 As I sit in the firelight's glow,
 One black, one brown, and one like gold—
 They are relics of long ago.
 And where are the girls who owned them now,
 The brown-haired half-brunette,
 The beautiful blonde with the snowy brow,
 And the maid with the braids of jet?

The first was true till a rival lied
 About me, and him she wed;
 To-day to her apron string he's tied,
 And they're happy, I hear it said.
 I quarreled with her of the snowy brow,
 And she married another, of course;
 She is living in South Dakota now,
 Where she's trying to get a divorce.

And the dark-haired maiden, where is she?
 I thought her affection sure,
 But she wouldn't desert her home for me,
 For her father was ill and poor.
 So I gave her up and went away,
 Declaring she used me ill;
 That was years ago. I returned to-day
 And I find she is single still.

No lover she's had since I went away,
 Though her father has long been dead;
 She teaches school, so the neighbors say,
 To earn her daily bread.
 I've wealth enough—she can have it all,
 Me with it. I think I'll write;
 No, it isn't late. By jove! I'll call
 On the dark-haired girl to-night.

RESURRECTION MORN.—ELLEN MURRAY.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Mary Magdalene, Mary (the mother of James), Salome, Joanna, Andrew, Philip, James, Bartholomew, Lebbeus, Jude, Matthew.

SCENE I.—*A low parapet of boards, or pasteboard, facing the audience. Inside, piles of cushions. Magdalene sits on the cushions, facing the east, looking out steadily. Salome reclining, with face hidden on the cushions. Mary sits apart, face hidden in her hands. Dresses are blue skirts, or striped blue and white, over sacque of darker blue; embroidered scarf at waist; large white cashmere squares as veils.*

Magdalene. Salome, waken! waken! Dost thou sleep?

Salome (rising, and wiping off the tears).

How could I sleep with such a weight down pressed,
A cloud of hopeless grief on heart and brain,
The night a tenfold night.

Magdalene. Come, let us rise,
And seek His grave with dawn.

Salome (pointing up). Nay, Magdalene,
'Tis the midnight. The moon rides clear in heaven.

Magdalene (wringing her hands).
There is no moon, no dawn. All, all is night.
All evil spirits gibber in the dark,
Oh, longest, saddest, darkest, blackest night!

Salome (holding Magdalene's hands).
Yes, night of Israel's hope. Oh, never more
Shall His dear voice make paradise of earth,
Or Galilean hills, out-blossoming, thrill
To feel His holy feet. Ah, never more
Shall Olivet re-echo to the shout:
"Hosanna to our King."

Magdalene (hiding her face). Oh hush! Oh hush!
My heart will break.

A long pause. Salome covers head in veil as before. Magdalene lifts her head and watches, then rises, calling:

Mary! Salome! rise!
'Tis time at last to seek the Master's tomb.

Salome looks up. Mary rises and looks around.

Mary. There is no hint of dawn, no morning star,
Rest, Magdalene.

Magdalene (passionately, standing with arms outstretched to the east). I cannot rest. So dread,

So terrible this spectral moonlight lies
On that lone place, outside the city gates.
I've heard all night that strange, last cry again,
And folded arms around the rough-hewn wood
That shivered with His pang. Could I but die!

Mary (drawing Magdalene down beside her).

Hush, Magdalene. He lieth calm and still,
All wrapped in soft, white linen. Nevermore
A breath of hate shall vex His holy ear,
Or cruel hands——

Salome. How could they dare to touch
The Holy One; we scarcely dared to look
Up to His sacred face.

A long pause. They cover their heads and abandon themselves to grief. Magdalene throws back her veil and again watches.

Magdalene (rising). It must be day.

I go alone.

Mary (rising, coming forward with lifted hand, laying her other on Magdalene's shoulder).

Nay,—wait—strange, far-off sounds
Move in the air. This dark before the day
Seems lit by sudden flashes and it feels
As if some wondrous secret waited near
To leap from out the dark. My heart grows light,
There must be hope somewhere.

Salome (springing up). There! what was that?

Mary. The earthquake.

Magdalene (wildly). Let it shake and bury us
With Him, our Lord. I hate to see the light
He cannot see. (*Pointing to east.*) That is the dawn.
Now come.

Salome (doubtfully). The city lies asleep; as if no guilt
Crimsoned her hands; as if no cross stood dark
Outside her gates. Those gates, no doubt, are shut.
They will not let us pass.

Magdalene. We can but try.

Where are the spices?

Salome (picking up oriental jars and handing to others).

Here.

They pass to right wrapping veils round them. Salome raising her finger, saying:

Move gently, lest
You rouse His grieving mother. Like a new

Heart-piercing it will be to her to wake
In this world empty, lonely, evermore.

Magdalene. And does *she* sleep?

Mary. She sleeps not. All these hours

These six and thirty hours silently
She sits, as if a figure carved in stone,
Watching with steadfast, open eyes, the east.
And when John says, "My mother!" or when I
Fold loving arms around her, praying low,
"Weep, weep, dear sister, it will ease thy heart,"
She puts us gently by and says, "Hush, dear!
I wait till He shall come to comfort me."

Salome (moving on tiptoe). Let her not hear us go.

Magdalene (impatiently). Oh! do not wait.

Salome (to Mary). Yet we must stop at Herod's palace door.

The lady Joanna would go with us. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A room furnished with low benches, piles of cushions, tall water jars, etc. Three of the men on left conversing in low tones, one pouring water into olive-wood cups, one standing, looking eastward, two sitting silent with bowed heads. Dresses, long loose dark robes, fastened by broad sashes; white cloths, fastened round head as with eastern shepherds.

Mary, Salome, and Joanna (the latter in richly embroidered robes with crimson sash, come on right, crying):

He's risen!

He is risen!

He's alive.

Andrew (sternly). Be quiet, women! 'tis not fitting thus
To break upon our grief.

Salome (excited). There is no grief
In all the world. The Lord has risen indeed!

Philip (annoyed). Hush, women! you are wild.

James (apologizing). They do not know
What they are saying.

Mary (clapping her hands softly). Yes, we know, we know
The Lord has risen. From His empty grave
We have come, running.

Bartholomew (shaking his head). They're distraught with woe.

Joanna (stretching clasped hands upwards).

Nay, wild with gladness. All the air's ablaze
With glory. All the stones are singing out.

The clouds dance up the sky. He lives! He lives!

Matthew (astonished, to others). What can they mean?

Mary (more calmly). The Lord has risen again.
Why can you not believe us?

Lebbeus (entering from left). What is this?
They say the Lord has risen. They have been
And found an empty tomb. (*Shaking his head dejectedly.*)

Too well I know
What this means. In their bitterness and spite
Our enemies have broken on the tomb
And dragged that cold and sacred form away
To vent on it their rage.

Jude (authoritatively). Not possible,
The tomb was sealed with Pontius Pilate's seal.
A guard of Roman soldiers paced the ground.
No woman should have gone. (*To the women.*)

Did you not see
The guard?

Solome. No; there was none.

Joanna (interrupting). Do you not mind
How, on the road, we heard men's footsteps come
And cowered in the shadows, while some rushed
Past us as if in flight, with clanging arms.

Matthew (incredulous).
In flight! The Roman soldiers! That's a tale
None can believe.

Simon (entering). What do the women say?

Mary. The Lord has risen. In the morning light,
He stood and smiled upon us, raised His hand
In his own way of blessing.

Simon (to the men). This is strange.
The Magdalene came running all in tears
An hour ago, and said the tomb was robbed;
And John and Peter started off in speed
As if dread lent them wings.

James (to the women). But did you go
Into the garden?

Salome (the men listening eagerly with low ejaculations).
Yes, up to the tomb.
There sat two men. But never mortal man
Wore looks so calm, so strong, so merciful.
"Be not afraid!" they said; we trembled so
As that strange glory lit each face and shone
With dazzling whiteness in the tomb's dark door.
"See. He is risen! Nay, He is not here,
Seek not the Living One among the dead."

Philip (turning to the others).

You see just how it is. The woman-heart
Has sent strange visions floating o'er the brain,
And fond, sweet fancies cheat their tearful eyes.

Mary. But then we turned away and He—yes—He,
Our Lord, our own Lord, stood upon the grass,
How could *I* be deceived?

James. Undoubtedly

They've seen a vision of Him.

Joanna. Nay,—Himself.

A vision cannot speak. He said, "All Hail!"
All light were dark to that sweet smile of His.

Bartholomew. But were you near?

Mary (holding out her hands).

We touched him, held Him. Yea,

We laid our hands upon His blessed feet.

Jude. He would have come to us.

Salome.

He bade us go

And tell you all, and bid you hasten on,
He goes before you into Galilee.

Andrew (to Jude). What if this could be true?

Jude.

An idle tale.

It is not possible.

Andrew (locking the door on the right). We must be calm,

And with strong reason guide our little band
And check these dangerous rumors. Should they reach
The high priest and his friends, the Sadducees,
We soon should go the way our Master went,
Of agony and shame. (*To the women, sternly.*)

Now do not speak

Of these things, lest ye trouble all our minds
With hopes that are but myths. Keep calm. Be still.

Joanna. Be still?—nay—if we held our peace, the rocks

Would cry aloud the tidings. Yea, the dead
Would shout the news. The dust of centuries
Would stir beneath the earth; the souls would rush
From paradise to speed the message on.

*Women come forward to front, and speak towards, but above the
audience; veils thrown off or backward.*

(AWAKE! REJOICE!)

Mary (turning eastward).

O mother of all living, Eve, awake!
O grand, pathetic mother, be consoled!
Awake and lead thy daughters in the song,—
Thy loss made good, thy Eden won again.

Salome (turning southward).

Sarah, Rebecca, look in wonder out!
 Machpelah's tomb gives up its sacred trust,
 As its rocks catch the resurrection song.
 Arise! Arise! the Lord has risen indeed.

Joanna (turning southward).

Fair Rachel, dry thy tears! Thy children come
 With sound of viol and with note of harp,
 Trooping with rippling laughter from the grave.
 Sing out! Sing out! He lives who once was dead.

Mary (turning southwest).

Sing out, strong Miriam! The Lord our God
 Hath triumphed yet again—sing! Through the sea,
 The sea of death, as on dry land, we passed;
 The Lord our God hath triumphed gloriously.

Joanna (turning northward).

Awake, awake, arise, O Deborah!
 Utter a song, O wife of Lapidoth!
 Under the palm-trees, sing! Captivity
 Is captive led and death itself is slain.

Salome (turning southward, pointing east and west).

Sweet Ruth, look smiling from the golden fields,
 And sing the garnered harvest! Sing the Light
 That flashes from Mount Nebo to the sea,
 And bless again thy God, Naomi's God.

Mary (turning eastward).

Queen Esther! radiant Esther! rise again,
 With all thy stately beauty, from the east!
 Not out of danger only, out of death
 Zion's young Prince, thy ransomed people leads.

Salome (looking forward).

Anna! Elizabeth! O saints new crowned!
 Throw off your grave clothes, sing, arise, rejoice!
 All earth is wild with gladness. Heaven is near,
 For He our Lord has risen, risen indeed.

*The women form a tableau, during a chant behind the scenes of
 "Now is Christ risen from the dead," or any Easter anthem.*

NOTE.—The part under the sub-heading "Awake! Rejoice!" may be used as a recitation only, or given as a dialogue by three girls, without scenery or costumes. In fact, the entire Play makes a very effective reading.

BLIND MARY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

North Wales is a land of mountains and rocks; of lakes and waterfalls; of driving mist and gleams of sunshine.

Blind Mary was a Welsh woman, and loved her native land. She would not have exchanged the wild mountain upon which she lived for the richest and fairest meadow in England; or the little hut where she had eaten, drunk, and slept for fifty years, for the neatest house in any English village.

Mary's cottage stood on the side of one of the highest mountain ranges in Wales. Great rocks lay scattered about in wild confusion; a narrow path, something like a sheep track, wound in and out among these rocks until it reached the high road. The mountains towered all around, gray and hoary; sometimes capped with clouds, and sometimes, after heavy rains, glistening with threads of silver, as the new-born waterfalls coursed down their sides. The sheep and goats leaped from rock to rock or browsed upon the mountain grass, which was short, springy and delicious with the scent of the wild thyme, over whose purple blossoms the mountain bees hummed. Ferns and wild flowers nestled in every corner and peeped from under the great rocks. But it was at Mary's cottage door that the view was of such surpassing loveliness. Picture to yourself a glorious summer evening; the red setting sun is glistening on Mary's window panes; you look down between the mountains, through what is called a "pass," very purple those mountains look now that the shades of evening are stealing on. This narrow pass is closed by a lake, which looks like liquid gold as it glitters under the setting sun. The purple mountains! the golden lake! You will not wonder when I tell you that many a traveler finds his way to Mary's cottage to gaze upon this beautiful scene.

It is such a summer evening to-day. Mary is sitting in her old arm-chair at the cottage door. It is a rough

place, built of great mountain stones in a sheltered spot, on account of the winter's wind. She has just laid aside her knitting, and has taken a book, that which John Bunyan calls "the best of books," in her hand. Her sightless eyes are fixed on the glowing sky, as with her fingers she carefully spells over the raised letters. Her white handkerchief is neatly pinned over her blue serge gown, and the old white Welsh mob-cap is on her head.

A traveler had been climbing the mountain, little thinking that a cottage was so near, when he came upon this scene. He stopped for a moment to look at the blind old woman with the silver hair, meaning to go up the mountain; but, with the quickness of the blind, Mary heard his footsteps.

"Sit down, sir," said she, pointing to a settee. "I know by your step that you are a gentleman, and alone. Sit down, and let an old woman show you her beautiful view and offer you a drink of buttermilk. There isn't such a view in all North Wales. Look at the mountains yonder on the right and left, how purple they are; and just see the lakes at the bottom of the pass, with the sun shining over them, and that brook below dashing over the rocks."

The traveler looked at her with surprise.

"I was told that blind Mary lived up here," said he, "but I can scarcely believe that you are blind; you seem to see the mountains and lakes as well as I do."

"I do see them, sir, with my mind's eye, as the saying is, and years ago, when I had my eyesight, I could look at them plain enough; but it pleased God to take away my sight and to make it dark."

"Doesn't it make you very unhappy, Mary, never to see the blue sky or the mountains which you love so dearly?"

The blind woman's eyes filled with tears. "Don't ye ask me, sir. One time I was very rebellious, and almost angry with God for afflicting me; but now I can bless His name. I can see something better, sir, than rocks

and mountains; I can see Jesus my Saviour, and His love, and I can look forward to that beautiful place He is preparing for me. Will you forgive an old woman's boldness, sir? You tell me that you have good eyesight, that you can see yonder lakes and the blue mountains beyond; but, sir, did you ever see that wonderful sight, Jesus Christ laying down his life for you?"

The young man looked at blind Mary, with her silver hair, neat cap and calm, placid face lighted up by the last beams of the setting sun, and he answered: "Mary, I am afraid that I have not thought about these things; but I promise you that I will. I shall not forget my evening climb on the Welsh mountains, or you, and what you have said to me."

"God bless you, sir. What should I do, a lone old blind woman, if it wasn't for my Saviour? I'm never alone, for He is with me. I'm not afraid to die, because He has washed away my sins in his blood, and when I leave my mountains and lakes I shall go to that beautiful country, where I shall see him face to face. I trust that I shall meet you there, sir. I shall ask my Saviour to open your eyes that you may see yourself first as a sinner and then Jesus as your Redeemer."

As the young man rose to go the sun set behind the lakes in a flood of glory,—gold, amber, and flame color, fading away to green, then melting into the blue of the summer sky. He took one last look at blind Mary. She thought that he was gone. Her hands were clasped over her oaken staff, her lips moved as in prayer, the glory still lingered on her face. Was it the reflection of the setting sun? No, surely; it was a reflection of that exceeding glory of a better land, which, though she could not see with her eyes, dwelt in her heart.

The traveler turned away and pursued his path down the mountain through the darkening evening. The stars came out one by one, looking down with their calm, bright eyes; the moon threw her silvery light over mountain and valley and on the calm surface of the lake.

Years have passed away since then. Mary lies in her humble grave in the little church-yard by the lake side, and the villagers tell how, a few years ago, a gentleman came, a good gentleman, who spoke to them of Jesus; how he asked for blind Mary of the mountain, and they showed him her grave, and before he left the village he put up a neat monument at the head of the grave, on which he had these words carved:

“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty;
They shall behold the land that is very far off.”

THE CHARGE ON “OLD HUNDRED.”

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh! that precentor’s look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred.

Screached all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson’s hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,

Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sung, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

THE PARTY CAUCUS.—HORACE B. DURANT.

Written expressly for this Collection.

(Enter Politicians.)

"Ha, ha! well met," said Twist; "as I'm alive,
The powers that be are here,—the mighty five
That rule the county!"

"Gentlemen," said Bland,
Soft stroking his plump face with dimpled hand,
"'Tis no small honor thus to hold the fates
Of o'er a million, and their candidates!
We 'pull the wires;' we meet to lay them now
And voters vote just as we tell them how—
'Tis better than an office!"

"Why, we fill
The most responsible positions! Still
In office—ha, ha, ha!—none turn *us* out;
And whom the people choose, we lead about,—
Mere creatures at our will! They do, in fact,
Just what we please," said Chuff; "each act
That we contrive is given to their trust;
And as we make them what they are, they must
Obey, or else 'step down and out!'"

“There, hold!”

Cried Tubbs; “all true; but yet, you make a bold
Quotation, that I do not like in this
Connection. Poetry was never bliss
Unto my ear. ’Tis nonsense at the best,
And in this instance, silly!”

All the rest

Enjoyed a chorus laugh at Tubbs’ expense:
He was *fac simile* of name, and hence,
Though ample in dimension as to *skull*,
Yet was his *stare* so comical and dull,
His puffing air showed such a lack of brain,
That scarce a soul that saw him could refrain
For life, from laughing.

(*Enter Chairman Snobbs.*)

“Gentlemen,” said Snobbs

“Let’s get to business. All this jesting robs
Of precious time. Let’s see—’tis getting late—
’Tis almost seven, and I must go at eight,
To Mrs. Fangle’s party; ’tis, you know,
Select—but five or six of us, or so—
Who are the candidates announced beside
The Colonel, here?”

With that he took a stride

With self-important air across the room;
He was a portly, pompous man, whose doom
Fixed all political. With some, this seems to be
Hereditary to a great degree.

“Who are the candidates announced?” again
Asked Snobbs, “be expeditious—very, men!
We cannot wait;” and stopping short, he turned
And waited for an answer. “We’re concerned,”
Continued he, “in this election more
Than any in the county, heretofore.”
Here, as his usual custom was, he gave
His ample vest an extra hitch.

The grave

Assemblage sat quite mute. The first thing Chuff
Attempted, was to take a pinch of snuff
From out his ample box; and being quite
Diminutive, perhaps he had the right
To call attention to himself, by some
Eccentric act or other. Bland was dumb;
Which was unusual, very. First, his cheek
He stroked, and then his chin, but did not speak;

Which must have been unpleasant quite, to him ;
 For Bland loves much to talk. His sight is dim,
 Poor man, at times, and then, 'tis said, that he
 Requires a glass or two, to make him see !
 At any rate, he sat there mute as death,
 Intently watching Snobbs.

Twist drew his breath
 With a peculiar hiss between his teeth ;
 He first looked up, and then he looked beneath ;
 Then wriggled all about, as if to find
 Relief from something pressing on his mind,
 Yet not a single word he spoke.

Just here,
 We'll take a look at Tubbs. From ear to ear,
 His mouth was open wide. He seemed to think,
 And yet 'twas plainly nothing but a blink
 That died out in a fixed and vacant stare.
 His wits seemed crooked as his hair,
 Of which he had a red, abundant stock,
 Each hair of which stood out as if a shock
 Electrical had struck it. He was first
 To break the awkward silence.

"I've the worst
 Of memories," said he, "and I'm afraid
 The query that the Chairman just has made,
 Is hard to answer." Saying this, he swept
 With rapid hand the bristling shock, that kept
 At sword's points ever, as it seemed, around
 His huge and puzzled poll.

Snobbs darkly frowned.
 "This is consuming time," said he ; "suppose
 We take Assembly up to-night ; who knows
 Enough to give us any light upon
 That subject ? Let us get this matter done—
That much to-night, at least."

(*Chuff makes trouble.*) Just here, Chuff sneezed ;
 Which had a marvelous effect, and eased
 Himself and all the rest at once. That pinch
 Did thorough work ! Twist took a sudden clinch
 Upon his seat, and sneezed. And still it worked—
 Bland raised his chin some ten degrees, then jerked
 It quickly down, and with a rapid wave
 Of both his hands in swimmer's style, he gave
 Such loud report from both his nose and lungs
 That 'twas *enough* to loosen all their tongues !

Nor did the mischief end with this, if it
 Might thus be termed. Snobbs took a coughing fit—
 Now, he to such attacks not being used,
 To cough, at first, with dignity refused ;
 And held his breath until he well-nigh burst !
 'Twould come—'twere better had it come at first—
 For, as the pent-up tempest gathers strength,
 So had that cough, when it burst forth at length ;
 It shook the house, and lesser noises drowned,
 Just as the deaf'ning thunder shakes the ground ;
 And then besides, with both hands on his knees,
 With all the rest, he had the self-same sneeze !
 Awhile the two ran riot as they pleased ;
 He sneezed and coughed ; and then he coughed and sneezed ;
 And then at last, to make the matter worse,
 He ended his performance with a curse
 At Chuff, who at the scene unable more
 To keep his chair, had slidden to the floor ;
 And in his mirth that could not be controlled,
 He rolled and laughed ; and then he laughed and rolled !

“ Confound you and that filthy box of yours !
 I have a mind to pitch you out of doors ! ”
 Said Snobbs, himself now laughing at a sight
 He caught just then of Tubbs. He sat upright,
 Or nearly so—a little forward bent,
 Supported by his hands ; and his intent
 Was plain enough to *sneeze*. But nought availed ;
 Midway in air his hands were poised ; he shut
 His eyes ; his mouth still wider opened ; but
 'Twas all in vain—he could not sneeze ! At last,
 He gave it up in sheer despair !

Thus passed
 Ten minutes of their time beyond recall,
 Ere this queer tableau ceased ; then all
 Went instantly to work. Chuff had assumed
 A serious look, and all the rest resumed
 Their usual composure. The last stroke
 Of seven was dying out, when thus Twist spoke :

“ I heartily concur in the desire
 To know our candidates. It will require
 The utmost vigilance to hold our power,
 And to elect our men. The coming hour,
 As has been said, will be momentous—Why ?
 Because there are three parties now that cry

For favor. Politics and temperance mix—
Or rather must *not mix* together. Tricks
That have been found efficient heretofore,
To reconcile such factions, are no more
Of any use. I have a hearty love
For *temperance*—always had, but yet above
All that ranks policy!”

“Those are my views
Exactly,” Bland replied; “and we must use
The greatest caution. Prohibition cranks,”
Continued he, “with their detested pranks,
Claim close attention. If they should advance,
What would become of all *true* temperance?
Farewell all hope, if they should take our stools!
All fails, if *whisky* fails! ’Tis liquor rules
The floating masses, sir, and makes us votes;
’Tis *whisky* rules the polls, and wets the throats
Of half our orators. What should we do
Without the aid of whisky?”

(*A familiar scene.*) Here, Bland drew
A flask from out a pocket at his side,
As if all further question to decide;
And giving all around a knowing wink,
He paused in his remarks to *take a drink!*
When he had swallowed full a gill or so,
He smacked his lips, and said, “Ha! ha! we owe
A vast amount of our prosperity—
Well known to politicians such as we—
To lager beer and whisky!”

Saying that,
He was just putting back the flask, when at
That moment Chuff exclaimed: “Hold! not so fast;
Just pass it round; there seems enough to last
For several drinks apiece.” As soon as said,
Bland handed Twist the flask, who threw his head
Back as he took a hearty pull; then passed
It round; still round again it went.

The last
To drink was Tubbs, who lay full length displayed
Upon a bench. He seized the flask, and made
An end of it, by drinking every drop,
Ere any one the selfish act could stop!
He then rolled off the bench, which made a stir,
And lay too drunk to rise!

“Confound you, sir,”
Said Snobbs, with an authoritative growl,
“Go home before you’re blind drunk as an owl!
I wish this house to fully understand
This is a party caucus!”

(*Patriotic sentiments.*) “’Rah!” said Bland,
Who tried to rise—a thing he could not do—
“’Rah for whisky! ’Rah for temperance, too!
They both belong to us, and serve our plans;
Down with them saintly Prohibition clans!
’Rah for revenue! How could we get
Along without it?” Here, his chair upset,
And quickly rolling underneath the table,
He did not finish.

(*Snobbs adjourns.*) “What a perfect babel!”
Said Snobbs; “Ah, now I think! I was to be
At Mrs. Fangle’s party; let me see—
’Tis just ten thirty-five! Dear me! Dear me!
’Tis no use going *now*; it is too late;
I am not sober quite, at any rate!
A pretty caucus! I’ll just lock the door,
Go home, and let these politicians snore!”

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other’s being, and no heed;
Yet these o’er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross; escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And hend each wandering step unto this end,
That one day out of darkness they shall meet,
And read life’s meaning in each other’s eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So closely side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
Yet these with groping hands that never clasp,
With wistful eyes that never meet, and lips
Calling in vain on ears that never hear,
Shall wander all their weary days unknown
And die unsatisfied. And this is Fate!

UNCLE EDMOND AND THE FLURRIDY NIGGER*—E. F. ANDREWS.

Dosh Tinley was an enterprising darkey,—so enterprising, in fact, that he was always finding it necessary to change his residence on account of obstructions, placed in his way by those officious institutions, the county courts. The latter finally became so persistent in their attentions to Dosh that he emigrated to Florida during the great boom there, and made his living by working on the railroad, whenever his ingenuity and the carelessness of property owners could suggest no easier method. It was not long, however, before the Florida courts began to take such a lively interest in Dosh's affairs that he found it advisable to emigrate back to Georgia. In the course of his wanderings he made his way to Sugar Hill, and soon became one of the oracles of the Saturday night conferences at Aunt Beady's, where he proceeded to edify and enlighten the brethren with an account of his travels. Dosh was as inventive as he was enterprising, and if his reminiscences were not fully equal to those of Allen Quartermain or Munchausen, it was not for want of imagination on his part.

Uncle Edom listened to Dosh's recitals with growing impatience. He had been cock of the walk at Aunt Beady's too long not to view with jealousy the attentions bestowed upon the stranger, and he resented, moreover, the prominence that Dosh was giving to Florida, as a direct insult to "Georgy" and "ole Furginny," the two biggest countries in the world, according to Uncle Edom's geography. He had been brought from Virginia by the traders when a boy, and had a way of locating events there that was very convenient when he did not care to have the circumstances of his narrative too closely investigated. His stories of "how we done in ole Furginny," and what he had seen there when a boy, had always commanded the greatest respect in Sugar Hill;

*By permission of the Author.

but now "ole Furginny" was nowhere, and not only did Uncle Edom hardly get a chance to open his lips, but could not find a listener when he did, so eager were all ears to drink in the marvels related by Dosh, concerning his travels.

No wonder Uncle Edom was riled. He sat in grim silence, puffing from his old cob pipe clouds of wrathful indignation that grew blacker as Dosh's inventions grew bolder, till at last he could stand it no longer, and resolved to put an extinguisher on that "Flurridy nigger" before he was ten minutes older. Accordingly, just as Dosh had finished a yarn about a Florida watermelon so big that after it was cut and eaten, the rind had been used for boats to cross the lake in, Uncle Edom interrupted the wondering comments of the audience by exclaiming, superciliously :

"Pshaw, dat ain' nothin' to de punkins my ole marster useter raise in ole Furginny. Dar was one uf 'em so big tell onst, when de kitchen chimbley cotch afire uf a Sadday night an' burnt de roof mos' off, ole marster jes' took 'n had dat punkin cut in half an' put over it stidder a roof, tell Monday mornin'."

Far from being disconcerted at this sockdolager of Uncle Edom's, Dosh leaned back in his chair and said coolly: "Well, punkins is one vegetable perduction which I am erbleeged to own can't be raised in Flurridy, because de vines grows so fast dey wares 'em out draggin' uf 'em over de groun'."

At this unexpected clapping of the extinguisher on his own light, Uncle Edom relapsed into silence, but the ominous black clouds that escaped from his pipe, showed that the fires of his wrath were only smoldering.

"It air marbillious how everything do grow in dat country," continued Dosh, having the field to himself once more. "I was out huntin' one day, an' on my way back home, a deer come a-peramberlatin' right acrost de path, an' den stopped an' went to eatin' right dar in de woods, not ten yards fum whar I was a-stannin'. I had

done used up all my animition, 'ceptin' jest a little powder in my bag, but I couldn't bar de thoughts er losin' dat dar deer, so I stood an' agitate in my mind a long time what I must do, when all uf a suddent, I riccollected dat I had some cow peas in my pocket which was left fum baitin' uf a rabbit trap, so I loads up an' shot at 'im wid dem. I hit 'im, but nuver kilt 'im, an' about a month afterward, as I was passin' along not fur frum dat same place, I seed dat same deer walkin' 'long de path, kivered all over wid pea vines, whar dem peas what I shot him wid, had done sprouted and growed from outer his hide!"

Uncle Edom was tne only one of the company who expressed no surprise at this singular phenomenon.

"Dat ain' nuffin'," he said, removing his pipe from his mouth with a little sarcastic grunt, "to a billy goat my ole marster had up yonder in Furginny. Dat goat was de bangin'est critter ever I seed fur eatin'; he could chaw up anything, fum a poun' er lint cotton to a bag 'er ten-penny nails. One day, my ole misses, she made some cherry pies fur dinner, an' sot 'em out in de back poa'ch to cool fo' dey was ready to eat 'em, so dey wouldn't git dey mouves burnt. Well sirs, fust thing you know, when dar wasn't nobody a-lookin', here come along dat ole billy goat an' eat up de last one 'er dem pies, seeds an' all, an' de nex' spring—what you think?—dar come a fine young cherry tree growin' outer his mouf!"

Dosh saw that Uncle Edom had gone him one better on the deer story, so he prudently trimmed his sails and started off on a different tack.

"Flurridy's a powerful hot country, too," he began, deigning not the slightest notice to Uncle Edom's narration, "de houses down dar doan have no fireplaces nor chimbleys to 'em, an' pussons what was borned dar, ain' nuver seed nor heern er fire in dere lives."

"How dey cook dere vittles den?" demanded Uncle Edom, feeling sure that he had got Dosh against the wall this time.

"Dey doan have no call to cook 'em," answered the latter, equal to the emergency. "Dere rolls an' biscuits grows ready made fur 'em on de bread-fruit trees, an' dey ketches dere fish ready biled outen de lakes an' rivers, whar dey's cooked by de sun."

Uncle Edom drew two or three long puffs, as if getting up steam for an extra pull, and then proceeded to deliver himself as follows:

"Law, dat ain' nothin' to de cole up yonder in ole Furginny, whar I was raised. Hit useter git so cole up dar in de winter time tell ev'rything 'ud be friz up so tight an' fast hit couldn't no mo' mov'n a stone. Even de water what was sot on de fire to bile 'ud freeze up hard ez a rock, an' one day when I went out to cut some wood, I hadn't no mo'n swuug my ax up to take a good lick, when it jes' friz up dar so tight an' fas' tell I couldn't bring it down agin, an' it staid a-hangin' up dar whar it friz tell de nex' spring come an' thawed it out."

Dosh, in his youth, had "rubbed his head agin de school-house," as he expressed it, and now fell back upon his early recollections to confound his rival.

"Why dat can't be so," he declared triumphantly, "dat axe couldn't a-staid dar expended in de a'r widout anything to hole it; de detraction er gravitation 'ud a brung it down."

"But de distraction er gravitation itself was froze," answered Uncle Edom, tranquilly, and as Dosh's philosophy could suggest nothing in contradiction of so simple an assertion, he yielded the field to his rival, and the next day shook the dust of Sugar Hill from his feet.

THE NINKUM LAND.

A thingamajig met a thingamaree
 One day in the land where the ninkums be;
 And the thingamajig, with a swaggering air,
 Gave the thingamaree a well-bred stare;
 And the ninkums all gathered around to see
 The thingamajig meet the thingamaree.

“ Your hands are horny, your clothes are old
 And tattered and torn, and I'm even told
 That you work for hire! that I can't forgive!
 On my coupons and bonds and rents I live.
 You fellow, how dare you look at me?”
 Said the thingamajig to the thingamaree.

Then the 'ree got down on his marrow bones,
 And he abjectly kissed the dusty stones
 Where the 'jig had stood, like a slavish thing,
 Who hows in awe of a tyrant king;
 And the ninkums all laughed and jeered to see
 The craven looks of the thingamaree.

“ We all must work for our daily bread;
 Those who will not work may not eat,” they said;
 “And whether a man, from pride or shame,
 Would shirk his duties, we equal blame;
 And no greater difference can we see
 'Twixt a thingamajig and a thingamaree
 Than 'twixt tweedletedum and tweedletedee.”

'Twas a long time ago, in a distant land,
 Where ninkums lived, you will understand.
 We manage things better here, and to-day
 Those who work the least get the biggest pay;
 And the ninkums are those who the work must do,
 Who must toil and slave, and go hungry, too;
 And we neither wonder nor laugh to see
 A thingamajig or a thingamaree.

—*Portland Oregonian.*

OVER THE DIVIDE.*—MARION MANVILLE.

Wal, Kern'l, this 'ere's th' shanty, an' this all 'round's th'
 camp;
 It don't look over-invitin', 'spacially when it's some damp.
 But a feller who's come here concluded he'll try on his luck
 in a mine
 Can't look fer ter find things regardless, ner got up overly
 fine.
 We aint got no modern improvements, ner antikitys here
 we can spare,
 Unless ye maught count in th' grizzlies, er ten er twelve reds
 on a tare.

*From "Over the Divide and Other Verses," by permission of the Author.

An' as fer th' trades represented in shanties hereabouts, as
I've found,
 It *maught* be the head ranch o' a sexton, with shovel an'
 pick-axe around.
 But we don't *undertake* fer ter furnish that kind o' a wictim
 out here,—
 Unless he's a claim-jumpin' rascal, an' then ye jes' bet he
 pays dear!
 An' as fer the sort o' a business we *does* undertake fer ter do,
 Why, every last man among us is bound ter see th' thing
 through,
 Unless, in th' course of discussion, he gits some lead inter
 his hide,
 An' then he jes' quit-claims th' shanty, an' passes on 'cross
 th' Divide.

Wal, yes, I've ben here fer somethin' like twenty-five year,
 But when I cut out fer th' diggin's 'twas a mighty cute trick
 ter git here.
 We couldn't pull out from St. Louis, booked through in a
 boss sleepin'-car,
 Though many a poor chap's a-sleepin' on the road 'a-twixt
 here an' thar.
 An' th' only Pullman we fellers could boast on 'th' Overland
 Trail
 Was pull every man fer himself, sir, an' never give up an'
 say fail!

Th' cayotes they howled round our camp-fires an' prairie-
 dogs yelped in a pack,
 But we'd set our faces to west'ard, an' thar wa'n't no easy
 back-track.
 We slept in our prairie-schooners, with a choice a-twixt them
 an' th' groun',
 An' thar wa'n't more feather pillers than we *needed* a-lyin'
 aroun'.
 But th' roof we had up above us—don't ye make no mistake
 an' fergit—
 Was a blamed sight finer than any it's ben *my* good luck ter
 see yit.
 An' when all th' stars sot a-shinin', so peaceful an' quiet, up
 thar,
 I've seen many chaps lookin' east'ard, an' they wa'n't look-
 in' out fer no star.
 No, sir! they was every one trudgin' back over th' long trail
 again,
 An' while all th' stars was so chipper, some eyes had suspi-
 cions o' rain;
 Fer they was a-settin' an' thinkin' o' some o' th' folks left
 behind,
 An' somehow that sort o' reflection is rough on th' average
 mind.

So when some feller was quiet fer a spell, an' then cross as a
bar,

We guv him th' whole o' th' prairie, fer we knew what it
was to be *thar!*

I must hav' had some experience? Wal, yes, I take it I must.

Thar's consider'ble lively excitement, an' a feller must hang
on er bust.

Ye see, we jes' whoop 'er up lively, an' things rattles roun'
fer th' best;

In th' States they'd call it high tragic, but it's comedy here
in th' West.

We carries our barkers an' rifles, an' a knife er two tucked
in each boot,

An' th' feller that tells th' best story is bound ter be quick
on the shoot.

Me tell yer a story? Wal, yes, I s'pose I maught try;

An' now, come ter think, here's a true one, that's queerer than
any durned lie;

So if ye hav' time fer to listen, jes' fill up yer pipe an' let go;
Drawr up ter th' fire, fer it's chilly, an' that wind is a-howl-
in' fer snow.

It was back in the fifties,—I reckon somewhars about '52,—
An' latish-like in the autumn, an' trains had a time gittin'
through.

Me an' my pardner, Bill Ed'ards, had staked out a claim in
th' gulch,

An' although we was somewhat discouraged, we didn't in-
tend fer ter squelch.

Bill was th' han'somest chap in th' diggin's,—that is, on th'
whole.

He come from a high-snuff old fam'ly, an' had a full roun'
at th' school

Out thar somewhars in th' Catskills,—West Point they call it,
I think,—

An' 'mongst th' rest o' his schoolin' he' larned fer ter gam-
ble an' drink.

An' so he cut loose fer th' Rockies, an' his folks—they cut
loose from poor Bill.

D'ye see that pine-tree a-standin' up thar at th' top o' th'
hill?

Purty dark fer ter see it distinctly; if it wasn't we'd jes' take
a stroll

Fer ter read what it says on that tree-trunk a-standin' up thar
on th' knoll.

Bill was a rough one ter tackle, although he run smooth as
a clock,

But when ye had riled him a little ye jes' sot down hard on
bed-rock.

He *was* rough, as we most o' us air, sir; git hardened out
here in th' hills,
A-takin' cold lead fer our ailin's, instead o' refined sugar-
pills.

But Bill he could talk like a grammar, an' was handy ter
give ter th' poor,
An' ekilly handy at pistols; we chaps mostly air, ter be sure.

Wal, me an' him was a-settin' in this ere same room ye see
here,

It was gittin' late in the evenin', an' latish-like in th' year.
I wasn't overly cheerful, an' Bill didn't set up fer to light
Th' whole o' th' neighborin' regions; things wasn't a-goin'
jes' right.

Not but what *we* was agreein', fer I never quarreled with
Bill;

Although he was chuck full of temper, it didn't take much
fer ter spill.

Wal, we was a-settin' an' talkin' in sort o' a ramblin' way,
Fer when Bill was in with his tantrums he didn't go much
on th' say,

Th' wind was a-howlin' an' wailin', an' it didn't look cheer-
ful outside,

Fer ye never could tell in what corner o' darkness some
mischief might hide.

An' out in th' gully th' roarin' o' th' Little Chickwater was
plain,

A-makin' a heap o' a racket, fer th' river was riz with th'
rain.

We sort o' quit talkin' an' listened, an' arter a spell we both
heard

Th' sound o' a cry in th' distance; it maught be a wolf, er
night-bird,

Er mountain-panther a-yellin'; we often heard them out o'
door,

But somehow we felt 'twas a *som'thin'* we never 'd heard
thar before.

An' so we both on us dreaded a—wal, we didn't know what,
But listened sort o' expectant, as thar in dead silence we sot.

Th' wind blew up cold an' gusty, a bleakish sort o' a storm,
When sudden, a-fore th' winder, thar flitted a shadowy form.

Bill jumped—he was quick as chain-lightnin'—an' hurriedly
opened th' door,

When in thar staggered—a woman! an' fell with a moan
ter th' floor.

Wal, Kern'l, I tell ye, if ever two fellers was paralyzed still
As if they was nailed in ther coffins, them fellers was jes'
me an' Bill.

A woman!—by jingos! 'twas so long since we'd either seen
 one,
 That if we'd a-follered our instincts I reckon we'd both cut
 an' run.
 But thar th' poor thing was a-lyin', as still as if she was
 dead;
 So Bill he jes' kneels down beside 'er, an' lifted 'er poor
 little head,
 An' unwound a long fixin' around it, an' then we could both
 see 'er face,
 As purty an' sweet in 'er feature, an' somehow about 'er th'
 traee
 Of a lady,—a sure-enough lady. I tell ye it guv us a start,
 But Bill he lifts 'er up gently, an' lays his ear over 'er heart.
 "It heats, but it's faint," sez he, softly. An' then we made
 'er a bed,
 An' Bill he stripped off his jacket fer ter roll it up under
 'er head.
 An' we rubbed 'er little cold fingers, an' covered 'er up by
 th' fire,
 But it seemed fer a spell she was waitin' fer only a word ter
 go higher.

An' while we was wonderin' together if she'd fallen down
 out o' the skies,
 An' whisperin' softly about it, she jes' opened up her sweet
 eyes.
 Sort o' dazed she looked, an' unconscious, too weak fer ter
 try fer ter speak;
 But as Bill was a-bendin' over she jes' laid her hand on his
 cheek,
 An' looked at him, straight an' intent-like, as if she was
 tryin' ter place
 Som'thin' she had in her mem'ry, an' was huntin' fer it in
 his face,
 An' then she burst out a-cryin' an' sobbed, Oh, what should
 she do?
 An' Bill he spoke up like a parson, an' said we would both
 see 'er through.
 So hig^h-falutin' an' booky he poured out his words fer a
 while,
 That finally she let up a-cryin', an' looked sort o' minded
 ter smilc.

But when she told us her story, about how th' train was
 attacked,—
 Wal, ye would 'a said if ye'd heard it that none o' th' details
 it lacked;

An' how she escaped from ther clutches, an' set out alone in
 th' dark,
 Preferrin' th' wildcats an' grizzlies to men, red er white—
 save th' mark!
 Why, Bill, as he sot thar an' listened, jes' fell ter a-pacin' th'
 floor,
 An' when *she* thought he was coughin' it's *my* private notion
 he swore!
 But I tell ye we both on us reckoned th' angels had guided
 'er through,
 Fer ter git ter that gulch in th' night-time was som'thin'
 no live man could do,
 Unless he had trapped in th' diggin's, an' had the thing
 down purty fine.
 Why, thar was only *one* chap as could do it in all o' old
 camp 49.

Wal, thar's no use a-tellin' how we searched fer th' rest o'
 th' train,
 Fer all that we know ter this day is we jes' did our searchin'
 in vain.
 But if ever th' Lord sent a woman fer to be an angel on
 earth,
 That sweet little woman, our Mary, was one from th' hour
 o' 'er birth.
 Th' men fell ter sprucin' up tidy, an' th' camp took ter
 lookin' so neat,
 That every last tramper as come thar went away lookin'
 cheated an' beat.
 We all on us made some acquaintance with combs an' our
 cleanest red shirts,
 But 'twas plain ter be seen from th' outset that Mary wa'n't
 none o' yer flirts.

Fer Bill had th' whip-row, an' kep' it, an' quit all his swar-
 in' an' drink,
 Fer th' love o' a good little woman 'll brace a man more 'n
 ye think.
 An' while some felt rather surly, thar couldn't none help
 but admit
 That in pickin' a husband among us Bill Ed'ards was some-
 how th' fit.

It didn't take heavy discernment ter git at th' lay o' th'
 ground,
 When ye seen 'er a-settin' an' blushin' whenever that Bill
 was around ;
 An' as she sot thar a-lookin' so purty, an' modest, an' sweet,
 It was plain that Bill he jes' worshipped th' stones that was
 under 'er feet.

An' thar she was, all alone, 'ith never a word from 'er kin,
 A-waitin' as patient an' gentle, a-waitin' day out an' day in,
 An' sayin' "They'll be here th' next time, th' *next* time
 they'll come without fail ;"—

But theirs wa'n't th' last disappearance as was known on th'
 Overland Trail.

An' thar wa'n't no use ter be tryin' ter git away out o' the
 camp,

Fer th' snow had blockaded th' mule-trains, an' passengers
 went on th' tramp ;

An' it seemed that th' best way ter fix it was jes' ter git
 married an' stay.

An' maybe thar wa'n't preparations in th' heart o' th' Rock-
 ies *that* day !

'Thar wa'n't no store in th' diggin's, except in th' grocery line,
 But we made up our minds that our Mary should jes' have
 a chance fer ter shine.

So six on us tramped inter Deadwood, an' bought 'er a rock-
 in'-chair,

An' a blue silk gown, an' some fixin's that women usually
 wear.

It guv us a stroll fer ter do it,—we was over a week on th'
 way,—

But ye see we felt that our Mary wa'n't marryin' every day.
 Th' parson was skittish o' comin', but th' deligates fetched
 him along ;

If he hadn't a-come over quiet, we'd a-dragged him in two
 hundred strong.

An' we gin 'em a heartier blessin' than most people gits
 when they mates,

An' we felt thar was mighty few weddin's done up in sich
 style in th' States.

Wal, Bill he was kind an' tender as ever a man could be,
 An' if ever a woman appreciated, that 'ere woman was she.
 'Twas worth a week's work in th' diggin's ter spruce up some
 blue sort o' night,

An' knock at Bill's cabin door-way, a-lookin' so cosy an'
 bright ;

An' thar would be Mary,—God bless 'er !—with a smile an'
 kind word fer us all ;

Why, thar wasn't a dog in the diggin's but loved 'er, from
 great unto small.

To see 'er a-settin' an' mendin' a coat fer her "Willie, my
 dear,"

Would a-made ye feel like som'thin' a-twixt a smile an' a
 tear,

An' a-callin' that big Bill Ed'ards 'er "darlin'," an' "good boy," too,—
 A-strappin' great feller a-weighin' two hundred an' twenty-two!
 Wal, maybe we didn't all love 'er, an' maybe we didn't all feel
 That a pleasant word from Mis' Ed'ards was better 'n a good squar meal.
 An' then she was always a-askin' if we didn't have clothes fer ter mend,
 An' a-doin' some little kind action, as if every man was 'er friend—
 An' maybe they wa'n't, when I tell ye 'twould a-tickled us all ter a charm
 Ter 'ave laid down our lives any minute ter save Bill's Mary from harm.
 An' once when a murderin' hoss-thief was brought ter be stretched ter a limb,
 Our Mary spoke up like a ginerál, an' jes' stood right up thar fer him.
 She said that all o' God's creatures had som'thin' within 'em o' good,
 An' *all* o' our sins er our virtues th' good Lord alone understood.
 She talked like a meetin'-house preacher, only more gentle an' kind,
 An' every goll-darned old miner flopped over an' changed o' his mind.
 An' up spoke Jack Collins, th' spokesman:
 "Mis' Ed'ards, ye say fer ter mean That this 'ere infernal old hoss-thief shall jes' git off slick an' clean?
 It's jes' as yer say, Mis' Ed'ards, not as I spacially car', But he's th' boss o' the bloodiest cusses thar is over thar."
 "Oh, yes, if you please, Mr. Collins," sez she, with that sweet little smile,
 That ter see it was worth a rough journey o' two er three hundred mile.
 "'Nough said," sez Jack. An' that hoss-thief broke down an' bellered fer joy,
 An' thar was Mary a-lookin' like a gold-piece 'ithout th' alloy.
 An' she sez, "Poor man, if we're wicked, God asks us to only repent,
 Fer 'twas fer such sinners as *we* are th' blessed Saviour was sent."
 She said that, she did,—"*we* sinners." Why, that hoss-thief he went on his knees,
 An' we stood as dumb as our shovels, an' planted like so many trees.

An' that blamed old hoss-thief says: "I don't know much
 about God,
 But I've seen one o' his angels, an' that shows that He isn't
 a fraud.
 I'm mean as they make 'em, Mis' Ed'ards, but I'm owin' o'
 you from to-day,
 An' I aint that sort o' a rascal as ever forgits fer ter pay."
 "Now skip!" roared Jack, an' he skipped, rather lively,
 ye'd hetter jes' bet;
 But arter he'd slipped off so easy some fellers begins fer ter
 fret.
 Now Bill, I'd fergotten ter mention, had gone about ten
 miles away,
 Ter hunt up some chaps in th' diggin's as was owin' him
 som'thin' ter pay.
 An' 'long about ten in th' evenin' Bill he rides up ter th
 door,
 A-lookin' sorter pecoolyar, an' as if thar was som'thin' more.
 I had ben down ter th' cabin, more fer Bill's comfort an'
 mine,
 Although thar wa'n't nothin' ter harm 'er along o' old
 camp 49,
 An' Mary she runs fer ter kiss him, an' Bill he catches 'er
 tight,
 An' sez, "God bless you, my Mary, you've saved yer Will's
 life, dear, to-night!"
 An' while she was lookin' so startled, he points ter a small
 squar o' white
 As was pinned up onter his shoulder, a-showin' thar in
 plain sight.
 An' Mary she unpinned th' paper, an' what d'ye think that
 it said?
 She stood up thar by th' firelight, an' this is jes' what she
 read:
 "Received o' that angel, Mis' Ed'ards, one life on th' first
 day of May;
 Herewith accept interest, accordin' ter verbal agreement
 ter pay."
 Th' gang had got Bill in ther clutches, an' had a noose over
 his head,
 When in rushed that durned old boss-devil they'd all on
 'em took ter be dead.
 Wal, maybe thar wasn't rejoicin', an' maybe we didn't all
 yell,
 An' run fer Bill's cabin a-shoutin', an' cheer fer Bill's Mary
 a spell!
 An' if thar had ben any grumblin', er if thar had ben any
 doubt
 As ter whether we'd acted with wisdom,—wal, I reckon
 that receipt wiped it out.

But Mary, wa'n't none o' yer strong ones, unless ye maught
say in 'er mind,
An' thar she knew mor'n twenty o' any blamed men ye could
find.

An' we knew by an' by, as we watched 'er, that she had a
call fer ter hear

A purty rough load fer th' diggin's, 'ithout any womanly care;
But she jes' went on sweeter an' sweeter, a-lookin' more
saintly an' good,

An' while thar wa'n't nothin' ter offer, we all more or less
understood.

An' th' doctor come over from Deadwood when 'twas all
that his life^e was worth,

But all th' doctors together couldn't a-kept 'er here upon
earth;

Fer we'd seen 'er too often a-musin', with that far-off look
in 'er eyes,

An' we knew she was only a-waitin' fer a call inter paradise.

Bill he was wild and distracted, an' white as a ghost with
th' fright,

An' thar wa'n't no miner a-sleepin' in old 49 on that night.

But along in th' gray o' the mornin', as quiet as ever ye see,
Sez Bill at my cabin' winder :

“Pard, Mary is dead!” sez he;
“Come over at sun-up ter th' cabin.”

An' then, jes' as quiet an' still,
He turns an' walks back. An', Kern'l, that was th' last o'
poor Bill.

We went bare-headed an' quiet, an' knocked at th' low cab-
in door,

A-chokin' because o' th' silence. It never was that way be-
fore.

Thar wa'n't no answer; an', Kern'l, I felt a terrible scare,

An' opened the door jes' a little, an' this was th' sight I see
thar,—

Thar lay that beautiful angel, with a little dead babe on 'er
breast,

A-lookin' as peaceful an' quiet as if she'd laid down fer ter
rest;

An' thar, with a thirty-two bullet crashed inter his big, han'-
some head,

With his arms around his dear Mary, Bill Ed'ards was lyin'
thar—dead!

An' onter a small piece o' paper he was holdin' within his
cold hand,

Was writ this sort o' a message :

“Boys, you will all understand,

An' bury th' three in one coffin. I can't bear th' terrible load.

Mary has crossed th' Division, an' I'm—*somewhere* upon th' long road."

Th' sun was jes' up in th' mountains, an' out in the tree-tops a bird

Was a-singin' away ter th' mornin', an' th' Little Chickwater was heard ;

An' thar wasn't a man in th' number but felt somehow terribly weak,

An' too sick an' faint with th' horror ter think o' a word fer ter speak.

Wal, Kern'l, that pine-tree I show'd ye, a-fore it begin ter git dark,

Has had a piece cut from its south side, an' onter that place is a mark

O' a cross ; an' beneath it, a-lyin' thar side by side,

Is Bill, an' Mary, an' Baby, gone over th' Big Divide.

TRUTH IN THE SHIP'S LOG.

During a certain voyage of a down-east vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offence the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this :

"The mate has been drunk all day."

Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log he discovered the entry the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir ; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand ; it had better stand."

The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry the mate made was this item :

"The captain has been sober all day."

The captain summoned the mate and thundered :
 "What did you mean by that entry? Am I not sober
 every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why of course it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I
 think it had better stand; it had better stand."

JONER SWALLERIN' A WHALE.—LOUIS EISENBEIS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

I've jined the church, I've seen enough of worldly fuss and
 foolin',
 'Tis nothin' but a noisy show, besides, a costly schoolin';
 For five and forty year, an' more, I served the cause of Satan,
 And I couldn't say enough agin the churches I was hatin'.
 The Bible was a sham to me—of course, I never read it;
 I read a heap of Thomas Paine, an' what he said, I said it.
 I'd argy any bible saint, and smash his golden rule,
 And I could always bring him down, by sayin', "You're a
 fool!"

I thought I was a kind of boss; a mighty truth expounder,
 Not knowin' I was jist as dumb, and flat as is a flounder.
 I thought myself a heap too smart, to jine a bible-meetin',
 And said religion was a fraud, and preachers were deceitin'.

I once remember goin' in, to hear a bible sermon;
 The preacher was a thick-set man, his hair to gray was turn-
 in',
 He took his text,—I didn't mind just what the words, or
 where,
 But anyhow, I told my wife, 'twas somewhere in Isaier,—
 'Twas that old bible story, which I then thought weak and
 stale,
 Which he fixed up to suit himself—I mean, *Joner and the
 whale.*

The preacher was ablaze with zeal, but I didn't hear a word
 For nurturin' my own conceit, and thinkin', "How absurd!"
 I waited till the preacher closed, and when he got done
 preachin',
 I says to him, says I, "Look here! do you b'leve that yarn
 you're teachin'?"
 'Tis jist that kind of preachin' does a mighty sight of harm.
 The preacher looked dumbfounded, and he said, "My friend,
 what yarn?"

"I mean," says I, "that story, so onreasonable and stale,
Of Joner, tumblin' in the sea, and swallerin' a whale."
Said I, "it's false, no matter who, that simple story wrote,
No *livin'* man could ever git a big whale down his throat."

The people laughed, the preacher smiled, my words were
hard to endure,

The preacher somehow looked confused ; thinks I, he's cor-
nered sure.

Said he, "My friend, you've got it wrong, your mind's a lit-
tle dim,

Joner didn't swaller the whale, 'twas the whale that swal-
lered *him*.

Perhaps," said he, "you haven't given this subject proper
heed,

Or else, I beg your pardon, sir, you've not yet learned to
read."

"Wal now," says I, "to say the least, that's most tremenjuss
cool ;

Do you, my aged preacher friend, take me to be a fool ?

I've growed a man, an' read a heap, I've teached a country
school,

And now you want to put me down, as dummer'n a mule."

It raised my dander, hot and high, to hear him talk that
way,

And so I s'pose I said some things, I hadn't orter say.

But you know I never go round the bush, I always speak
my mind,

And though I seemed a little harsh, he took it very kind.

He took my hand, and gently said : " Before I say good-bye,

Allow me, sir, to say a word, mistakes are slow to die.

When you get home, take my advice, and take your Bible
down,

And read again that wondrous tale of Jonah's strange re-
nown,

And see how easy 'tis to err—though truth be high and deep,

Be sure you're right, then go ahead ; look first, before you
leap.

I went straight home, and took the Bible down from the
mantel shelf,

Brushed off the dust, to hunt the place, just to satisfy my-
self.

It takes sometime to find a text, to me it ginerally does,

And so it took me over an hour, to find where Joner was.

At last I found it, and I read, as if I'd found a prize,

I read agin,—and sakes alive ! I scarce could b'l'ëve my eyes.

Right there it was, in black and white—my sight began to
fail—

It said, that Joner in the sea, *was swallowed* by the whale.
 If I'd been struck by a lightnin' flash, I couldn't felt worse,
 I say,
 When I saw what a fool I'd made myself, in the meetin'-
 house that day.
 How I shet my ears agin the truth, and done my best to try
 To prove the preacher was a fraud, and the Bible was a lie.
 Just then it was, this thought came in, 'tis the doin's of the
 Lord!
 To prove to me my blindness, by the shinin' of his word.
 My doubts all fled, I jined the church, no more Tom Paine
 fur me!
 The bible agrees with common sense, as any man may see.
 And now for nearly fifty year I've seen a heap of things ;
 I've watched the tricks and traits of men, from peasants up
 to kings ;
 But I never knowed an infidel yit, that didn't git things by
 the tail,
 And try to make the Bible read, that *Joner swallowed the whale.*

MY DOLLS.—BERTHA GERNEAUX DAVIS.

I found my old dolls in the attic to-day,
 In a box where I long ago laid them away.
 It was silly, I know, but 'twas such a surprise,
 The sight of their faces brought tears to my eyes.
 There was poor little Flossie, with azure eyes closed.
 For many a month she had quietly dozed,
 In the little silk gown in which I last dressed her—
 That time was brought back so, I stooped and caressed her;
 And then, as I raised her, she opened her eyes,
 And stared at her mother in such sad surprise
 That I kissed her and laid her again in her place
 To keep her reproachful blue eyes off my face.
 And next I uncovered my little bisque Mabel,
 To meet whose brown eyes I was still more unable.
 Their gaze was surprised, but exceedingly mild,
 My poor little, dear little, laid-away child!
 And I kissed her, her face looked so childish and sweet,
 And I held for a moment her little kid feet,
 For her stockings were scattered, and so were her shoes,
 And then, when I found them, they gave me the blues.

I kissed her, and laid her back in the box, but
 She looked at me still (for her eyes would not shut),
 And hastily covering her face from my sight,
 I searched till wax Elsie I brought to the light.

Now, that poor little doll was only my niece,
 Her eyes were dark-blue and her curls white as fleece.
 But her nose was so flat, 'twas no longer a nose,
 And her wax cheeks had faded and lost all their rose.

From losing her sawdust her body was slender,
 Yet for these very reasons my kiss was more tender,
 And I laid the poor thing away with a sigh,
 And feeling, I must say, like having a cry.

One big doll was missing,—my dear Rosabel,—
 How much I did love her, I really can't tell.
 It is painful, indeed, to be talking about,
 But I loved her so much that I quite wore her out.

Well, well, I am older, but I'm sure I'm not glad.
 The thought of those old times, in fact, makes me sad.
 And, although the feeling is silly, I know,
 I cannot help sighing: "Oh! why did I grow?"

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—EUGENE J. HALL.

*"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh!"*
 Carelessly a little child,
 In the sunshine, at her play,
 Lispering sang and sweetly smiled,
 On a joyous April day.
 Sang with laughter, light and droll—
 Sang with mirth in each blue eye:
*"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly!"*

*"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!"*
 Sang a maiden with a face
 Free from look of earthly care,

With a form of faultless grace,
 With a wreath of golden hair.
 Sang with heart by grief untried—
 Sang with no regretful past :
 “*Safe into the haven guide ;
 Oh, receive my soul at last !*”

“*Other refuge have I none—
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me !*”
 Sang a mother while she bowed
 O'er her baby as it lay
 Wrapped within its snowy shroud
 On a dreary autumn day,—
 Sang of hopes forever flown,
 Sang of eyes that could not see :
 “*Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me !*”

“*All my trust on Thee is stayed—
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing !*”
 Faint and weary in the race,
 In death's winter-evening gray,
 With a sweet, angelic face,
 Dreamed a woman. Far away,
 As the feeble twilight fled,
 Angels seemed with her to sing :
 “*Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing !*”

“*Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh !*”
 Ah ! how soon our hopes decay—
 We must suffer and endure ;
 Strive and struggle as we may,
 Life is short and death is sure.
 We may hear the anthem roll
 Through the starry realms on high :
 “*Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly !*”

SARAH'S PROPOSAL.*—CHARLES BARNARD.†

A MONOLOGUE IN THREE SCENES.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RETURN SLOWBODY, *Sarah's next door neighbor.*MISS EFFIE BREEZIE, *a summer boarder.*MISS SARAH GREEN, *a summer boarding-house keeper.*

NOTE.—The last character is to be taken by the performer. The other characters are assumed to be present when she speaks to them.

The stage or platform should be set for a simple interior or be arranged to represent a room by means of curtains or screens. Furniture, properties and costumes for each scene should be used where indicated. If not convenient to use a curtain, the performer enters and leaves the stage at the beginning and end of each scene.

SCENE I. *Sarah's front porch and yard. Entrances at right and left. A chair near left entrance. Plain morning dress with sun-bonnet. After rise of curtain enter at left; pause at door; shade eyes and look off to right.*

The stage from the depot has just driven up from the postoffice. Wonder if any of my folks will come to-day—it's Fourth of July on Monday,—most time for summer boarders to be coming along. Well, I'm all ready for 'em. New hair mattress in the spare-room and I've turned the rag carpet in the south garret. Guess I can make 'em comfortable. (*Sit and take out glasses and a letter.*) I must read Jediah's last letter once more. (*Put on glasses.*) I sha'n't have a minute's peace when the boarders are here. (*Look at letter.*) What a mercy it was I happened to read the Missionary Journal last Christmas. It told how the poor in Boston did suffer for food—and salt pork and potatoes in my cellar. I declare it just touched my heart and I sent a quarter to the editor and told him to give it to some starving family. The editor was real thoughtful and gave the letter to Jediah and since that I've sent money regular every week—for the poor. (*Read from the letter.*) "The gift you sent to the Lord saved seven

*Written expressly for this Collection.

†Author of "The County Fair," "The Country Circus," and other highly successful dramas for the stage. Also, the very amusing play in No. 14, entitled "He was never Known to Smile," and the superior prose readings "The Telegraphic Signal," "French by Lightning," etc. in this Series.

families from starvation." (*Consider a few seconds.*) Let me see. It was two dollars. (*Look off to right; hastily put letter in pocket; rise and cross to right.*) There's Return Slowbody with my letters. I'll go meet him.

[*Exit, right.*

(*After a few seconds, re-enter at right with another letter in hand; appear to be talking to some one; slowly cross to left while talking.*) If it is another boarder, I shall not be able to take her in. Every room is engaged. (*Look at letter then at the person supposed to be present.*) From a man? How do you know the letter is from a man? Oh! The handwriting. (*Look at letter; appear pleased; put it in pocket.*) Going to read it? Why, how silly you are. Of course I'm going to read it—soon's I get a minute's peace. How you do talk, Return Slowbody. Don't you be so curious. Why—yes. If you must know, it's from the Reverend Jediah Hopkins. He's a missionary to the poor, in Boston. No, he doesn't want board. He couldn't leave his work in the city. He said in his last letter that he could not leave his flock to visit—to visit the country. (*Angry.*) Well, why shouldn't I write to him? I guess it's perfectly proper, seeing he's a minister. You're real inquisitive, Return Slowbody, and I shall not tell you 'nother thing about him. (*At door, left; quite angry.*) No, I'm not making him a pair of slippers. I don't know his size.

[*Exit quickly, left.*

(*Re-enter immediately, at left; look about; appear surprised.*) Why! Where's Return? I thought he was coming in. He always stops in for a minute when he brings my mail, and has a slice of mince pie or some jelly cake. (*Vered.*) I declare he made me so ——— (*In changed manner.*) I wish he hadn't been in such a hurry. It was real unkind in Return to go off in a pet like that. (*Sit; take out glasses and the last letter.*) Second letter Jediah has sent this week. I wonder what he can want now. (*Look at letter, quickly.*) Why. (*Surprised, and then pleased.*) Oh! I'm all of a flutter. Why. What will Return say now? (*In changed manner.*) Well, I don't know that it makes

any difference to me what Mister Slowbody thinks. He's nothing—to me. (*Look at letter.*) Oh! Jediah! Jediah! Oh! (*Kiss letter quickly; look about to see if observed; begin to put letter in bosom of dress.*) Oh! Jediah, Jediah!
 [Quick curtain.]

SCENE II. *Sarah's best room. Table at right of centre, with writing materials. Chair at table. Other simple furniture appropriate to a parlor in country house. Pictures and ornaments may also be provided if desired. Entrances at sides and at back. Nice home dress suitable for evening. Lamps lighted on table. Time, evening of the next day. After rise of curtain enter at right; go to table; take up writing materials.*

Suppose I ought to answer Jediah's letter. I'll do it now. (*Sit by table; begin to write on notepaper.*) Dear Jediah: (*Stop and look at it.*) That sounds very cold. (*Begin to tear up paper; stop and tear off half sheet.*) Can't afford to waste paper—at seven cents for twelve sheets. (*Write.*) My Dear Jediah: That sounds better. (*Write.*) Your letter finds me well and hope you are the same. (*Stop.*) What shall I say? First love letter I've had since poor Timothy was took away—when I was seventeen. Oh, Jediah! If you only knew how much I—(*Look off back; hastily begin to cover up papers.*) Somebody at the front door. (*Rise and move up.*) Wonder who it can be?
 [Exit, back.]

(*Re-enter at once; speak off back.*) Ask the man to wait a minute. I'll bring the money right out. (*Open drawer in table; take out purse.*) Can't see who it can be sending me a package by express. (*Count money.*) Five dollars to pay on it. (*Put back purse; move up.*) Express-man wouldn't leave it till he is paid. [Exit, back.]

(*Re-enter at once carrying large portrait of some noted person, well-known to the audience and in a very cheap frame. The portrait to be wrapped up in paper. Examine package; read directions on it.*) "Miss Sarah Green. Glass, handle with care." It's for me. (*Begin to open*

package.) Oh! It's from Jediah. I wonder if it is his picture. He wrote he should send it. (*Open package and place portrait in chair so as to be seen by audience.*) Oh! I knew it was from Jediah. (*Look at edge of portrait.*) It's writ here. (*Read.*) "To my dear friend Sarah Green, from the Reverend Jediah Hopkins." (*Admire picture.*) It's his picture. I knew from his letters he must be good-looking, but I'd no idea—how intellectual he does look! Oh! Jediah, I aint worthy such a saint as you are. (*Look in wrapping paper; find note in it.*) Oh, here's a letter! (*Read it.*) "Dear Sarah—" (*Hold letter in hand.*) How much he does care for me. (*Look at portrait.*) He's a saint on earth, anybody can see that. (*Look at letter; read.*) "I send my portrait all framed." (*Look at portrait.*) Oh! yes, yes. To be sure—of course. How thoughtful in him! Of course, I wouldn't have him pay for the frame. (*Examine frame.*) Five dollars is considerable for that frame. Suppose such things come high in Boston. (*Stop and look off back; turn picture with back to audience.*) Hope that isn't Return. (*Move up.*) Yes—I'm coming. [*Exit, back.*

(*Re-enter at back. Appear to speak to some one who has entered at same time, vexed and ill at ease.*) Yes, as you say Mr. Slowbody, it's a very pleasant evening—considering the rainy weather. Well, I didn't say it rained very hard. Of course, I know the roads are dusty. Won't you sit down, Mr. Slowbody. Sit down or stand up or go home or do something. I declare, Return, you make me so fidgety I don't know what I'm saying. (*Look at picture.*) That! Why—it's a portrait. (*Gather up wrapping paper; put it on table while talking.*) Whose portrait? Why, how curious you are, Return. Deceiving myself? What do you mean? Oh! about Mr. Hopkins. I tell you I know all about him. He's told me everything—in his letters. Besides, he's asked me to—come to the city. Yes—that's what I said. He's asked me to be his wife. A minister's wife is about as lofty a position as a woman can be called to. Why, Return Slowbody!

you—you loved me—ever so long? Well, I don't think I've any very loud call to be a farmer's wife. (*Take up portrait; keep the back to audience.*) No, I will not show it to you. (*Turn to back.*) Oh! very well, Mr. Slowbody. Call again when you can't stay so long. (*Turn to front; put portrait in chair.*) Jediah couldn't deceive me. Nobody could. I'm too smart to be taken in by—(*Move up quickly to back; call off.*) Return! Oh! Return, I'll show it to you. (*Come down.*) He's gone. Now who will bring my letters and carry my hymn-book Sundays and praise my tea-cakes? Jediah will never like my cooking in this world. (*Take up portrait.*) I must hang Jediah—in my room. I wonder if he will love me as much as Return. (*Look at portrait.*) Oh! Jediah. It was a mercy you sent me your picture. I might have—Oh! Return. Oh! Jediah. [*Exit with portrait, back.*]

Slow Curtain.

SCENE III. *Sarah's kitchen. A table at right with board, flour dredge, rolling pin, knife, plates, etc., and some dough for pie crust. Other simple furniture. The portrait hanging on wall at back. Entrances, right and left, and at back. Summer housc-dress with apron. Time, afternoon, a week later.*

(*Enter at right; roll up sleeves to elbow; take up flour dredge; sprinkle flour on board and roll out dough into thin sheet; put some of the sheet of dough on plate and trim it off as for a pie; roll dough out again. Do this while talking.*) I do hope Jediah will like my pies. I've writ to Jediah that I couldn't come to see him now, as I have a house full of boarders and I told him to make me a little visit. And yesterday he writ he couldn't afford it. He gives all he has to the poor. (*Look at portrait.*) Oh! Jediah. I aint fit'to be a helpmeet to such a saint. (*Look to left. Wipe hands on apron.*) Gracious! Who's that? (*Cross to left.*) One of the boarders. (*Open door as if to admit some one.*) Oh! That you, Miss Breezie? Come right in, if you don't miud my cooking. (*Offer chair at*

left.) I'm making a mess of pies. Sit down and be so-
 sherble. (*Resume work on pies, adding a second and third
 layer over the first on the plate and trim them off with the
 knife; do not notice mistake.*) Are you acquainted any
 in Boston, Miss Breezie? Didn't know but you might
 be, seeing you've lived there so long. Don't suppose you
 know the Reverend Jediah Hopkins. Yes, Hopkins—
 that's the name. Am I sure? Why, certainly. Of
 course, I know him very well. He's a missionary to the
 poor. If it was not for speaking of myself—I'd tell you
 I've oftensent him money—for the— Excuse me, there's
 Return. (*Run up, wiping hands on apron; call off back.*)
 Yes—I'm coming. [*Exit, back.*]

(*Re-enter with a letter.*) Another letter from Jediah.
 (*Speak to left.*) Sit still. It aint a mite of matter. I can
 read it by and by. Return brought it over, but he
 wouldn't come in. (*Resume work at table.*) Why—yes—
 Jediah does write pretty often. He's a perfect saint
 (*Point to picture.*) That's his portrait. (*Suddenly drop
 plate on table.*) What! No such person? (*Point to por-
 trait.*) That is—oh, Miss Breezie, you don't mean it! De-
 ceived me? Oh, no, no! I don't believe—You are surc-
 sure? (*Run to back; call off.*) Return—Oh! Return.

[*Exit, back.*]

(*After pause re-enter slowly and in changed manner;
 look about; speak off back.*) No. She's gone. There's
 nobody here. (*Suddenly turn the portrait with its face to
 the wall.*) What a mercy she told me. Oh, what a pile
 of money I have sent—to the poor. And he kept it all.
 (*Speak off back.*) Come in, Return! I'm at home—mak-
 ing a pie for you. (*Point to seat at left.*) Sit down and
 make yourself at home. (*Look at portrait.*) That? Oh,
 Return, don't ask me. I've been—Oh! Return, you knew
 it all the time. (*Take up pie plate.*) Look at that. I've
 put on three bottom crusts and left out the filling. Oh!
 Return, I aint fit to go alone another day. Me! me,
 Return! Love you? Oh, Return, you knew it all along.

Curtain.

CAUGHT.—K. E. BARRY.

They were sitting by the fireside,
On a very frosty night,
And their heads were close together
And they talked of—well—the weather,
Or, perhaps—the “Injun” fight.

As their chat grew more engrossing
Near and nearer yet he drew
Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,
And in trembling tones he told her
Of the—sorrows of the Sioux.

Then he put his arms about her
In the dimly lighted room,
And they saw naught but each other,
Never heard her bad, small brother
Stealing softly through the gloom,

Till a flash dispelled the darkness,
And a shrill voice cried with glee:
“Caught your photo—you and sister—
Pa will like to know you kissed her—
Buy the negative from me?”

—*Photographic Times.*

HOW I WON MY WIFE—W. A. EATON.

I was standing alone on a rocky height,
The sunshine around me fell warm and bright;
The deep blue ocean stretched far away;
There was scarcely a ripple on all the bay.
A boat was just putting off from the beach;
I could almost hear the light-hearted speech
Of the young girl sitting in the bow.
How well I remember! I see her now,—
Her golden curls blown back by the wind,
And the bright blue ribbon floating behind;
And her sunny laugh, like silver bells,
Still clearly in my memory dwells.

The boat sped on o'er the summer sea,
As light and gay as a bird set free.
An aged man by the young girl sat,
And seemed delighted to hear her chat.

How I wished I were he in that tiny boat,
 How sweet it would be o'er the waves to float,
 And hear that voice and be near that form,
 And watch the breezes her fair cheeks warm
 With the glow of health, and clasp her hand,
 And gaze with her at the lessening land!

The boat went on, and I turned away,
 But the picture was with me all that day.
 At evening when the sky was red
 With the great sea sunset, and overhead
 The sea-gulls screamed in their whirling flight,
 Where the mighty cliffs were gleaming white,
 I strolled on the beach, for I could not rest,
 A nameless longing filled my breast,—
 A yearning to see that face once more,
 And the boat return I had watched from shore.
 I lit a cigar and strolled along,
 Humming the tune of an old love song;
 And the days of my youth came back to me,
 As I strolled along by the murmuring sea;
 And the visions of greatness and glory came
 As they used to do, and my cheek grew flame,
 And my heart beat high, and my head grew hot
 With aspirations I thought forgot.

I was roused from my dreams by a sudden blast,
 And the raindrops falling thick and fast.
 I looked above, and the sky was black:
 I hastily turned to hurry back
 Ere the storm came on; but I saw the bark
 Dimly and faintly through the dark,
 Like an egg-shell rocked on the hissing waves,
 Whose roaring echoed through all the caves.
 "God help them!" I muttered beneath my breath.
 "Oh, save them from such a fearful death!"
 The life-boat house was far away,
 There was no time to think or stay.
 But what could be done? I flew to where
 A light was lit at the jetty-stair,
 And shouted and shrieked with all my might:
 "Pull if you can, towards this light!"
 They heard me, thank Heaven!—they come this way.
 They were nearing the lantern's flickering ray,
 When a huge wave came and the boat upset.
 That poor pale face! I see it yet,—

The despairing eyes that gazed at me
Far out of the depths of that awful sea!
One cry to her, "Hold on, be brave!"
And I had plunged beneath the wave.
I seized the poor half-fainting form,
And madly battled with the storm.
A thought of home—a thought of death—
A fearful catching of the breath—
And then I strove with all my might
To reach the lantern's flickering light.
The lifeless form within my arm
Was cold and dead to all alarm;
Her long hair floated on the wave,
That yet might prove an early grave.
One struggle and a stifled prayer,
And I had reached the jetty-stair.

But there was the aged man to save
From the deep, dark gulf of the yawning wave.
So I gave the girl into friendly hands,
And plunged again from the wet sea sands
Deep down into the foaming sea.
By the fitful light I could dimly see
The boat upturned, and the aged man
Clinging as only the drowning can.
An awful plunge and a fearful gasp,
And the aged form was within my grasp.
A few strokes more and we reached the strand,
The crowd pressed round and grasped my hand.

A few months more, and the joy-bells rang
With a resonant chime and a joyous clang;
And the bride that stood by the altar rail
With the beautiful eyes and the fair cheeks pale,
And the hand that trembled and voice that fell
With an earnest tone and deep-souled swell,
Was the form and voice of the girl whose life
I had saved from death. I had won my wife.

HE HAD FAITH.

A young man, about twenty-one years old, was sitting in the waiting room of a depot with a year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child

suddenly began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you're stuck. You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets onto you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

"She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our baby."

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled all at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothes line.

THE EPITAPH.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

When John Thorp died
 His widow cried,
 And some declare
 She tore her hair,
 And swooned away
 For half a day;
 Her crape veil touched the ground, they say.
 Each morn she went,
 On gloom intent,

Out to John's mound,
 And strewed the ground
 With flowers gay.
 And then, they say,
 The tombstone man
 Next heard her plan.
 She said she meant
 To rear anent
 John's grave the tallest monument
 Of granite strong,
 To last as long
 As strongest cast
 Of stone may last.
 She said, "And this,
 Imprimis,
 Is what you'll trace
 Upon the face
 Of that same stone—
 This verse alone,
 Though it I make,
 For my love's sake,
 Long as I can."
 The tombstone man
 Said, "Lettering's high."
 "But what care I
 For that?" cried she.
 "Carefully, oh, carefully
 Carve this,—don't miss
 A word,—carve this:

"Here lies John Thorp, the best of men.
 Who shall see his like again!
 His widow in perpetual tears
 This stone to his dear memory rears,
 And tells his virtues in her grief
 That nevermore shall find relief."

Too soon it was
 To raise, alas!
 The monument
 Of fond intent;
 The ground must set,
 They said, and get
 More solid ere
 The stone went there.

So six months span.
 The tombstone man
 Went to her to hear her plan.
 Her veil was off
 Her face—don't scoff!
 It hurt her eyes—
 They were fine eyes—
 And she was wise
 To put it back.
 Her black was black,
 But little ruffles
 Had dainty scuffles
 All o'er her skirts;
 And little spurts
 Of glittering jet
 Were cutely set
 Just where they'd run
 The best chance to blink at the sun.
 "Oh, yes," she said,
 "My poor dear dead!
 And this, of course,
 Is the sad verse
 My thought has lent
 His monument.
 But surely yet
 The ground's not set?
 Let's wait more time.
 Oh! here's the rhyme:

" 'Here John Thorp lies,
 Past earthly ties.
 This stone may well
 His virtues tell.' "

A whole year ran!
 The tombstone man
 Went to her to hear her plan.
 Her veil was shed—
 It made her head
 Ache very much.
 Her gown was such
 A shining mass
 Of beads, alas!
 The tombstone man
 Could scarcely scan

Her jewels rare,
Her curling hair.
"Well," said she "so
You've come to know
About that stone of long ago.
Tall stones, of late,
Are out of date,
Make this one small, of good sound slate.
And, as for verse—
I can't rehearse
All that old mess
Of silliness.
And carving's dear
You said last year;
Each letter here
Costs money; and—
You understand?
As trousseaux come
To a round sum,
And weddings are
A fearful bar
To one's extravagance when par
One's bonds don't reach,
So I beseech
You do not waste
More time, but haste
And set the stone,—
A little one,
Simple, chaste,
And in good taste.
The verse? Well, sir,
It *does* occur
To me to make
It short, for sake
Of epigram.
And so I am
Convinced 'twere well
That it should tell
All that there is
In this,—just this:
"Thorp's
Corpse.'"

Part Thirty-Second.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION on first page of Contents.

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 32.

FLAG OF THE RAINBOW.

This recitation may be made very effective if the National flag be placed where it can be readily pointed to. The "Star Spangled Banner" might be played softly during the rendering of the poem.

Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars,
Emblem of light and shield of the lowly,
Never to droop while our soldiers and tars
Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.

Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it,
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it;
Planted on earth, or afloat in the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it.

Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their sons,
Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious,
While the grass grows and the clear water runs,
Ever invincible, ever victorious.

Long may it waken our pride and devotion,
 Rippling its colors in musical motion,
 First on the land, and supreme on the ocean:
 Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

KISSING CUP'S RACE.—CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

You've never seen Kissing Cup, have you?
 Stroll round to the paddock, my lord;
 Just cast your eye over the mare, sir,—
 You'll say that, upon your word,
 You ne'er saw a grander-shaped 'un
 In all the whole course of your life.
 Have you heard the strange story about her,
 How she won Lord Hillhoxton his wife?
No? Well, if you've got a few minutes,
 I'll tell you why Kissing Cup, here,
 Has lived in this lazy grandeur
 Since the first time they let her appear
 On a race-course—to run for a wife, sir,
 The loveliest girl in the land.
 By gad! 'twas a heart-thrilling moment
 For them as stood on the stand,
 And knew the high stakes that were pending
 On Kissing Cup's winning the race—
 She ran for a woman's heart, sir,
 To save an old name from disgrace.

Here she is, sir;—now look her well over—
 There isn't a fault to be found;
 See her going—magnificent action!
 You're right, sir: the mare is as sound
 As she was on the day I rode her
 Just ten years ago last June:
 I'll never forget how they cheered us,
 The mare, and her jock, Bob Doon.

He was always a reckless youngster,
 My master, Hillhoxton, you know;
 And when the old Marquis died, sir,
 He seemed—somehow or other—to go
 Right fair clean away to the bad, sir;
 And, being a fresh 'un, you see,
 The "bookies" just fleeced him a good 'un.
 I knew, sir, quite well how 'twould be:

I saw he would go down a mucker,—
 Be ruined, sir, sure as fate.
 In his careless boyish folly
 I saw that the fine old estate
 Would be gambled away, the title
 Be sullied, perchance, with shame.
 I said to myself, "Bob Doon, boy!
 You must save your old master's name."
 He'd loved a quiet bit o' racing—
 I'd been his head jock for years.
 I remember the night he died, sir;
 His bright-eyes filling with tears,
 He told me to mind the youngster,
 To see that he didn't begin
 To gamble—and always remembered
 The Hillhoxtons rode to win.
 He told me above all to see, sir,
 That no scandal e'er touched the stud,
 To be sure that our stables harbored
 Nought but the purest blood.
 He took my rough hand as he finished,
 In the same old well-known grip,
 As hundreds of times I'd seen him
 A-grasping the ribbons and whip.
 He didn't last very much longer—
 I stood by the bed as he died,
 And watched my old master's spirit
 Start on its last long ride.
 One night,—I remember it well, sir,
 It must have been just nigh four years
 After the old Marquis left us,—
 Very heavy at heart with fears,
 I was sitting in one of the stables,
 Not dreaming as no one was near,
 A-thinking of how things were looking
 A mighty sight too deuced queer.
 I had turned round my head for a moment
 To see as the nags were all right,
 When I saw the young master a-standing
 Behind me. I started! The sight
 Of his face, pale and haggard,
 Sent a rush of cold blood to my heart.
 I knew, sir, that something had happened.
 "Doon, Doon, my boy! why do you start?
 1*

Don't you know me?" he said. "Have I altered?
Have I changed so since yesterday?

No wonder, good God! I am ruined!

I've gambled the old home away.

But the worst—the poor girl, Lady Constance,—

You know how she loves me, old friend,—

What will she think of me now, Bob?

For pity's sake, Heaven defend

And keep her," he cried, "true as ever!

But no, no! I never can wed

You now. God bless you, my darling!

Forget me as if I were dead."

He wept like a child in his sorrow.

"Be a man! be a man, sir," said I;

"Trust to me, I can yet pull you through, sir,

There's a mare in your stud that can fly.

I've kept her—I knew you were playing

Too fast, far too reckless, a game;

But there's Kissing Cup ready to run for

And save a Hillhoxton's name."

When I saw that the lad was collected,

I asked him to turn and look

At the very first bet he had entered

On the very first page of his book.

He looked at me—eyes full of wonder—

"That's three years ago! What d'ye mean?"

"My lord, you'll forgive me," I answered;

"Forgive me, I know you have been

Too hot, aye, too heedless by far, sir,

In your youthful and reckless career;

You've forgotten—just read for a moment

The words that you see written here.

The foal, Kissing Cup, here, is ready

And fit, sir, to run for a life;

In the big race next week she will save you,

Will win you a fortune—and wife."

The boy couldn't speak for a moment.

His pallid lips moved in a groan;

Then he rallied, and grasping my hand, sir,

Held it just like a vise with his own.

The day of the race was a grand one,

But few knew the issue at stake;

We'd tried hard to keep it a secret

For the splendid old Marquis's sake;

As we cantered away past the stand, sir,
 To give the "big swells" all a view,
 Hardly one of 'em dreamt what 'twould mean, sir,
 If the Hillhoxton "Chocolate and Blue"
 Were beaten—none guessed that the girl there,
 With her beautiful face, worn and thin,
 Was murmuring a low prayer to Heaven
 That her young lover's colors might win.

"All ready?"—a beautiful start, sir;
 The line was as straight as could be;
 "They're off!" the shout rang for a moment
 Around us, and then seemed to me
 As dying away in the distance,
 While we scudded along the course
 At a pace that was far too killing
 To last: so I kept my horse
 Well back in the rear to "the Corner."
 Then I let the reins loose on her mane.
 She passed through them all but just one, sir,
 Lord Rattlington's colt, Sugar Cane.
 Then I saw there would be a struggle:
 I had known it for months long back,
 That all as I need be afraid of
 Was the old Baron's fast-flying "crack."
 'Twas a terrible moment for me, sir:
 The colt was three good lengths ahead.
 I whispered a word to the mare, sir;
 'Twas enough—she knew what I said.
 Sweeping on down the hill like a rocket,
 She got to the girths of the colt;
 My heart gave a great throb of pleasure;
 I made sure that he'd "shot his bolt."
 But no! his jock hustled him up, sir;
 His whip swishes fell like rain;
 And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir,
 "It's thousands on Sugar Cane."
 The stand was reached, Sugar Cane leading.
 Two seconds, and all would be o'er.
 "Lord Rattlington wins!" No, not yet, though
 We're neck, sir, to neck—two strides more.
 I saw in the great sea of faces
 A girl's,—pale, white as the dead.
 I cried, "For *her* sake, Kissing Cup, now!"
 'Twas over—we'd won by a head!

WATER AND RUM.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

Water! There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood,—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the

damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand, and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile and deadly and accursed everywhere—fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

Base art thou yet as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission, filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shriek echoed along the gloomy caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood,—rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction! And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the sacramental cup of the Rum-Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth:

Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony, and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

AN INTERRUPTED PROPOSAL.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

He sat in the parlor with Ray,
 He had come to propose, they say,
 So the others kept out of the way.
 But he felt rather queer
 Sitting here,
 Ray knitting a fluffy nonsense
 She called a cloud,
 And it was, in one sense,
 For it dulled his brightness,
 For all its lightness,
 And he could only talk aloud,
 Instead of in tender
 Whispers that make
 A maiden surrender
 For sympathy's sake.
 He thought he'd go mad
 As he looked at that cloud. It had
 Line after line of little gray shells,
 Each one endowed with hundreds of stitches
 In little half-hitches,
 Like an alphabet mixed till it nothing spells.
 "The weather's fine,"
 He said. "Yes," snapped she.
 Then she made a line
 Of shells carefully.
 She looked so comely, there in the light
 Of the lamp that burned low as though it knew
 What was expected of it to do
 To-night.

*Author of "Jamie," "If I should die To-night," "Gabe's Christmas Eve," "The Sentinel of Metz," "The Curtsy," and a score of other excellent recitations in previous Numbers of this Series.

She looked so lovely he felt his heart
Give such a start
He had to hold it with all his might
To keep it from jumping away outright.

“Oh, Ray,” he said—

She raised her head.

“Richard,” said she, “I think thee’s not well.”

Then every gray shell

Shook as the needles turned ’em round.

“Oh, Rachel,” he said—and she looked at him

Till his head began to swim.

But sudden he started and said with a vim

Quite new to him,

“There is a mouse—”

“Oh!” shrieked Rachel. Down went the cloud,

Down went the needles clattering loud,

And through the house

Her voice rang, and

Up on a chair

That was nearest at hand

She jumped, and the air

Was filled with her cries,

While her skirts she caught

In one hand and fought

With the other the tribe of little mice

Her fancy seemingly had brought

Before her startled fearsome eyes.

Richard he took

A step and mistook,

In his affright,

The little table

That held the light,—

Caught it, and it

Was not able

To bear his weight and suddenly split.

Down went the lamp on the floor,

The light went out and ’twas dark as of yore

When the candle went out for Moses. And Ray

Cried, “Keep it away!”

And Richard cried, “Ray,

Listen to me. I merely said

There is a mouse—”

“Oh,” shrieked she, “I’ll rouse

The very dead

If thee don't kill it." "I merely said,"
 Cried he—"Oh," shrieked she,
 "Here in the dark they'll tickle worse.
 Hold me, Richard, hold me," said she,
 "The chair is wobbling, it's like a horse,
 And my foot is going through the cane—
 Oh, oh, oh!"

Richard ran
 Like a man,
 And held her, you know,
 For it was plain
 She needed support.
 And then the report
 Has it he told her he loved her dear,
 And that the little mouse wasn't here,
 But what he meant to say, only she
 Interrupted so frightenedly,
 Was that there was a mouse at home
 That nibbled at the honey-comb.
 Her "oh's" were stopped.
 Her voice it dropped.
 "Dick," said she, "you men are so
 Prone to go
 Wrong when you had better go right.
 Pick up the lamp, and make a light.
 I'm rather sorry the table split,
 For mother set great store by it.
 But pick up the lamp and make a light."
 "But," said he, "Ray, did thee think the mouse
 Was in this house?"
 "I think," said she, a little mouse
 Grows big as an elephant when there's cause.
 And the way of the wind can be told by straws—
 It is only a man that see-saws,
 And a woman's wit can sometimes hit
 An expedient even if 'tis a mouse
 That sojourns in another house.

Let the little mouse stay in thy home
 And have its fill of honey-comb.
 Now make a light, and give me my cloud,
 I'm sure I've dropped some stitches and—
 Don't squeeze my hand!
 Oh, Dick, thee shouldn't kiss so loud."

WHERE ARE YOUR TREASURES?—HORACE B. DURANT.

Written expressly for this Collection.

The earth has treasures deep
Beneath the plain and mountain-girded breast,
Where golden mines and flashing jewels sleep,
In their unfathomed rest.

Unseen by mortal eye,
Untouched by eager hand their hidden store;
Yet, to possess them men still vainly sigh,
And seek them evermore.

Rare treasures has the sea—
Far down within its dim and sighing caves;
And some, alas! with blinding tears that we
Saw buried in its waves!

Yet, still the hungry surge,
Moans sadly on with angry tempest tossed;
And evermore its hollow, solemn dirge
Is chanted for the lost!

The depths of starry skies
Have grandest treasures in their wide domain,
Too vast for thought, too bright for mortal eyes
That, longing, gaze in vain.

There is no broken tone
Within the mighty anthem that they sing,
No shore unto that wave of worlds, alone
Swept by angelic wing!

This world has treasures won
At best through peril, pain and ceaseless strife,
That must be given up when we have run
The fleeting race of life.

Yet, heaven has treasures far
Beyond compare with all our earthly dreams;
Its realms of bliss and fadeless beauties are
Fed by immortal streams.

Beyond the marge of time,
Beyond decay, unknown to sighs or tears,
Its treasures last within that deathless clime,
Throughout eternal years!

CARACTACUS.—A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Caractacus was a British prince, who placed himself at the head of the Silures, a people of North Wales, in a revolt against the Romans. He defeated the Roman general, Plautius, in three pitched battles; but, after a protracted struggle of nine years, was overcome by Ostorius, Roman Governor of Britain, who took captive the chieftain's wife and daughter. Caractacus took refuge with Cartimandua, Queen of the Brigantes; but was treacherously delivered up to Ostorius, and carried by him to Rome, where (his fame having reached the capital) a great concourse of people attended, to witness his introduction to the Emperor Claudius. The behavior of the noble barbarian, on this occasion, was firm and magnanimous, as, with an erect presence, he replied to the Cæsar's questions; and the latter had the generosity to admit his defence, and, releasing him from his chains, ordered his wife and child to be restored to him.

Close your gates, O priests of Janus! close your brazen temple gates!

For the bold Ostorius Scapula invokes the peaceful fates;
And the brave Britannic Legion at the Arch of Triumph waits.

Bold Ostorius—home returning—for the island war is o'er;
And the wild Silurian rebels shall arise in arms no more:
Captive stands their savage monarch on the Tiber's golden shore.

Crowded are the banks of Tiber, crowded is the Appian way;
And through all the Via Sacra ye may mark the dense array
Of the tramping throngs who celebrate a Roman gala-day.

From the joyous Campus Martius to the lonely Aventine,
From the Capitolian Palace to Apollo's Tiber shrine,
Hurrying onward to the Forum, sweeps the long, unbroken line,

To the Forum, where the captive, chief of Britain's savage horde,

He who smote the host of Plautius with his fierce barbaric sword—

To the Forum, where the captive, trembling, waits the Cæsar's word.

Caractacus! Caractacus! Oh! full many a Roman child
To its mother's breast at midnight has been caught in terror wild,

When some fearful dream of Britain's chief her sleeping sense beguiled.

Thrice in battle sank our Eagles—shame that Romans lived to tell!

Thrice three years our baffled legions strove this rebel chief to quell:

Vain were all our arms against him, till by treachery he fell.

Now, behold, he is our captive! in the market place he
stands,

And around him are the lictors and the stern Prætorian
bands:

Stands he like a king among them, lifting high his shack-
led hands.

Sure he sees the steel-clad cohorts, sure he marks the lic-
tors nigh,

Yet he stands before our monarch with a glance as proudly
high

As if *he*, in truth, were Cæsar, and 'twere Claudius that
should die.

Gazes he o'er prince and people, with a glance of wondering
light—

O'er the Rostra, o'er the Forum, up the Palatinian height,
O'er the serried ranks of soldiers stretching far beneath his
sight.

Grandly swell the crash of cymbals, blare of trump, and
roll of drum,

As adown that storied market-place the veteran cohorts
come:

Then, at once, the clamorous shoutings sink into a brooding
hum.

Tramping onward move the legions, tramping on with iron
tread,

While Ostorius, marching vanward, proudly bends his mar-
tial head—

Proudly bends to the ovation, meed of those whom valor
led.

Statue-like, in savage grandeur, stands the chief of Britain's
isle;

And his bearded lip is wreathing, as with silent scorn, the
while:

Bold barbarian! dost thou mock us, mock us with that bit-
ter smile?

Lo! thou standest where the Brutus sware by chaste Lucre-
tia's blood;

Where the Roman sire, Virginius, o'er his virgin daughter
stood;

And where Marcus Curtius perished, victim for his coun-
try's good.

Lo! thou standest in the Forum, where the stranger's voice
is free,

Where the captive may bear witness—thus our Roman laws
decree!

“Lift thy voice, O chief of Britons!” 'Tis the Cæsar speaks
to thee!

“Lift thy voice, O wondering stranger! Thou hast marked
our Roman state:
All the terrors, all the glories, that on boundless empire
wait!
Boldly speak thy thought, O Briton, be it framed in love
or hate!”

Thus our monarch to the stranger. Then, from off his fore-
head fair,
Backward with a Jove-like motion, flung the chief his golden
hair:
And he said, “O King of Romans! freely I my thought
declare.

“Vanquished is my warlike nation, stricken by the Roman
sword;
Lost to me my wife and children, long have I their fate de-
plored;
They are gone—but gloomy Hertha still enthralls their hap-
less lord.

“Yet I murmur not, but *wonder*—wonder, as in Jotna
dreams,
At each strange and glittering marvel that before my vision
gleams;
At the blaze of Roman glory which upon my senses streams.

“Romans! even as gods ye prosper, boundless are your gifts
and powers!
Ye have fields with grain o’erladen, gardens thick with
fruits and flowers,
Halls of shining marble builded, cities strong with battling
towers.

“I have marked your gorgeous dwellings, and your works
of wondrous art;
Bridges high in air suspended, columned shrine, and gild-
ed mart,
And I marveled—much I marveled—in my poor barbarian
heart.

“For this day I saw your mighty gods beneath the Pantheon
dome,—
Gods of gold, and bronze, and silver,—and I marveled, King
of Rome,
That such wealthy gods should envy me my poor, barba-
rian home!”

Ceased the chief, and on the pavement sadly sank his tear-
ful eyes,
And the wondering crowds around him held their breath
in mute surprise;
Held their breath—and then, outbursting, clove the air with
sudden cries:

As when round the hushed arena's dust a swoon-like silence
floats,
While the Coliseum's victor o'er his dying foeman gloats,
And as breaks the sudden plaudit from a hundred thousand
throats.

Thus arose the voiceful tumult—thus, with loud and sudden
swell,
Up from all those swaying thousands rose the shout no king
might quell:
"Cæsar, he hath spoken bravely! Claudius, he hath spoken
well!"

Not unmoved the brow of Cæsar—it hath lost the Claudian
frown;
And a tear upon his royal cheek is slowly trickling down:
Never purer gem than Pity's tear enriched a monarch's
crown!

Yet he speaks in anger's accents: "Ho! advance the fasces
now!
Lictors! close ye round the scorner! Ha! barbarian, smil-
est thou?
There is one beneath whose glances even thy haughty soul
shall bow!"

Thus spoke Claudius, and the soldiers, opening round the
curule chair,
Half revealed a form majestic mid the lictors bending there,—
Half revealed a stately woman, mantled by her radiant
hair.

Flashed the captive's eye with sunlight, burned his cheek
with new-born life—
Hope, and fear, and doubt, and gladness, held by turns their
eager strife—
Then two hearts and voices mingled, murmuring, "Hus-
band!" answering, "Wife!"

THE GUIDE POST.

In winter, once, an honest traveler wight
Pursued his road to Derby, late at night;
'Twas very cold, the wind was bleak and high,
And not a house nor living thing was nigh;
At length he came to where some four roads met,
(It rained too, and he was completely wet,)
And being doubtful which way he should take
He drew up to the finger-post to make

It out—and after much of poring, fumbling,
 Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,
 'Twas thus the words he traced—"To Derby—five."
 "A goodly distance yet, as I'm alive!"
 But on he drove a weary length of way,
 And wished his journey he'd delayed till day;
 He wondered that no town appeared in view,—
 The wind blew stronger, it rained faster too,—
 When to his great relief he met a man:
 "I say, good friend, pray tell me, if you can,
 How far is't hence to Derby?" "Derby, hey!
 Why zur, thee be'est completely come astray;
 This y'ant the road." "Why zounds, the guide-post showed
 'To Derby, five'—and pointed down this road!"
 "Ay dang it, that may be, for you maun know,
 The post it war blown down last night, and so
 This morn I put it up again, but whether,
 As I can't put great A and B together,
 The post is right, I'm zure I cannot zay—
 'The town is just five miles the other way.'"

HE TRIED TO TELL HIS WIFE.

If there is one thing more than another calculated to throw a man into a gnashing-of-the-teeth and tearing-of-the-hair condition, it is his attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affair. He begins with:

Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me to-day while ——

Where did you see Jack Burroughs? answered the wife.

Oh, we went to luncheon together, and ——

How did you happen to go to luncheon together?

Well, we didn't exactly go out together. I met Jack at the restaurant, and ——

What restaurant?

Calloway's, and Jack ——

How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's?

I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop into Calloway's to-day, along with Jack, and ——

Does he always lunch at Calloway's?

I'm sure, my dear, that I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if ——

Oh, of course not. I just wondered if he did, that's all. Go on with your story.

Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack ——

What kind of soup?

Oxtail. Jack said that ——

I thought you disliked oxtail soup?

Well, I don't care much about it, but ——

How did you happen to order it if you didn't care for it?

Because I *did*. But the soup has nothing to do with the story.

Oh, of course not. I never said that it did. I don't see why you should get cross over a simple question. Go on.

Well, while we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his wife came in, and ——

They did?

I have just said so.

Well, you needn't be so cross about it.

They came in, and ——

Is she pretty?

Pretty enough. Jack bowed, and ——

Does he know them?

Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I ——

How was she dressed?

How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that ——

Did they sit near you?

Yes, at the next table. And while they were ordering Jack said that they ——

Couldn't they hear him?

Do you suppose that Jack would have no more sense

than to let them hear him talking about them? Look here, now —

James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion, you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?

He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and —

How did he know that?

Great Cæsar! There you go again!

James, you will please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir!

No other woman could drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about —

James!

Every time I try to tell you anything you begin, and you —

James I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and —

You never listen to anything. That's the trouble. If —

When I ask you a simple question you —

I'd say "simple!" You've asked me a million simple questions in the last half hour, just because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that —

I do not wish to know what Mr. Jack Burroughs said, if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot!

And the much-injured wife retires scornfully, while her husband narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.

ENCORE! ENCORE!

"Encore! encore!"

Though the danger's past,
And the woman is safe

On her feet at last—

Though the ropes are swinging

High over the net,

And swinging and clinging

And trembling yet—

So near to the gas
 And its dazzling light,
 Right over the mass
 At a terrible height!
 The people are calling
 Their sickly refrain;
 The leap was appalling—
 They'll have it again!
 When once they see danger
 They're bound to want more!
 "Encore! encore!
 "Encore! encore!"
 "Encore! encore!"
 She has heard the cry,
 And she's climbing once more
 To the platform high—
 So near to the gas
 And its dazzling light,
 Right over the mass,
 At a terrible height!
 From bar to rope,
 And from rope to bar,
 With many a hope
 That the end's not far,
 She's swinging and clinging,
 Not daring to pause,
 While the people are singing
 Their song of applause!
 There's a gasping for breath
 In the poisonous air,
 A warning of death,
 And a look of despair!
 There's a cry near the roof,
 Then a thud on the floor!
 And the people go silently
 Out at the door,—
 Go silently shrinking
 Away from the hall,
 Not speaking, but thinking
 Of somebody's fall!—
 Of a woman who died
 In response to the roar,
 "Encore! encore!
 Encore! encore!"

THE CHURCH KITCHEN.*—LOUIS EISENBEIS.

Issaker, I'd like to know, what's come across the meetin',
 They have so many fandangoes and still for more they're
 seekin',
 They strain their nerves and rack their brains with shows
 and worldly airs,
 And really, it seems to me, they've got to splittin' hairs.

They've got cantatas, fairs and sich, and suppers, ad libitum :
 I s'pose since they've got started now, they'll go, ad in-
 finitum ;
 'Twould seem as if a fallen spirit were all their minds be-
 witchin',
 For now they've got another spell, a-riggin' up a kitchen.

Why Issaker, who ever heard so many cranky notions?—
 What do they want a kitchen fur, to warm up their devo-
 tions ?

It puzzles me to know, or tell, how this will help the meet-
 in' ;

Do they intend to make the church a rendezvous for eatin' ?

To make the church an eatin' house, a place for fancy cook-
 in' ;

To plain old bodies, such as me, is very ugly lookin' ;

If that's the kind of faith they have, to me, it's not enrich-
 in' ;

I'd rather be in Jericho, than be in such a kitchen.

I s'pose they'll have religious stews, to suit the taste of any,
 And cookin' done in every style, to please the few or many ;
 For those who're sickly, weak and faint with spirit epilepsy
 And all who in the least are sick with spiritual dyspepsy.

Issaker, it seems to me it shows a dreadful flight,
 To think the seat of sin is lodged within the appetite ;
 Indeed, they'll never save the world by such unhealthy
 tonic ;

They ought to know the human soul is not inside the stom-
 mic.

They'll have to search for better food, is my sincere sugges-
 tion ;

To feed on such unwholesome stuff, is spirit indigestion ;

The more you eat, the more you want, and you may rest as-
 sured

There never yet was found a soul that this had ever cured.

*By permission. Mr. Eisenbeis has contributed to this Series: "The Church Fair," "The Parson's Vacation," "The Deacon, Me and Him," "Christmas a Hundred Years to Come," "Jonah and the Whale," and other popular recitations.

You can't improve the breath of song by eatin' worldly on-
ion—

To put a poultice on the nose will never cure a bunion ;
And so to hope to make the church a power for conviction
You never can, by puttin' in a pantry or a kitchen.

Why Issaker, the other night, I went to prayer meetin',
And when I got inside the door, I found them all a-eatin'.
I looked around, asked what it meant (I almost had a
swoon),

A sister whispered quietly, " They've started a saloon."

The pastor had an apron on, and walked the aisles between,
A great big waiter in his hand a-passin' round the cream :
A deacon had a load of cakes: a sister, lemonade :
A brother passed a plate around, collectin', till 'twas paid.

And so, instead of havin' prayers, for life and holy power,
They ate and drank and talked and laughed, till past the
midnight hour.

Oh, Issaker, that's not the way they did when we were
young,

Ah no, they met to watch and pray, and holy hymns were
sung.

Church kitchens, and the like of that, came never into mind :
Religion was a thing of love, and not this eatin' kind :
They didn't have to cook and stew, and boil and fry and so,
To git the people into church, and make the meetin's go.

Their food was manna pure and sweet, descendin' from the
skies,

The water of life, and fresh plucked fruit, from trees of par-
adise ;

By these they toiled and lived and moved, believers' souls
enrichin',

The Bible was the conquerin' sword, and not the churchly
kitchen.

A TRAGEDY IN THE SUNSHINE.

Breaking suddenly through the cedar thicket, I stood
on the very edge of the cliff—at the top of a ragged wall
which rose almost four hundred feet from the green grass
of the valley. From my perch I could see for fifty miles
to the west.

Nature never made a more perfect day in the western

mountains. Everything living, dead, was bathed in sunshine, and there was such intense quietness that I heard the swish of a buzzard's wings as he sailed over my head so high that he seemed no larger than a robin.

I turn from the distant landscape and look down into the valley. Half a mile from the foot of the wall—yet seeming scarce a stone's-throw away—is a camp fire, a camp fire which smoulders and sends up a thin, lazy column of blue smoke. Thirty feet from the fire, lying on the broad of his back on the grass, with hat over his face, is a human figure. It is that of an Indian. You can tell that by his position.

It is a camp, then,—the camp of a pair or trio of Indian hunters belonging to the reservation. It is their land, and if there is any trespassing I am the guilty one. Where this hunter's companions are I know not, but they have left him alone for the time, and he has improved the opportunity to sleep. So quiet, so peaceful, so flooded with sunshine that no spot can be safer for one bound in the chains of slumber.

Look! Five hundred feet beyond the body is a cedar thicket. Between the body and the thicket are scattered rocks,—a sort of outcrop. My eye was simply passing over this ground when it detected a movement in the thicket. For a long minute I keep my gaze fastened on the spot, and for some unexplained reason my heart beats faster. Was it a deer? A grizzly would hardly be found there. Perhaps it is a wild horse, or a steer which has broken from the herd over the ridge. I watch and wait.

Good heavens! A great tawny beast glides out of the thicket and stands for a moment sniffing the air. It is the panther of the mountains,—agile, fierce and having the strength of the tiger! The scent comes down to him on the breeze, though I cannot feel a breath of air stirring.

He sniffs to the right, to the left; he points straight at the sleeping man.

Death has marked down a victim.

Now watch! The beast sinks down to the earth, stretches out a paw, pulls his body along the grass, shows a suppleness which even the tiger cannot display. The first rock is to his left—five yards away. He seeks the cover of it, and his every motion reminds one of a cat. He flattens his body—creeps—crawls—reaches the rock and for a moment is hidden. Then I see him peering from the left hand side.

Has his victim moved?

No!

He still sleeps in the warm sunshine, unconscious of the fact that his lease of life is reduced to minutes.

The panther moves out for the cover of the second rock. He is bolder now. He seems to realize that his victim is helpless. He crouches and creeps, lifting each forepaw slowly and with the greatest care. He does not make a halt of more than sixty seconds behind the second rock. He leaves it with a bound which carries him fifteen feet, and in ten seconds he is there.

I know what is going to happen and I have a rifle in my hands, but I make no move. I forget for the time that I have the power. The march of a thousand men down the valley could not draw my eyes away from that sight.

The panther seems to sink into the earth behind the stone for a moment. Then I see his head rising above it as he places his paw on the stone. His ears are laid flat, his lip drops down and shows his teeth, and I know that his eyes are glowing like living coals. It is forty feet to the sleeping Indian. Will some magnetic influence warn him of his peril? Will some unseen signal bring his companions back in time?

No!

My heart stands still as the panther disappears.

It is scarcely a second before his body rises like a great bird leaving the earth, and at his second bound he alights full upon the sleeper's breast, with a savage shriek. There

is a wild yell, a struggle lasting half a minute, and then I see the beast lying across the body and tearing at the throat. When sure that his victim is dead he rises up, seizes the body by the shoulder, and with a swing and a flirt he throws the weight across his back and trots leisurely off over the grass to the thicket and disappears.

The Indians will search for their companion but they will find only his bones. —*Detroit Free Press.*

FRANK HAYMAN.—TAYLOR.

Frank Hayman dearly loved a pleasant joke,
And after long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieged him, sallied out
To breathe fresh air, and appetite provoke.

It chanced as he was strolling void of care,
A drunken porter passed him with a hare;
The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zigzag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the lookout was close behind—
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At anything that fell.

The porter staggered on, the dog kept near,
Watching each lucky moment for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back in fear,
While Hayman followed, tittering at the sight.
Through many a street our tipsy porter goes,
Then 'gainst a cask in solemn thought reclined;
The watchful dog the happy moment knows,
And Hayman cheers him on not far behind.

Encouraged thus—what dog would dare refrain?
He jumped and bit, and jumped and bit, and jumped and
bit again;

Till having made a hearty meal,
 He careless turned upon his heel,
 And trotted at his ease away,
 Nor thought of asking—"What's to pay?"

And here some sage, with moral spleen may say,
 "This Hayman should have driven the dog away!
 The effects of vice the blameless should not bear,
 And folks that are not drunkards lose their hare."

Not so unfashionably good,
 The waggish Hayman laughing stood,
 Until our porter's stupor o'er,
 He jogged on tottering as before,
 Unconscious anybody kind
 Had eased him of his load behind;—
 Now on the houses bent his eye,
 As if his journey's end were nigh,
 Then read a paper in his hand,
 And made a stand.—

Hayman drew near with eager mien,
 To mark the closing of the scene,
 His mirth up to the brim;
 The porter read the address once more,
 And hickuped, "Where's one Hayman's door!
 I've got a hare for him!"

ELAM CHASE'S FIDDLE.—R. C. TONGUE.

Sometimes when I get to feelin'
 Sorter blue an' melancholy,
 All to once there comes a-stealin',
 Mighty faint but mighty jolly,
 Music that jist sets me dancin'—
 Fairly sets my feet a-prancin',
 Seems I hear the prompter singin',
 "Balance partners! Down the middle!"
 Settin' every couple swingin'—
 Hear John Elam Chase's fiddle!

Twenty couple all a-goin',
 Eighty eager feet a-soundin',
 Every whirl the music growin'
 Sets them eighty feet a-poundin';

Sho, thet music still repeatin'
 Sets my poor old heart a-beatin'
 As I hear the prompter singin',
 "Balance partners! Down the middle!"
 All them twenty couple swingin',
 Jist hear Elam Chase's fiddle!

Sometimes Sabbath, right in meetin',
 Even when the parson's prayin',
 Seems I hear them notes repeatin';
 Hear John Elam's fiddle playin',
 Playin' swifter, playin' sweeter;
 And the dancers' eager feet are
 Whirlin' to the prompter's singin':
 "Balance partners! Down the middle!"
 Swingin'—every couple swingin'—
 To John Elam Chase's fiddle.

NELLIE'S PRAYER.—GEORGE R. SIMS.*

It's a month to-day since they brought me
 The news of my darling's death:
 I knew what it meant when the neighbors
 Whispered under their breath;
 And one good motherly creature,
 Seeing my Nell at play,
 Stooped down, with her eyelids streaming,
 And kissed her and turned away.

I knew that my Nell was an orphan
 And I was a widowed wife,
 That a soldier for Queen and country
 Had bravely given his life;
 That out on the field of battle,
 Under the far-off skies,
 He had thought of his absent dear ones;
 With the film of death on his eyes.

It was there in the evening paper,
 His name was among the dead—
 We had won a glorious battle,
 And the enemy, beaten, fled.

*Author of "The Life Boat," "The Old Actor's Story," "In the Harbor," "The Ticket O' Leave," "Billy's Rose," and other famous readings in previous numbers.

Then they counted the dead and wounded,
 And found him among the slain ;
 O God ! had I known when we parted
 We were never to meet again !

I couldn't believe the story,
 I couldn't believe that he—
 My darling, my soldier husband—
 Would never come back to me.
 I had thought of him night and morning ;
 I had passed long nights on my knees
 Praying that God would bring him
 Back to me over the seas.

It all came back like a vision ;
 I could hear the band as it played
 When the regiment marched to the station,
 And the noise that the people made
 As they shouted " Good luck ! " to the soldiers,
 And gave them three ringing cheers,
 While the women, with ashen faces,
 Walked by the side in tears.

We walked by *his* side that morning,
 And Nellie was quite elate
 With the band and the crowd and the cheering—
 My Nellie was only eight.
 She never thought of the danger ;
 He had tried to make her gay,
 And told her to take care of mother—
 He wouldn't be long away.

He held her up at the station,
 Lifted her up to kiss,
 And then, with her arms flung round him,
 Said to her, softly, this :
 " Nellie, my pet, at bedtime,
 When you kneel at your mother's knee
 To pray to the God who loves us,
 Say a wee prayer for me.

" I shall think of you in the twilight,
 When the stars come out above,
 And fancy I see you kneeling
 With your blue eye full of love,
 Breathing my name to Heaven ;
 And if, as the good folks say,

God hears the prayers of the children,
He'll guard me while I'm away.

"He'll guard me, and bring me safely
Back, little Nell, to you :
There's many a danger, darling,
He'll have to help me through."
And the child looked up at her father,
The tears in her pretty eyes ;
There was something of shame in her manner—
Something of sad surprise.

"You needn't have asked me, daddy,
I always do that!" she said ;
"Don't I pray for you and for mammy
At night when I go to bed ?
God loves the little children,
And answers their prayers, they say ;
I'm sure that you'll come back safely,
I'll ask in my prayers that you may."

It's only a month since they started.
We thought when the regiment went
That long ere the troops were landed
The force of the war would be spent.
And so I had taken courage,
And looked on the bright side first,
Though now and again I fretted,
And sometimes feared the worst.

They took little Nellie from me,
Took her away for awhile ;
How could I hear her prattle,
And watch her eager smile,
As she counted the days till daddy
Would be back from the foreign shore ?
How could I tell my darling
She would see his face no more ?

I was left alone with my sorrow—
Alone in my little room,
Where the evening shadows deepened
Into the twilight gloom.
I had heard the words they uttered,
I had seen his name on the list ;
But I sat and peered through the darkness
As a sailor peers through the mist ;

I sat like a sleeper doubting
 If she dreams or is wide awake,
 Till the truth came on me fiercely,
 And I thought that my heart would break.
 As I sat in the deepening gloaming
 The child came back again,
 And I picked her up and kissed her
 While my tears ran down like rain.

"Why are you crying, mammy?"
 I only shook my head.
 "It's nothing, Nellie," I whispered;
 "Kiss me, and go to bed."
 "Let me say my prayers, mammy—
 Will you hear me say them now?"
 She prayed for her absent father;
 I listened, but God knows how.

She prayed to the Lord to bring him,
 Safe and sound and well,
 Back from the far-off country
 To mother and little Nell—
 Prayed *that*, with her father lying
 In that far-off country, dead!
 "Now, father's safe till to-morrow,"
 She whispered, and went to bed.

I hadn't the heart to tell her,
 So night after night she prayed,
 Just as she promised her father
 When the last good-bye he bade.
 But the prayer was a cruel dagger
 To me as I sat and heard,
 And my heart was stabbed to bleeding
 With every childish word.

So a weary month went over,
 Till at last my nerves gave way,
 And I told her to stop one evening,
 As she came to my knee to pray.
 My brain was turned with sorrow,
 I was wicked and weak and wild
 To speak as I spoke that evening,
 And shock the faith of a child.

She heard what I said; then, sobbing,
 Broke from my knee and fled

Up to her room, and I heard her
 Kneeling beside her bed.
 She prayed in her childish fashion,
 But her words were choked with tears—
 I had told her it wasn't always
 God the prayer of the children hears.

She prayed that her absent father
 Might come back safe and well,
 From the perils of war and battle,
 To mother and little Nell.
 And, ere ever her prayer was finished,
 The door was opened wide,
 And my darling rushed towards me,—
 My darling who had died!

I gave one cry and I fainted,
 And Nell ran down at the cry:
 "They said God wouldn't hear me,"
 She told him by-and-by.
 When the shock of surprise was over
 We knew what the miracle meant,
 There'd been a mistake in the bodies,
 And the news to the wrong wife sent.

There were two of his name in the regiment—
 The other was killed, and when
 It came to making the list out
 An error was made in the men.
 Yet I think as I clasp my darling,
 Would he still be here to-day
 Had I shaken Nell's simple tenet,
 "God listens when children pray?"

THE CHRISTMAS GUESTS.—LINDSAY DUNCAN.

"The loneliest night of all the year!"
 The sick man murmured with a weary moan,
 "And I shall spend, without a creature near,
 Another dreary Christmas-tide alone!"

A wooden shanty, common, rough, and bare,
 Rude shelter offered to a suffering man;
 Its door flung open to the warm night air,
 Courting, in vain, a breeze his cheek to fan.

A man well on in years: deep-lined and gray
 His brow, and those scant locks which o'er it hung;
 One who had lost, he had been heard to say,
 All he had lived for while he still was young;

A world-worn wanderer on the face of earth,
 Whom death and sorrow, in an evil time,
 Had driven from the country of his birth
 To lonely labor in an Austral clime;

Where toiling without heart, to keep alive
 A life he did not cherish, he had failed,
 As hopeless toilers fail mid those who strive;
 For sorry life alone his gains availed.

Half-dressed, and flung upon his restless bed,
 He, burning-eyed, gazed out upon the night;
 Gazed from the glowing darkness overhead
 To where the distant township's lamps shone bright.

"Full many kindly souls," he muttered low,
 "Feasting and laughing on this Christmas eve,
 Did they my dire extremity but know
 Would gladly seek my sufferings to relieve.

"And who am I, to wrap me in my pride,
 Scorning to ask what would be freely given?
 Yet, no! I cannot beg!" he feebly cried,
 "Help, to be help for me, must come from heaven!"

E'en as he spoke, high in the vast dark blue,
 A meteor, loosened from its viewless ties,
 Across the star-flow'ring fields of ether flew,
 Like some grand fire-winged bird of paradise.

Its trailing lustre shed a transient gleam
 Upon two figures at the open door,
 Whose faces brightened with a tender beam
 The lonely hut that was so dim before.

A woman and a child! Was he distraught,
 That neither fear nor wonder held him bound
 To welcome beings who, his reason taught,
 Had slept for twenty years in English ground?

Why should he fear them? Were they not his own,—
 The wife, the child, with whom his heart had died?
 What wonder if, when he was sick and lone,
 They left their heaven for service at his side?

Hand clasped in hand they crossed his threshold now,
Smiling upon their loved one as they came;
They spoke no word, but kissed his pain-dewed brow,
And coolness fell upon his fevered frame.

How 'twas he knew not—but within a space
That seemed no longer than a moment's flight
A happy change had come upon the place,
And all around him streamed a soft, clear light.

The child was hanging garlands everywhere,
Familiar wreaths of holly's glossy green,
Of laurel and of bay; while here and there
Gleamed marvelous unknown blooms of snowy sheen.

The mother spread the table for a feast,
As though resuming old, sweet household care;
And he, in whom all sense of pain had ceased,
Was gently led this wondrous meal to share.

What was his fare, that eve of Christmas morn?
He cannot tell us, and he only could;
But, if 'twere not a dream of weakness born,
He, for the first time, tasted angels' food!

Then, smiling still, they held his feeble hands,
And sweetly raised that old, old hymn of praise,
That echoes on through widest-sundered lands,
In Christian hearts all earthly Christmas days.

“Come, all ye faithful!” Were they calling him?
Bidding him seek a heavenly Bethlehem?
He smiled in answer as his eyes grew dim,
And strove to rise that he might follow them.

“Joyful and triumphant!” Ah! such harmonies
Thrilled through the humble but as human ear,
Unhelped by angel-teachers from the skies,
Has never heard, may never hope to hear.

Grandly it rose and swelled, that Christmas song!
Surely the choirs of heaven joined the strain—
That mighty stream of praise that bore along
Upon its flood a being freed from pain!

When his next neighbors, on the Christmas day,
Some friendly impulse to his shanty led,
Calm, placid, still, upon his bed he lay,
A smile was on his face—and he was dead!

PETER MULROONEY AND THE BLACK FILLY.

Kitchen maids are so often bothered in their household duties by the gallantries of the men servants, that my wife had selected one from the Congo race of negroes, ugly to look at, but good tempered, and black as your hat. Phillis was her name, and a more faithful, devoted, and patient creature we never had around us. I have thus introduced her, because she was a conspicuous personage in some of the droll incidents connected with my taking into service a queer specimen of a Patlander, by name Peter Mulrooney.

Mulrooney applied to me for a situation as groom, in the place of one I had just dismissed; and on my inquiring if he could give me a reference as to his character and qualifications, he mentioned the name of Mr. David Urban (a personal friend of mine), with whom he had lived. "An' sure," said he with enthusiasm, "there isn't a dacenter jintleman in all Ameriky."

"I am happy to hear him so well spoken of," said I, "but if you were so much attached to him, why did you quit his service?"

"Sorra one o' me knows," said he, a little evasively, as I thought. "Ayeh! but 'twasn't his fault, anyhow."

"I dare say not; but what did you do after you left Mr. Urban?"

"Och, bad luck to me, sir! 'twas the foolishhest thing in the world. I married a widdy, sir."

"And became a householder, eh?"

"Augh!" he exclaimed, with an expression of intense disgust, "the house wouldn't hold me long; 'twas too hot for that, I does be thinkin'."

"Humph! You found the widow too fond of having her own way, I suppose?"

"Thru for you, sir; an' a mighty crooked way it was, that same, an' that's no lie."

"She managed to keep you straight, I dare say."

"Straight! Och, by the powhers, Misther Stanley, ye may say that! If I'd swallowed a soger's ramrod, 'tisin't straighter I'd have been!"

"And the result was, that, not approving the widow's discipline, you ran away and left her?"

"Sure sir, 'twas asier done nor that. Her first husband, betther luck to him, saved me the throuble."

"Her first husband! had she another husband living?"

"Oh, yis, sir; one Mike Connolly, a sayfarin' man who was reported dead; but he came back one day, an' I resthored him his wife and childher. Oh, but 'twas a proud man I was, to be able to comfort poor Mike, by givin' him his lost wife—an' he so grateful, too! Ah, sir, he had a ra'al Irish heart."

Being favorably impressed with Peter's genuine good humor, I concluded to take him at once into my service. Nor was I mistaken in his character, for he took excellent care of my horses, and kept everything snug around the stables. One day I thought I would test his usefulness in doctoring, so I sent for him to the house.

"Peter," said I, "do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?"

As he stared at me for a minute or two without replying, I repeated the question.

"Is it a mash, sir?" said he. "Sure, an' I'd like to be plasins' yer honor any way, an' that's no lie."

As he spoke, however, I fancied I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face.

"I beg pardon, sir," continued he, "but 'tis bothered I am; will I be afther givin' her an ould counthry mash, or an Ameriky mash?"

"I don't know if there is any difference between them," I answered, rather puzzled at what he was aiming, but I found afterwards that he didn't know what a mash was.

"Arrah, 'tis rasonable enough ye shouldn't," said Peter, "considerin' that yer honor never set fut in ould Ireland."

"Look here, Mulrooney," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a pail of warm water and, after stirring the mixture well, give it to the black filly. That is what we call a bran mash in this country. Now, do you perfectly understand me?"

"Good luck to yer honor!" replied Peter, looking much relieved; for he had got the information he was fishing for. "Good luck to your honor! what 'ud I be good for, if I didn't? Sure, 'tis the ould counthry mash afther all."

"Perhaps so, but be sure you make no mistake."

"Oh, niver fear, sir, I'll do it illegant; but about the warm wather?"

"There's plenty to be had in the kitchen."

"An' the naygur? Will I say till her it's yer honor's orthers?" inquired Peter, earnestly.

"Certainly; she'll make no difficulty."

"Oh, begorra! 'tisn't a traneeen I care for that; but will I give her the full ov the bucket, sir?"

"Twill do her no harm," said I, carelessly. With that Peter made his best bow and left my presence.

It might have been some fifteen minutes after this that my wife, who was a little unwell that day, came into the sitting-room, saying, "I wish you'd go into the kitchen, George, and see what's the difficulty between that Irishman and Phillis; I am afraid they are quarreling."

At that moment we heard a crash and a suppressed shriek. I hurried from the room, and soon heard, as I passed through the hall, an increasing clamor in the kitchen beyond. First came the shrill voice of Phillis:

"You jess lebe me 'lone, now will yer? I won't hab nuffin to do wid de stuff, nairaway."

"You ugly an' conthrary ould naygur, don't I tell ye 'tis the masher's orthers?" I heard Peter respond.

"Tain't no sech ting. Go way, you poor white Irish trash! who ebber heard ob a 'spectable colored woman a takin' a bran mash, I'd like to know."

The reality of Peter's ridiculous blunder flashed upon

me at once, and the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly, that I hesitated for a moment to break in upon it.

"Arrah, be aisy, can't ye, an' be afther takin' it down like a dacent naygur," I heard Peter say.

"Go way, you feller," screamed Phillis, "or I'll call missis, dat I will."

"Och! be this and be that," says Peter, resolutely, "if 'tis about to frighten the beautiful mistress ye are, and she sick, too, at this same time, I'll be afther puttin' a shtop to that."

Immediately afterwards came a short scuffle, and then a stifled scream. Concluding that it was now time for me to interfere, I moved quickly on, and just as the scuffling gave way to smothered sobs and broken ejaculations, I flung open the door and looked in. The first thing that caught my eye was Phillis seated in a chair, sputtering and gasping; while Mulrooney, holding her head under his left arm, was employing his right hand in conveying a tin cup of bran mash from the bucket at his side to her upturned mouth.

"What in the name of all that is good are you doing now, Peter?" said I.

"Sure, sir, what wud I do but give black Philly the warm mash, accordin' to yer honor's orthers? Augh! the haythen. Bad cess to her! 'tis throuble enough I've had to make her rasonable and obadient, an' that's no lie—the stupid ould thafe of a naygur."

The reader may imagine the finale to so rich a scene; even my wife, sick as she was, caught the infection, and laughed heartily. As for Peter, the last I heard of him that evening was his muttering, as he walked away:—"Ayeh! why didn't he tell me? If they call naygurs fillies, and horses fillies, sure an' how should I know the differ?"

Peter remained in my service five years, during which period he treated Phillis with great deference.

WHEN SAM'WEL LED THE SINGIN'.

Of course I love the house o' God,
 But I don't feel to hum there
 The way I useter do, afore
 New-fangled ways had come there.
 Though things are finer now a heap,
 My heart it keeps a-clingin'
 To our big, bare old meetin'-house,
 Where Sam'wel led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-like
 To hear the organ pealin';
 It kinder makes yer blood run cold,
 An' fills ye full o' feelin'.
 But, somehow, it don't tech the spot—
 Now, mind ye, I aint slingin'
 No slurs—ez that bass viol did
 When Sam'wel led the singin'.

I tell ye what, when he struck up
 The tune, an' sister Hanner
 Put in her party treble—eh?
 That's what you'd call sopranner—
 Why, all the choir, with might an' main,
 Set to, an' seemed a-flingin'
 Their hull souls out with ev'ry note,
 When Sam'wel led the singin'.

An', land alive, the way they'd race
 Through grand old "Coronation!"
 Each voice a-chasin' t'other round,
 It jes' beat all creation!
 I allus thought it must 'a' set
 The bells o' heaven a-ringin'
 To hear us "Crown Him Lord of All,"
 When Sam'wel led the singin'.

Folks didn't sing for money then;
 They sung because 'twas in 'em
 An' must come out. I useter feel—
 If Parson couldn't win 'em
 With preachin' an' with prayin' an'
 His everlastin' dingin'—
 That cho'r'd fetch sinners to the fold,
 When Sam'wel led the singin'.

THE RESCUE OF ALBRÉT.*—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

When Count d' Albrét had passed away, he left no son as heir ;

And so his many seignories fell to his daughter fair ;
To keep the name alive he willed that on her wedding-day
The mate she chose should take the arms and title of Albrét.

She dwelt within her castle old, this noble demoiselle,
Almost as much from life apart as in the convent cell ;
Ten men-at-arms the place to guard ; ten servants at her call,
A white-haired priest, a saucy page, four maidens—these were all.

But many a needy gentleman bethought him of the prize
For him who favor found within the noble lady's eyes,
And waited with impatience till, a twelvemonth being o'er,
At court the Countess Isoline would show herself once more.

The free companion, John Lanceplaine, a soldier basely bred,
Heard of it, too, and thought: "Methinks 'tis time that I
were wed.

A lady passing fair is much, and more the fertile land,
But most of all, nobility. I'll win the maiden's hand.

"I am not one to sue and court, am all devoid of grace,
Advanced in years and gray of beard, with scarred and wrinkled face ;

I may not woo with courtly phrase, as might some silken lord.

My winning shall my wooing be ; I'll gain her by my sword.

"She bides at home, my spies report, not twenty miles away ;
They say she has ten men-at-arms, no more, to guard Albrét.
The dwellers in the village near, I little reck for those,
We'll brush them off like trifling gnats when we the hold
enclose "

He called around his men-at-arms—a base and cruel band,
Part of the scum that overflowed that time the hapless land—
And said: "At daybreak forth we ride to storm a castled
hold,

Its walls contain a wife for me ; for you, rich store of gold."

A motley troop before the place next day drew bridle-rein,—
Two hundred ruffians, at their head the grisly John Lance-
plaine,—

*From "The New York Ledger" by permission of Robert Bonner's Sons.

Rode through the town with oath and jest, and camping on
the field,
Sent message to the *châtelaine*, and summoned her to yield.

“We mean,” ’twas said, “but courtesy; we promise treat-
ment fair;
But woe to those in leaguered hold who may resistance dare.”
The countess showed no craven fear; she sent defiance back,
And waited with the garrison the robber-knaves’ attack.

It was not long to wait: they came with confidence elate,
With scaling-ladders for the walls, and rams to force the
gate.

It was not long before they found their frantic efforts vain,
With twenty sorely wounded men, and five among them
slain.

“We’ll spare more loss,” cried John Lanceplaine; “of food
they have no store;
Famine shall do the work for us before a week be o’er.”
And so he ordered watch and ward, while careless, day by
day,
The ruffians, sure to win at last, before the castle lay.

When bread fell short, Girard Beaujeu, the page, he eager
said:

“My great and noble lady, thus our fate must sure be sped.
Give me to seek a mode by which an exit may be made
To find some gallant gentlemen whose arms may give us aid.”

“Go forth, Girard,” the lady said, “go forth, for yet perchance
May be some knights who keep afield, and wield the sword
and lance;
Go forth, and if your eager search bring succor in our need,
Honors and lands, as well as thanks, shall surely be your
need.”

From postern gate, at dead of night, with sword in hand, he
steals;
Now creeps by bush, now crawls by stone, now stoops half
bent, now kneels;
He finds the sentinels asleep, and makes his way to where
The horses of the losel knaves lie in the open air.

He saddles one and bridles one, and slowly leads him down
The grassy slope and o’er the road, and past the sleeping
town;
Then mounts with care, and cautious rides, till from all bear-
ing passed,
Then urges on the wakened steed, and gallops hard and fast.

Sir Hugh d'Espaign, with nine his friends, were holding
 revel fair
 Within a little hostelry, "Le Lion Rouge," at Aire;
 In burst Girard, and said to him: "If honor you essay,
 Come where a rabble rout besiege my lady of Albrét."

Sir Hugh gave ear to tale he told, and to the others then
 He said: "There are two hundred there, and here we are
 but ten.
 Why, that is but a score apiece; 'twill heighten the mellay;
 Let's mount at once, fair friends, and reach the spot ere
 break of day."

They armed themselves, they mounted fast; Sir Hugh was
 in the lead;
 And as they neared the robbers' camp they checked their
 horses' speed;
 Slowly along the road they made in silentness their way,
 Until they came where, through the dark, loomed sullenly
 Albrét.

Asleep Lanceplaine and all his men, the sentries nodding
 there—
 The castle guard more watchful were, for succor making
 prayer—
 When came the sound of thundering hoofs, a rush of horse,
 pell-mell,
 And thrust of lance and stroke of sword, on coat and cuirass
 fell.

Awake, Lanceplaine, from pleasant dreams of lands and lady
 fair!
 He dreams no more; Sir Hugh's good lance has slain him
 then and there.
 Awake the rest, to fight and fall, for well the wretches know
 A shriftless cord shall be his fate who 'scapes the thrust and
 blow.

In peril dire, Girard, the page; two knaves had set on him;
 His was a slender build, and they were tall and stout of limb.
 But steady blows he gives and takes, nor stays for help to
 call,
 And from the castle as they gaze, they see his foemen fall.

Wave kerchiefs from the battlements; the field is lost and
 won;
 A joyous shout of triumph goes to greet the rising sun,
 And welcomed by the countess fair, the champions brave,
 who brought
 Swift rescue to beleaguered ones, and well on robbers
 wrought.

And thus it was Sir Hugh d'Espaign won lands and lady
 sweet;
 And thus it was Girard Beaujeu won guerdon, fair and meet.
 And poets sing, throughout the land, in many a pleasant
 lay,
 The doings of the knights who rode to the rescue of Albrét.

A JAIL-BIRD'S STORY.—ROBERT OVERTON.*

The shades of night 'ad closed round Seving Dials, an' the public 'ouses was about for to foller their example. I 'ad been a-doin' a little bit on my 'ead at Clerkenwell—"three months with"—in consequence of a little misunderstandin' about a silk 'andkerchief.

I 'ad been let out that day; not a nice sort of a day to be turned into the streets, even out of a prison,—snow fallin' everywhere, thicker as the night come on, an' the wind blowin' colder an' colder every minute, freezin' the 'eaps of slushy snow. As I walked along, the winders was all bright with the warm fires a-blazin' within the swells' 'ouses. I could 'ear the 'appy blokes inside laughin', an' dancin', an' makin' merry, and I knowed they all 'ad plenty to eat an' drink. The theaytres was all ablaze with light, an' a-comin' out of 'em into their carriages was people as any thief what wasn't a rank outsider could have made a month's livin' out of in two minutes. I 'ad likewise noticed as there seemed a extra show on at the churches, an' by-an'-by out crashed the bells, ringin' through the cold air, thick with the fallin' snow, an' some people passin' me as I slouched against the wall says to each other, very cheery, "A merry Christmas to you—A merry Christmas."

"Oh," I says to myself, "It's merry Christmas, is it? I shouldn't 'a thought it. I aint pertickler merry myself, not what yer might call downright roarin' boister-

*A very superior reading by Mr. Overton, entitled "The Three Parsons," will be found in No. 25 of this Series. "Me and Bill," (on which is founded the author's popular nautical drama, "Hearts of Oak,") is in No. 26, "Turning the Points," in No. 27, and "Juberlo Tom," in No. 29. Each of these presents a peculiar blending of quaint humor, strong pathos, and stirring dramatic effect.

ous, so I s'pose that's why I forgot as it was merry Christmas!"

"Now, then," says a perleeceman, a-comin' up to me, "what do yer want 'angin' about 'ere, eh?"

"Well, guv'ner," I says, "I want a good many things. I wont go so far as to say that I couldn't do with a bit of a fire an' a bit of a bed; and I've sorter got a dim idea as I want a bit o' supper. Between you an' me," I says, "I could make a fool of about 'alf a roast bullock, with baked pertaters. But don't let it go no further," I says, "becos it might 'urt the feelin's o' some o' these 'ere Christian people a-comin' out of church."

"You'll 'ave to go further yerself," says the perleeceman. "None o' yer nonsense 'ere. I know yer. 'Ow would Buckin'ham Palace or Marlboro' 'Ouse do for yer?"

"I might put up with 'em for a night or two till my town 'ouse is in order," I says; "but I've left my dress soot be'ind me. Besides, I aint expected till the next Droring Room, an' I wouldn't care for to take 'em unawares like. It might inconwvenience 'em, don't yer know. Maybe they wouldn't 'a 'ad the chimbley swep'."

"Move on," 'e says. "I know yer. Come, move on."

The perleeceman were quite right in one thing, it were quite true 'e knowed me, for 'e'd run me in many a time. So I couldn't be offended at 'is winnin' ways. I stepped from the wall across the slippery pavement, an' I didn't know, till I come to move, 'ow cold an' numbed I was. But as I stepped into the road I must 'a stumbled. I remember the blaze of two bright lights, a loud cry, the swerve of a pair of frightened 'orses, an' the 'orrid pain of a 'eavy wheel on my body; an' then the lighted 'ouses an' churches an' theaytres, an' the gay crowds of people, an' the fallin' snow an' the bitter cold, my 'unger an' thirst, an' the kind perleeceman, all faded away.

When I opened my eyes again I was in a 'orspital. A clean white pillow was under my 'ead, an' clean white sheets covered my wounded limbs, an' I was lyin' on somethink so soft an' easy that I thought at fust the doc-

tors must 'a took out all my bones in some operations ; an', as I was always a bony chap, I began thinkin' as I 'ad ought to be allowed the price o' them bones.

I just opened my eyes, an' looked once down the long room, an' see a whole line o' little white beds, all like mine—some with curtains drawn round 'em.

I closed my eyes again, an' sorter dozed off. Presently I 'eard a voice—a woman's voice, oh ! sich a low, an' sweet, an' soft, an' gentle voice—talkin' to the poor chap in the bed next to mine, an' readin' to 'im out of a book. An' what she read was all about a woman an' a child. I'd 'eard somethink about it before, but I never took it in till I 'eard about it then, lyin' weak an' 'elpless. I couldn't understand it all, not bein' a schollard, but only Jack Scraggs, the jail-bird ; but I could make out enough of it to 'ang on by. Before she finished I knowed who the woman was, an' I knowed who was the child. When she stopped speakin' I 'eld out my 'and an' beckoned 'er to come to me. An' when she come an' sat down by my bedside, I says, " Tell it to *me*." An' she went over all the story again, talkin' so simple an' easy I could make out almost all she said. When she rose to go away, evernin' 'ad come, for I see through the top of the window a great star shinin' ; an' I wondered whether 'twas like the star that was a-shinin' long ago above the woman an' the child.

Every day she used to come an' talk to me, an' she told me more an' more every time ; till I used to watch for 'er as anxious as the perleece used to watch for me sometimes.

Everybody was wery kind to me in the 'orspital,—the doctors, an' the nurses, an' the kind lady what used to come to read to us.

The mornin' I was discharged two doctors come an' pulled me about a bit ; an' one of 'em said I were all right now, exceptin' that 'e rather suspected hincipient valvular haggglomerations in my 'eart. I were told afterwards as 'e must 'a meant some complaint, but I

didn't know it at the time, and I felt 'urt like. I didn't know what 'e meant, but it sounded bad.

"Mister," I says, "you're wrong. Don't go suspectin' me of sich a thing as that. I know," I says, "as my 'eart is full of all manner o' bad feelin's an wickedness; but I aint got no hincipient thingummy—indeed I aint, sir. Far from it," I says. "I'm a-goin' for to try to lead a honest life. I'm a-goin' for to try to turn over a noo leaf, please God—blowed if I aint!"

LITTLE CHARLIE.*—ROBERT OVERTON.

AS TOLD BY AN ENGLISH JAIL-BIRD.

Some'ow I don't mind talkin' about myself, an' a-tellin' all manner o' things about myself; but when it comes to speakin' about little Charlie, I feels took aback like. There comes a ugly sort o' lump into my throat, an' my voice gets sorter 'usky, an' I can't see quite clear through my eyes. Yer see I never 'ad nobody for to love, nor nobody for to love me, exceptin' little Charlie. I never 'ad no father an' no mother worth speakin' about; I never 'ad no little brother or sister to look after. I never 'ad nobody to care for, nor nobody to care for me, like Charlie, little Charlie, the poor little tired nrchin I found forsook in the Park. I can't tell about it properly, but all my life, so rough an' so wicked as it 'ad always been, seemed to grow into my poor, wee, lovin' Charlie.

It was in the Park I found 'im, soon after I was discharged from the 'orspital. I 'ad been tryin' 'ard to live honest, but it were 'arder work than the treadmill. One dark night, after I'd been tryin' to get a job for a night's lodgin' without earnin' a copper, an' after bein' turned away from the Work-'Ouse becos' they was a-doin' of sich a roarin' trade they was like the homberlebusses in wet weather—"full inside," I got into the Park, an' made

*This and the preceding reading, either of which is complete in itself, are parts of the same story. They can be read separately or the two can be combined as the reader's fancy may dictate.

for one of the benches. There was scarcely any moon or stars that night, only a dim gaslight 'ere an' there among the trees. In the reg'lar season for sleepin' in the Park I 'ad a favorite pertickler bench which I always patternized, an' though it was too bitter cold for to be the reg'lar season now, far from it, I made straight for my usual seat. When I gets up to it, I finds somebody a-lyin' on it already, an' in my most specialist an' most perticklerest corner. It were too dark to see clear, but I could make out right enough that somebody was there, an' I didn't like it.

"Mate," I says, speakin' verry calm an' perlite to the bundle in the corner, "Mate," I says, "escuse me, but that 'ere corner where you are a-snoozin' is my own special an' pertickler corner, what I 'as reg'lar. If yer doubts my word," I says, "ask any lady or gen'l'man as is in the 'abit o' sleepin' 'ere. I'm well bekknown to 'em all," I says; "an' if yer want any other references, there aint a perlecceman in this 'ere metrolopus as don't know me."

The bundle didn't make no answer.

"Escuse me, mate," I says again, "but there aint no other gen'l'man as uses this Park as wouldn't reckernise my right to that ere corner, an' be'ave as sich, I knows a good deal about the lawrs of this country," I continners, "for no man 'as broke more of 'em than me; an' my opinion is as the lawr itself would give me the per-session of that corner, in consideration of length of tenner. 'Ave yer," I says, "any objection, religious or otherwise, to go to some other bench, or at least for to move into the other corner? We'll share the clothes," I says, sarcastical, "between us, an' sleep together; an' I only 'opes as yer wont want to get out of bed to say yer prayers, and that yer don't kick."

Still I didn't get no answer, an' I steps quietly up to the silent bundle an' turned aside the ragged old shawl that 'id whatever was underneath. Just at the moment some o' the dark clouds partly cleared away, an' the moon shone out, an' by its faint, glimmerin' light I see that

the shawl was coverin', not a great, coarse, rough chap like me, but a little child,—a little child of, maybe, seven or eight years old, with white, starved flesh, an' thin, worn, wee 'ands. Fallin' 'alf over 'is pale, pinched face was curls of sich beautiful hair as I had never seen before, hair that looked as though it 'ad been all dipped in gold, or been kissed some summer's evernin' by the settin' sun. One 'and was lyin' on 'is breast, like as though 'e 'ad put it there for warmth, an' in it was nestlin' a little yellor canary bird. As I looked down upon this 'elpless young 'un in my corner, with the bird 'eld so close to 'im, tears come into my eyes for the fust time I could remember. I thought of the tale about the child I 'ad 'eard in the 'orspital, an' I wondered whether the child what was on earth no more knowed about this little 'un sleepin' that bitter winter's night on a bench in the cold Park.

Just as I was thinkin' that, the little 'un opened 'is eyes—big, timid eyes—an' see me bendin' over 'im, a rough, dirty fellow, a jail-bird. But 'e didn't shrink from me, 'e didn't cry, or 'ide 'isself from me. No; but 'e stretched out 'is little arm, and 'is poor little 'and slipped into my bony fingers. Oh, often and often I feel it there, white an' cold, an' so small an' tender, laid in my wicked 'and.

Then 'is little lips opened an' 'e says, "I'm Charlie. Who are you?"

"My name's Jack, little 'un," I says, wery 'usky.

"Haven't you got any home, Jack?"

"No," I says "I aint got no home, Charlie."

"Then you're like me," says Charlie. "I haven't got any home either. Mother died—oh, such a long time ago it seems—an' father's gone away now. So I came into the Park to sleep, because I don't like to sleep with the others under the arches. So I came here, I and the little bird, Jack, the bird that used to sing to mother. Father used to say he'd kill it, but, oh! I'm so glad he never did, because there's nobody to love me now but

the little bird that mother loved, Jack. You wont 'urt us, Jack, will you?" An' 'e raised my 'and to 'is little lips, and kissed it. Then, like as though there'd been a river there dammed up all my life, my 'eart overflowed, an' I threw off my coat, an' wrapped it round little Charlie. An' soon, in my arms, 'e fell asleep; an' when the mornin' broke I carried 'im out o' the Park. Not to a Work-'Ouse or a hunsectarian Board School, but to a little bit of a room, where they took us in—me, an' my boy, an' 'is little bird.

That's 'ow me an Charlie beguu to live together. I tried wery, wery 'ard to get a livin', turnin' my 'and to anythink that come in my way. But times was bad, an' often, as I went back to Charlie without no money in my pocket, I thought of goin' back to my old life; but I knowed if I did I might get parted from the little fellow what loved me so dear, an' what would 'a become of 'im without me?

When the summer come, we done a little bit better. Sometimes me an' Charlie used to get out into the country a bit, an' used to see the green fields, an' the flowers, an' the great trees, with the blue sky over all. An' always Charlie brought the little bird with 'im. We'd bought a little cage; an' bfore we went back we always put in some cool, sweet, green grass, an' then Dicky would sing all the sweeter an' louder an' 'op about so pleased, with 'is eyes so bright an' beamin' that Charlie used to clap 'is 'ands for joy. I often think o' them walks in the country, an' of all Charlie used to say, an' 'ow 'e used to love to run among the flowers. But when the days grew shorter again, an' all the flowers was dyin' an' the leaves fadin', everythink went bad again. God knows I tried 'ard—I tried my 'ardest—but every man's 'and seemed against me, an' I got poorer and poorer, an' work scarcer an' scarcer, till at last, as the winter set in once more, we was starvin'. We could scarcely even give a crumb to the poor little bird in 'is cage. An' then Charlie was took ill, ill becos I couldn't give 'im food

an' drink, an' warm clothes. 'E'd been tryin' to sell matches in the streets for a bit, but at last 'e 'ad to give that up, for 'e was too sick to move. 'E used to lie so pale an' thin in 'is rough bed, while 'is bird 'opped about the pillow an' sang to 'im.

I want to tell all the rest quickly, for 'tis 'ard to tell.

It all 'appened becos of one thing,—we was starvin'.

Oh! I wish I could put it into all the bells that will be a-ringin' again this Christmas. I wish I could put it into all the sermons as will be preached again this Christmas. We was starvin'—like so many others are now.

I'd been out all day, an' brought back nothink. Charlie was lyin' in 'is bit of a bed, the last time I ever see 'im again but one, the last time but one that ever I see 'is dear little pale face, or put my 'and on the curls that was all so soft an' golden. There was no fire in the room, an' one wee white 'and was pressed inside 'is ragged shirt for warmth, an' the little bird nestled in it, just like when I found 'em in the Park.

I closed the door, crep' down the stairs, an' out into the lighted streets, full o' people 'urryin' along to their comfortable 'omes, to their warm fires, an' groanin' tabls.

An' that night I went back on the good resolves I'd made, for I stole. But 'twas only food I stole, only food, food for poor starvin' little Charlie, as was lyin' sick in that lonely garret, with 'is little bird pressed to 'is dyin' 'eart.

I stole. But 'twas only food, only food for little Charlie.

The touch of the perleeceman's 'and was on my shoulder again that night, the old touch; an' 'e says, with a smile, "Up to the old game again, Jack, eh? Thought we should 'ave yer again before long. I know yer. Come along. Yer know the way."

Once more I stood before the beak, an' for once in my life I asked for mercy.

"I did it, sir. I took it. But 'twas not for me; 'twas for my little dyin' Charlie. I left 'im starvin', sir, an' 'e loves me, an' I never 'ad nobody else for to love me

but Charlie. The world's so full o' plenty, it can't be right that 'e should die o' want. There's somethink all wrong, sir. Let me go, sir, let me go back to 'im. Some people 'as all they want, an' I've only got little Charlie. 'E's sich a little feller, an' 'e's so thin, an' pale, an' weak; an' 'e loves me, an' 'is 'air's all soft an' golden. I can't 'elp it, sir, escuse me, I've got a hincipient somethink in my 'eart, an' it's a-comin' on."

An' I put my face in my tremblin' 'ands, an' cried.

Then the beak says, "Six weeks."

Caged again!

Again 'twas the day before Christmas as I was let out of jail. Again there was slush, an' snow, an' piercin' wind, an' bitter cold. Again the warm 'ouses, an' gay theaytres, an' lighted churches as I trudged along to the garret where I'd left Charlie six weeks before.

'E'd gone! Got up an' went away with 'is matches an' 'is bird soon after I 'ad been took away from 'im.

Out of the 'ouse I came, an' on, an' on, an' on I walked, searchin' for my poor lost Charlie.

Under the arches where the black, dark river flowed, in the streets, at the stations—everywhere I searched for 'im, an' nowhere I found 'im.

At last somethink came over me, I don't know what, to go to the Park, to the place where I fust see 'im, that night what seemed so long ago.

Into the Park I got, an' straight on to the old seat I went. An' there, crouched on the bench, I found 'im at last; an' 'ugged to 'is poor, cold bosom was the cage with 'is little bird. The snow 'ad been fallin' thick on 'im, thick on 'is shiverin' body, thick on 'is starved face, thick on 'is beautiful 'air. Thick it lay now even on 'is little 'ands 'an the tired, worn, weary feet what was never to run about the streets no more.

"Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!"

Open at last came the big, blue, timid eyes, an' again I 'card 'is voice, but so faint an' weak.

“ Jack !—I—was a-comin’—to meet you—at the prison gates. They told me—where—you was caged,—and I walked across—the Park,—an’ I rested ’ere, becos—I—got tired, an’—so weak—an’ I think I fell asleep. Jack—Jack—do you hear the bells—the Christmas bells ? ”

“ Yes, Charlie ; ’tis Christmas morning.”

“ Jack, tell me—once more—the tale you ’eard—in the ’orspital—about the Woman an’—the Child.”

An’ I told ’im.

The little ’ands on the cage loosed their clutch, an’ down it fell. As it fell, the door come open, an’ up, up, through the snow went Charlie’s bird.

An’ up through the snow—free at last—went the soul of little Charlie, up to the child Jesus.

Down on my knees I fell, an’ one ’and I raised towards the little flyin’ bird, an’ one ’and I laid on Charlie’s white brow.

An’ I cried, “Flown—together.”

LOVE’S STRATEGY.—R. S. SCHARPE.

I read of the Emperor Conrad the Third,
As pleasing a story as ever I heard ;
As it may not have happened to come in your way,
Perhaps you’ll allow me to tell it to-day.

“ The city of Wensburg I mean to besiege,”
He said, and his soldiers said, “ Do you, my liege ?
We are all at your service ; command, we obey.”
So, “ blockade and bombard ” was the rule of the day.

I can’t avoid saying, I think it a pity
A king should seek fame by destroying a city ;
What a very small portion of glory *he* shares,
And how it deranges the city’s affairs !

Think of peaceable citizens all at their duties,
Their wives at their needlework (bless ’em, the beauties !)
To be frightened, and have the house broken to bits,
And, may be, the little ones thrown into fits,

For the purpose of raising an emperor’s fame :
I hope ’tis no treason to say—“ It’s a shame.”

You will pardon, I trust, this parenthesis long,
But one cannot be silent when people do wrong.

The firing continued, the famine began,
For all had good appetites there to a man ;
And because of the noise, as they slept not a wink,
They had more time remaining to eat and to drink.

That Conrad would conquer, the ladies knew then,
For the women oft see twice as far as the men ;
So their tongues and their heads then together they laid,
And an active and eloquent senate they made.

They remained full two hours in close consultation
And during the whole of their confabulation
No noise did they hear of ram, mortar, or ball—
Could it be the fair council was louder than all ?

No, bless their kind hearts! not a word let us hear
Against ladies whose memories all must revere ;
These excellent women, my story will show,
All talked to some purpose—most women do so.

To Conrad they sent a well-written petition,
To beg him to pity their hapless condition ;
Their city (and welcome) to take and to sack,
So each lady pass free—with a load on her back.

“ Yes, dear little creatures,” the emperor said ;
“ To be sure ! let each load both her back and her head ;
The contents of their handboxes cannot be much,
Let them take what they will, not a thing will I touch ;
They may take their whole wardrobe, and welcome, for me ;
All shall pass unmolested—I sign the decree.”

In beautiful order the army arrayed
In two lines a magnificent spectacle made ;
Impatient the emperor cried out, “ Who waits ?
A flourish of trumpets, and open the gates.”

The gates were thrown wide, the procession began,
Five hundred fair ladies, each bearing—a man.
'Twas her husband, her person thus proud to bedeck,
With his arms, where they ought to be, round his wife's neck !

'Tis said that the emperor melted to tears
At the sight of these ladies thus saving their dears ;
Relinquished his spoils, spared the citizens' lives,
And pardoned the men for the sake of their wives.

AND THE BAND PLAYED.—MAURICE E. McLAUGHLIN.

'Twas at a ball they met one night ;
 She seemed as sweetly fair
 As poet's wildest, fondest dream ;
 Her lovely sun-kissed hair
 Curled artlessly in dainty waves
 Her sweet blue eyes above,
 And while he gazed in ecstasy
 The band played "Woman's Love."

And when he ventured to request
 The favor of a dance,
 She acquiesced so charmingly,
 With such a well-pleased glance,
 His heart beat faster than before,
 No longer did he mope ;
 And while he "autographed" her card
 The band played "Wait and Hope."

And then, when in the mazy waltz
 Her form so full of grace
 He pressed, and watched the blushes come
 And go upon her face,
 He felt as though he'd like to make
 The maiden his for aye.
 "But how?" he pondered, and the band
 Played "Love Will Find the Way."

The dance being over they sat down
 To have a little chat,
 And every topic they discussed
 She seemed to have down "pat."
 His brain just whirled with delight,
 So charming did she seem,
 And while he sat enraptured, thrilled,
 The band played "Love's Young Dream."

The time flew by ; he took no note
 Of how the hours went ;
 He only felt a sense of joy,
 Of peace and great content ;
 He then and there made up his mind
 To make her his forever,
 And while she smiled her sweetest smile
 The band played "Now or Never."

They strolled together, arm in arm,
 Far from the ball-room's glare,
 And found a corner in the cool
 Conservatory, where,
 Mid flowering plant and rustling leaves,
 His form with fear vibrating,
 He told her how he loved her, and
 The band played, softly, "Waiting."

He said, "Oh, will you be my own
 Dear, loving little wife?
 And shall we drift, dear, hand in hand,
 Adown the stream of life?"
 She smiled again, the same sweet smile,
 At all his language flowery,
 Then said, "I'll be—a sister—" and
 The band played "Annie Laurie."

THE MENDED VASE.—WILLIAM R. SIMS.

A beautiful, delicate, fragile vase,
 The fruit of a mould that was quaint and olden,
 It flashed with the charm of a subtle grace,
 And gleamed with a light that was rich and golden.
 A blundering hand and a careless blow
 And the fragile form is crushed and shattered;
 Its charm and its graces are lying low,
 In a thousand fragments scattered.

And never again while the world shall stand
 Can the wrong of that reckless blow be righted;
 Ah! never, not e'en by an artist's hand,
 Can the scattered fragments be united.
 Go, paste them into their former shape,
 The scars on the surface will still show traces,
 And unjoined edges will stand agape
 Where once stood countless graces!

And what is my life but a crystal vase
 That an awkward blow has shattered and broken?
 Its former beauty no touch may retrace,
 And the wreck of its richness is only a token.
 The pieces are fitted together again,
 But the tone and the color are all unblended;
 I feel, with the pang of a nameless pain,
 It is only a vase that is mended.

RAISING A BEARD.

As the time for cold weather approached, Mr. Austin, who had never allowed nature to have its way in adorning his face with a beard, save on his upper lip, decided to eschew shaving and raise a beard. For once he decided to give the wind a chance to blow through his whiskers. His acquaintance among men was extensive, and as he thought them over he was surprised to remember how many of them wore full beards. If there was any reason why he should not indulge his whiskers and wear a full beard, he was not aware of it. To be sure, he never before attempted a full beard, and so much greater the reason why he should try it.

Fully set in his purpose, he withheld his hand and let the stubble revel on his chin. For a few days no one took any notice of his face; then a friend handed him ten cents one morning.

"What's this for?" asked Austin.

"To get a shave with; you need it," was the reply.

"Thanks," he replied, handing it back, "I'm letting them grow."

"Oh, excuse me, old man."

Austin was compelled to refuse several dimes from facetious friends during the next few days, until it was becoming rather tiresome, and he determined to shut off the fun in some way. To the next friend who offered him a dime to get a shave with he replied:

"Thank you, I don't want a shave; I'm letting them grow; but this will do for a cigar."

The joker laughed, but it was a short staccato laugh, devoid of genuine mirth, and Austin pocketed the silver.

After he had pocketed several dimes offered by humorists, they became somewhat discouraged and ceased joking in that line. All the time, however, the beard was growing and another crop of whiskers coming on. As soon as it was plainly apparent that it was a grow-as-you-please on Austin's face the friend who had been

there himself came with advice: "Bet they prick your chin and are itchy. I'll tell you what to do; wash them every night and morning in tepid water with old castile soap and dry them thoroughly; that will stop the itching."

Then another friend came along.

"Letting your whiskers grow, hey? It's mighty uncomfortable at first; but I'll tell you what to do. Brush them thoroughly every night, and rub some vaseline on them before you retire. Don't wet them; it makes them stiff and harsh."

The next friend suggested that he wash them in cold water and anoint them with bay rum, but in no case use soap. Another suggested the use of fresh cream twice a day to soften 'em up. Many were the suggestions, for they all knew that he would be uncomfortable until they grew out a little way.

The baby beard did make Mr. Austin's face feel uncomfortably prickly, and his friends kept reminding him of it. The suggestions of his friends were given in all sincerity, and as he thought he actually needed something to allay the uncomfortable feeling, he began to apply the suggestions. One day he washed his face with soap and water. The next he would brush it and apply vaseline, and another he would lave with bay rum and anoint with cream. He paid so much attention to his face that his wife asked if he was preparing for a beauty competition.

Meanwhile the beard struggled along and gained somewhat in length, but it looked rather moth-eaten, and as soon as this became apparent to the naked eye, the friends with a favorite hair-grower attacked him.

"Just rub the bare spots with a piece of strong onion," suggested one.

"Bathe the unoccupied parts of your face with salt and water," offered another.

"Rub the places where the hair wont grow with olive oil," said somebody else.

Others suggested hair vigors and hair producers generally advertised.

Poor Austin was not allowed to forget his beard. Almost every hour in the day some one referred to it in one way or another. He stopped the softening process and started in to reinforce the weak spots. The matter was getting serious. He rubbed the bare spots until his face looked as though it had been scalded in sections, and friends who had not been with him from the start asked how he got burned.

Nature, though somewhat dilatory, kept working, and in spite of his remedies and assistance his beard assumed respectable proportions, and then another phase of beard raising became apparent to him. Friends with whom he was intimately acquainted, but had not seen for some time, failed to recognize him. He nodded familiarly to men and they stared coldly at him and passed by on the other side. He grasped men heartily by the hand and they were surprised until he told them who he was. After he had introduced himself it was generally :

“ Well, well, been letting your beard grow. Why, it makes you look ten years older ; ” or,

“ Those whiskers make you look fat in the face. They’re not becoming. Shave ’em off, old boy ; or,

“ Hair on your face makes you look like a guy, old man ; cut ’em.” At the same time side remarks were indulged in about the wind toying with them, and Æolian harps, at which he was compelled to smile.

Austin finally wished that the day on which he decided to let his beard grow had been a blank to him. One day he had an appointment to meet at the depot an uncle whom he had not seen for a long time. He met the uncle as he stepped from the train and grasped him warmly by the hand.

“ Scat ! ” shouted the uncle ; “ git ! you blankety blank bunco man.”

“ But I’m not a bunco man. I’m your nephew, John Austin.”

“Keep off,” shouted the uncle; “you’re no more John Austin than I be. You can’t fool me; John haint got no whiskers. Keep away or I’ll have you arrested.” And he utterly refused to have anything to do with him.

Mortified and disgusted, Austin rushed to a barber’s and in ten minutes the labor of weeks was as naught. Then as he left the barber’s the very first man he met whom he knew exclaimed:

“What, shaved your whiskers off? What a fool you were; you looked ever so much better with them on.”

—*Texas Siftings.*

THE RIDE OF DEATH.*—EUGENE J. HALL.

The daughter of a Saxon king, to womanhood superbly grown,
 Fair as a flower in early spring, the heiress to a royal throne,
 Whom princes sought and wooed in vain, whose features
 kings declared divine,
 And sighed her sweet regard to gain, or praised her beauty
 at their wine—
 Ah! there are voices in the world, and hearts that teach us
 how to love,
 And forms that fill our souls with dreams as sweet as thoughts
 of heaven above,
 And names we have not heard before, and eyes that sparkle
 mid a crowd,
 Whose radiance warms our hopeless hearts like sunbeams
 breaking through a cloud;
 Who come when we expect them not, who pass as suddenly
 away
 As thistle down on autumn gale, or snowflake on an April
 day;
 Who lift us upward from the life that makes a man a sordid
 elod,
 Who lead us on to higher hopes, and very near the throne
 of God.

To Alfric’s court a stranger came, a Roman prince in poet’s
 guise,
 A tall and handsome youth, his name was Adrian. With
 sweet surprise
 Elizabeth beheld his face when at her pretty feet he knelt,
 She gazed into his brilliant eyes, a thrill through all her form
 she felt.

*From “Legends of Many Lands,” by permission of the Author.

Their wondrous love they never told, and yet between them
seemed to be
A link, that like a chain of gold, bound each fond heart in
harmony ;
Their thoughts, their fancies, hopes and dreams, revealed in
silent prayers to God,
Together ran like mountain streams that form a river deep
and broad.
Ah! what is rank and what is wealth ; and what is pride or
power or place,
When lovers full of hope and health behold each other face
to face.

When hunting in the forest wild the lovers oft rode side by
side,
He knew she loved him when she smiled, and in a look his
soul replied.
How bright is earth when blessed by love, how dreary when
he hies away ;
We live a lifetime in an hour, an age in one delightful day.
The bliss, the joy of one sweet sigh, bought with a life is
worth the cost—
And man can bravely, gladly die, when hope is gone and
love is lost !
One day the king beheld them there, he paused, bewildered
by surprise ;
Awhile he gazed upon the pair, with anger in his royal eyes ;
About the swarthy Roman's neck he saw his daughter closely
cling.
"Accurst be he," he cried, "who stains the glory of a Saxon
king!"
From off his restless horse he sprang, his bright sword from
his sheath he drew
To plunge it in the poet's heart ; before the steel the maiden
threw
Her own fair form. "Strike here," she cried. Her azure
eyes with tears were dim,
"Oh, harm him not or by my pride, I swear 'fore heaven to
die with him."
King Alfric on the Roman cast a look of hatred and despair,
Then, turning, blew a bugle blast that brought his hunts-
men quickly there.
"Seize on yon traitor," loud he cried ; "his form shall on a
gibbet swing,
No Roman shall pollute the pride or honor of a Saxon king."
But swifter than a tiger's bound the Roman sprang upon his
steed,
He caught the princess from the ground, he turned, he fled
with wondrous speed.

The huntsmen stood in dumb surprise, astounded at his sudden flight ;
The lovers faded from their eyes ere they recovered from their fright.
“To horse,” the monarch hoarsely cried, “to horse, my men, away, away !
Let loose the blood-hounds on their track, 'tis human game we hunt to-day.”
Along, through woodland glen and glade, they spurred their steeds at furious pace ;
The bloodhounds loudly howled and bayed, the king rode madly in the race.
Away ! away ! the lovers fled, some hidden forest vale to seek,
The rude boughs brushed the Roman's head ; the blood ran down his swarthy cheek,
While nearer, nearer, nearer still he heard the fast approaching sounds
Of clattering hoofs, and loud and shrill the cries of maddened men and hounds ;
Then, downward through the forest vale, the royal cortege in its wrath
Swept like a wild November gale that spares no object in its path.
Swift through the air an arrow flew ; the warm blood from the maiden's side
Dripped down upon the foam-flecked steed—she tried to speak—she gasped—she died,
While with a groan of deep dismay, the Roman spurred his steed ahead,
And, like a whirlwind, on their way they rode, the living and the dead.
On, on, where horse had never trod the Roman rode with look of woe,
O'er rugged crags upheld by God where his pursuers dared not go ;
Along wild chasms his charger leapt, that foes beheld with bated breath,
Still forward on his way he swept in his fantastic ride of death.
He came to where the river Rhine rolled on its grand eternal way ;
He saw the clouds in splendor shine as slowly sank the orb of day ;
Upon his soul a vision dawned, he saw his love in beauty fair,
His spirit longed to leap beyond the mountain peaks to meet her there.

He drove his spurs into his steed, the jaded beast reeled to
 and fro,
 Then forward plunged adown the cliff, a thousand awful feet
 below.
 Around their forms were fiercely whirled, the living man,
 the maiden dead,
 With arms entwined they left the world—the waters rip-
 pled overhead.
 Still forward flows the river Rhine, in grandeur to the north-
 ern sea :
 The mountain peaks in splendor shine, the moonbeams fall
 on tower and tree.
 The castle halls now look forlorn, their walls are crumbling
 to decay,
 New human hearts and hopes are born, the Saxon kings
 have passed away.
 But love remains to bless the world, love is immortal and
 sublime ;
 The autumn leaves are tossed and whirled, the snowflakes
 fall in winter time ;
 Our dearly loved ones droop and die as summer blossoms
 fade and fall ;
 Beyond the brilliant clouds on high they wait with love to
 greet us all.
 Love lives beyond the stars that beam by night within the
 silent skies,
 More pure and fair than poet's dream or vision seen by hu-
 man eyes ;
 No worldly pride, no forms, no place can sunder souls in
 heaven above,
 Who meet each other face to face in one eternal day of love.

THE INEVITABLE.—SARAH K. BOLTON.

I like the man who faces what he must
 With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer :
 Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
 That God is God ; that somehow, true and just,
 His plans work out for mortals ; not a tear
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp ; better, with love, a crust
 Than living in dishonor ; envies not,
 Nor loses faith in man ; but does his best,
 Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
 To every toiler ; he alone is great,
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

A DRUMHEAD COURT-MARTIAL.

We had crossed the river to hunt for Lee and give him battle in the wilderness. Darkness was just settling down, and the advance had halted for the night, when a squad of cavalry brought in a young man from our front. He wore a mixed uniform, as did most of the Confederates at that day, or as did most of those belonging to the partisan commands. He had on blue trousers, a butternut jacket and a hat that belonged to either side. They said he was a spy. They said it carelessly enough, but there was an awful significance in the term at that hour. In camp he would have been searched, interrogated and imprisoned. It might have been weeks before his trial, and he would have been allowed every chance for his life.

We were on the march. There had been fighting. There would be more to-morrow. That meant a drum-head trial for the spy.

How speedily everything was arranged. I was at headquarters and saw and heard it all. Within half an hour a court-martial was convened,—grave-faced officers who looked into the face of the young man at first with interest, then with something like admiration. I said young man. I was wrong. He was a boy of seventeen or eighteen. He had big blue eyes, chestnut curls, and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt to pity him.

“What's your name?”

“James Blank.”

“What regiment?”

No reply.

“Are you a citizen or soldier?”

No reply.

“Have you any defense to the charge of being a spy?”

No reply.

The officers looked at each other and nodded, and the

president waved his hand. It didn't seem a minute before a file of soldiers came. The face of the boy grew white, but he moved like one in a dream. His big blue eyes looked upon one after another, as if searching for a friend, and my heart yearned to cry out that he was only a boy and ought to be given more time.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

It was the detail marching him off into the darkness.

"Halt! Tie this handkerchief over his eyes!"

They had brought a lantern. By its light I saw the big blue eyes for the last time as they looked around in a dazed way. I wanted to shout to the boy and warn him that it was not even yet too late to prove that he was not what they believed him to be, but the grimness of the scene parched my tongue.

"Place him there! Fall back! Attention! Ready—aim—fire!"

Ten minutes later the officer in charge of the firing party touched his cap and reported:

"Orders have been executed, sir!"

"Any further evidence?"

"No, sir; except that she was a young woman!"

LATCHES.—CHARLES N. SINNETT.

When I was young and went to school
In a far-distant town,
The schoolma'am's ear-rings brightly shone,
She wore a red-flowered gown,
And I to her smiled sweetly up,
And she to me smiled down.

She said, "I'm glad to see you here,
Like your Uncle Mark you look;
You'll quickly learn your A, B, abs,
Read Webster's Spelling Book,
And add, subtract, and multiply."
My hand she gently shook.

She had an oaken ferule long,
Which did towards many whiz,

But always would she gaze on me
With a benignant phiz,
And in my heart I murmured low,
"This school, how good it is!"

And when my mother did me send
To Uncle Mark's red store,
I said, "I have a teacher fine!"
His face a quick smile wore;
A stick of gum he handed me,
And said, "I'll give you more."

Teachers in those days "boarded round,"
And, when it came our "turn,"
I picked some strawberries for sauce,
The spare-room decked with fern,
That the "ma'am" might see how tenderly
My heart towards her did burn.

When school was out that very day,
She walked along the shore,
And bade me hasten home to ma
While she went to the store;
She said a better latch should be
Upon the schoolhouse door.

I ran to meet her when she came,
But could no purchase see,
And when I asked, "Did you get one?"
She said, "You're rather free,
But your Uncle Mark will bring to-night
The article to me."

As he was lame it did indeed
Seem very, very rude,
To make him walk a mile that way!
But like a laddie good
I went and milked the old black cow,
And split the kindling wood.

At last my Uncle Mark arrived,
Bearing a package white:
I suddenly quite sleepy felt,
And closed my eyelids tight,
But heard one ask, "Wilt thou be mine?"
And the other say, "All right!"

In two short weeks the "ma'am" resigned,—
 Tears to my eyes did start!
 As my Aunt Ann she scarce knew me
 In lane or crowded mart,
 I fear she used *me* as a latch
 To open Uncle's heart!

THE FIFE.—GILBERT L. EBERHART.

Warlike fife!
 Ah, how rife,
 With the battle's stormy strife
 Are thy sharp reverberations as they ripple into life.
 And we hear,
 Far and near,
 Falling on the startled ear,
 All the piercing undulations of thy music, shrill and clear.
 There's a sense,
 Most intense,
 Of impatience and suspense,
 As the notes exulting, screaming, from thy throat are rattling hence:
 And a thrill
 Which no will,
 And no force of human skill,
 Like thy voice's ring of valor, can the soul with daring fill.
 And the peal
 Which we feel,
 Like a blade of keenest steel
 Crashing through the head that's loyal, cutting through the
 heart that's leal,
 Brings unrest
 To the breast,
 As we see in battle prest
 All the brave and gory legions that thy call hath sent to rest.
 In thy tones
 Hear we groans,
 And the deep and wailing moans
 Of the heroes who at Concord and at Monmouth left their
 bones.
 And again,
 On the plain
 Of Antietam's iron rain,
 Hear thy voice defiant swelling o'er the battle's wail of pain.

But the years
 Dry our tears,
 And assuage all griefs and fears.
 And thy blasts of war have vanished with our slaughtered
 heroes' cheers;
 Yet on high
 Swells thy cry,
 Like an anthem to the sky,
 While our serried hosts triumphant in our dreams go march-
 ing by.

And to God,
 From the sod
 Which our fallen martyrs trod,
 Ever rise their blood as incense, and their souls still march
 abroad :
 Keeping time,
 With the chime,
 And the symphony sublime,
 Of the valiant tramp of freemen, and the glory of our clime.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.—EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE.

Yes, I have served on a jury! 'tis duty for a man
 To put his own business by, and do the utmost he can
 'Gainst the foe and traitor within us, and never swerve nor
 shrink :

For the greatest foe of England is—Drink, accursed drink.

Ay, proven truths we deal with : I saw, as I sat in my place,
 A prisoner led into the dock, with an honest, kindly face ;
 No look of the felon about him, just one of our own sort
 That had strayed from home, and was brought to answer
 before that court,

To a charge of murder ! surely some ghastly error of law—
 Those hands had shed no blood—and I listened in shudder-
 ing awe,

While bit by bit closed round him the links of the damning
 chain ;

And we found him guilty at last, for our duty was clear and
 plain.

Merciful God, defend us ! that such an end should come
 To the father of little children, the stay of a fond wife's home.
 But they told us how it happened, and too well we understood
 How friends, met together in love, through drink were
 wrought to blood !

They left the public bar, and went home with the man who
 is dead,
 To finish the evening there with a kind o' neighborly spread;
 And loving-cup fashion, they brimmed the mighty can of
 ale,
 And pushed it round the table with song and merry tale;

Till the host said, "Mates, I'm tired," and they heard his
 foot on the stair,
 As steady and firm as a rock, as man after man could swear;
 He was only tired when he lay on his bed to rest—and sleep
 Fell soft on the weary eyes, and held them long and deep.

This was his closest friend—the mate of many a year—
 And he rose and followed after; none thought there was
 cause to fear
 When he shouted out to them all with a laugh upon his
 face:
 "I have done for him now, I think," and back he crept to
 his place.

But the heart of the wife misgave her; she could not laugh
 with the rest
 At the mirth of drunken folly, the point of a gruesome jest:
 So she rose to seek her husband, and found him where he
 lay,
 The flesh of her flesh, in his blood, and life fast ebbing away.

And the flesh of the living crept, when the darkness rang
 with her shriek—
 But now she stands stone-still, and waits till we bid her
 speak:
 Few were her words, but enough,—dry sorrow in her eye
 Fixed hard on the manslayer's face,—the widow's unuttered
 cry.

And lo! in her hand was a child's, the babe's who saw it
 done,
 And who heard the awful questions, and answered them, one
 by one;
 She knew the name of God, and the meaning of an oath,
 And the man by whom mother and she were robbed of
 father, both.

"He took the knife from his pocket, and held back father's
 head,
 I thought 'twas a game of play—till I saw the pouring red;
 It was running down from the pillows, and crept along the
 floor,
 And father's throat was cut, and he never waked any more."

The prisoner lifted his eyes. "You say I have done this—
It must be so—and I shall pay with my life for his.
But I can remember nothing—he was my brother, my mate,
Nor ever a word passed between us of malice or of hate."

'Twas true: no word of anger had led to the bloody deed,
They were friends who had stuck together in many an
hour of need,
And the judge turned round and charged us, with rigid brow
unmoved:

"You have heard the testimony, the act is clearly proved;
The law, and your duty, are plain—for drink is no excuse.
No life could be safe, if Justice should palter with abuse."
So we found him guilty, and ended that sad and heavy task.
"Have you anything to say?" the judge stooped down to
ask.

And the prisoner shook his head, and held his speechless
tongue—
And the judge's words fell slowly, as drops from the heart
are wrung;
And a cold and sickening shiver stopped my pulses and
my breath,
While I heard him passing sentence on a man condemned
to death.

He heard it, that wretched captive, who moved not where
he stood—
No murderer in his heart, though his hands were red with
blood.

The look on his face will haunt me until I come to die—
That twitch of convulsive horror, that sweat of agony.

The royal right of mercy stepped in, and bade him live:
But though his Queen could reprieve him, himself could
never forgive

His own act done unknowing, but ever must listen in pain
To the voice of a brother's blood, the curse of the earth upon
Cain.

DOT AND DOLLY.—MINNIE W. PATTERSON.

Sweet little Dot on the doorstep sits, with Dolly wrapped in
a shawl,—

Her own thin dress is faded and patched, but Dolly has none
at all.

She kisses and cuddles her little pet in a way 'tis joy to see,
And whispers, "I know we's poor, but I's got you, and you's
got me!"

Rocking her treasure to and fro, in the silent summer air,
Her chubby chin to her bosom went, and her hands forgot
their care;

Her dimpled feet into dreamland slipped, just as upon the
scene

A lady rode, with jewels and silk begirt like a very queen.

Her happy darling, just Dot's own size, the child and the
dolly spied,

Then pointed, grasping her mamma's arm, to the half-
wrapped pet, and cried,

"Oh, mamma! look at her dolly—see! aren't you 'fraid it's
catching cold?"

Please let me give it Rosa's dress, you know it's getting old."

She slipped from the carriage, and quick the work of the
little maid was done,

And Dot's poor Dolly was in a dress, the prettiest under the
sun!

Gold and silver, satin and gauze, stockings, and bright blue
shoes,

And money, as much in her pocket put as a doll in a year
could use.

Then away, with a smile that almost laughed, so great was
the giver's glee,

She went, with many a backward look, and said "I's afraid
she'll see!

Hurry up Tom, mamma!" and quick away to their palace
home they flew,

While Dot was dreaming a wonderful dream, of fairies and
Dolly, too.

They had satin dresses and gauzy wings, all speckled with
drops of gold;

They danced in troops on the lilac leaves, and a leaf would
a dozen hold;

And Dolly was dancing with all her might, in the prettiest
dress of all,

And spangled wings, when up sprang Dot, afraid lest her
pet should fall.

She opened her eyes, and merrily laughed, in happiness and
surprise,

As Dolly dressed in her fairy best, looked into her wonder-
ing eyes.

"Oh, mamma, what shall I do?" cried Dot, in a comic tone of
dismay,

"My Dolly has borrowed a fairy's clothes, and the fairies
have runned away!

"I's afraid she's been naughty and stealed—but then I don't most think she would ;

I guess they did it o' purpose, cos my Dolly's so awful good !
You pitty, sweet girl ! I'll let you wear 'em awhile, I guess,
and then,

If they want 'em ever, we'll give 'em back, when the fairies come again !"

Well, that was a long, long time ago—sweet Dot is a woman grown,

And little ones gather to hear her tell a tale of her childhood flown ;

And many a story she tells at eve, but nicest of all she knows

Is the one that tells of Dot and her doll that borrowed the fairy's clothes.

A DYNAMITE PLOT.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

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CHARACTERS.

DICK ARBUAY, who pitches the plot.

TOM MANDERSON, who is short stop of the plot.

SEARCH, a detective—who catches the plot.

MAJOR ARBUAY, who is caught by the plot.

JERRY, who catches the catcher of the plot on the fly.

NANCY BALLARD, left fielder of the plot.

PEGGY CAMERON, right fielder of the plot.

MISS ALDER, umpire of the plot.

SCENE.—*Waiting-room of railroad in the country. Time-tables on wall. Boxes piled up. A bench. Doors, center, left and right.*

JERRY (*sweeping*). It's moighty glad I am there's only one train more to-night, and then I'll shut up. I'm tired of answerin' questions 'bout trains—whin's the next train up? whin's the next train down?—from mornin' till night. Why don't they look at the toime-tables? Tin's the nixt train—tin.

Enter Search.

SEARCH (*watch in hand*). When's the next train down?

JERRY (*in despair, aside*). Here's another of 'em. (*Aloud.*)
Tin (*sweeping at door*), Tin.

SEARCH. Ten o'clock! An hour to wait! How could I

*Author of "The Day Before the Wedding," "Ze Moderne English," "The Top Landing," "A Pair of Gloves," "A Bonnet for my Wife," and other Comedies, Farces, &c., in previous Numbers of this Series. The leading peculiarity of Mr. Meyers' Dramas lies in their sparkling dialogue, quick action and easy adaptability to place. For a synopsis of these and other new Plays, included in our List, send for Catalogue.

have missed the nine o'clock train! I am pretty sure I am on the right track now. The chief one of the gang of dynamiters is supposed to have gone by this road sometime to-day to join his confederates. If I catch him my fortune's made. None of the detectives of Europe were sharp enough. But I'm the man (*slapping his chest*). I'm the man who's never on the wrong scent, be they Russian, as these are, or American. I'm the man.

Enter Dick, with small satchel.

DICK. Porter, I suppose I can stay in the waiting-room for awhile?

JERRY. Tin.

DICK. What's that?

JERRY. Tin. The nixt train.

DICK. I know that. I merely said I was going to wait here awhile.

JERRY (*sweeping at door, center, and disappearing*). Tin.

SEARCH (*aside*). The porter's stupid enough to know something; I'll go out on the platform and interview him. The most unexpected events sometimes lead to great things.

[Exit, center, eyeing Dick.

DICK (*throwing satchel on box*). Where can Peggy Cameron be? Uncle may come at any moment and take me with him—he is sure to come to the station for me. Her note led me to think she'd be here with my letters to Nancy Ballard. I've brought Nancy's letters to me,—a hundred pledges of unalterable affection (*walking up and down*). Well, it's all over with Nancy and me, and we'll return each other's letters. May be she refused to let Peggy have them.

Enter Peggy, right. Search at door, center.

PEGGY. Such a time as I had to get here, I was afraid they'd suspect something. And it's a dark night, and I'm scared.

DICK. You have them,—those letters I sent to Nancy Ballard? I've brought all her's back; you shall take them to her.

PEGGY. I wouldn't be so silly if I were you. (*Jerry joins Search who points at Dick, Jerry nodding, both go away.*)

DICK. Miss Cameron!

PEGGY. To go and think she doesn't care for you.

DICK. Hasn't she broken her engagement with me?

PEGGY. Didn't you accuse her of flirting with Tom Manjerson?

DICK. My Uncle, the Major, wrote me to that effect.

PEGGY. Of course your Uncle, the Major, did. I'd like to have my will of your Uncle, the Major. You know why he hates women and warns you against them?

DICK. He was once badly treated by a woman.

PEGGY. My Aunt Margaret.

DICK. So I have heard.

PEGGY. She danced with a Lieutenant in the Major's corps. That made the quarrel. Now the Major is bald and Aunt Margaret wears a front. But about Nancy, you hate her.

DICK. Hate her? No!

PEGGY. Then why do you want your letters back? Do you want to use 'em on some other girl?

DICK. Miss Cameron —

PEGGY. And it's my opinion Nancy only looked after Tom—Mr. Manderson, to help another girl.

DICK. This is farcical. You would infer —

PEGGY. That I am trying to think of a plot to get you two together again.

DICK. But what's this nonsense about her helping another girl by flirting with Manderson?

PEGGY (*very rapidly*). Oh, this other girl quarreled with Manderson about a trifle,—the way she wore her bang, or something,—and Nancy came to the rescue, and this other girl said to Nancy "You mean thing," and Nancy said to the other girl "You're perfectly horrid," and the other girl —

DICK. Stop! stop! you bewilder me. You would have me believe that Manderson is loved by some one else. Who is she?

PEGGY (*archly*). You don't understand girls. As though I'd tell you! Somebody is coming; I mus'n't be seen here. Hide me! Hide me! (*Runs behind boxes.*)

Enter Miss Alder.

MISS ALDER (*going to Dick and grasping his arm*). I knew it. I see it in your eye. Fire! fire! Police!

DICK. Eh? (*Search in doorway, center.*)

MISS A. You're waiting for my niece, Peggy. Don't deny it. It's a plot—it's a plot.

DICK. Really, Miss Alder!

MISS A. Don't deny it, I say.

[*Exit Search.*]

DICK. To please you, then, I will not.

MISS A. You acknowledge it then? You are going off with Peggy. Where is she? (*Looks about.*) Don't deceive me; I will find her. Is she on the platform? Peggy! [*Exit, center, calling.*]

PEGGY (*coming forward*). You dreadful man not to tell stronger fibs. Now the plot is working—for, to save me from being accused of eloping with you, you must patch up your tiff with Nancy and so prove to Aunt Margaret I am nothing to you, for she'd rather I'd run off with a locomotive than with your uncle's nephew. Oh, here she is. [*Exit.*]

MISS A. (*entering*.) Where is she? She's not on the platform, she's not up the pump. (*Looks behind boxes.*) Where—

DICK. She is not here. And I have no expectation of falling in love with Miss Cameron.

MISS A. Because you're already in love with her. And there was Mr. Manderson thinking the world of her till you sent her that letter to meet you here. Then of course he went over to Nancy Ballard for good.

DICK. How do you know I sent her a letter?

MISS A. (*taking out letter.*) She dropped it, I found it, I read it and told poor Mr. Manderson. (*Reads. Search appears at door.*) "Meet me at the station when I come down to see my uncle, the Major. I will be there by nine, he expects me at ten." (*Exit Search.*) Now, what have you to say.

DICK. Do you mean to say that Manderson was in love with her till she received my letter?

MISS A. Yes, but he is in love with Nancy now, head over heels; looks melancholy, kicks little boys out of the way,—has all the symptoms. But where is Peggy? You will not tell me? Then I stay and watch (*sitting on bench*).

DICK. Will you let me walk on the platform outside? I am agitated.

MISS A. She cannot reach the platform without passing through this room. Go! (*Exit, Dick, center.*) Peggy marry an Arbury! never! and yet how much he resembles the Major in his best days! The Major had just his way—I could almost see the Major when Dick said with so much feeling (*imitating*), "Will you let me walk on the platform? I am agitated." The way he said "agitated" was high tragedy.

SEARCH (*entering, aside*). The porter will watch the man, I will interview the woman. I have telegraphed to my chief that I think I have the dynamiters. This woman openly accused

the man of a plot, and he acknowledged it. My fortune is made. This is a dangerous woman, I can see that. (*Aloud.*) Madam! I say, madam!

MISS A. Police!

SEARCH (*taking her arm*). Don't be frightened. I know all. I am in it, too. Hush! no harm shall come to you. Only tell me the truth and I'll help you out of it. You are not in the plot, of course; but he is.

MISS A. Oh, sir, you overheard?

SEARCH. And I will help you. But say nothing—not a word. Hush! Somebody comes. (*Hides behind boxes.*)

Enter Manderson.

MANDERSON. It is true, Miss Alder, that Peggy loves Arbury. I followed her; she was here a few minutes ago. And for a week Nancy Ballard has been trying to prove I was a fool for doubting her love for me. Is she here?

MISS A. I am going to try and find her. (*Enter Dick, center.*) Ask him—he is in the plot, that man said so. [*Exit Miss A.*]

MAN. Sir!

DICK. Well, sir?

MAN. It is I who should say "Well, sir."

DICK. Say it, if it is any satisfaction to you. But remember the adage about sleeping dogs.

MAN. Do you know you have separated me from the woman of my heart?

DICK. So she has left you, too?

MAN. Don't insult me, sir. Left me!

DICK. Yes, after you took her from me. What a joke!

MAN. A joke! Do you wish to insult me?

DICK. Really, it is very funny (*laughing*), you will excuse me, I am smoking on the platform. [*Exit, center, laughing.*]

Enter Major Arbury; right, unobserved.

MAN. And Peggy Cameron can treat me this way, can she? I will never believe in woman again, never, never.

MAJOR (*advancing*). A wise sentiment, sir, a wise sentiment.

MAN. (*threateningly*.) What is it to you if it is wise or otherwise? you are intruding, sir, intruding.

MAJOR. Come, I like that. Have you bought up the railroad—or is this a public station? I am here to meet my nephew.

MAN. Your niece, you mean. I tell you it is your niece—
your niece. [*Exit.*]

MAJOR. Upon my word! very extraordinary! Richard my niece! That young man is badly touched; it's a lady, and she's gone to his head. (*Enter Dick, center.*) Halloo! How are you, my niece, how are you (*shaking him by the hand*)!

DICK. Your niece! I don't understand. But no matter. How are you?

MAJOR. What's the matter with you? You look gloomy.

DICK. Nothing's the matter, nothing.

MAJOR. Then get something the matter with you, and look cheerful. Come, come, let's go on to the house and see if we can't get something the matter with you there. (*Takes up satchel from box.*) This yours?

DICK (*savagely*). Drop it! It's dynamite—dynamite!

MAJOR. Dynamite! Then I'll not drop it, but put it down tenderly (*laying down bag*). What do you mean by alarming me so?

DICK. Uncle, that bag contains over a hundred infernal machines concocted by a woman. Let that satisfy you.

MAJOR (*striking his hands together*). A woman! a dynamite plot! what have I always told you about the devilry of woman, who's the woman?—what's she going to blow up? No, I will not know, I will not be accessory before the fact. Leave this station, come, come!

DICK. Come! [*Exit hastily, together.*]

SEARCH (*coming forward*). There's a whole gang of 'em. My fortune's made. Women as well as men. Two young men, an old one—that old one's the chief conspirator, I can see that. (*Writes in book.*) One elderly female with a false front and a hysterical manner. One young ditto who talks love affairs and the plot at the same time. Jerry!

JERRY (*entering*). Shall I knock him down now, sir? He's gone up the road smoking the worst cigar you ever smelt; if that don't knock him down it's meself that will. Murder! murder! that Jerry O' Flanagan should ever be mixed up wid dynamite! what'll Biddy say.

SEARCH (*tearing leaf from book*). Here's another telegram for my chief. Take it to the office, my man. Here's another dollar for you.

JERRY. Thankee, sir. But who's to knock down the fellow that's gone up the road wid the old man?

SEARCH. I'll attend to him. He'll be back again; evi-

dently the details of this plot are to be hatched here. My fortune's made. (*Hides behind boxes.*)

JERRY. So'll mine be if I get dollars this way. [*Enter Nancy.*] Tin.

NANCY. What?

JERRY. The next train, ma'am, tin. [*Exit, Jerry.*]

NANCY. I will help them—I will help Peggy and Dick. (*Sits on bench.*) I'll wait till they come. (*Search peeps around boxes.*)

SEARCH (*aside*). Another one! There's a perfect hive of 'em. Here comes the chief conspirator.

MAJOR (*entering*). I believe Dick's putting a joke on me about that bag. Where is it?

NANCY. Major!

MAJOR. Eh? oh, it's you, Miss Ballard.

NANCY. I am plotting a little, Major—my friend Peggy Cameron—oh, Major, her aunt will prevent her being happy, vows she will do anything to prevent it.

MAJOR. Do you think she'd resort to—

NANCY. Anything, anything.

MAJOR (*aside*). Then it is Margaret Alder who is the dynamiter! Great Scott!

NANCY. Oh, Major, Peggy is to elope this evening, and her aunt vows she shall not.

MAJOR. And resorts to awful means?

NANCY. Any means. [*Search steals out, center.*]

MAJOR. Then I'll help Peggy. She shall elope despite her aunt. Are you going to help her, too?

NANCY. Yes. I know the man she loves, and I know how worthy he is to be loved. Her aunt objects to him because of his family.

MAJOR. She objects, does she?—she objects? Then I'll help you. Wait here, my dear, till I get rid of a man who is going on to my house, but don't touch that satchel,—don't touch Miss Alder's satchel. [*Exit, right.*]

NANCY. My pride must come to my rescue. Dick shall think I cared nothing for him when I can so cheerfully assist Peggy in her elopement with him.

MAN. (*entering, left.*) So you are here to prevent it, too, Miss Nancy?

NANCY. To prevent what?

MAN. Peggy's eloping with Arbury.

NANCY. On the contrary, I am here to assist them. I have deceived you all along, I was deceiving you when I told you Peggy cared for you. She loved Dick Arbury all along, ha! ha! (*Exit, right, laughing, her hands over her eyes.*)

MAN. Her ha! ha! is blood-curdling. What did she mean by telling me all the time that Peggy cared for me? (*Enter right, Miss A.*) The idea of treating me thus (*pacing up and down, jamming his hat over his eyes.*)

MISS A. (*interrupting him.*) Peggy is not at home—she is nowhere.

MAN. She will be here. Miss Ballard has just told me so. Oh, what a treasure Miss Ballard is, she is to help them off—to help them off.

MISS A. Nancy Ballard! and you permit her?

MAN. Miss Ballard is nothing to me.

MISS A. Then you must have quarreled. Why I told Dick Arbury this very evening she was everything to you—Peggy thinks so, too.

MAN. No woman is anything to me. But I will stay here and see this elopement and congratulate them on the platform. [*Exit, center.*]

MISS A. My brain reels; nobody cares for anybody, and everybody is upside down. Oh! There is her satchel (*getting satchel from box*). She must have put all her jewelry in here to take it with her. She shall not have it.

MAJOR (*entering, left*). Now, Miss, I am ready to help you in this elopement.

MISS A. (*turning round to him.*) You are, are you?

MAJOR. Beg pardon! I mistook you for your niece's friend.

MISS A. I am my niece's aunt. (*Search at door, center.*) And you would help her away in spite of my wishes? (*Shaking satchel at him.*) Look out, Major Arbury, look out!

MAJOR. Look out yourself! Look out! That satchel is loaded. Gracious powers! my nephew told me of the dynamite a woman put in it. [*Exit Search, slamming door.*]

MISS A. A woman! It was Peggy! She will elope or destroy us all! Oh!

MAJOR. Don't drop the bag, it will go off. Hold on to it, hold on to it!

MISS A. (*holding it out from her, her skirts gathered in the other hand.*) Oh, what shall I do with it?

MAJOR (*solemnly*). Margaret, it is a judgment upon you.

This comes of treating me as you did years ago. Had you treated me well then you would not now be holding in your hand a hundred infernal machines. I will leave you to contemplation and destruction. (*Exit, left, politely raising his hat to her.*)

MISS A. Infernal machines! Peggy means to blow us up if we stop her, and the Major consents to her elopement with Dick! Impossible! and what shall I do with this thing? (*Enter Peggy, right.*) Here, take this, you Lucretia Borgia, take this (*forcing satchel into Peggy's hand*)!

PEGGY. What is it?

MISS A. Don't pretend innocence. Major Arbury and the rest of us know it is filled with dynamite, Dick told his uncle so. If you drop it, it will go off. Dear Peggy, elope, and all will be forgiven, only don't drop that (*stealing away*).

PEGGY. Elope! Don't go, or I will drop it. Tell me whom I am to elope with.

MISS A. We know all, my love. Go with Dick, and be happy. Don't drop that satchel!

NANCY (*entering*). Peggy, I've been looking for you. I'll help you, dear, so will the Major. Don't mind your aunt. Go with Dick, and be happy.

PEGGY. With Dick! you can say this to me?

MISS A. Yes, yes, Peggy, love. Don't drop it. Besides Nancy has Mr. Manderson.

PEGGY (*to Nancy*). You have Mr. Manderson—is that why you wish me to go with Dick?

NANCY. Go, Peggy, and be happy.

Peggy nearly lets satchel fall, Miss A. screams. Enter Mr. Manderson.

PEGGY. You think I care for Dick or Dick for me, Nancy?

MISS A. Look out, Mr. Manderson, it's a hundred infernal machines. Don't drop it, dearest Peggy—hold it tighter than a brother, darling.

MAN. Does it mean there is death in that satchel?

MISS A. Yes, yes.

MAN. Then do what you please with it, Peggy.

PEGGY. Shall I drop it?

MAN. If it will destroy me, yes.

PEGGY. You wish to be destroyed because of your perfidy to me.

MAN. I care for no one but you.

PEGGY. Except Nancy.

NANCY. Mr. Manderson, why will you stand between her and happiness!

MISS A. Let her be happy, and get off with that bag before it goes off. Oh, Major, Major, upon the brink of destruction I can safely say I am sorry I ever treated you so badly.

PEGGY. Aunt, you care for the Major; tell me, or I'll drop it.

MISS A. I do, I do. I have hated Dick because I cared for his uncle and we quarreled in our youth. Elope with Dick, go with my blessing.

NANCY. Believe that we all wish you happiness, Peggy, and go.

PEGGY. That so? Then you no longer care for Dick. (*Nancy turns away. Enter, Dick.*)

DICK. My satchel! I forgot my satchel! where is it?

MAN. Sir, the lady awaits you, may you be happy!

MISS A. Yes, Richard, I consent, go and be happy—only take the satchel with you.

DICK. What does this mean?

NANCY. I congratulate you, Mr. Arbury. I hope you will be very, very happy. (*Search appears at door, center.*)

PEGGY. Dick Arbury, this satchel is loaded.

DICK. Loaded?

PEGGY. You told your uncle it held dynamite, and he told my aunt. If I drop it you know what'll happen. And I'll drop it unless you tell me the truth—do you love Nancy?

MISS A. (*appealingly.*) Say No. She's jealous, and she'll drop it if you say Yes.

PEGGY. If he says No I'll drop it. [*Exit Search.*]

MAN. (*dramatically.*) Say No, Arbury, and have it over for me at least.

NANCY (*indignantly*). Say No, and tell the truth, Mr. Arbury.

DICK (*to Nancy*). Would you have me say No, or Yes?

NANCY. I'd have you tell the truth by saying No.

PEGGY. And, Nancy, you must tell the truth, too. Have you received Mr. Manderson so frequently on your own account, or on account of another girl?

MISS A. Say "another girl," Nancy, or she'll drop the bag. (*Search at door.*)

DICK. Stop this nonsense, Peggy—you know what is in the bag as well as I do.

NANCY. Good-night (*going*).

PEGGY. Here goes! (*Swings bag. Miss A. shrieks and falls on her knees. Exit Search.*)

DICK. Nancy, will you not speak?

PEGGY. You speak, Dick: is Nancy anything to you?

NANCY (*at door*). Good-night.

DICK. She is everything.

PEGGY. Stop, Nancy!

MAN. (*brightening up.*) Peggy, my angel!

PEGGY. Nancy, did you receive Mr. Manderson on your own account, or on account of another girl?

MAN. Another girl, another girl, she only cared for Arbury till he sent that letter to you. (*Search at door.*)

MAJOR (*entering*). Stop her! stop her! I've been watching outside. Her aunt gave her that bag—they're both in the plot. Stop her swinging that bag, I say.

PEGGY. Oh, Major, when you gave your consent to assist me to elope with your nephew!

MAJOR. I never did. Look out, with that bag! I never did.

NANCY. You promised to assist me in assisting Peggy.

MAJOR. My nephew elope with Miss Alder's niece! never! Somebody take that bag from her. [*Exit Search.*]

MISS A. Police! Police! (*Continues calling, faintly.*)

PEGGY. Dick, go to Nancy; Nancy, go to Dick.

MISS A. Go to him, Nancy. Police! (*Calls as before.*)

MAJOR. Go to her, Dick! Police!

DICK. The satchel does it (*leading Nancy to door, center*).

JERRY (*entering*). Stay where you are, the whole bilin' of you. I arrist you all. Mистер Detective, where are you? I've got every mother's son of 'em—and every father's daughter too.

MAN. There is nothing the matter, my good man —

JERRY. I know what's the matter. I'm onto it.

MAJOR. That bag is filled with dynamite.

JERRY. Dynamite! och! Moses! och, Miss (*on his knees*), don't be so reckless wid it. What would Bidy say? Mистер Detective! Mистер Detective!

PEGGY. Major, go to my aunt.

MISS A. Come, Major, or she'll drop the bag. Police!

JERRY. Police!

MAJOR. Oh, Miss Alder (*going to her and supporting her*)!

MAN. Peggy, where do I come in?

PEGGY. In my heart.

As Manderson takes her she throws bag in the air—Miss A., the Major and Jerry shriek and cling to one another. Search enters, center, and comes forward. Bell heard ringing.

SEARCH. Don't move, any of you. The country is aroused, I have telegraphed everywhere. This entire room is under arrest. You are the desperate gang of conspirators in the dynamite plot the detectives have discovered in Russia. You (*to the Major*) are the ringleader. You (*to Dick*) have evidently just arrived from Russia with that grip. By your own confession it is filled with dynamite,—a hundred infernal machines. From motives of jealousy you (*to Peggy*) would destroy the rest of the gang —

DICK. With this harmless satchel (*opening bag and turning out letters*)! dynamite, the hundred infernal machines!

NANCY. My letters to Dick.

MAJOR. Only letters.

MISS A. Oh, Major!

JERRY. Letthers!

SEARCH. Letters, and no dynamite! Let me go telegraph and stop the detectives. You villain (*to Jerry*)! you've taken my money under false pretenses. You're all frauds! (*Exit center. Bell rings, as of train approaching.*)

JERRY. Tin o'clock train! All aboard!—all aboard! I'm agoin' to knock him down for callin' me a villain. Tin o'clock train! all aboard! (*Exit, center, with broom as a club.*)

NANCY (*putting letters in satchel and handing it to Dick*). May every bag of dynamite

DICK (*handing it to Peggy*). Have so much pleasure in it!

PEGGY (*handing to Manderson*). May every woman's jealous spite —

MAN. (*handing to Miss A.*) Have just such men to win it.

MISS A. (*handing to Major.*) May every woman's letters be,

MAJOR (*handing to Dick*). When rage runs wild, the curb to stop it.

DICK (*handing to Peggy*). And when we feel like jealousy,

ALL (*as Peggy drops the satchel*). Drop it!

JERRY (*entering excitedly, advancing to front and brandishing broom*). The last train's off, and I hit him over the gob.

Curtain.

THE THREE PREACHERS.—CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
 Filled with eloquence and power :
 One is old, with locks of white,
 Skinny as an anchorite ;
 And he preaches every hour
 With a shrill fanatic voice,
 And a bigot's fiery scorn :
 "Backward ! ye presumptuous nations ;
 Man to misery is born !
 Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer,
 Born to labor and to pray ;
 Backward, ye presumptuous nations !
 Back ! be humble and obey.

The second is a milder preacher ;
 Soft he talks as if he sung ;
 Sleek and slothful is his look,
 And his words, as from a book,
 Issue glibly from his tongue.
 With an air of self-content,
 High he lifts his fair white hands :
 "Stand ye still ! ye restless nations ;
 And be happy, all ye lands !
 Fate is law, and law is perfect ;
 If ye meddle, ye will mar ;
 Change is rash, and ever was so,
 We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,
 Genius flashes from his eyes ;
 And the crowds who hear his voice,
 Give him, while their souls rejoice,
 Throbbing bosoms for replies.
 Awed they listen, yet elated,
 While his stirring accents fall :
 "Forward ! ye deluded nations,
 Progress is the rule of all.
 Man was made for healthful effort ;
 Tyranny has crushed him long ;
 He shall march from good to better,
 And do battle with the wrong.
 "Standing still is childish folly,
 Going backward is a crime.

None should patiently endure
 Any ill that he can cure ;
 Onward ! keep the march of time.
 Onward ! while a wrong remains
 To be conquered by the right ;
 While oppression lifts a finger
 To affront us by his might ;
 While an error clouds the reason
 Of the universal heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the wise man's part.

"Lo! the world is rich in blessings :
 Earth and ocean, flame and wind,
 Have unnumbered secrets still,
 To be ransacked when you will,
 For the service of mankind.
 Science is a child as yet,
 And her power and scope shall grow,
 And her triumphs in the future
 Shall diminish toil and woe ;
 Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
 With an ever-widening ken,
 And of woods and wildernesses
 Make the homes of happy men.

"Onward ! there are ills to conquer,
 Daily wickedness is wrought,
 Tyranny is swoln with pride,
 Bigotry is deified,
 Error intertwined with thought.
 Vice and misery ramp and crawl ;
 Root them out, their day has passed,
 Goodness is alone immortal ;
 Evil was not made to last.
 Onward ! and all earth shall aid us
 Ere our peaceful flag be furled."
 And the preaching of this preacher
 Stirs the pulses of the world.

A LITTLE PILGRIM.

One summer's evening ere the sun went down,
 When city men were hastening from the town,
 To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far,
 By snorting train, by omnibus or car,

To be beyond the reach of city's din—
 A tram-car stopped, a little girl got in ;
 A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old ;
 Although not shy, her manners were not bold :
 But all alone ! one scarce could understand.
 She held a little bundle in her hand,—
 A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
 But which did not some bread and butter hide ;
 A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,
 Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took a seat,
 And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
 And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
 She to the porter said, " May I lie here ? "
 He answered instantly, " Oh yes, my dear."
 And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,
 While once again the tram went on its way.

The tall conductor—over six feet high,
 Now scanned the travelers with a business eye ;
 But in that eye was something kind and mild
 That took the notice of the little child.
 A little after and the man went round,
 And soon was heard the old familiar sound
 Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets, too—
 The tram was full, and he had much to do.

" Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.
 She looked a moment, shook her little head :
 " I have no pennies ; don't you know," said she,
 " My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me ? "
 He looked bewildered—all the people smiled ;
 " I didn't know. And who is Jesus, child ? "
 " Why don't you know ? He once for sinners died,
 For little children, and for men beside,
 To make us good, and wash us from our sin,
 Is this His railway I am traveling in ? "
 " Don't think it is ! I want your fare, you know."
 " I told you Jesus paid it long ago :
 My mother told me just before she died,
 That Jesus paid when he was crucified ;
 That at the cross his railway did begin,
 Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.
 My mother said his home was grand and fair ;
 I want to go and see my mother there,
 I want to go to heaven where Jesus lives—
 Won't you go, too ? My mother said he gives

A loving welcome—shall we not be late?
 Oh, let us go before he shuts the gate!
 He bids us little children come to him."

The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,
 He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,
 And felt a substance rising in his throat.
 The people listened to the little child;
 Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,
 And some one whispered as they looked amazed:
 "Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;
 "I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing
 To me of Jesus and his Father's love;
 Told me to meet her in his home above,
 And so to-day when aunt went out to tea;
 And looking out I could not father see,
 I got my bundle, kissed my little kit,
 (I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)
 And got my hat, and then I left my home,
 A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;
 And then your carriage stopped, and I could see
 You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me,
 I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.
 And are you just going home to heaven again?"
 The poor conductor only shook his head;
 Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.
 Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,
 And struck upon the fountain of his tears,
 And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?
 At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl:
 I loved her much; she was my little pet,
 And with great fondness I remember yet
 How much she loved me. But one day she died."
 "She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;
 "She's gone to heaven—Jesus paid her fare.
 Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"

The poor conductor now broke fairly down;
 He could have borne the harshest look or frown.
 But no one laughed; the many sitting by
 Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
 He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.
 "I am so sleepy," said the little one,
 "If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait
 Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;

Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,
 And at the gate give just one little knock!
 And you'll see Jesus there?" The strong man wept.
 I could but think as from the car I stept,
 How oft a little one has found the road,
 The narrow pathway to that blest abode;
 Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,
 While learned men remain in doubt and fear.
 A little child! the Lord oft uses such
 To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,
 Then by his spirit bids the conflict cease
 And once for ever enter into peace.
 And then along the road the news we bear,
 We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare!

BIG BOB SIMPSON.—ZENAS DANE.

[ADAPTED FOR RECITATION.]

A big, fat boy, named Robert Simpson, was one of the friends and companions of my boyhood. When I was a boy of fourteen, and Bob, as everybody called him, was sixteen, we went to the same country school together and lived near each other on two fine western farms.

Bob had the not very enviable distinction of being the largest boy of his years in the neighborhood and, indeed, there were few men larger than Bob was at sixteen, for at that tender age he was nearly six feet tall and was "big accordingly," as we used to say.

I think Bob weighed about one hundred and ninety at that age, and some of the boys at school never called him anything but "Fatty," which was not a very aristocratic nor pleasing name to Bob, and he would sometimes say resentfully, and indignantly:

"I tell you Fatty ith not my name, tho it ithn't, and I'll thlap your jawth if you thay tho again."

Besides his most pronounced lisp Bob had the face of a big, fat baby, and a little, thin, piping squeak of a voice that sounded strange and ludicrous coming from such a big fellow as he was.

He had queer, effeminate ways, and could sew and knit, and even knew how to crochet and do patchwork, while he was fonder of the society of girls than of boys, and the boys sometimes called him "Miss Bobby" or "Miss Fatty."

There was one thing of which Bob stood in mortal terror, and that was of a "licking" from some of the teachers who taught our school during the winter months, when all of the large boys and girls attended the school. In those days it was the generally accepted theory that a certain amount of "licking" was absolutely necessary to the mental, moral and physical well-being of both boys and girls at school.

But Bob Simpson had not been "licked" at school since he was nine or ten years old. He was then larger than most boys are at fifteen years of age, and by the time he was eleven or twelve years old he was so big and so fat that his teacher seemed to feel that it would place him in an undignified and ludicrous position to attempt the "licking" of such a giant as Bob was even if he had no fear of his physical strength.

Our teacher, one winter, was a tall, lank, brutal-minded man named Samuel Masterson. He was a firm believer in the whipping theory, and some of us were continually being called out and trounced in support of his theory. If we protested that we had not been doing anything to deserve a whipping, Mr. Masterson would say:

"It don't make no difference, I'll liek you, anyhow; it'll do you good and make you grow."

Of course we had little respect for teachers who treated us in that way, and the brutal instincts of our natures were fostered by such treatment, and we were not as polite and kind and studious as we would have been under tenderer discipline.

But even Mr. Masterson did not attempt to whip Bob Simpson. I think, however, it was only because he was a coward at heart, and feared that the gigantic Bob might turn on him and prove to be the better man of the two

in a hand-to-hand struggle. He seemed to take a special delight in whipping the girls, but he was careful to select girls who had no big brothers present to defend them.

One morning the schoolroom door opened suddenly after the school had been called to order, and an extremely pretty and modest-looking little girl of about twelve years came shyly into the room. She had big, innocent-looking blue eyes, a pleading look about her pretty little mouth, while her long hair was as yellow and shiny as gold. It was braided in one long, smooth braid, hanging quite to her slender waist. None of us knew her, and Mr. Masterson turned when he saw her and said gruffly :

“ Well, who are *you* ? ”

“ Helen May Kendell, sir,” she said with a frightened look, her back to the door.

“ This is a pretty time of day to come to school. It’s most half-past nine, and I always whip scholars who get here as late as that.”

At the word “ whip ” the little girl grew deathly pale and her lips began to quiver, and Mr. Masterson said :

“ But I’ll let you off this time, seeing as you couldn’t have known anything about the rules, but don’t you be late again or I *will* whip you ! Go and sit there in that seat by the stove, and I’ll see to you when I’m through with this class.”

The little girl hurried to the seat indicated, which happened to be right by the seat in which Bob Simpson and I sat. I saw, at once, that Bob was greatly smitten with the charms of the new-comer. She had not been ten minutes in her seat before Bob slyly handed her a big red apple from one of his capacious pockets. This was followed by a peppermint drop and some cloves. Then he sharpened her slate pencil for her, and showed other and unmistakable signs of friendship and admiration, even going so far as to write, “ I love you,” on his slate, and slyly handing the slate across the aisle to her. At recess

he kept near Helen on the playground, and when the bell rang he came into the schoolroom leading her proudly by the hand.

"She lives over there on the old Batson place," Bob wrote on his slate for my benefit. "Her ma is a widder, and she ain't got no brothers or sisters. Ain't she as sweet and pretty as ever they make 'em?"

I laughed and wrote in reply: "She's pretty enough, and you seem to be mighty sweet on her already."

"Guess I am," wrote Bob. "I tell you she's my girl. They ain't no girl in this skool can hold a kandle to her."

"I'll warrant you Mr. Masterson will hold a stick to her back before night if she don't stop whispering," I wrote in reply. Whereupon Bob showed such marked signs of wrath that Mr. Masterson called out:

"What you squirming around in your seat and making all that racket for, Bob Simpson? And who you shaking your fist at? You'll get a chance to shake it at me pretty soon, if you don't behave yourself!"

Bob became as still as a mouse at this, for Mr. Masterson did not often even threaten Bob, and it was mortifying as well as terrifying for him to be thus addressed in the presence of the charming little Helen. But the next moment Bob had fresh cause for dismay, for Mr. Masterson, seizing his rod and giving his desk a ringing whack with it, called out harshly:

"I want that little Kendell girl to come right straight up to this desk. She's been whispering steady for the last two minutes, and I'll teach her that whispering and whipping go together in this school. Come along out here, miss!"

He waved his rod threateningly as he spoke. Poor little Helen! She began to tremble; every particle of color left her pretty face. She sat perfectly still, too terrified to obey.

"You coming?" called out Mr. Masterson. "It'll be so much the worse for you if I come after you, mind that!"

She laid her head on her desk, sobbing loudly, but

did not offer to go forward. Mr. Masterson came down the aisle with a rush.

"March yourself up to the platform!" he said, bringing his rod down once on her slender, trembling form. She screamed loudly, and Big Bob, pale and wildly excited, jumped to his feet.

"Pleath, Mithter Mathterthon," he said, "let her go. She ain't learned the ruleth yet, and ——"

"You know them anyhow," interrupted Mr. Masterson, livid with rage, "and you know that it's breaking them to interfere in this way, now you take *that!*"

Down came the rod around Bob's broad shoulders. His face turned from white to crimson; he stopped trembling. His blue eyes seemed aflame. Off came his coat with a jerk, and to the intense surprise and delight of the school, Big Bob—big, babyish, girlish, cowardly Bob, as he had been called—was suddenly transformed into a fearless young giant, aflame with righteous indignation.

Snatching the rod from Mr. Masterson's hand, he snapped it in two as if it were a pipestem, and tossed the pieces far from him. Then he took the cowardly teacher by the collar and shook him until the man was so breathless and helpless and terrified he could not speak or stand, when Bob dragged him forward, half-lifted and half-tossed him into his chair, and picking up a second rod from the desk, brandished it over him and said:

"Now don't you ever, ever, *ever*, not tho long ath you live and breathe and keep your thenthes, touch me or her or *any other* girl in this school! I don't believe in whipping girlth, and I won't *have* it no more, no, thir, I *won't!*" And, giving Mr. Masterson another most vigorous shaking, Bob came back to his seat flushed and triumphant.

As the parents of the pupils never interfered when teachers trounced the pupils, neither did they interfere when the pupils trounced the teacher, and when Mr. Masterson made complaint to Mr. Simpson about Bob, Mr. Simpson gave him "cold comfort" by saying:

"I don't feel that I've any call to interfere. I know very well that my Bob isn't a had boy, and that he does what he thinks is right, and, from what I hear about the matter he wasn't very far wrong this time. You and Bob will have to settle your little differences yourselves."

But there were none to settle after that day, for Mr. Masterson never tried to whip Bob "or any other girl," as Bob had so comically expressed it, from that day forward, and the school was none the worse on that account, while Bob was a hero among us all winter.

TOO PROGRESSIVE FOR HIM.—LURANA W. SHELDON.

I am somethin' of a vet'ran, just a-turnin' eighty year,—
 A man that's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear ;
 But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my
 old head spin,
 An' I'm goin' tew ease my conshuns if I never speak ag'in.

I've lived my fourscore years of life, an' never till tew-day
 Wuz I taken for a jackass or an ign'rant kind o' jay,
 Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawl-
 in' bugs and worms
 That's killin' human bein's with their "mikroskopic germs."

They say there's "mikrobes" all about a-lookin' for their
 prey ;
 There's nothin' pure tew eat nor drink, an' no safe place
 tew stay ;
 There's "miasmy" in the dewfall an' "malary" in the sun ;
 'Tain't safe to be outdoors at noon or when the day is done.

There's "bactery" in the water an' "trikeeny" in the meat,
 "Amoebey" in the atmosphere, "calory" in the heat ;
 There's "corpussels" an' "pigments" in a human bein's blood,
 An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.

Terbacker's full o' "nickerteen," whatever that may be ;
 An' your mouth'll all get puckered with the "tannin" in the
 tea ;
 The butter's "olymargareen"—it never saw a cow ;
 An' things is gittin' wus an' wus from what they be just now.

Them bugs is all about us, just a-waitin' fer a chance
 Tew navigate our vitals an' tew 'naw us off like plants.

There's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms just like
 a goose,
 An' tackin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' on 'em loose.
 Now, I don't believe sech nonsense, an' I'm not a-goin' tew
 try.
 If things has come tew such a pass, I'm satisfied tew die ;
 I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I wont be such a fool
 As to wait until I'm pizeded by a "annymallycool."

A RACE FOR LIFE.—J. L. MOLLOY.

A gun is heard at the dead of night—

“Lifeboat ready!”

And every man, to the signal true,
 Fights for place in the eager crew ;

“Now, lads! steady.”

First a glance at the shuddering foam,
 Now a look at the loving home,
 Then together, with bated breath,
 They launch their boat in the gulf of death.

Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Through blinding spray.

Hear the skipper cheer and say!

“Up with her, lads, and lift her!
 All together!”

They see the ship in a sudden flash

Sinking ever,

And grip their oars with a deeper breath,

Now it's come to a fight with death,

Now or never!

Fifty strokes, and they're at her side,

If they live in the boiling tide,

If they last through the awful strife.

Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!

Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Through blinding spray.

Hear the skipper cheer and say

“Up with her, lads, and lift her!
 All together!”

And loving hearts are on the shore,
 Hoping, fearing ;
 Till over the sea there comes a cheer,
 Then the click of the oars you hear
 Homeward steering—
 Ne'er a thought of the danger past
 Now the lads are on land at last ;
 What's a storm to a gallant crew
 Who race for life, and who win it, too?
 Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reckon of weather,
 But tear their way
 Through blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say,
 " Up with her, lads, and lift her !
 All together ! "

ONLY JOE.—JAMES ROANN REED.

" This grave were ye meanin', stranger ? Oh, ther's nobody
 much lies here ;
 It's only poor Joe, a dazed lad ; been dead now better'n
 a year.
 He was nobody's child, this Joe, sir— orphaned the hour of
 his birth ;
 And simple and dazed all his life, yet the harmlessest crea-
 tur' on earth.
 Some say that he died broken hearted ; but that is all non-
 sense, you know ;
 For a body could never do that as were simple and dazed
 like Joe.
 But I'll tell you the story, stranger, an' then you can readily
 see
 How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that never could be.
 Do you see that grave over yonder ? Well, the minister's
 daughter lies there ;
 She were a regular beauty, an' as good as she were fair.
 She'd a nod and a kind word for Joe, sir, whenever she
 passed him by ;
 But, bless ye, that were nothin'—she couldn't hurt even
 a fly.
 It wern't very often, I reckon, that people a kind word would
 say,
 For Joe was simple and stupid, an' allus in somebody's way ;

So I s'pose he kind o' loved her ; but then that were nothin',
 you know,
 For there wasn't a soul in the village but loved her better 'n
 Joe.

An' when Milly took down with consumption, or some sech
 weakness as that,
 Joe took on kind o' foolish—there were nothin' for him
 to cry at ;
 An' he'd range the woods over for hours, for flowers to place
 by her bed,
 An' Milly, somehow or other, kind o' liked his dazed ways,
 they said.

But when winter was come, she died, sir, an' I well remem-
 ber the day
 When we carried the little coffin to the old churchyard
 away ;
 It were so bitter cold we were glad when the grave were
 made,
 An' when we were done an' went home, I suppose poor
 Joe must have stayed.

They found him here the next mornin', lyin' close to the
 grave, they said,
 An' a-lookin' like he was asleep, but then of course he
 were dead.
 I suppose he got chilled and sleepy, an' how could a body
 know
 How dangerous that kind o' sleep is, as never knowed noth-
 in', like Joe ?

So they say that he died broken-hearted ; but that only
 shows, do you see,
 How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that never could be ;
 For now you have heard the story you'll agree with me,
 stranger, I know,
 That a body could never do that, as were simple and dazed,
 like Joe ! ”

THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
 As the manner in which you say it ;
 It is not so much the language you use,
 As the tones in which you convey it.

“ Come here ! ” I sharply said,
 And the baby cowered and wept ;
 “ Come here ! ” I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
 And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
 And the tones may pierce like a dart;
 The words may be soft as the summer air,
 And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
 And grow by study and art;
 But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
 And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,—
 Whether you mean or care,
 Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
 Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
 And in peace and love rejoice,
 Keep anger not only out of your words,
 But keep it out of your voice.

TIM'S DOWNFALL.—S. JENNIE SMITH.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

What am I afther radin' do you be askin', Mrs. Casey? Sure, it's a letther from me son Tim what wint to Philadelpy to git iddicated, and the news that do be in it narely braks me heart. Tim was the foine b'y, Mrs. Casey,—the whate flower of the fam'ly, Pat useter say,—he niver wint around sassinat' pable like the other childer; sich a soft tongue he had in his head, and he was that taken to shtudy he wadn't consint to ate a shtick of candy widout there was a book on the other end.

He was so confectionate too, Mrs. Casey. I moind how he never shtarted to bid widout kissin' me an' Pat. And what wid his larnin' and gentle-loike manners and respectibility, Pat an' me thinks to make a foine man av Tim, and we spinds ivery cint we can airn to git that b'y iddicated. It was plased we were to belave there wad be wan gintleman in the Hogan gineration, and we

*Author of "Mrs. Murphy's Recipe for Cake," "Aunt Maria at the Eden Musee," and other excellent humorous recitations in previous Numbers.

drissed him magniferously and paid ivery bill widout e'er a bit av grumblin'g.

Av coorse, he pertinds he's improvin' the pricious saconds, and the tachers sind recommendatory reports, and Pat an' me do be that swilled wid pride we're narely bustin'—whin what should that ongrateful b'y do, Mrs. Casey, but up an' lave the college and take to tindin' a liquor shtore, an' Pat an' me timperance pable iver since the probitionary man come around last fall wid his reformatory notions; and Tim's brothers arl makin' their acknowledgmints as timperance b'ys, too.

To think that the wan what shtarted out wid the bist calculations, Mrs. Casey, should be shtandin' behind a bar and dalin' out hot shtuff. I don't know if he be ouwnin' the place himsilf, Mrs. Casey, but it's enough lead in me motherly heart to know he's tindin' it.

Now if it had been Moike what niver wad take a shtudy book in his two dirrity hands, it wadn't have been a mite av wonder; but me ouwn bright, beautiful b'y Tim, the shcholar and gintleman av the fam'ly, the wan that we thought respectable enough to mate wid the Gouls or the Fielses, or anny wan av the big flies miutioned in the papers, to think av his treminjus downfall.

You wadn't have thought it, Mrs. Casey? No more wad I, if I didn't have the letther before me two broken-hearted eyes. There! rade for yoursilf, for I couldn't for the life av me rade it more than wance, and Pat wint arf wid tears a-shtreamin' down his sorryful cheeks.

Admitted to the bar? Av coorse, ain't I afther tellin' you he said that, Mrs. Casey? What's that you say?

It ain't no liquor bar? Howly St. Patrick! do you mane that? And Tim's a laryer, afther all, and no liquor shtore bar tinder? From the lower ind av me heart, Mrs. Casey, I thank you for sittin' me right-side-up in me moind.

And wad you, loike a good sowl, jist wait till I run out and tiligram to Pat? He'll worruk aisier for the hearin' av the blissed news.

HUNTING A MADMAN.—JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

Don't say that you think me courageous, for that's an assertion I doubt,
I did what I thought was my duty, and it's nought to go boasting about.
I will tell you the truth of the story, and I think you will easily see
There is nothing about the achievement to give any honor to me.

I was up at my station one morning, attending to trains as they came,
And as I was crossing the line, sir, I heard some one call me by name ;
I turned and beheld an old schoolmate, who was up on the platform behind,
Who said he was going to London with a gent who was out of his mind.

The madman was standing beside him, as quiet and meek as could be,
He looked quite as sane as his keeper, as he courteously nodded to me ;
And my friend said at times he *was* harmless, whilst at others his fury was such
That a person unused to such people would be just like a child in his clutch.

Then a down train ran into the station, and I had to cross over the line,
But when it had gone I returned, sir, when I saw that old schoolmate of mine
Fall, struck by the hand of the madman. I took in the scene at a glance,
As the madman leaped on to the rails, sir, to make the best use of his chance.

I thought it was right to pursue him, so I went for him just like a shot,
For I feared what would happen to him, sir, if into the tunnel he got.
On he went, without halting an instant, right into the darkness and gloom,
While I ran like the wind, sir, to save him from meeting a horrible doom.

The up train was due in a minute—how I hoped I might reach him ere then !
Then the thought of his strength burst upon me, for I'm not the strongest of men ;

Still, I wouldn't go back, I would risk it, and put up with a
bit of a strife,
If I could but reach him and keep him from foolishly losing
his life.

Directly I entered the tunnel I was caught in a terrible grip,
And I lost all hope as my captor clutched my throat in a
vise-like nip.
Yet I struggled as well as I could, sir, and I managed to
loosen his clasp,
But he flew at me then like a tiger, and again I was tight
in his grasp.

I heard the loud screech of the engine as the up train came
dashing along,
And I fought with my foe like a trooper, but the madman
was terribly strong.
Down, down, I was forced to the ground, sir, and my heart
was beginning to quail,
While the lunatic grinned as he held me on the dangerous
up line of rail.

I could see the red light of the engine as it shone through
the thick, murky gloom ;
Along came the train, and I shuddered as I thought of our
terrible doom.
All at once the man noticed the light, sir, and I fancied his
grasp grew slack,
So, exerting myself, I sprang upwards, and sent him right
on to his back.

I had thrown him quite clear of the metals, and I quickly
avoided the train,
Ere it swiftly rushed over the spot, sir, where a moment ago
I had lain.
How thankful I felt you may guess, sir, my peril had not
been in vain,
For in less than two minutes the madman was safe with his
keeper again.

THE TWO PENNIES.

From the mint two bright new pennies came,
The value and beauty of both the same ;
One slipped from the hand, and fell to the ground,
Then rolled out of sight and could not be found.
The other was passed by many a hand,
Through many a change in many a land ;
For temple dues paid, now used in the mart,
Now bestowed on the poor by a pitying heart.

At length it so happened, as years went round,
That the long-lost, unused coin was found,
Filthy and black, its inscription destroyed
Through rusting peacefully unemployed;
Whilst the well-worked coin was bright and clear
Through active service year after year;
For the brightest are those who live for duty—
Rust more than rubbing will tarnish beauty.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

One cold December morning, about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousand of them together. Some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists now-a-days. But instead of walking-sticks, they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannon.

In fact these tourists were nothing less than a French army, and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work, certainly, even for the strongest man, to make four miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and bitter wind, along these narrow, slippery mountain paths, with precipices hundreds of feet deep all round. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching and tramping along through the deep snow and cold, gray mist, through which the great mountain peaks overhead loomed like shadowy giants, as merrily as if he were going to a picnic. This was a little drummer-boy of ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke all the echoes with a lively rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

“Bravo, *petit tambour!*” (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then to see how deep it was. “Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow.”

The boy smiled and raised his hand to his cap in his salute, for this rough looking man was no other than the General himself, “Fighting Macdonald,” one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment. “Long live our General!” shouted a hoarse voice; and the cheer flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind,—a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far away up the great white mountain side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

“On your faces, lads!” roared the General; “it’s an avalanche!”

But before the men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge-path like a water-fall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stone and gravel and loose, up-rooted bushes, and great blocks of cold, blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down the precipice, and either killed or hurried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what happened, one cry arose from every mouth:

“Where’s our Pierre? Where’s our ‘little drummer?’”

Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and when

they shouted his name there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many hard old soldiers, who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into their eyes at the thought that the bright face would never be seen among them again. But all at once, far below them, out of the shadow of the black unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air:

“He’s alive, comrades! our Pierre’s alive, after all!”

“And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!”

“But we must save him, lads, or he’ll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!”

“He shall be!” broke in a deep voice behind, and the General himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

“No, no, General,” cried the grenadiers, with one voice; “you mustn’t run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all ours put together.”

“My soldiers are my children,” said Macdonald quietly, “and no father grudges his own life to save his son.”

The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the General was soon swinging in mid-air,—down, down, till he vanished at last in the darkness of the cold, black depth below.

Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing, for they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that chance was terribly against him.

Meanwhile Macdonald having landed safely at the foot of the precipice was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

“Pierre!” shouted he as loud as he could, “where are you, my boy?”

"Here, General," answered a weak voice, so faint that he could barely distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head, half-buried in a huge mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once; and although he sunk waist deep at every step, reached the spot at last.

"All right now, my brave boy," said the General, cheerily. "Put your arms round my neck, and hold tight; we'll have you out of this in a minute."

The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength; and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms about his neck their hold gave way directly.

What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that dismal place would make the rescuer as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But General Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash, and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to draw up.

And when the two came swinging up into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

"We've been under fire and under snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boys cold hands tenderly, "and nothing shall part us two after this, so long as we live."

And the General kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping, white-haired old man, who had once been the famous Marshal Macdonald; and he leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, black-moustached, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.*

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I reads in Yawcob's shtory book,
 A couple veeks ago,
 Von firsd rade boem, vot I dinks
 Der beobles all should know.
 I'd ask dis good conundhrum, too,
 Vich ve should profit by,
 "Vill you into mine parlor valk ?
 Says der shpider off der fly."

Dot set me dinking right avay,
 Und vhen von afternoon
 A shbeculator he cooms in
 Und dells me pooty soon
 He haf a silver mine to sell,
 Und ask me if I puy,
 I dink off der oxberience
 Off dot plue pottle fly.

Der oder day vhen on der cars
 I vent py Nie Yorek oudt,
 I meets a fraulein on der train,
 Who dold me mit a pout,
 She likes der Deutscher shentlemens,
 Und dells me sit peside her—
 I dink maype I vas der fly
 Und she vas been der shpider.

I vent indo der shmoking car,
 Where dhey vas blaying boker,
 Und also haf some dings dhey calls
 Der funny "leedle joker."
 Some money it was shanging hands,
 Dhey wanted me to try—
 I says: "You vas too brevious,
 I don'd vas peen a fly!"

On Central Park a shmart young man
 Says: "Strauss, how vas you peen ?"
 Und dake me kindly py der hand,
 Und ask off mine Kathrine.
 He wants to shange a fifty bill,
 Und says hecs name vas Schneider—

*From "Dialect Ballads" (Charles F. Adams), by permission. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Maype, berhaps he vas all right ;
More like he vas a shpider.

Mosdt efry day some shvindling chap
He dries his leedle game ;
I cuts me oudt dot shpider biece
Und poot id in a frame ;
Right in mine shtore I hangs it oup,
Und near it on der shly,
I keeps a glub, to send quick oudt,
Dhose shpiders "on der fly."

UNCLE PETE'S PLEA.*—JOS. ALLGOOD.

'Twas an old-time Southern darky,—
All withered, and wrinkled, and gray,
With the quaint and courteous manners
Of a type fast passing away,—
Convicted of robbing the hen-roost
Of a neighbor the night before ;
For the tracks in the snow discovered
Led straight to his cabin door.

The Judge, as was his custom,
His eye on the culprit cast,
And said : "Have you aught to say, sir,
Why sentence should not be passed ?"
With a bow to the judge, and the people
Who had thronged the court-room to see,
Uncle Pete put his hat down behind him,
And then he delivered this plea :

"*Does I hab anything to say, Jedge,*
Yo' ax me, in my beha'f
Befo' yo' passes de sentence ?
Why, Jedge, 'twould meck dem all laugh
To see dis black old nigger
Stan' up heah an' say he's say
Befo' all ub dese white folks
What's come to de co't to-day.

" But, Jedge, I sees I's 'dited—
I b'lieves dat's de way 'tis said
In dat 'ar' strip ob paper
De gent'man befo' yo' has read—

*By permission of the Author.

Yes, suh, I sees I's 'dited,
 An' befo' de bar I stan'
 For de stealin' ob some chickens
 Wid dis ole widered han'.

"For I is an ole, ole nigger,
 An' my leabin' time mos' has come ;
 So I's gwine to add no lyin'
 To de ebil I's 'ready done.
 I 'knowledge I took dem chickens ;
 I 'fess it wid 'fusion an' shame,
 For I nebber has done no stealin'
 Till dat tem'tation came.

"I wa' raised right, Jedge, I 'shure yo',
 For my folks wa' de bes' ob dar day ;
 An' dey fai'fully strobe wid deir darkies
 To bring dem up de right way.
 But, oh ! 'tis mighty rough libin',
 In dese days so hard and so cole,
 When yous got no good marster or missis
 To keer for yo' when yo' is ole.

"Dar's a little gran'daughter libs wid me,
 Her fadder an mudder bofe dead.
 De chile is puny an' sickly,
 An' long has been 'fined to her bed.
 Las' night, as I sot by her bedside,
 She awoke from her sleep wid a cough,
 An' 'Gran'dad,' sez she, 'I's been dreamin'
 Dat de angels had brought chicken-broth.'

"Den my ole eyelids 'gan to tremble,
 An' de big tears dropped down to my feet ;
 For I knowed dat de cupboard was empty,
 An' dar wuz nuffin for de po' chile to eat ;
 An' dar wuz none to help in my trouble ;
 For de folks I had knowed in my day
 War all ob 'em now dead and buried ;
 Or else dey had done moved away.

"'Yes, gran'dad, 'twar brought by de angels ;
 Dey sot it down heah 'tween us two.
 Oh, I is so weak an' so hungry,
 How I wish dat my dream had been true !'
 Den ober she turned on her piller,
 An' sank into slumber again ;

While I stood dar weepin' an' gazin'
 On her form pinched wid hunger and pain.

"Den I think 'twa' de debil dat whispered,
 'Dar's chickens dat's roostin' nigh;
 Yo' kin cotch 'em, an' dress 'em, an' stew 'em
 Fo' she wakes, Uncle Pete, ef yo's spry!'
 An' I nebber stopped to lis'en
 To de warning voice widin;
 But I stole out into de darkness—
 An', Jedge, I committed dat sin.

"I took from dar roost dose chickens;
 I sneaked dem into my home;
 An' befo' dat little chile wakened
 Dat good chicken broth was done.
 I took it, all streamin' an' 'licious,
 An' sot it down close by her side;
 When she got a good whiff o' its fragrance,
 Her big brown eyes popped open wide.

"'Oh, de dream, it has come true, dear gran' dad!
 Fo' de angels dey brung it, I know.
 When dey entered de room did yo' see dem?
 Had dey wings, as de picture-books show?'
 Sez I: 'Little Honey, we mus'n't
 Pry into sich misturious things;
 No, I didn't see de angels. I'm sartin'
 Dat I did heah de rustlin' o' wings!'

"But dat's jes' de way wid de debil,
 Yo' trus' him an' he'll trick yo', dat's sho';
 An' he done let dat light snow-fall happen
 Jes' to show dem tracks up to my do'.
 So, as we sot dar so cheerful,
 De officers came to my home—
 Dey came and dey 'rested Ole Peter,
 An' dey lef' dat dyin' chile all alone."

Every eye in the court-room was moistened;
 The Judge, with a tear on his face,
 Said, "You're free, and can go, Uncle Peter;
 I've decided to dismiss the case."
 When out of the dock he shuffled,
 And reached for his battered hat, old,
 Uncle Pete found he scarcely could lift it,
 'Twas so heavy with silver and gold.

ELIAB ELIEZER.—JAMES ROANN REED.

The Reverend Eliab Eliezer
 Sat toasting his shins by the grate;
 His ponderous brain busy musing
 On man's most pitiable state.

Abroad the storm-king was raging,
 And the snow was fast whitening the ground;
 But its fury disturbed not Eliab,
 In his reverie so deep and profound.

For he thought how wicked and sinful
 Was poor fallen man at the best;
 And even Eliab Eliezer
 Was almost as bad as the rest!

And he piously groaned in the spirit,
 At the flesh which so leads us astray;
 "There's nothing that's good," saith Eliab,
 "In these weak, worthless vessels of clay.

"Yea; man is a poor, sinful creature
 Even when he tries to do right;
 But when he does not, and to ruin
 Willing rushes, how dreadful the sight!

"Now, there's swearing Meg, at the corner,
 Her case shows plainly, I think,
 How wicked our natural hearts are,—
 How much lower than brutes we can sink.

"I will preach to my people a sermon,
 And take old Meg for my text;
 And show them how narrow the safe road
 That leads from this world to the next."

So he sat himself down at the table,
 And began with "Original Sin;"
 And by-and-by Meg and her swearing
 Were deftly dovetailed therein.

With "thirdly" and "fourthly" he finished;
 Then turned to his grate nice and warm,
 When he thought of Widow Mory, and wondered
 If she was prepared for the storm.

"I'll call around soon in the morning,
 And be sure that all is quite right."

He did ; and found food in abundance,
And the grate with a fire glowing bright.

And the widow, with joy fairly weeping,
Told how she was caught by the storm ;
Not a morsel of food for her children,
Not a coal her poor hovel to warm !

And that they would surely have perished,—
Too cold to go outside and beg,—
When pitying Heaven sent succor
By such a strange angel— Old Meg !

Then a light slowly dawned on Eliab—
I can't say what conclusion he reached ;
But I know, stowed away 'mong his sermons,
Lies one that never was preached !

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are astir at the close of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from home.
Let the robber retreat, let the tiger turn tail,
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail !

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads up the hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office bill :
“ Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate ? He must ford it or swim.
Has rain wrecked the road ? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry “ Halt ? ” What are tempests to him ?
The service admits not a “ but ” or an “ if.”
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft sandaled feet, strains the brawny brown chest.
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below—

There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—

The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.

For the great sun himself must attend to the hail:

“In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!”

SETH PETERS'S REPORT OF DANIEL WEBSTER'S SPEECH.*—SAM WALTER FOSS.

Old Seth Peters once heard Daniel Webster deliver an oration at an agricultural fair way back in the forties, and somewhere in the state of New Hampshire.

This oration made such an impression upon Seth that he has talked about it ever since. And every time he talks about it, he sees new beauties in that speech. The oration that the godlike Daniel delivered grows more and more wonderful to him; and so every time he describes it, he tells a new story more extravagant and grotesque than the last. The last time I heard him describe this speech, was in a country store last summer. This is the way he did it:

“Want to hear 'bout Dan'l Webster's gret lectur I heerd at the county fair, do ye? Don't blame ye. There ain't no man alive to-day who can throw language an' sling words like Dan'l could. There ain't no man now, I say, nor never wuz, nor never will be till eternity dies of ol' age.

“Wall, the only time I ever heerd Dan'l wuz at our county fair w'en I wuz a youngster. Lemme see, thet wuz goin' on fifty year ago come nex' tater diggin'; but I got elerkunce 'nough thet day to las' me all the rest er my life. I hain't never heerd a speech sence then. Dan'l sp'ilt me for any other kiner speech, lectur, sermon, pr'ar-meetin' an' everythin' else. Every speech I have ever heerd sence, falls ez flat on my ear ez a hunk er putty on a pine slab. They all soun' jes' ez if you hit a feather

*From “The Yankee Blade,” by permission of the Author.

bed with a snow shovel. There ain't no ring, no roar, no rumble, no rush, no ring-tailed thunder to 'em, the way ther wuz to Dan'l's stuff. Dan'l I tell you wuz a six-foot-an'-half seraph with pants on; an' w'en he opened his mouth the music er the spheres stopped playin', fer nobody wanted to listen to sich fool, fol-de-rol music, w'en Dan'l opened up his flood-gates an' jest drowned the worl' with elerkunce.

"I remember jes' ez if it wuz yes'day, w'en Dan'l riz up there on the ol' plank platform, bordered with punkins, at the ol' county fair. He riz an' riz, an' every time he riz, he let out another j'int, jes as you do in the new-fangled fishin' poles. Sez I to myself, 'He'll never git thro' risin';' but bimeby, after he had shot up inter the heavens a long ways, he suddenly stopped and stood there like Bunker Hill Monimunt in a garding er cabbages.

"Dan'l warn't in no hurry 'bout beginnin'. He jest stood still, it seems to me, 'bout half a nour, an' looked aroun' with them awful eyes of his'n. They seemed like two mighty souls lookin' out of the winder at a worl' thet wuz afraid of 'em. I jes' hung down my head an' wouldn't look at 'em. I knew they could look right inter me, an' through me, an' see what a miserable little cuss I wuz. So Dan'l jes' stood an' looked at his audience until he froze 'em into their tracks. The Durham bull stopped blartin', an' jes' stood and gawped at Dan'l. The prize hog stopped eatin' his corn, an' there warn't a rooster crowed—they all knowed if they did they'd drop dead. Dan'l stood still so long I got awful nervous fer him. I wuz 'fraid he'd forgotten his speech. But bimeby, he opened his mouth an' words begun to rumble out like low thunder frum underneath the groun'. They come kinder slow at first, but every one on 'em wuz sent like a cannon ball, an' struck every man, woman, an' child there right over the heart. Then they come faster, an' then we all knowed that the universe wuz a big music box, an' Dan'l wuz turnin' the crank. The hull dictionary wuz a big bin filled with apple sass, honey, an' stewed

quinces, an' Dan'l jest stood there jabbin' both hands into it way up to the elbow, and scatterin' the sweetness over the worl'. I jest threw out my arms an' legs like a frog in a mill-pond, an' swum through the ocean of sweet sass an' honey thet wuz sloshin' all about me. I div down to the bottom, an' brought up hundred thousand dollar pearls in my mouth, an' splashed about like a crazy lunatic in a sea of glory.

W'en Dan'l smiled it seemed ez if the sun hed been whitewashed with a mixture of melted gold, silver, jasper, saffire, emerald, chrysolite an' stuff, sich ez St. John seen on the foundations of the new Jerusalem; it seemed ez if the sun had been whitewashed with these things, an' then smiled on the earth jest like a lovesick feller onto his best gal. W'en Dan'l frowned the sun grew ez black ez a black ink spot on a black cat hidin' in a coal bin on a dark night. Hope lef the worl' an' went on an everlastin' vacation; the bottom tumbled outer natur, an' I jest opened my mouth an' bawled like a baby. An' I jest kep' on bawlin' until Dan'l smiled agin, we'n I wuz so happy an' light thet I could hev walked on the air without bustin' through the crust, clear from here way up to the north star.

"Wall, bimeby Dan'l got excited. He threw out his right han' an' pulled the mornin' star from the bosom of the sky; he threw out his left han' an' snatched the trailin' robes from the sunset an' flapped them over the cattle shed. He threw up his head an' the sun dodged; he stamped his foot an' the earth trembled; and the prize hog give a gasp an' dropped dead. Dan'l's eyes now looked like two suns in two universes; and if he only shet them once, we knew that darkness would cover the face of the deep, an' the world would roam about in the dark parsture of the universe like a stray cow, an' git lost. Oh, them eyes! them eyes! they'll shine into my soul after the sun goes out, an' after the stars have dropped like loose buttons from the jacket of the sky.

"But still Dan'l kep' on. Thet sou of thunder stood

there surrounded by punkins, and I verily believe the angels bent over the railin's of heaven an' listened to him; an' I only wonder that they didn't lose their balance an' come a-fallin' down an' sprawl out like celestial lummuxes before his feet. They might hev for all I know. We shouldn't hev noticed 'em. We wouldn't hev paid any attention to an earthquake or an Odd Fell'rs purcession. If Gabrul had blown his trumpet right then an' there, an' tooted until he wuz red in the face, we wouldn't hev heerd it any more than we could hev heerd a watch tick in a biler factory. Gabrul himself would hev dropped his horn an' stood an' listened to Dan'l. We couldn't see nothin' but Dan'l, we couldn't hear nothin' but Dan'l, an',—well, there warn't nothin' but Dan'l. He filled up the whole bushel basket of the universe an' then spilled over onto the floor.

“W'en Dan'l stopped, I wanted to die; an' I almost wish I hed, for I hain't heerd a decent speech sence his day, an' I never expect to agin until I hear Dan'l spout-in' from the platforms of paradise.”

OH, FOR A MAN!—M. C. HUNGERFORD.

“Oh, for a man!” the clear voice sang,
 And through the church the echo rang.
 “Oh, for a man!” she sang again,
 How could such sweetness plead in vain?

The bad boys grinned across the aisles,
 The deacon's frowns were changed to smiles,
 The singer's cheek turned deepest pink
 At bass and tenor's wicked wink.

The girls that bore the alto part
 Then took the strain with all their heart:
 “Oh, for a man, a man, a man—”
 And then the full-voiced choir began

To sing with all their might and main
 The finis to the girl's refrain:
 “Oh, for a mansion in the skies,
 A man—a mansion in the skies.”

FROM THE IRON GATE.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Where shall I go ?

How strange it seems,—
 How strange the noises of the busy streets,
 How strange the faces hurrying by me, and
 How strange seem I once more at liberty !
 Liberty ! Nay, this is the prison life
 To have but will to drive me where to go,
 To have the whole world mine and in the world
 Have none to claim me.

Is the world mine ? Ah,
 That only is ours that owns us, and the world
 Disowns me, scans me with a look of scorn.

I have been guilty, I have paid the price
 Of guilt, so far as man's law sets the price
 For doing that which mars the even course
 Of literal right laid down by literal man.
 I took a life—if that be called a life
 That festers what it touches, if that be called
 Life that kills where it goes, if that be called
 Life that trips innocence and sends it down
 The groove of pleasure to the pit of pain.
 That life touched me, touched more than me, touched one
 I loved clear up to heaven, till there drooped
 A tender lily on a crushed stalk—aye,
 Stole her from me and made her song of life
 Sad music, harmony with the frets of tone
 Jangled, misplaced from any perfect chord.
 I stopped the life after it stopped hers
 And sent it shivering and despairing out
 To find forgiveness in an aching dark
 Filled with keen voices of despairs that try
 To find a way where no way is but in
 The knowledge of despair for despair, and
 A blind uplooking for a punctured hand
 That will sometime whitely roll up the dark
 And lead all sorrows past the way of blame.
 Thus am I guilty, thus have I paid the price,
 And thus to-day they tell me I am—free !

Where shall I go ?

There is no one to care
 For me in all the world, there is no place

That waits me, not a human heart that beats
 The quicklier for the thought that I am I.
 That life I took has more companionship
 Than mine; in infinitude of woe
 It yet may learn itself and grieve and find
 The ultimate truth that sifts the good from bad;
 I merely stopped it in its earthly way
 Toward further sin,—merely helped it on
 To betterance of its dull accounting with
 A never swerving, just eternity.

I only am the lonely one—maybe
 She he killed is with him, showing him
 The way to aspiration, teaching him,
 There in the aching dark, the prayer that lights
 About the punctured hands that sometime shall
 Uproll the dark and lead the sorrows through.
 My darkness is with me in all the light
 And health of day, my despair this
 Cold freedom granted me by laws of men.
 Where shall I go?

Oh, for a single one

I did not quite neglect because she came
 And let me love her!

Nay, there is not one—

My freedom is my sentence to be served
 For ruin of all love but that I felt
 For her who scorned me for that other man.
 No one, no one—ah, who then touched my arm?

What! was it you, old woman with gray hair?
 For years you've lived beside my prison wall,
 Only to be near me?—you prayed every day
 For me, watched for my coming out, have followed me
 From the iron gate that turned me on the world
 After it had turned for years the world from me?
 You knew me years ago when I was young?
 You knew me as a babe, a handsome boy
 With arrogant will?—you loved me, and you knew
 The time would come when in the world you'd be
 The key to the only love in all my world,
 The love that lights the world this blessed day,
 The love that warms a heart that beats for me
 And has beat thus since I was born a babe;
 The love that minds not slight but still endures,
 The love neglect kills not but stands between

Blame and the sad forgetfulness of it?
 Who are you? Speak! I know, and do not know.
 What!—tears upon your wrinkled face—for me?
 Who are you? Speak!

Oh, now I know. I know
 'Tis one that I forgot for years and years.
 Hold me! hold me! hold me! I am but
 A child once more in love like yours—oh, heaven!
 The light has come, and I am free indeed,
 And for the first time know what love is, and
 The meaning of God's love, how he forgives,
 And see the punctured hands uproll the dark
 To lead sad sorrows through.

Ah, lead me on,
 My mother, lead me, lead me with thy love,
 Thy old arm round me, thy tears upon my lips.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

PATIENCE ORIEL.

“Will Santa Claus come to-night, mother?” asked little Steenie, drawing his stool close to his mother's chair, and resting his curly head on her knee. The mother's face was very sad, as she stooped over and kissed the bright eyes upturned to hers.

“And if he does not, Steenie, little man, can we not wait till next Christmas? You know how the snow has drifted on the plain, and hidden the road; you know how dark it is now; he may not come to-night, dear.”

“Come here to the window, Steenie,” said Ev, who stood flattening his nose against the cold pane.

The two boys peered out into the darkness, where even the white snow which was piled and drifted in the yard and against the fences of the corrals was now hidden.

“Steenie,” said Ev, so low that mother, sitting by the fire darning their little socks, the big tears rolling down her cheeks and dropping upon her work, and father, who was so ill and now lay asleep on the bed in the corner, could not hear; “Steenie,” he said, his child's heart feel-

ing heavy and sad, but his manly bravery prompting him to comfort his little brother in his sorrow, "see how dark it is out there; we can't even see the hay-stacks, nor the barn, nor nothing. If Santa Claus tried to come to-night he might get lost, and all his reindeer, and his sleigh, and his books, and his toys, and his goodies, and—and—everything. And if I was you I'd er heap ruther he wouldn't try to come to-night—wouldn't you, Steenie?—than for him to get lost on the prairie. Don't cry, Steenie! Mother will hear you, and it will make her sad, too, and father might wake up. Don't cry; try to be a man, like mother said, and Santa Claus wont forget us when it aint so dark and he can get here."

The brave little fellows both tried very hard to keep back the tears, but somehow they just would come, and by-and-by, when mother called to them to go to bed, they were very wet little faces that were held up to hers for a kiss.

"May I hang up our stockings and pray God to make it light, so Santa Claus can see how to come, mother?" said Steenie.

"Yes, dear," said mother.

She tucked the covers well about the boys when they pressed their tearful faces upon the pillows, and the little fellows lay very still for some time.

"Ev," said Steenie, by-and-by, when mother's light was out and he knew she was gone to bed, too; "do you think Santa Claus could see if there was a light?"

"He might," said Ev drowsily.

Steenie turned over, stuck his head out from under the cover and opened his eyes very wide to keep from going to sleep. He had not many minutes to wait before Ev's regular breathing told that he was asleep. It was very dark and Steenie could not see a wink, but he reached down to the foot of the bed, and got Ev's overcoat and slipped into it. It was not much too big for him, but it was getting very tight on Ev.

"Now I shall not take cold," he said, as he felt for the

matches which mother always put on the little table so Ev could make a light if Steenie had the croup. "Yes, here they are," said Steenie to himself, "and I know the lantern is hanging just above the bed on the peg by the window, for I saw Ev put it there."

It was but the work of a moment for him to strike a match and light the big lantern that hung near the bed-post. He saw the light spring up and shine through the bare window out into the white yard, over the white fence, across the white prairie beyond.

"If Santa Claus is coming that way he'll see my light," the little fellow said, as he crept back to bed; and very soon he was asleep. Steenie saw the light shine across the white yard and the white fence and the white prairie, but he did not see the poor, miserable little peddler, who struggled to his feet again when the bright gleam reached him, and who made another effort to get out of the drift by the roadside.

Steenie did not hear the faint knock at the door, as, almost frozen and well-nigh bent to the ground by the weight of his heavy pack, the peddler sank exhausted upon the steps. But mother heard, and let the poor man in, and the next morning the boys saw him.

And they saw something else, too. When they opened their eyes they saw the lantern still burning and the light of a beautiful Christmas day shining in upon their bright faces. And what were those piles of bundles upon the two chairs where Steenie had hung the stockings?

Out of bed the boys sprang, laughing and shouting to find their stockings stuffed with the candies they had longed for, round and flat and red and white. There were a new overcoat, new boots, new mittens for Ev and a new suit for Steenie, with a belt to buckle around his waist; there were books and pictures, and everything they had wished for, down to Ev's jack-knife and Steenie's ball.

"God answered my prayer, didn't he, mother?" said Steenie, joyfully.

THE BACHELOR'S HOPE.—MALCOLM M. LUZADER.

We talked of books, we talked of songs,
 We talked of home and friends ;
 The longed-for bliss of future years,
 Its ills and their amends.

And then my nervous lips told out
 The story of my heart ;
 And the lustrous language from her eyes,
 Sweet sunshine did impart.

I told her of the timid hopes
 That gave my being zest ;
 The doubts and fears that vainly rose,
 My hopeful love to test.

Said I : " The girl who shares my fate,
 Through life's revolving years,
 Must be the sunshine of my home,
 To banish all my cares.

" Angelic grace must clothe her form,
 The fairest of her kind ;
 Her face must hold perpetual smiles,
 Reflected from her mind ;

" Her voice be like the full moon's beams—
 As silvery calm and sweet,
 Whose gentle words and rippling songs
 Shall make my joy complete.

—

" And now, dear love, for you I've lived,—"
 I took her hand in mine,—
 " And you of all the girls on earth
 Can bring my life sunshine."

She stole her trembling hand away,
 I knew my fate was sealed ;
 In the soul's blue windows deep I read
 The truth her word revealed.

Then with an earnest steady look,
 Remembered, but forgiven,
 She spoke these cruel, awful words :
 " Young man, your home's in heaven."

THE MAGPIE.

In Fleet-street dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman named Tom More;
Generous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play;
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice-box rattling o'er the board;
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket-prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A favorite magpie sees the play,
And mimics every word they say;
"Oh, how he nicks us!" Tom More cries;
"Oh, how he nicks us!" Mag replies.
Tom throws, and eyes the glittering store,
And as he throws, exclaims "Tom More!"
"Tom More!" the mimic bird replies;
The astonished gamesters lift their eyes,
And wondering stare, and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipated life, of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now, between each heartfelt sigh,
Tom oft exclaims "Bad company!"
Poor Mag, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims from out his wicker grate,
"Bad company! bad company!"
Then views poor Tom with curious eye,
And cheers his master's wretched hours
By this display of mimic powers.
The imprisoned bird, though much caressed,
Is still by anxious cares oppressed;
In silence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate.

Observe through life you'll always find
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
So Tom resolves immediately
To give poor Mag his liberty;

Then opes his cage, and, with a sigh
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now Mag, once more with freedom blest,
Looks round to find a place of rest ;
To Temple Gardens wings his way.
There perches on a neighboring spray.

The gardener now, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares :
Yet spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.
A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare ;
The feathered plunderers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew.

~~The watchful gardener now stands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye ;
The birds begin their stolen repast,
The flying net secures them fast.
The vengeful clown, now filled with ire,
Does to a neighboring shed retire,
And, having fast secured the doors
And windows, next the net explores.~~

Now, in revenge for plundered seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed ;
Then twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground.

Mag, who with man was used to herd,
Knew something more than common bird ;
He therefore watched with anxious care,
And slipped himself from out the snare,
Then, perched on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.

"Oh, how he nicks us!" Maggy cries ;
The astonished gardener lifts his eyes ;
With faltering voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, " Who's there ?"—All still as death.
His murderous work he does resume,
And casts his eye around the room
With caution, and, at length does spy
The magpie, perched on nail so high !
The wondering clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird ;

With fear impressed, does now retreat
 Towards the door with trembling feet ;
 Then says, "Thy name I do implore?"
 The ready bird replies "Tom More."
 "Oh, dear!" the frightened clown replies,
 With hair erect and staring eyes!
 Half opening then the hovel door,
 He asks the bird one question more:
 "What brought you here?" With quick reply,
 Sly Mag rejoins, "Bad company!"
 Out jumps the gardener in a fright,
 And runs away with all his might;
 And, as he runs, impressed with dread
 Exclaims, "Sure Satan's in the shed!"

MAD.—WILLIAM LITTLEJOHN.

'Twas many years since I had left my home
 To travel distant lands, but time sped on ;
 Again with eagerness and wonderment
 I sought the cherished haunts and friends of yore.
 One man whom I remembered as a boy,
 Whose piercing eyes, pale face, and silken locks
 Had oft comment attracted, now I found
 In mad-house pent. He recognized my face,
 Although anon he would bewildered gaze.
 In changing tones which shed a ling'ring light
 Awhile upon his soul, but swiftly turned
 To fierce embittered grief, he told me there
 His all-absorbing tale. 'Twas thus he spoke:
 "They call me mad ; and hour by hour I'm watched
 By lurking keepers, who, with looks askance,
 Would search my thoughts, and deem themselves unseen ;
 For when I would return their gaze, they droop
 Their eyes, and with a heedless air pass by.
 They call me mad, and so deny my right
 To liberty enjoyed by other men.
 They call me mad ! but know they what they mean ?
 " Yea, if vividly to recall the past,
 And linger with emotions deep and fond
 On all that yielded life a moment's joy,
 And now lies garnered in sweet mem'ry's store,—

If this betokens madness, I am mad.
 Or if to know with what dear promise youth
 Was robed—how cherished were the constant thoughts
 Of happiness to come in future years—
 And feel how treacherous was the fate that crushed
 Those thoughts, and bade me dare to seek revenge,—
 If this may madness prove, then I am mad.
 And this is why, forsooth, they deem me so!

“Even now the recollections of the past,
 In varied visions, float before mine eyes
 And thoughts of old affections make me feel
 How blest I might have been—how sad I am.

“A group of children trotting off to school,
 While two amongst the rest, a boy and girl,
 Go hand in hand, and prattle as they go,
 Then fondly kiss and part, till, schooltime o’er,
 They meet and kiss again, and hand in hand
 Return to home recounting all they’ve learnt.
 Anon they paddle in the rippling brook,
 Their merry voices striving to out-do
 The babble of the water ’neath their feet;
 Or, roaming in the fields, they mimic birds
 That seem to sing a sweet accomp’iment
 To happy childhood passing thus away.

“The glad years speed along. Those children twain
 Have ripened ’neath the influence of time,
 For life has but revealed its summer days
 To him of impulse strong and keen-sensed soul,
 To her of beauteous face and loving heart,
 And each is happy in the other’s love.

“And this glad pair in childhood and in youth
 Was cousin Ruth and I. Oh! it was joy
 To loiter arm in arm on summer eves
 By hedge-rows, or through fields of long-grown grass,
 Where breathed sweet-scented breezes all around
 And birds sang anthems to the dying day;
 Or wander where the murn’ring river ran,
 While tales of love gave birth to cheerful smiles.
 And just as pleasant in the winter tide
 To tread the hard, crisp roads; and watch the stars,
 That looked like angel-lovers gladd’ning earth,
 While we hummed homely airs, and never dreamt
 That aught but death could e’er divide our hearts.

"Ah! death assumed most unsuspected guise,—
 The guise of one whom I deemed friend, alas!
 And whom I'd made my confidant of hopes
 To be fulfilled in future happy days.
 You know the rest. My friend became my foe
 And won the heart of her I loved, though that
 I might have brooked in silence and in pain,
 But he a villain proved, and mocked her tears.
 I learnt the truth; then sought, and found him, too,
 Though not alone, as my heart wished. Arose
 Within my breast the promptings of wild hate,
 And, like a furied fiend, with fierce intent
 I grasped his throat and dashed him to the ground,
 And would have slain him there had those around
 Not dragged my tightening fingers from his flesh.

"Thus foiled, a sudden impulse seized my soul,
 And hate intense begat intenser love.
 From those who held me I sprang forth, then rushed
 To find my Ruth and clasp her to my breast;
 I yearned, at least, to heal her sorrowed heart,
 Forget her wrong, and love her as of old.
 But when I found her, my poor girl was dead.
 There on the cruel river's bank she lay,
 The water dripping from her golden hair,
 Those golden ringlets I had fondled oft!
 I clasped her hand and gazed into her eyes,
 Whose steadfast stare seems now to pierce me through,
 And placed my lips against her clay-cold cheek
 Till presently they bore her from my sight.

"Night came; the wandering wind was wailing wild,
 And dreary rains were lashing all the land;
 I felt them not, I only felt the fire
 That raged within my soul, and wandered on
 With pale and haggard features, glaring, blood-shot eyes,
 Dishevelled hair, clenched fists, and boiling blood!
 Amid the chaos of my brain one thought
 Usurped despotic sway and led me on
 And on, with purpose fixed and fierce—to kill,
 To murder him who slew my only love!

"Ere long I found the thing I sought—alone!
 I heard the sound of voices, heard them say
 'Good night,' 'Good night.' One voice I knew; 'twas his!
 I cowered low, till, with quick step, he passed,

Then, silent as a tiger, followed swift.
 When he had gained the meadow he must cross,
 I quickened pace, and saw him speed before.
 'Hillo, hillo!' I cried; he stood to hear,
 And ere a moment passed I reached his side.
 There was a look of terror in his face,
 And, seeing me, he screamed, and would have fled,
 But, with a grasp of steel, I clutched his throat,
 And, though he craved for mercy, strangled him,
 And crushed the reptile's form beneath my foot,
 Then left him lying on the meadow path,
 And onwards swiftly sped—I know not where—
 Until, o'ercome by agony of heart,
 Upon the grass in dark despair I fell!
 My throat was parched, a mist came o'er my eyes,
 My head was racked, the blood forsook my veins,
 And coldness, by degrees, my senses numbed.

"When I awoke, as 'twere from a long dream
 Of agonizing thought, I was confined
 Within these walls, and knew they called me mad."

THE PAUPER'S CHILD.*—AUGUSTA MOORE.

A LEGEND OF JEWANKEE MOUNTAIN.

Bleak were the hills and the cold wind was sweeping
 Their cloud-shadowed sides with a desolate moan
 When a poor little wanderer, bare-foot and weeping,
 Was treading their frost-bitten footpaths alone.

His father and mother were sleeping together
 Where over their bosoms the dark clods were piled:
 Untroubled they slept, though the sere mountain heather
 Was wet by the tears of their shelterless child.

The birches and beeches their bare limbs were swinging
 Aloft to the winter sky somber and gray;
 The drear winds of winter sad anthems were singing;
 But still the young wanderer held on his way.

The sweet-scented cedars and dark pines before him
 Were sighing and sobbing as swept by the blast;
 The tall hemlock sighed as its branches waved o'er him
 As over crisp mosses his bleeding feet passed.

* By permission of the Author.

His blood stained the mosses, his tears gemmed the heather;
His brown hair streamed out on the winter wind wild,
But low in their pauper's grave, sleeping together,
His father and mother dreamed not of their child.

The darkness of night settled down on the mountain;
The feathery snow began softly to fall;
The frost was enchaining both river and fountain,
Preparing the earth for its beautiful pall.

The little one stumbled; his sore feet were weary,
Their desolate march through the desert was o'er;
His couch was a hard one, his chamber was dreary;
But over the mountains he wandered no more.

The spirit-like snowflakes came softly around him,
And gently they covered the sleeper forlorn;
Thus pitying nature a winding-sheet found him,
And buried him deep ere the light of the morn.

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

He was old and weather-beaten, and his clothes were the same, but there was an expression of supreme content upon his tanned face as he sat on the edge of the wharf yesterday afternoon and let his legs dangle down. In his mouth was a pipe that had been new and sweet in the dear, dead long ago, and in his right hand he held one end of a fishline. The other end was held down upon the bottom of the river, a long distance from the shore.

"Any luck, captain?" asked a young man who was strolling by. It is considered the proper thing to call every man along the river who is old and weather-beaten "captain."

"Nope—they an't a-bitin' much to-day."

"They don't bite much anyway these days, do they?"

"Nope—not like they useter. 'Tusetter be so't I could come down here an' catch a basketful in mebbe an hour or so."

"That was quite long ago, wasn't it?"

"Yep, quite a spell ago. I 'member one time—hello!"

The old man had given his line a vicious jerk and was now all excitement.

"Got a bite, captain?"

"Yep, an' he's a whopper, too. I ain't quite sure whether I've hooked him. Yep, there he is. I feel him a-wigglin' on the line. He's a great, big, striped bass."

All this was said in a sort of stage whisper.

"How do you know what kind of a fish it is?"

"How do I know?" repeated the old man, as he began slowly and deliberately to haul in his line, and he threw supreme pity for the ignorance implied by the question into his voice. "How do I know? Why, young man, I can tell jes' what kind of a fish 'tis by the way he bites. Now, there's an eel; he kind o' makes little bits o' pecks at yer line, an' then he takes holt an' swims away with yer line sort o' easy like. Then there's the sucker; he jes' sucks yer bait, an' ye can't hardly feel him pull. An' then there's the yellow perch; he takes holt right away and swims away like a streak."

"And how does the striped bass bite?" interrupted the young man.

"Oh, he monkeys around a whole lot, and then he takes hold all of a sudden and swims away down stream. I knowed right away when this fellow took holt he was a striped bass. I never make no mistake. I——"

Just then the old man's catch came to the surface. It was an old boot.

THE WHITE ROSE AND THE POPPY.

ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Dear me, you're so red!" cried the White Rose

To the Poppy nodding near;

"I am sure you must feel most gaudy,

And very conspicuous, dear;

I am dreadfully sorry for you,

It is trying to be so bright.

One feels, and looks so modest

When one's dress is perfectly white.

"To seem to solicit attention,

Though it may not be all your fault,

Is contrary, quite, to the manners
Which I have always been taught
Are becoming in a lady ;
And so, as I have said,
You have my heartfelt sympathy
For being so terribly red."

Poor Poppy ! Her blush grew deeper,
And she hung her head, so bright,
And sighed, and trembled on her stem,
And wished that she could have been white ;
For to be called flaunting and gaudy,
To be thought immodest and bold,
Made her petals quiver with anguish,
And her very calyx grow cold.

But the comforting south wind kissed her,
And the whispered words he said
Stilled the poor fluttering spirits ;
And she lifted her lovely head,
And turned with a dignity stately
To her neighbor clad in white,
Saying, "I was made a red poppy,
So surely was meant to be bright.

"There must be in this great garden,
Room, and to spare for us all ;
A place for the creeping myrtle,
A place for the oak tree tall,
Room for each shade and color,
And need for each plant and tree,
Need for the white and the lilac,
And even the red, like me.

"Ah ! yes, the Lord of the garden
Has placed us each in our bed ;
You in your spotless white robe,
I, in my garments red.

"You are not a red poppy,
I am not a white rose ;
But the Master and Lord of the garden
Has work for each flower that grows,—
Work for the high and the lowly,
Work for the great and small,
Yea, the loving hand which planted
Has need of us, one and all."

—*The Housewife.*

THE OPEN STEEPLECHASE.

I had ridden over hurdles up the country once or twice,
 By the side of Snowy River with a horse they called the
 Ace,
 And we brought him down to Sydney, and our rider, Jim-
 my Rice,
 Got a fall and broke his shoulder, so they nabbed me in a
 trice,—

Me that never wore the colors, for the Open Steeplechase!

“Make the running,” said the trainer, “it’s your only chance
 whatever,

Make it hot from start to finish, for the old black horse
 can stay;

And just think of how they’ll take it when they hear on
 Snowy River

That the country boy was plucky, and the country horse was
 clever:

You must ride for old Monaro and the mountain boys to-
 day.”

“Are you ready?” said the starter, as we held the horses
 back

All a-blazing with impatience, with excitement all aglow;
 And before us like a ribbon stretched the steeplechasing track,
 And the sun rays glistened brightly on the chestnut and the
 black,

As the starter’s words came slowly: “Are--you--ready—
 Go!”

Well I scarcely knew we’d started, I was stupid-like with
 wonder,

Till the field closed up beside me and a jump appeared
 ahead,

And we charged it all together and it fairly whistled under,
 For we flew it like a hurdle, not a balk and not a blunder,

And then some were pulled behind me and the rest shot
 out and led.

So we ran for half the distance, and I’m making no pretences

When I tell you I was feeling very nervous like and queer,
 For those jockeys rode like demons, you would think they’d
 lost their senses

If you saw them rush their horses at those rasping five-foot
 fences;

And in place of making running I was falling to the rear;

Till a chap came racing past me on a horse they called the
 Quiver,

And, said he, “My country joker, are you going to give
 it best?”

Are you frightened of the fences, does their stoutness make
you shiver?

Have they took to breeding cowards by the side of Snowy
River?

Are there riders on Monaro?" but I never heard the rest,

For I drove the Ace and sent him just as fast as he could
pace it

At the big black line of timber stretching fair across the
track,

And he shot beside the Quiver. "Now," says I, "my boy,
we'll race it,

You can come with Snowy River if you're only game to face
it;

Let us mend the pace a little and we'll see who cries a
crack."

Then we raced away together, and we left the others stand-
ing,

And the people howled and shouted as we settled down
to ride;

For I clung beside the Quiver; at his taking-off and landing
I could watch his scarlet nostrils and his mighty ribs ex-
panding,

And the Ace stretched out in earnest, and we held him
stride for stride.

But the pace was so terrific that they soon ran out their
tether,

They were rolling in their gallop, they were fairly blown
and beat,

But they both were game as pebbles, neither one would
show the feather,

And we rushed them at their fences and they cleared them
both together:

Nearly every time they clouted, but they somehow kept
their feet.

Then the last jump rose before us, and they faced it game
as ever,

We were both at spur and whip-cord, fetching blood at
every bound,

And above the people's cheering and the cries of "Ace!"
and "Quiver!"

I could hear the trainer shouting, "One more run for Snowy
River!"

Then we struck the jump together and came smashing to
the ground.

Well, the Quiver ran to blazes, but the Ace stood still and
waited,

Stood and waited like a statue while I scrambled on his
back;

There was no one next or near me, for the field were fairly
 slated,
 And I cantered home a winner with my shoulder dislocated,
 While the man that rode the Quiver followed limping
 down the track.

And he shook my hand and told me that in all his days
 he never
 Met a man who rode more gamely and our last set-to was
 prime.

And we wired them at Monaro how we chanced to beat the
 Quiver,
 And they sent us back an answer, "Good old sort from
 Snowy River,
 Send us word each race you start in, and we'll back you
 every time!"

•

TO THE DYKES!—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Some parts of Holland keep out the ocean only by dykes or walls of stout masonry. The engineer having the dykes in charge was soon to be married to a maiden living in one of the villages, the existence of which depended on the strength of these dykes. And there was to be a great feast in one of the villages that approaching evening in honor of the coming bridegroom. That day a great storm threatened the destruction of the dykes, and hence the destruction of thousands of lives in the villages sheltered by that stone wall. The ocean was in full wrath, beating against the dykes, and the tides and the terror were still rising.

"Shall I go to the feast," says the engineer, "or shall I go and help my workmen take care of the dykes?" "Take care of the dykes," he said to himself; "I must and will."

As he appeared on the wall the men working there were exhausted and shouted: "Here comes the engineer. Thank God! Thank God!" The wall was giving way, stone by stone, and the engineer had a rope fastened around his body, and some of the workmen had ropes fastened around their bodies and were let down amid the wild surges that beat the wall. Everything was giving

way. "More stones!" cried the men. "More mortar!" But the answer came: "There is no more!" "Then," cried the engineer, "take off your clothes and with them stop the holes in the wall."

And so, in the chill and darkness and surf, it was done, and with the workmen's apparel the openings in the wall were partially filled. But still the tide rose, and still the ocean reared itself for more awful strokes, and for the overwhelming of thousands of lives in the villages.

"Now we have done all we can," said the engineer; "down on your knees, my men, and pray to God for help." And on the trembling and parting dykes they prayed till the wind changed and the sea subsided, and the villages below were gloriously saved.

Now, what we want in the work of walling back the oceans of poverty and drunkenness and impurity and sin is the help of more womanly and manly hands. Oh, how the tides come in! Atlantic surge of sorrow after Atlantic surge of sorrow, and the tempests of human hate and Satanic fury are in full cry. Oh, woman of many troubles, what are all the feasts of worldly delight, if they were offered you, compared with the opportunity of helping build and support barriers which sometimes seem giving way through man's treachery and the world's assault? Oh, woman, to the dykes! Bring prayer, bring tears, bring cheerful words! Help! Help! And having done all, kneel with us on the quaking wall until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush the one and silence the other. To the dykes! Sisters, mothers, wives, daughters of America, to the dykes!

CADWALADER FRY AND HIS THEORY.*

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Cadwalader Fry had a mind to try

Every experiment foul or fair

Which might let him explore the wonders in store

In the realms of the upper air.

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Cadwalader Fry he had an eye
Suggestive of boiling thoughts within ;
He considered it frivolous to smile,
And idiotic to grin,

Although when he preached of the wonders within
The solid realms of the upper air,
Many would smile, if they failed to grin,
And everybody would stare.

For Cadwalader had a theory new
Concerning the laws of gravity ;
He said past the ether we think is blue
And say 'tis the sky we see,

Was a denser air, a solider base,
A mid-sphere where there certainly was
Much to be known which should startle the gaze
And upset gravity's laws.

He said there were worlds to discover there,
And battlefields for victories new ;
He'd be a Columbus of the air,
Though his fight prove our Waterloo.

When asked why it was no aeronaut
Had ever reported these worlds, he'd scoff
In superior fashion, and say he thought
They'd never gone high enough.

He said, as the Northern voyager stops
This side of the ice, while beyond flow fair
Warm rivers past flowery shores, so drops
The balloon from the solider air.

He had tried balloons and flying machines,
But they told him very little, because
They went as gradual as growing beans
Up through gravity's laws.

He said there must be a shock, a rush
Past these films of ether and
The attraction of earth, and then we might push
Our way through the airy land.

He studied few books, he was wiser than they ;
But he marveled and planned, and dreamed and thought ;
And his eyes boiled more, and his face grew gray
As the lower air he fought.

He'd queer inventions that cleaved the air
Late at night, and people complained,
But he said Columbus had been treated unfair,—
In the end, though, a world he gained.

At last, one night, a shriek was heard
In his little house. When they ran to see
The matter, Cadwalader, gay as a bird,
Was laughing in great glee.

He laughed and he laughed, he bellowed, he roared,
He hopped, he skipped, he sang, he pranced ;
Though over him buckets of water were poured,
In a drizzly manner he danced.

He said, at last a vision had come,—
In his mind he'd discovered a sudden stair
That should take him to his longed-for home
In the realms of the upper air.

That's all he said—he would say no more ;
But he promised we all should come and see
The last of him on this earth ere he tore
Up the laws of gravity.

For a week he slept not ; he put up a stage
Sixty feet tall on his bit of ground :
He invited the people of every age
For several miles around.

There he was, with a great stout pipe
Fixed in the stage and a funnel in that ;
He looked half napping, stooping to wipe
The nap of his black high hat.

Said he, calling down, " My friends, farewell !
I shall not see you again, so fare
You well. I explore the wonders and more
In the realms of the upper air.

" Here in this pipe is an innocent mass—
I'll tell you no name for it, 'tis new here,
But its power of propulsion is such, alas !
As to take me from you, I fear.

" But farewell ! I go,—if I do not return
Think of me as onward and upward I fare
From town to town in the world I'll be shown
In the realms of the upper air.

“Now deep in this funnel I seat me—so.
 This fuse I touch to this pipe—” At that
 Each of us on his head got a blow
 That stretched every one of us flat.

The stage fell in fragments, the earth was ploughed deep,
 The roar in the air was awful to hear,
 And then all was silence! We rose in a heap,
 Thinking Cadwalader near,—

Thinking Cadwalader near, that we
 Might explain a few things to him there and then,
 And teach him the laws of gravity
 In the hands and the feet of us men.

But Cadwalader Fry was nowhere nigh,
 He and his theory they were not.
 We hunted and found not a hint, not a sound,
 Not a tittle, nor yet a jot.

They must have gone up, for they hadn't come down,
 And we had to confess it was only fair
 To think of Cad going from town to town
 In the realms of the upper air.

ONLY A WOMAN.—TOM MASSON.

Her name was quite familiar to the Hottentots and Zulus,
 And the Comanches and Apaches and Sioux knew all
 about her;
 She had furnished Chinese toddlers with the different kind
 of tulus,
 And the great unwashed of Java said they couldn't do
 without her.

She figured as the patron of a patent incubator,
 And her name was spread out broadcast by the chickens
 as they speeded
 From the frozen fields of Lapland to the lands of the equa-
 tor;
 She supplied a waiting public with the very things it need-
 ed.

As a sewing-circle leader she achieved a reputation,
 And her name was like a tocsin in the dry-goods stores
 around her;
 She was known in every millinery art association,
 And an army of dressmakers sent up thanks that they had
 found her.

But she was a total stranger to the art of domesticity,
 As all matters appertaining to the same were much below
 her;
 She could write up tracts by thousands on the home and its
 felicity
 For the heathen of all nations. But her husband didn't
 know her.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.*—CHARLES H. TIFFANY.

The unfinished love-song quoted here was found on the body of a young soldier of the Army of the Potomac, who was killed in battle.

The calm Rappahannock flowed on to the sea,
 By the armies that lay in the stillness of sleep;
 The roar of the battle had died on the lea,
 And the silence of night reigned, majestic and deep.

At the front of the lines which the Federals held,
 A soldier stood guard by the river that night;
 Though footsore and weary, no trials had quelled
 His love for his country, for freedom and right.

Yet there burned in his bosom, more tenderly dear,
 A love that made sweet all the dangers he faced,—
 A love that made perilous duty appear
 Like a path to the heaven her sweet presence graced.

Inspired by his thought, as the light zephyrs move
 With sweetness and harmony, rhythmic and free,
 He sang to the stars of his far-away love,
 And the calm Rappahannock flowed on to the sea.

“Art thou thinking of me in my absence, love!
 Art thou thinking of me as I roam?
 Is there naught in the innocent joys of life
 That can cheer thee, as when I'm at home?”

“I would fain think my presence was needed, love,
 To make full thy sweet measure of bliss;
 Yet I'd not have thy heart know a sorrow or care
 That I could not by kindness dismiss.

“Art thou thinking of me in my absence, love?
 Art thou dreaming of joys yet to be,
 When fate shall have ceased its unkindness to us,
 And returned me, rejoicing, to thee?”

*From the “New England Magazine” by permission.

"It is thus that I banish the sorrows, love,
 It is thus that I wait day by day,
 Assured that a true heart in unison beats
 With mine own, though I'm far, far away.

"Then still think of me, as—"

God! in yonder track
 What moves in the darkness so silent and slow?
 They are men, they are men,—'tis a midnight attack!
 There's a flash from his gun, there's a shriek from the foe.

'Twas enough; for that bullet, sent true to its mark,
 Unmasked their design, and fast spread the alarms,
 And the bugles rang out their wild notes in the dark,
 And from slumber's sweet dreams sprang the soldiers to
 arms.

The charge was repulsed in disaster and flight,
 And the ground by the river was strewn with the slain;
 But the strife was renewed by the dawn's early light,
 And the ground was charged over again and again.

Ere nightfall the sunlight in victory kissed
 And bathed in effulgence of rich golden hue,
 Till it seemed that the rainbow its brilliancy missed,
 The glorious flag of the red, white, and blue.

By the calm Rappahannock is many a grave,
 Where they "carved not a line" and they "raised not a
 stone,—"

The heroes who tried their dear country to save,—
 And our sweet midnight singer lies buried in one.

And over that grave, from the earliest spring
 Till the last leaves have fallen from each woodland tree,
 The birds of the valley his requiem sing,
 As the calm Rappahannock flows on to the sea.

WHAT SHE SAID.—SARAH DE WOLF GAMWELL.

She tole me sumfin defful!
 It almost made me cry!
 I never will b'lieve it,
 It *mus'* be all a lie!
 I mean, she *mus'* be 'staken.
 I know she b'oke my heart;

I never can forgive her!
That horrid Maggie Start.

Tuesdays, she does her bakin's!
An' so, I fought, you see,
I'd make some fible cookies
For Arabella's tea.
An' so I took my dollies
An' set 'em in a row,
Where they could oversee me
When I mixed up my dough.

An' when I'd wolloed an' mixed it
Free minutes, or an hour,
Somehow I dwopped my woller,
An' spilt a lot of flour.
An' I was defful firsty,
An' fought I'd help myself
To jes' a little dwop of milk
Off from the pantry shelf.

So I weached up on tip-toe,
But, quicker than a flash,
The horrid pan turned over,
An' down it came, ker-splash!
Oh, then you should have seen her
Rush frough that pantry door!
"An' *this* is where you be!" she said,
"Oh, what a lookin' floor!"

"You, an' your dolls—I'll shake you all,
I'll shake you black 'n' blue!"
"You shall not touch us, Miss," I cried,
"We're jest as good as you!"
An' I will tell my mofer,
The minute she gets home,
An' I will tell ole Santa Claus,
An' I'll tell every one."

Oh, then you should have heard her lar
"Tell Santa Claus, indeed!
I'd like to have you find him, first,
The humbug never lived!"
"What do you mean, you Maggie Start,
Is dear old Santa dead?"
"Old Santa *never lived*," she cried—
And *that* is what she said. —Good

AN ECONOMICAL BOOMERANG.*—W. H. NEALL.

CHARACTERS.

MR. ALEXANDER DABBLETON, suddenly seized with an economical streak.

MRS. ALEXANDER DABBLETON, although disagreeing, acquiesces.

MR. BIRD PLOVER, } a recently married couple.

MRS. BIRD PLOVER, }

DOCTOR, who is laboring under a misapprehension.

MAGGIE, who, if she wasn't Irish, might have been "Finnch."

SCENE.—*Mrs. Dabbleton's sitting-room. Entrances at right and left. Mrs. Dabbleton discovered looking over a dress as Mr. Dabbleton enters at right.*

MR. DABBLETON. Lila, dearest, as I entered, I encountered your maid going, in haste, for the seamstress. Pending a proposition to you, I detained her and she awaits below.

MRS. DABBLETON. Why, Alexander, love, I intend having this dress altered and had sent Maggie with a note to Miss Stitcher to come to-morrow.

MR. D. Precisely, love, so you did, but the fact is, I met Jack Pimpers down town to-day; and Jack, you know, hasn't been married quite a year and *he* said that *his* wife made all her own dresses and altered her old ones, when necessary.

MRS. D. And, I presume, trimmed her own hats—cooked the meals—scrubbed the floors—sifted the ashes—beat the carpets—washed the windows—

MR. D. (*interrupting.*) Now, Lila, dear, don't go off into one of your sarcastic monologues as you always do, whenever I tell you what I merely heard. Jack only mentioned dresses.

MRS. D. But, Alexander, you surely mean something when you have stopped Maggie from delivering my note.

MR. D. Well! my dear, can't my little wife learn to practise economy? I am afraid I have been too indulgent with you, Lila. Why not alter that skirt yourself?

MRS. D. But I really do not know how, love. At the school, where I was educated, I was only taught music, embroidery and such like accomplishments in connection with my studies,—not dressmaking.

MR. D. Then, darling, this will be a good opportunity to make a beginning. "In economy there is wealth."

MRS. D. Suppose I should spoil it? The material is too expensive to practise on.

MR. D. Nonsense, love; you know what design you want?

MRS. D. Y-e-s; I have patterns.

MR. D. Well then, let me inform Maggie that she need not deliver your letter. (*Goes to door and gives directions.*) There, now. I am quite sure that this will prove a delightful experience. (*Sits at table, takes up evening paper.*)

MRS. D. But I have no dummy, Alexander.

MR. D. Dummy? Dummy?

MRS. D. Yes,—a form.

MR. D. *You* have no form; why, my dear —

MRS. D. I mean a model,—a lay-figure.

MR. D. Oh! I see; well, do as all dressmakers do, by measurements. Why my tailor does not depend on a “dummy,” my dear, he just marks out what he wants; cuts it, sews it, and there you are.

MRS. D. Doesn't he try it on you?

MR. D. Well, y-e-s—but you can easily slip in and out of it yourself and get the gauge by your mirror; you women have a way for that, I'll warrant.

MRS. D. But I *must* have something to drape it upon.

MR. D. Then, my love, use Maggie.

MRS. D. (*laughing.*) The idea! Maggie is much stouter than I am.

MR. D. Well! you can allow say, an inch or two.

MRS. D. (*suddenly.*) Alexander, dear, if it is your wish for me to alter this skirt myself, I will use you.

MR. D. Use me, Lila!

MRS. D. Yes, for draping.

MR. D. All folly, dear, besides I want to read the paper.

MRS. D. (*coyly.*) Hadn't I better send for Miss Stitcher?

MR. D. Well! h'm—certainly not. I'll gratify you with the use of my person but I am sure that it is all unnecessary.

MRS. D. (*pouting.*) Alexander, you are unkind.

MR. D. (*arising quickly.*) There—there—sweetness, I don't want to distress you, come, what must I do?

MRS. D. Take off your coat, dear. (*Mr. D. removes coat.*)

MR. D. And vest?

MRS. D. Oh, no! Now put this skirt on. (*Mr. D. does so, making many mistakes.*)

MR. D. I wouldn't be a woman for worlds.

MRS. D. Now love, let me draw it in around the waist.

MR. D. Stop, Lila, stop! I can't breathe; why I would die of heart failure if you persisted in squeezing me in that way, no wonder you women die of congested liver and contracted diaphragm.

MRS. D. There—how is that? Now do not move.

MR. D. Move, my love, why I couldn't if I wanted to; I'm in a vise. (*Mrs. D. drops on her knees and arranges skirt.*)

MRS. D. Let me pin it up here—and there. I think that would look better this way. It wants gathering here.

MR. D. Lila, you've got all those pins stuck through my trousers.

MRS. D. (*sternly.*) Alexander, I think that you find an awful lot of fault; I told you how it would be. Lean farther over.

MR. D. My dear, if I lean much farther over, I'll go on my nose.

MRS. D. Step out a little—there; be careful; don't fall.

MR. D. My love, it's a good thing that my life's insured.

MRS. D. (*surveying with critical eye.*) I don't like the sweep of this train; it wants a little more of a curve—I think that one plait will do it. (*Mr. D. endeavors to see and nearly falls over.*)

MR. D. Lila, dear, I—I fear something has ripped. No it hasn't either (*examining*); it's one of my suspender buttons.

MRS. D. Now take it off. I have a few stitches to put in and then you must try it on again to see if it is right.

MR. D. Is that customary? (*Takes off dress.*)

MRS. D. Why, yes; and besides I am inexperienced and it will take me longer. (*Begins to sew.*)

MR. D. In that case whilst you are putting in the stitches I'll read my paper.

MRS. D. Oh, I'm all ready now. Put it on again. (*He does so.*) There now, all that trouble for nothing. I did not tack it in the right place. Now take it off. (*He does so.*)

MR. D. (*pacing the floor.*) Great Cæsar! I hope you will get it in shape this time.

MRS. D. Try it on again. (*He does so, nearly failing.*) Be careful. (*She sits on floor and gazes at dress.*)

MR. D. (*impatently.*) Well! what are you looking at?

MRS. D. I really don't know what to do with it. It is not right after all.

MR. D. Why don't you think. Am I to stand here all night like a wax figure?

MRS. D. Don't get angry, Alexander, love, I think that a few more pins will fix it.

MR. D. Well! put them in then.

MRS. D. But where?

MR. D. How in the name of common sense do I know? While you are meditating I'll look over my paper. (*Makes a movement to sit down.*)

MRS. D. Why you can't sit down, you'll spoil everything.

MR. D. My dear, this thing weighs a ton; however, have your way. (*Reads paper while Mrs. D. adjusts more pins.*)

MRS. D. Now take it off again. (*He does so.*)

MR. D. This finishes it, eh?

MRS. D. For the moment (*sewing*)—try it on again, dear.

MR. D. My love, allow me to suggest that this sort of thing is getting monotonous.

MRS. D. Now I want to pull it so—another pin here—

MR. D. Ouch!

MRS. D. Did I stick you, dear? now another pin there—

MR. D. Ouch!!

MRS. D. I am so sorry, love! another here—

MR. D. Ouch!!!

MRS. D. Ah! it's beginning to take shape; don't stir, Alexander; I've run out of pins.

MR. D. That's because you have run them all into me.

MRS. D. (*arising.*) Do not move until I come back; I won't be a minute—you are holding yourself just right. [*Exit.*]

MR. D. I am heartily sick of this bargain. I wish that Jack Pimpers and his wife were in Jericho. If Pimpers allows his wife to make a "dummy" of him, it's just like that fool. (*Reads paper.*)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Plover, back of Mr. D.

MRS. PLOVER. Oh, there you are?

MR. D. (*without looking up, supposing it is Mrs. D.*) Of course I am; did you expect to find me in the cellar?

MR. PLOVER (*aside to Mrs. P.*). Why, that's Dabbleton himself; crazy as a loon, too.

MRS. P. (*clinging to Mr. P.*) Oh, Bird! Bird! dearest. Is it not sad? I pity Lila so.

MR. D. (*kicking up back of dress; eyes still on paper.*) Well! am I all right, yet?

MR. P. (*to Mrs. P.*) Right! he's decidedly wrong in his head, I'm thinking.

MRS. P. (*to Mr. P.*) Oh! Bird, darling; I pray that you may never, never be so afflicted.

MR. D. Haven't you got this thing worked out yet?
(*Discovers Mr. and Mrs. P.*) Why—why—ah! ah!—why—
*Backs toward door, left; falls down, tries to walk, falls and finally
crawls out of door, on hands and knees. Mr. and Mrs. P.
look on in astonishment.*

MR. P. (*shaking head.*) He's a hopeless case.

MRS. P. How can they let him run loose. I would fear that he would hurt some one. (*Enter Mrs. D. Looks relieved on not finding Mr. D. present.*) Oh, Lila!

MRS. D. Oh, Minnie! (*They embrace.*) And you, Mr. Plover—when did you come?

MRS. P. We have just arrived, and Maggie sent us right up.

MRS. D. Quite right—be seated. (*Offers chairs.*) And how did you enjoy your trip?

MRS. P. Oh! splendidly—it was such a love of a trip; wasn't it, Bird?

MR. P. It certainly was, my dear.

MRS. P. And—and how is Mr. Dableton?

MR. P. Is he better?

MRS. D. Yes, he has only a slight cold.

MRS. P. (*aside to Mr. P.*) Bird, she calls it a slight cold. (*Aloud.*) Does he go out alone?

MRS. D. (*laughing.*) Oh, dear, yes; it is not so serious as that.

MR. P. What does the doctor say?

MRS. D. It is not necessary for a doctor.

MRS. P. (*aside to Mr. P.*) Bird, darling; it isn't necessary for a doctor! (*Aloud.*) Do you feel perfectly secure with him?

MRS. D. Why, what a question! I am the happiest woman imaginable. I have not a care. Mr. Dableton and I married purely for love.

MRS. P. (*aside to Mr. P.*) Not a care! for love! (*Aloud.*) How long did you notice the symptoms, Lila, dear?

MR. P. Yes, Mrs. Dableton, were they gradual?

MRS. D. Oh, yes! I discovered them long before we were married. (*Mr. P. and Mrs. P. exchange glances.*)

MRS. P. And are you reconciled?

MRS. D. (*aside.*) I wonder what she means. (*Aloud.*) Why,

certainly, or I would not have married. Mr. Dabbleton is kindness personified.

MR. P. Rather eccentric, though?

MRS. D. N-no—of course he has his peculiarities.

MRS. P. (*aside to Mr. P.*) Bird! she calls it peculiarities. (*Aloud*) Do you have an attendant, Lila?

MRS. D. Oh! yes,—Maggie.

MR. P. }
MRS. P. } Maggie!

MRS. D. Yes, didn't she let you in?

MR. P. But is she able to cope with Mr. Dabbleton?

MRS. D. (*in astonishment.*) It is not necessary. He rarely interferes with my servants.

MR. P. But we mean had you ever an attendant especially for your husband?

MRS. D. We had one but he left.

MRS. P. I presume that the strain was too much for him?

MRS. D. Strain? He had nothing to do but to wait upon table, blacken Mr. Dabbleton's boots and brush his clothing.

MRS. P. Those menial acts were beneath him, I suppose?

MRS. D. Beneath him? He did not suit so we discharged him, and Maggie fits in very well.

MRS. P. Why not send him to an asylum?

MRS. D. Send whom?

MR. P. Why your husband.

MRS. P. And have him cured.

MRS. D. (*arising.*) My husband—an asylum—have him cured! Why, Minnie, what do you mean? Mr. Plover, will you explain?

MR. P. (*arising.*) Ah! Mrs. Dabbleton—we respect your endeavors to keep this terrible secret. Believe me, Minnie and myself will never breathe it. We sincerely pity him.

MRS. P. No! Lila, rest assured that *my* lips will be sealed, good-bye, dear, keep up a brave heart—poor—poor man. (*Aside to Mr. P.*) I am just dying to get home and tell mama!

MR. P. Good-night, Mrs. Dabbleton; if you should ever wish my services, command me at any time. [*Exit both.*]

MRS. D. (*aghast.*) What does it all mean? Have they both gone crazy? (*Calls.*) Alexander! Alexander! where are you?

Enter Maggie, in much trepidation.

MAGGIE. Oh, Mrs. Dabbleton! Mrs. Dabbleton! sure I

have that to inform you, that the pa-ches what you are pre-sar-ving doon stairs air all biling oover and it's makin' such a schmell in the kitching that I can't be afther sthanding it at all, at all!

MRS. D. Why in the world didn't you move them, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Sure! an' didn't I be afther thrying to do that mim, whin, bad cess to it, the more I moved thim the more they schlopped oover and made the schmell worse than iver.

MRS. D. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I will attend to them myself (*starting*).

MAGGIE. An' sure, Mrs. Dableton, I have also to inform you, the cat got into the con-sar-va-tor-e and knocked down sax flower-pots and shpilled the contints all oover the flure.

MRS. D. (*agitated*.) Oh, Maggie, didn't you drive her out?

MAGGIE. I did that, mum! But I have funder to inform you, mum, that before I got the cat out, she knocked down that flower what you call the "Night-Bloomin' *see-e-air-e-us*" an' broked off wan av the stims.

MRS. D. What! My Night-Blooming Cereus?

MAGGIE. Yis, mim!—the "Night-Bloomin' *see-e-air-e-us*" is all broked, mim! (*Door bell rings violently*.)

MRS. D. There, Maggie, quickly attend to the bell! I will go immediately to the kitchen and then to the conservatory. Do not let any one disturb me for a few minutes.

MAGGIE. Yis, mim! I will that, mim! [*Exit in haste*].

MRS. D. (*walking up and down in an agitated manner*.) I wonder where poor Alexander is? What with amateur dress-making, and foolish questioning by idiotic married people, my choice flower broken, and the peaches—oh, dear! I forgot those peaches again—I suppose that they are all ruined by this time. [*Exit hastily*].

Doctor heard without: "Very well, very well, my good girl! Let me sec him at once." *Enter Doctor, followed by Maggie. Doctor advances to front.*

MAGGIE. Sure Dochter, the missus is afther being in the kitching and wants to be excused for siverial minutes; an—
an—I don't think Misther Dableton is at home, at all, at all!

DOCTOR (*soliloquizing*). This is very strange! very strange indeed. What! Mr. Dableton seized with a sudden attack of insanity? why! why! I wouldn't have believed it. (*Uses handkerchief violently*.)

MAGGIE (*in open-eyed astonishment*). Sure is that mon goin' to have a fit? If he does he'll be afther shpilin' the furniture.

DOCTOR (*still soliloquizing*). Now, it's lucky that I happened to meet Bird Plover and his wife, just at this moment. Bird says that they had just been here visiting and that Mr. Dableton was as crazy as a loon; dresses in his wife's clothing; crawls along the floor on all fours like a dog and gives utterance to strange cries. (*Again uses handkerchief.*)

MAGGIE (*eyeing doctor closely*). I wish that the masher and missus was here, for shure that mon is taken mighty bad!

DOCTOR. I wonder why Mrs. Dableton wishes to conceal her husband's malady and especially from me, her family physician? Now, let me see, let me see—we'll have him taken to a private asylum and—I wonder if he is violent! (*Suddenly to Maggie.*) I say, young woman, is he violent? does he rave? are you safe? when did it happen? what are the peculiarities?

MAGGIE. The saints pre-sarve us! Be ye crazy, sur?

DOCTOR (*walking up and down*). Do not endeavor to withhold anything from me, young woman; I know all about it!

MAGGIE. Faith, thin, if ye know all about it, what are you afther asking me questions for, sur?

DOCTOR. Come, come, come, come!

MAGGIE (*startled*). Where will I be afther comin' to?

DOCTOR. Come to the point, of course.

MAGGIE. The p'int is it? Sure what p'int shall I come to?

DOCTOR. Why, in regard to the affliction that has visited this house. Did—did he ever strike you?

MAGGIE. In sure, who wud sthrike me?

DOCTOR. Your master, Mr. Dableton.

MAGGIE. Mr. Dableton, is it? Indade and what would he be afther sthriking me for?

DOCTOR. Why, during one of his paroxysms.

MAGGIE. Paroxysms; eh! we don't use paroxysms here. We use paregoric if you mean that?

DOCTOR. No! no! no! you fail to comprehend me still. Don't you know that your master is *non compos mentis*?

MAGGIE. *Non compos mentis*. Faith, is that Chinese?

DOCTOR. Oh, no! er-er—He's suffering from an attack of dementia.

MAGGIE. Dementia, is it? Sure is it catchin', Docther?

DOCTOR. You don't seem to grasp my meaning yet. In other words his mental balance is slightly out of equilibrium.

MAGGIE (*staring in helpless amazement around the room*). E-quit-rib-u-rum! Faith and if the disease is as bad as the name, he must be very bad indade.

DOCTOR. Oh!!! He has bees in his bonnet; bees in his bonnet, see?

MAGGIE. Sure an' I don't see! Mither Dableton niver wore a bonnet to my knowledge an' I'm sure that there's niver the sign of a bee around the house as long as I have been employed hère.

DOCTOR. Well! I've met dumb people in my life, but you—you (*clapping one hand on the other to emphasize each word*)—your master's brain has become elouded—his mental activity has become warped, so to speak—he is the victim of a nightmare, an hallucination.

MAGGIE. Hallie-Lucy-Nation—sure an' I niver heard him speak of any wan by that name about here.

DOCTOR. Young woman, you certainly are very obtuse. Mr. Dableton is insane—daft—loony—simple—cranky—mad—crazy—or anything else you choose to call it. Now do you understand?

MAGGIE (*alarmed*). An' I do that, Dochter! now that you've made it so plain.

DOCTOR. Well then, has he ever run up and down the room; thrown things about; torn things; eh?

MAGGIE (*eyes open in affright*). Faith an' I niver noticed anything, Dochter, dear. (*Mr. Dableton heard without calling "Lila! Lila!"*) Oh, murther! murther! here he comes now!

Doctor and Maggie retreat to farther end of room as Mr. Dableton enters. Mr. D. does not see them and is busy plucking off the dress which has been pinned to his own clothing. Collar and necktie awry.*

MR. D. Lila! Lila! I say, Lila! (*Tears off large handfuls of dress*.) Oh (*dramatically*)! If I had that Jack Pimpers here, I'd make a foot-ball of his head!

MAGGIE (*aside, in affright*). Oh! look at that now! If I could only just put myself outside of this house, I'd niver put fut in it again, sure!

*During Mr. Dableton's absence from the stage the dress should be removed and patches of a similar material substituted.

DOCTOR (*behind chair, aside*). His case is more desperate than I supposed! I should have brought help.

Mr. Dableton is still tearing away when he suddenly runs a pin into his hand, and jumps and whoops.

MAGGIE (*aside*). Every blissid wan of us will be killed dead with that mon carrying on so!

DOCTOR (*coming from behind chair*). Er-er—Mr. Dableton.

MR. D. (*looking around, fiercely*). What! you here too?

DOCTOR (*retreating behind chair*). Yes! my dear sir; pray be calm; I will administer an opiate and —

MR. D. Confusion with your opiates! I didn't send for you!

MAGGIE (*to Doctor*). Oh, be careful, Docther, dear! He might murther both of us!

DOCTOR (*coming from behind chair*). There! there! I know that. Let me feel your pulse!

MR. D. What! (*Doctor retreats behind chair*.) you medical fool! For three pins I'll let you feel my foot. I'm not sick!

MAGGIE (*aside*). If he's not sick now, I wouldn't want to be in the room with him when he was.

DOCTOR (*coming from behind chair*). Of course, Mr. Dableton, we recognize that you are not sick, but—er—I had better give you a prescription!

MR. D. (*fiercely, and Doctor retreats as before*.) Say, man! I've had enough to try me to-night to—to—commit a desperate deed and—and when you go mixing into affairs that do not concern you, it won't be my fault if you get hurt.

MAGGIE (*aside*). Sure it's coming now! Oh! if that doorway was only nearer here so that I could get out, I'd make myself scarce mighty fast. (*Gradually edges toward door*.)

DOCTOR (*coming front*). Mr. Dableton, I came here merely as a professional man! If I can do anything that will be of service to you, command me!

MR. D. Now you are talking sensibly. If you will kindly retire and let me alone I will be greatly obliged.

DOCTOR. Certainly, sir! certainly! but before I go, Mr. Dableton, I will leave a prescription with your wife —

MR. D. Didn't I say that I don't want a prescription! (*He follows Doctor around room. Exit Maggie*.) What I want is peace—quiet. If I get my hands on you—I'll—I'll — (*Trips and falls. As Mr. D. arises Doctor retreats behind chair*.)

DOCTOR (*aside*). The only thing that will do him any good is a straight-jacket. (*to Mr. D.*) My dear sir, if you are adverse to taking medicine I will pursue other treatment!

MR. D. (*in desperation*.) Man, will you or will you not leave this house?

DOCTOR (*coming front*). Of course, sir, of course! but (*soothingly*) for my sake, my dear friend, just let me give you a nerve tonic; it will —

MR. D. Nerve tonic! Nerve tonic! I'll nerve tonic you if I get hold of you, you idiotic essence of squills! (*Chases Doctor around room, who finally escapes through door-way. Mr. D. sinks into an easy chair exhausted.*) Oh, my poor head! everybody must be crazy.

MRS. D. (*entering hurriedly*.) Oh, Alexander! Alexander! what is all this excitement?

MR. D. Excitement! My dear, when you put me into a private asylum, will you please get me a nice large room and a good kind nurse?

MRS. D. What is the matter? what have you done? My dress is ruined!

MR. D. (*arising hastily*.) Matter! Done! your dress ruined. Just look at me. Don't you see what a chromo your husband is? I really believe that this outrageous article is pinned to my skin. I've tried all manner of ways to get it off and I can't do it. I was never in such a pickle before in all my life and besides Bird Plover and his wife were here.

MRS. D. Full well I know it and such an idiotic couple I never saw; they did nothing but ask impertinent questions and pity you.

MR. D. Pity me! ye gods! well they might, for a man cannot properly maintain his dignity whilst crawling along the floor on his hands and knees, as I did, to get out of their presence.

MRS. D. Did they see you?

MR. D. Did they see me? They certainly did.

MRS. D. (*aside*.) Oh! now I understand Mr. and Mrs. Plover's meaning.

MR. D. And that isn't all, the Doctor was just here.

MRS. D. Was that he just running out of the house?

MR. D. It was—he either is crazy or thinks that I am. He and Maggie ran around the room as if playing tag.

MRS. D. Poor Maggie, she is down in the kitchen sob-

bing as if her heart would break ; I could not make head or tail of what she was trying to tell me.

MR. D. Lila, I feel like a mental and physical wreck.

MRS. D. You poor, dear, ill-used husband, let me take these—these remnants off.

MR. D. For mercy sake, take them off ; Bird and his wife think, no doubt, that I've been off myself.

MRS. D. Never mind, sweetie ! I will send Minnie a note and explain it (*laughing*). I know that you must have looked ridiculous but they are sensible people after all and will understand. You can readily smooth matters over with the Doctor ; poor soul, he must have taken you for a raving maniac in these rags. (*She removes them.*) Come—let me arrange your necktie and collar, and here are your slippers, dressing-coat and smoking cap. (*She gets these articles and he puts them on.*) Now, you can enjoy a cigar whilst I —

Maggie suddenly appears in door-way with paper bundle, carpet bag and bandbox. Has on bonnet and shawl.

MAGGIE (*interrupting Mrs. D.*). Sure Mrs. Dabbleton, I'm that sorry that I could be aafter cryin' me eyes out but I've come to give you a week's warnin' and will lave at once.

MRS. D. Why, Maggie ! what is the matter ? why are you leaving me ?

MR. D. Yes ! Maggie—why do you leave so suddenly ?

MAGGIE (*dropping bundles, trembling violently, and rolling eyes*). Oh ! ah—ah—indade, mim, I—I-didn't want to, mim, but—but —

MRS. D. But what ? you certainly have a reason for leaving so abruptly.

MAGGIE (*picking up bundles*). I have that, mim, asking your pardon, mim ! It's on account of the masther, mim.

MR. D. My account ? what do you mean ?

MAGGIE. Oh—oh—I—I—ah—ah ! sure—sure ! I—I —

MRS. D. Why what in the world has Mr. Dabbleton to do with your leaving ?

MAGGIE (*picking up bundles, dropping them again, etc.*). Askin' your pardon again, mim ; the doctor says that Mr.—Mr. Dabbleton is crazy, mim, and I have ivery r'ason to believe so meself from personal ob-ser-va-tion, mim !

MR. D. (*fiercely*). Maggie, do you mean to say —

MRS. D. (*interrupting him*). Alexander, dear, I understand

this! Maggie, listen! This evening I had occasion to repair my dress; Mr. Dabbleton consented to let me drape it upon him. Our friends caught him in that predicament and supposed he was crazy, because he was dressed up in my clothes.

MAGGIE. Oh! now I understand, mim. That smooth, slick-tongued fellow, with them dic-tion-air-e words, was afther telling me that the masher wore a bonnet and had a bee in it. He also said that the masher was a-sufferin' from a e-quit-rib-u-rum, phwat iver that is.

MR. D. But, you see, Maggie, it was all a mistake.

MAGGIE. I see that, Mr. Dabbleton (*starting out*)! and if I come across that blunderin' dochter I'll be afther using the clothes-shtick on him, an' there'll be no mistake about that, sure! [*Exit.*]

MRS. D. Now dear, whilst you look over the evening paper I will look over this—this (*holding up dress*) —

MR. D. (*quickly.*) Mrs. Dabbleton, you will oblige me by instantly dropping that dress and sending for Miss Stitcher at once. Besides, I will hand you a check to-morrow morn-ing, to cover the expense of a new gown.

MRS. D. But Alexander, love, Miss Stitcher and I might repair damages and make this look somewhat presentable, for (*slyly*) you know, "Economy is wealth!"

MR. D. Lila, dear! allow me to correct a stupendous error. Economy may be wealth under certain conditions but when it makes a fool of a man; destroys valuable property and lowers one's dignity, then I say, forcibly, that it's all d--d--d--d —

MRS. D. (*with finger raised.*) Be—care—ful!

MR. D. (*very mildly.*) A matter of the veriest nonsense. For (*with increasing warmth, and Mrs. D. nodding approvingly at each sentence*), if a man is so rash as to mix himself up in affairs feminine, which said affairs do not concern him and of which he has not the *slightest* knowledge, then it serves him right if each and every time it makes of him a con-sum-mate —

MRS. D. (*interrupting and pointing her finger at Mr. D.*) Dummy! e-h-h-h?

Mr. D. plunges hands into jacket-pockets and looks fierce. Mrs. D. laughs heartily as curtain falls.

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS.—JOHN BOSS.

SCENE.—*The old man from the foot of the stairs—5 A. M.*

Bee-ull! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
Air you still sleepin' ?
Th' hour hand's creepin'
Nearder five.

(Wal' durned ef this 'ere ain't vexatious!)
Don't ye hyar them cattle callin' ?
An' th' ole red steer a-bawlin' ?
Come, look alive!
Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!)
Mar'ann! it's behoovin'
Thet you be a-movin'
Brisk, I say!
Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin' ?
The kittle's a-spilin'
To git hisse'f bilin'.
It's comin' day.
Git up! Git up!

Jule, O Jule! Now whut is ailin' ?
You want ter rest ?
Wal' I'll be blest!
S'pose them cows
'Ll give down 'ithout you pailin' ?
You mus' be goin' crazy ;
Er, more like, gittin lazy.
Come, now, rouse!
Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! Hey, Jake!
What you layin' theer fer ?
You know the stock's ter keer fer ;
So, hop out!
(Thet boy is wusser'n a rock ter wake!)
Don't stop to shiver,
But jist unkiver,
An' pop out!
Git up! Git up!

Young uns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!
(Wal durn my orn'ry skin!
They've gone ter sleep agin,
Fer all my tellin'!)

See hyar, I hain't no time ter fool!
 It's the las' warnin'
 I'll give this mornin'.
 I'm done yellin'!
 Git up! Git up!

Wal' whut's th' odds—an hour, more or less?
 B'lieve it makes 'em stronger
 Ter sleep a leetle longer
 Thar in bed.

The times is comin' fas' enough, I guess,
 When I'll wish, an' wish 'ith weepin',
 They was back up yender sleepin',
 Overhead,
 Ter git up.

THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE.*—REV. ALFRED YOUNG, C. S. P.

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind the ould grog-shop that stood on the corner,
 down the Ninth Avenue,
 Kep' by Tim Hoggarty, back in the time whin the business—
 bad cess to it!—
 Didn't make headway up in our parish, thanks to the Fath-
 ers'
 Fightin' an' praichin' an' prayin' an' workin' an' writin' a-
 gin it?
 Tim's was the place to get dhrunk like a baste for a dime,
 if you had one;
 "Hell's ouldest whisky"—that was the name of it, so mor-
 tial hot an' strong;
 Dhrinkin' it giv' min the horrors so turrible hard they soon
 died of it.
 Sure 'twas no wondher the widows that suffered—poor cra-
 thurs!—should christen it
 "Hoggarty's slaughter-house."

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind poor Barney McSwiligan—fine, dacint man he
 was whin he was sober—
 Wint there one night—more than twinty years past now;
 but who can forget it?—
 Lavin' his wife an' the childher cowl'd at home, cryin' with
 hunger,

*From "The Catholic World," by permission.

Spindin' his last cint at Hoggarty's dhrinkin' his skin full ;
 Thin fallin' dead on the door-step with niver a priest to pre-
 pare him ;
 An' Hoggarty sindin' his dead corpse home to the wife on
 a hand-cart :
 Sure, wasn't that a rale slaughter-house ?

Say, Paddy !

D'you mind Mickey Bralligan's wife—Biddy Doolan that
 was till she married—
 Ravin' an' tearin' an' howlin' like mad forninst Hoggarty's
 shebeen ;
 Scraimin' : " Come out, come out from the slaughter-house,
 Mickey, I tell you !
 Don't dhrink the stuff that'll knock the life out o' yer inno-
 cent body,
 An' sind yer dear sowl unprepared down to hell in a jiffy
 foriver.
 Mickey, come out, come out from the slaughter-house ! "

Say, Paddy !

D'you mind the great sarmon we heard in the church the
 very nixt Sunday,
 Praiched by one of the Fathers right from the althar, afther
 the Gospel,
 Givin' agin the grog-sellers one of their regular " sand-
 blasts ? "
 Och ! how the blood ruu cowld to the very tips of me fin-
 gers,
 Lavin' me pale as a ghost, all shiverin' an' tremblin' an'
 spacheless ;
 Whin, of a suddint, out come his riverence thund'rin' an'
 shoutin'
 The very same words we heard Mrs. Bralligan scraim at
 Tim Hoggarty's :
 " Come out, come out from the slaughter-house ! "

Say, Paddy !

D'you mind how you an' Mickey an' me wint up that same
 evenin',
 Thin an' there tuk the pledge for the rest of our lives an'
 foriver ?
 Blessed be God ! from that day to this not one of us broke it.
 An' what's more, we won't aither ; eh, Paddy ? Dhrink is a
 poor man's destrhuction,
 Aye ! an' the rich man's too, as ye'll read ivery day in the
 papers.
 Raison's agin it, an' so is the Faith, an' our wives an' our
 childher.

Many's the long, happy day, praises be to the Lord! that
 we've had since we stopped it;
 With many more yet, by His blessin', to come if we're throe
 an' deserve it.
 Sure the whole parish, youngest an' ouldest, all knows an'
 respects us!
 'Twon't be *your* wife, nor Mickey's, nor mine, that'll wonder
 what's kep' us,
 An' cryin' along with the childher, breakin' their hearts—
 the poor crathurs!
 Thin, gittin' desp'rate, flyin' down sthreet bareheaded an'
 ragged,
 Poundin' the door of some divilish grog-shop, like to ould
 Hoggarty's,
 Shoutin' an' scraimin'—disgracin' our name, an' our faith,
 an' our nation—
 "Come out, come out from the slaughter-house!"

A SAD MISTAKE.*

JOSEPHINE E. PITTMAN SCRIBNER.

One day, as a very susceptible young man entered one of the down-town cars, his eye was arrested by the most entrancing vision of girlhood he had ever beheld.

His heart fell a victim at once to her charms, and oblivious to the smiles of the spectators, he gazed upon her fresh, sweet face with a rapt expression of countenance and was carried blocks out of his way, in consequence of his inability to tear himself away from the contemplation of so lovely a creature.

By dint of indefatigable dogging of footsteps and asking of questions he learned his divinity's name! oh, bliss! oh, rapture!! Her name!!! He kept the secret of his love to himself, until "concealment like a worm" began to feed on his damask cheek and he pined perceptibly.

He *must* tell his love, but how? Ha! a brilliant idea strikes him! He will go by night to the house through whose door she had disappeared that happy day when first he saw her.

Accordingly he purchased a banjo and set about learn-

*Written expressly for this Collection.

ing a few chords, with which to accompany his seraphic voice.

One moonlight night, after he considered himself proficient enough, he stole with silent step to the forbidding pile of brick and stone which sheltered his darling, and took his stand under the window his heart fondly told him was hers, and began to pour out his soul in a deep basso profundo, accompanied by the low, steady tum, tum, of the banjo.

(*Air, Sweet Evelina.*)

Oh, Miss Kate Pennoyer ! oh, Miss Kate Pennoyer !
 Open your window and look out at me.
 Oh, Miss Kate Pennoyer ! oh, Miss Kate Pennoyer !
 Nevor shall fade my love for thee !

He waited a few minutes but received no reply.

A second time his voice smote the air—still profound silence. After a third rendition of his soul-stirring theme, he was about to turn away in despair, when he was rewarded by a window being opened from above and a dark *woolly* head appeared and replied to him :

Oh, young man below dar ! oh, young man below dar !
 Playin' so nice on de ole banjo.
 Oh, young man below dar ! oh, young man below dar !
 Miss Kate Pennoyer libs fo' doahs below !

THE RESCUE OF MR. FIGG.

Mr. Timothy Figg got lost in the fog,
 While looking for cranberries out in the bog ;
 And so he sat down
 And scratched on his crown,
 In order to hasten the rise of a plan
 By which he might get to the precincts of man ;
 And then it befell,
 While held in his spell,
 That all that he uttered was "Well ! well !"

While thus in grave study, with eyes on the ground,
 He heard, to his great satisfaction, a sound ;
 And on through the fog
 Ran a little brown dog,

And after him ran Mr. Timothy Figg,
 With such haste that his foot caught a vine or a twig,
 And pulled off a shoe
 In deep mud like glue;
 And all that he muttered was "Whew! whew!"

The little dog led to a little neat cot,
 And Mr. Figg knocked, though the house he knew not,
 For the fog hung low down.
 To the door came Miss Brown,
 Mr. Figg's old-time love—once they loved till there came
 A quarrel that parted their hearts like a flame.
 And wasn't it queer
 To find her right here?

And all that he uttered was "Dear! dear!"
 Miss Brown then implored Mr. Figg to come in;

And the crest-fallen bachelor, damp to the skin,
 One shoe in the mud,
 With a pat and a thud
 Walked in through the hall to the fire that blazed;
 And sat there a-drying, with senses quite dazed;
 And then with sweet cheer
 Miss Brown drew up near;
 And much that they uttered was "Dear! dear!"

THE HEART'S-EASE.*—FANNIE WILLIAMS.

Tell you a story, darling,
 Now in the twilight sweet?
 Tell you about the pansies
 Growing around our feet?
 Once in the days long ended,
 Just where those shadows fall,
 There grew a bed of heart's-ease
 Close by the old stone wall.

Then in the quaint old garden
 There roved a maiden fair;
 Her face was like a wild flower,
 Like sunshine was her hair;
 She gathered fragrant roses,
 She kissed the lilies tall,

*By permission of the Author.

But best she loved the heart's-ease
Close by the old stone wall.

Oft, too, 'tis said her lover
Strolled in the garden shade ;
The lassie kissed the lilies,
The laddie kissed the maid ;
She learned the sweet old story
(The story learned by all)
While standing by the heart's-ease
Close by the old stone wall.

Sweet was that rosy June time
For maid and lover true :
But life will aye have shadows,
They quarreled—as lovers do.
Quarreled in the dear old garden,
Just where those shadows fall,
And parted by the heart's-ease
Close by the old stone wall.

The flowers were sweet and fragrant,
Birds sang as ne'er before,
But, oh, the girl and lover
Strolled through those paths no more ;
But oft the moon in splendor,
Shining on cot and hall,
Saw tears upon the heart's-ease
Close by the old stone wall.

The lad then made a painting,—
A garden quaint and old,
And there a dainty maiden
With hair of purest gold ;
Her hands were filled with pansies,
The light was over all,
But tenderest on the heart's-ease
Close by the old stone wall.

The lassie made a picture
Of that old garden sweet,
And placed therein her lover,
The pansies at his feet ;
The splendid sun was deepening
Into a crimson ball,
Its last beams on the heart's-ease
Close by the old stone wall.

They carried then their treasures
 Into a hall of art,
 And, though they placed those pictures
 So very far apart,
 Each artist found the other—
 Knew garden, flowers and all,
 For each portrayed the heart's-ease
 Close by the old stone wall.

They loved each other better,
 For each had found a trace
 Of sweet, old, happy memories
 In each wee pansy's face.
 So lives so lone and dreary
 Grew perfect after all,
 And peaceful as the heart's-ease
 Close by the old stone wall.

This is the story, darling,
 I'd tell, this twilight sweet,
 About the purple pansies
 So near around our feet,—
 The dainty pansies growing
 Just where the shadows fall,
 The blessed little heart's-ease
 Close by the old stone wall.

A TRUE BOSTONIAN.

A soul from earth to heaven went,
 To whom the saint, as he drew near,
 Said: "Sir, what claim do you present
 To us to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred,
 And in her schools was educated;
 I afterward at Harvard read,
 And was with honors graduated.

"In Trinity a pew I own,
 Where Brooks is held in such respect,
 And the society is known
 To be the cream of the select.

"In fair Nahant—a charming spot—
 I own a villa, lawns, arcades,

And, last, a handsome burial lot
In dead Mount Auburn's hallowed shades."

St. Peter mused and shook his head ;
Then, as a gentle sigh he drew,
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said,
"Heaven isn't good enough for you."

UNDER THE WHEELS.*—WILL CARLETON.

SCENE.—*A cosy cottage in the outskirts of a city. Enter, a stranger, who is addressed by the aged lady of the cottage.*

You've called to see Jack, I suppose, sir ; sit down.
I'm sorry to say't, but the boy's out of town.
He'll be back in an hour, if his train is not late,
And, perhaps, you'd be willing to sit here and wait,
While I give you a cup of his favorite tea—
Almost ready to pour. Oh ! You called to see me ?
You-called-to-see-me ? Strange, I didn't understand !
But you know we old ladies aren't much in demand—
You—called—to—see—me. And your business is—say !
Let me know, now, at once ! Do not keep it away
For an instant !—Oh ! pardon !—You wanted to buy
Our poor little house, here. Now thank God on high
That it wasn't something worse that you came for !—

Shake hands ;

I'm so glad !—and forgive an old woman's ado,
While I tell you the facts ; till your heart understands
The reason I spoke up so brusquely to you :

My life lives with Jack, a plain boy, I confess ;
He's a young engineer on the morning express ;
But he loves me so true ; and though often we part,
He never "pulls out" of one station,—my heart.
Poor Jack ! how he toils !—he sinks into yon chair
When he comes home, so tired with the jar and the whirl ;
But he fondles my hands, and caresses my hair,
And he calls me "his love"—till I blush like a girl.
Poor Jack !—but to-morrow is Christmas, you know,
And this is his present : a gown of fine wool,
Embroidered with silk ; my old fingers ran slow,
But with love from my heart, all the stitches are full !
So when Jack is gone out on his dangerous trip,
On that hot hissing furnace that flies through the air,

*From "The Home Magazine," by permission.

Over bridges that tremble—past sidings that slip—
 Through tunnels that grasp for his life with their snare—
 I think of him always; I'm seldom at rest;
 And last night—oh, God's mercy!—the dreams made me see
 My boy lying crushed, with a wheel on his breast,
 And a face full of agony, beck'ning to me!
 Now to-day, every step that I hear on the street,
 Seems to bring me a tidings of woe and despair;
 Each ring at the door bell, my poor heart will beat
 As if Jack, the poor boy, in his grave clothes was there.
 And I thought, when I saw you—I'm nervous and queer—
 You had brought me some news it would kill me to hear.
 Please don't be concerned, sir; I'm bound that in spite
 Of my foolish old fancies, the boy is all right!

No, I don't think we'd sell. For it's this way you see:
 Jack says that he never will care for the smile
 Of a girl till he knows she's in love, too, with me;
 And I tell him—ha! ha!—*that* will be a long while.
 So we'll doubtless bide here a good time. And there's some
 Little chance of Jack's leaving the engine, ere long,
 For a place in the shops, where they say he'll become
 A master mechanic;
 Good sir, what is wrong?

You are death-pale, and trembling! here, drink some more
 tea;
 Say! why are you looking your pity at me?
 What's that word in your face?—you've a message!—now find
 Your tongue!—Then I'll tear the truth out of your mind!

Jack's hurt? Oh how hard that you could not at first
 Let me know this black news! Say! where is he? and when
 Can he come home with me?—but my poor heart will burst,
 If you do not speak out! Speak, I pray you again!
 I can stand it; why, yonder's his own cosy bed;
 I will get it all fixed—Oh! but I'm a good nurse!
His hospital's home!—here I'll pillow his head,
 I will bring him to life, be he better or worse!
 Oh! I tell you, however disfigured he be,
 What is left of the boy shall be saved, sir, for me!
 Thank God for the chance! Oh, how hard I will work
 For my poor wounded child! and now let me be led
 Where he is. Do not fear! I'll not falter or shirk!
 Turn your face to the light, sir,
 O God—*Jack is dead!*

FARMER BOFFIN'S EQUIVALENT.

It was a clear case of negligence on the part of the engineer. He should have whistled at the crossing and slowed up. He did neither. Farmer Boffin, driving in to market on a load of hay, was half way across the tracks when the express struck the wagon. Farmer Boffin and the two horses never knew what struck them.

These facts were laid before Julius Burnett, Esq., solicitor to the railroad, and he said in his pleasant way: "Farmer Boffin will cost about five thousand dollars, more than he was worth, if the case goes to court. We must settle this with the widow at once.

So Mr. Burnett adjusted his clerical white tie, and took the first train for Moon's Rest. It was a hot and dusty walk to the Boffin farm, but when he clasped Mrs. Boffin's hand and murmured a few words of apologetic sympathy the attorney was the cooler of the two. Then he began: "The Atlantic and Northeastern Railroad Company have sent me, madam, to offer their deepest sympathy. No accident that has ever happened on our line has been so deeply regretted, I assure you, madam, and ——"

"Them horses was wuth a plum two hundred dollars," broke in the widow, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron, "Joshua wouldn't take less, he tol' Zeph Hanks las' Aprile."

"As I was saying, madam," continued Mr. Burnett, "our company is deeply grieved—Mr. Boffin was a ——"

"An' the wagon's all knocked to kindlin' wood," interrupted Mr. Boffin's relict.

"That's precisely what I came to see you about," said the attorney, changing his course to catch the wind, "in an hour like this, when the heart is bowed down, a little ready money is often very desirable, and I see you are a woman who believes in doing business in a business-like manner. Now, those horses, Mrs. Boffin, I feel sure our company would replace them. It can be done for

one hundred and fifty dollars, can't it? Say, one fifty?"

"Two hundred dollars won't buy them horses' equals," said Mrs. Boffin decidedly.

"Then we will pay two hundred dollars for the horses," cheerfully assented the lawyer. "Now, for the wagon—we are prepared to be liberal, Mrs. Boffin; we know what it is to lose a wagon in this heart-rending way—shall we say twenty-five dollars for the wagon?"

Mrs. Boffin nodded her head and murmured: "It's nothin' but kindfin' wood," adding sharply: "You've forgotten the hay and the harness—they ain't no good to me now—an' that harness wur nearly new."

"Certainly, Mrs. Boffin," the lawyer said, "I was coming to that—fifteen dollars ought to cover that—you regard that as satisfactory, of course. Let's see—two hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifteen dollars is two hundred and forty dollars. And now, madam, as to that excellent husband of yours, it is my melancholy duty," here he paused, and Mrs. Boffin took up the parable with: "Joshua was a powerful worker—nigh on twenty year he run this farm—and hired men's so wuthless."

"Precisely, Mrs. Boffin; let's say ten dollars for Mr. Boffin, and I'll draw you a check right now for two hundred and fifty dollars."

And a check of that size went to the credit of Mrs. Boffin's bank account that very day.

FIGHTING FIRE.*—MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

When mother just had set the coffee on the table steaming
hot,
Father came, all grimed and smoky, from the forty-acre lot;
And she turned the color o' ashes. Waiting till he came a-
nigh her,
From her lips broke, short and hoarsely, "Father, you've
been fighting fire!"
"That's just it," he said; "it started somewhere in the early
morn
Down beyond the forty-acre, close beside the field o' corn

*From "The Catholic World," by permission.

Just in ear. You know, Maria, 'twas to buy the winter's wheat
 And the flannel for the young ones, and our bar'l o' meat:
 And I can't wait for the breakfast; I came up fer whips* and
 Joe.
 He must get the plough and horses, fer if 't comes to worst,
 you know,
 We will have to plow the corn up; but that will be my last
 try,
 While a neighbor lends a helping hand to my right hand.
 Good-by!"

I'd just started (I am Joe, ma'am), when I kind o' turned
 my head,
 Seeing him look round the door-yard, get the whips from
 out the shed,
 And go tearing down the pasture, while I followed with the
 plow,
 Feeling kind of wild, excited, but not 'stonished. That's
 just how
 We had got to live up north, ma'am: always ready to turn
 out
 If we heard a horn a-blowing or saw smoke-clouds sail about.
 So I followed after father. As I let the field-bars down
 I turned back and saw my mother, with the babies hanging
 roun',
 Standing in the door a-looking, one hand spread above her
 eyes
 And the other shielding baby from the hot sun in the skies.
 When I cleared the great long cornfield and got down a-near
 the smoke,
 Plows were there with horses to 'em or with oxen in the
 yoke—
 Hands upon them, sturdy neighbors turning in from leagues
 and nigher;
 All it needed to arouse them was the horn—to fight the fire.

How we fit it! There stood father, head erect, eye kind of
 wild;
 Through the smoke and din and clatter I know he saw every
 child
 That was hanging round my mother; saw his fences, crops,
 and stock;
 Saw the brown-tipped winter fodder, saw the cornfield in
 the shock;
 And he spoke and said, "Come, neighbors, if you save my
 corn to-day
 You will keep us off the county through the winter. Come,
 I say!"

*Bunches of green boughs, usually pine boughs, used for beating out and brushing back the fire.

Answered Harris from the Corners, "Be it, neighbor, done
 to me
 As I do to you whenever my own turn to fight may be."
 But Jake Turner cried out crossly, as his eyes were wind-
 ward cast,
 "Might as well take to your plowing with that fire, first as
 last!"
 Yet he took his whip for all that, and he joined the gather-
 ing ring
 As they raised their whips together, let them fall with steady
 swing.
 First they faced the smouldering circle, treading down, the
 wind behind,
 Whipping with each forward motion every smoke-wreath
 they could find.
 Then they turned toward the fences, whither flames were
 lightly tossed,
 Yes, and leaping, caught the corners where the rail-ends met
 and crossed.
 Father tore the rails asunder, rolled them till the cinders
 flew;
 Twenty followed after, trampling, sweating—swearing, too!
 While the sun rose higher, higher, and we looked and longed
 for rain.
 Twenty formed another circle, beat the grass, a fire again!
 Till, far down the field a-looking, all together gave a shout:
 Bigger flames had risen, leaping, where they thought the
 fires were out;
 And the fence was *all* on fire. Then my father wiped his brow
 On his shirt-sleeve, groaned, and whispered, "God's ag'inst
 me—take the plow!"
 In the shouting and hallooing, like an echo in a dream,
 One faint note that cleft the hubbub like a dinner-call did
 seem,
 And Jake Turner faced me, saying, "What d'yer kids mean,
 blow'n' the horn?"
 But his words were drowned in shouting: "To your plows:
 'tis in the corn!"
The horses? Well, they worked as men do; bless you, they
 know what it means
 Turning them out without shelter, cutting off their hay and
 greens!
 Twenty plows went down the cornfield and came back, and
 twenty men
 Beat the stalks that lay a-smoking; twenty whips at work
 again!
 If we trampled down one flame spot, two came up behind
 our backs;
 If we followed fire afore us, more fire started in our tracks!

Gone the pasture, gone the fences, beaten low the corn in
 ear,
 Till at last the battle ended and there was no further fear
 'Less the wind brought some new message ; and the sun was
 in the west
 When the men turned slowly homeward for the needed food
 and rest.
 And we turned too, I and father. He looked wild and kind
 o' dazed
 And he said : " Come, Joe, there's mother and the girls, the
 Lord be praised !
 If He wouldn't let me feed 'em, don't He own the bull world's
 store ?
 He'll take care that they'll not hunger ; always fed his own
 o' yore.
 She'll be anxious. Let's not tell her that it has turned out
 so bad.
 She'll have supper waitin' for us, dear old mother ! Come,
 my lad !
 We can leave out tellin', may be, that we had to plough the
 corn."
 As he spoke I just remembered of that faintly blowin' horn !
 And I fairly staggered, cryin', " Father ! father ! did you
 know
 Some one, 'long about the noon-time, said that they heard
 our horn blow ?
 What if something should 'ave happened ? " Then he fiercely
 turned to me :
 " Do you want to drive me crazy ? What d'ye think that it
 could be ? "
 Then we left the tired horses and set out upon the run,
 By a short cut through the holler, with our faces to the sun ;
 Father panting, " When we git there, if we find that they're
 all right,
 We will hev' the tallest prayin' that we ever hed, this night ! "
 Well ? But when at last we got there, and the farm came
 into view,
 Satan's red-tongued hounds had bin there, puttin' in the
 best they knew.
 Gone were barns and stacks and fences, black and smokin'
 all the place ;
 Gone, too, mother and the babies. Father fell upon his face ;
 Well, it wa'n't no time for weepin'. I just yelled with all
 my might,
 Shoutin' " Mother ! Mother ! MOTHER ! " to the left and to
 the right,
 Tearin' down the smoky ridges, past the orchard to the crick ;
 For I knew my mother wouldn't lie down flat and let 'em
 lick

Out the life o' them three babies. Sure enough, I found 'em
there,
Scorched and scared, and dazed and stupid, but alive, the
hull two pair!

An' we did hev' some tall prayin' down at Carterses that
night,
When we got there after sunset, in our black and wretched
plight.
Carter's rough, but true and helpful; Mother Carter good
as gold;

All of 'em was cryin', cryin' at the story mother told!
Somehow the hull thing broke father,—made him just a poor
old man;

So I hev to hold my shoulder to the wheel the best I can.
But my mother? *She* was thankful; seems she couldn't do
enough

O' the things she used to shirk from, thinkin' they was most
too rough.

And the girls? Well, they've forgotten, and they're growin'
strong and fast;

And they're full o' grit, like mother; they'll be help enough
at last.

Yes, we left the farm for ever: father got to hate the place;
Wouldn't, couldn't, be persuaded there again to set his face.

Lots o' folks hev' just such stories; for up there in Michi-
gan

Every acre is encumbered, Satan's morgidge on the lan'!
You might buy ours for a nickel: do you s'pose we'd ever

Raisin' ^{go} crops off human ashes?—no, indeed, ma'am, not for
Joe!

But there's somethin' always haunts me in the night-time,
noon, and morn,

When again I think I hear that far-off faintly blowin' horn.
That was mother, in her anguish, tryin' hard to let us know,
And we never dreamin' of it! While I live, I'll hear it blow!

HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems, and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the streets ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"

Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jimmy! Jimmy!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him, she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons, "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said, "My son."

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WENT AWAY.*

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Our Little Boy Who Went Away wuz a bottled whirlwin', an' w'enever he unstopp'd hisself, he whisk'd through the house like a helter-skelter hurricane runnin' fer dinner, afeared it wouldn't git there 'fore the vittles wuz all et up.

He wuz a fat little jug, filled up 'ith sunshine so chock-full that he couldn't keep the cork in, an' so he spilt it all over the house. He strew'd it everywhere, an' we all slopp'd about in it, an' waded and swum in it, an' were all ez happy ez barefooted younguns wading fer goldfishes in a brook that is bloomin' 'ith cowslips an' bordered 'ith pussy willers.

The hair of our Little Boy Who Went Away wuz ez yaller ez ef it hed been colored by sunheams mixed 'ith buttermilks; but he wuz ez wise,—I think, though you won't agree with me, coz you never see our Little Boy Who Went Away,—but he wuz ez wise ez any ol' gray-bearded patriarch, 'ith long whiskers sprawlin' down into his lap.

I guess I know! I uster tell him little, silly stories,

*From "The Yankee Blade," by permission of the Author.

'bout dogs an' elephants, an' the great, big, roarin'-lions-stories,—you would say with nothin' to 'em, coz you don't know a good story w'en you hear it. But he uster see suthin' to em. Them eyes er his,—little chunks er the blue sky thet he brought from heaven with him w'en he come,—them eyes would open so wide an' lissen, an' drink in the story, jest ez a mornin' glory opens in the mornin' an' drinks in the sun.

An' now I know w'y them eyes opened so wide. His little soul wuz right behin' 'em, lookin' through the winder an' tryin' to climb out. His baby soul was right behin' there, an' it saw more in them little stories than I could see or you could see, or anybody could see thet hed traveled so fur away into this blurred, rusty and cobwebby ol' worl', where we git so splashed, an' grimed, an' dusty, thet it is hard, sometimes, fer the soul to see out of the winder at all.

Oh, you needn't tell me! I know our Little Boy Who Went Away knew more than his dad, though he hadn't learned our language so's he could tell it. But he looked it. Oh! he looked it! Them eyes er his were deep wells er wisdom, an' I uster lower my bucket into' em, an' it uster come up drippin' with the real water er knowledge, more than I could ever fin' in all the readin' books, an' rifenticks an' gogerfys you could pile onto a hay-cart.

An' our Little Boy Who Went Away he made some very wise speeches. There warn't much, you un'erstan', in the words he said, coz he hadn't learned our language. But it wuz the way he said it. Sissero never hed sich a cute way er sayin' things. Dan'l Webster never brought down the house like he did. There are some thoughts, you know, thet are too elerkent fer words; an' so we play them on a fiddle, or an organ, or a brass band.

Now the language thet our Little Boy Who Went Away talked wuz the same language talked by fiddles and music. It didn't mean a great deal according to the dictionary. But I come to b'leve, a long time ago, thet the dictionary don't know much. It never give the right

meanin' to the words used by our Little Boy Who Went Away. There wuz suthin' behin' them words thet the dictionary couldn't get at.

W'en he spoke we uster wander off' into heaven, unbeknownst to ourselves, an' he uster show us roun', coz he wuz 'quainted there; an' uster lay down under the trees er healin', an' dream dreams of a higher heaven an' a higher, an' a higher one, until we got way up into the top an' out onto the ridge-pole,—w'en we'd wake up, an' shin down on a sunbeam, an' go to diggin' taters an' sellin' aigs jest ez we did afore.

W'en our Little Boy Who Went Away wuz tucked in his crib at night, he laid there like a red rose in a basket er wite clo'es. An', though he lay ez still ez a mouse in a meal bag, we knowed he wuz travelin' through a pleasant country by the smile thet wuz on his face.

We knowed he wuz travelin' through a nice an' purty country, where the grass wuz red an' yaller, an' where red-orange-yaller-green-blue-indigo-an'-violet butterflies wuz flyin' right ahead on him an' tollin' him on. We knowed the rollickin' brooks sung to him w'ile he wuz asleep, and the comical pollywogs wiggled, an' big bunglin' ganders flopped their wings an' tried to fly, fer he allus come into the village of Wakeup every mornin', laffin' an' gigglin' an' sloppin' over with fun an' frolic, with his two eyes ez full er mischief ez the mill-pond is full er water in the middle of a rainy spring w'en all its gates are shet.

We allus got 'nough to eat, sich ez it was, our little boy's mother an' me. But we were no great shucks, an' never 'mounted to much, an' we were lottin' on our little boy to show the worl' thet there wuz some punkins in our famberly, after all. We knowed he'd be sillick-man an' guv'nor, an' senator, an' pres'dunt w'en he growed up.

We knowed it, and were anxious fer the time to come w'en we could show the worl' thet our famberly wuz jest ez smart ez the Grant, Lincoln or Garfield famberly, or

any other famberly under the sun. Our little feller, w'en he growed up, wuz goin' to balance all the miserable failures of all the no-account generations thet went before him, an' fix up the books of the famberly so's there would be a big balance on the credit side.

So we watched over him night an' day. But we didn't watch close enough, I guess. Fer one day he went away. Oh, he went off on a long journey, thet we poor critters are too blind to see the end of, thet leads way over yonder out er sight. His little feet toddled into a path thet we couldn't foller, an' all the babies thet start in thet path never turn back to the arms thet are stretched out to 'em, an' the hearts thet are breakin' for 'em.

We watched the little feller goin' into the col' w'ite fog where his father couldn' lead him, an' his mother couldn' hug him to her breast. We watched him way into the dimness until we heard the col' water of the river beatin' up agin its snow banks, and then—then—he wuz gone, an' the sun went down behin' the col' mountains, an' it wuz winter in our hearts.

An' summer hain't never come back fully any more; but sometimes we get little broken glimpses of its sunshine w'en his mother an' me set, at twilight time, an' talk about our Little Boy Who Went Away.

YAWCOB'S TRIBULATIONS.*—CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Maype dot you don'd rememper,
 Eighdeen—dwendy years ago,
 How I dold aboutt mine Yawcob,
 Dot young rashkell, don'd you know,
 Who got schicken-box und measles;
 Filled mine bipe mit Limburg sheeze;
 Cut mine cane oup indo dhrum-schticks,
 Und blay all sooch dricks as dhese.

Vell! dhose times dhey vas been ofer,
 Und dot son off mine, py shings!

*From "Dialect Ballads" (Charles F. Adams), by permission. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Now vas taller as hees fader,
 Und vas oup to all sooch dhings
 Like shimnasdic dricks und pase pall;
 Und der oder day he say
 Dot he boxes mit "adthledics,"
 Somevheres ofer on Back Bay.

Times vas deeforent, now, I dold you,
 As vhen he vas been a lad;
 Dhen Katrine she make hees drowsers
 Vrom der oldt vones off hees dad;
 Dhey vas cut so full und baggy
 Dot id dook more as a fool
 To find oudt eef he vas going,
 Or vas coming home vrom school.

Now, dhere vas no making ofer
 Off mine clothes to make a suit
 For dot poy,—der times vas schanged;
 "Der leg vas on der oder boot;"
 For vhen hees drowsers dhey gets dhin,
 Und sort off "schlazy" roundt der knee,
 Dot Mrs. Strauss she dake der sceessors
 Und she cuts dhem down for me.

Shust der oder day dot Yawcob
 Gife me von eledtric shock,
 Vhen he say he vants fife-hundord
 To invesht in railroadt schtock.
 Dhen I dell him id vas beddher
 Dot he leaf der schtocks alone,
 Or some fellar dot vas schmardter
 Dake der meat und leaf der bone.

Und vhen I vas got oxcited,
 Und say he get "schwiped" und fooled,
 Dhen he say he haf a "pointer"
 Vrom soom friendts off Sage und Gould;
 Und dot he vas on "rock bottom!"
 Had der "inside drack" on "Atch—"
 Dot vas too mooch for hees fader,
 Und I coom oup to der scratch.

Dhen in bolitics he dabbles,
 Und all qvesdions, great und schmall,
 Make no deeforent to dot Yawcob—
 For dot poy he knows id all.

Und he say dot dhose oldt fogies
 Must be laid oup on der shelf,
 Und der governors und mayors
 Should pe young men—like himself.

Vell! I vish I vas dransborted
 To dhose days off long ago,
 Vhen dot schaffer beat der milk-ban,
 Und schkydoodled droo der schnow.
 I could schtand der mumbs und measles,
 Und der ruskshuns in der house;
 But mine presentd dribulations
 Vas too mooch for Meester Strauss.

HOW AN ENGINEER WON HIS BRIDE.

JAMES NOEL JOHNSTON.

An "Engineer's Story," in form regulation,
 I ain't going ter tell—I ain not cruel-hearted.
 This story, in kind, is the first since creation
 Upon its long journey o' mysteries started.

I loved Sallie Jenkins—a name that's not takin'
 With people what hanker for poetry names;
 'Twas the gal, not 'er name, sir, that first did awaken
 Affection in me, an' enkindled love's flames.

We met, an' as soon as her pirty eyes hit me,
 I felt my heart jump, like a feller in a doze,
 I sez, "Thar's a gal what'll jes' 'zackly fit me,
 I'll hev 'er no matter what troubles oppose."

I found she wuz willin', but then her ole daddy
 He took down his gun from the garret, an' sed
 If ever I 'tempted to take her, he had me,—
 He'd draw back the hammer, so I would go dead.

I knowed he would do it, yes, 'cause the ole party
 Hed won much renown fer sich innocent capers.
 His appetite allers fer fightin' wuz hearty,
 'N much he hed done I hed read in the papers.

But fortune hit allers smiles out on two lovers,
 I rested fer things ter develop themselves.
 Good luck in the cloud that affrights us oft hovers,
 Succes in calamity's house often dwells.

One evenin' at dusk, when the moon wuz up creepin',
 My train near her home wuz a-chargin' with might;
 Ahead, near the track, there wuz sumthin' a-leapin',
 Then a form uv a woman grew quick on my sight!

She seemed all unconscious uv what she wuz doin';
 She heeded no whistle,—stepped right on the track;
 Her form to the rails soon the wheels would be gluin'
 Unless by a miracle she was jerked back!

One chance in a thousand! Reversing the lever,
 An' makin' a leap an' a grab at one time,
 I landed her over the bank in a quiver
 Of terror and gladness—that sweet gal o' mine!

Next day all the papers wuz full uv the story:
 "The brave engineer" wuz the idol uv all.
 Her old dad wuz on me,—his eyes no more gory,—
 He hugged me, while tears from his whiskers did fall!

And now for pure fact in this awful narration,—
 Fer since we are married the public may scoff,—
 That job wuz put up at the sharp gal's dictation,
 When I leaped ter save her she wuz twenty steps off!

WHEN I AM DEAD.

If I to-night were lying dead,
 Would they who now with scoff and jeer
 Defame my life,—would they draw near
 And mouth their scandals o'er my head?
 Would they with malice-venomed dart
 Re-ope the wounds in my dead heart?

Would those whose burdens I have borne,
 To help them on their upward way,
 Though I was weak and poor as they,
 And needed favors in return:
 Would they requite me when I'm dead
 With sorrow—or with scorn instead?

If, looking down in my dead face,
 They marked the lines of toil and care
 And self-denial printed there,
 Which death itself could not efface,
 Would they not say, "He's happier far
 Than we who have maligned him are?"

If sacrifice for others' need,
 If craving love where none is given,
 If these be sin in sight of heaven,
 Then I must stand condemned indeed ;
 But malice wrought on any one
 Is evil I have never done.

And so, when I shall come to die,
 This heritage of hate will cease ;
 And in its place the sweetest peace
 Will brood around me when I die,
 And all my life of love and care
 Will rise toward heaven like a prayer.

THE BRIDGE OF GLEN ARAY.—CHARLES MACKAY.

We passed the bridge with tramping steeds,
 The waters rushed below,
 Down from the gorges of the hills
 We heard the torrents flow.
 But louder than the roar of streams,—
 We rode as hurried men,—
 The footfalls of our cavalcade
 Re-echoed through the glen.

We sang and shouted as we went,
 Our hearts were light that day,
 When near the middle of the bridge
 A shrill voice bade us stay.
 We saw a woman gaunt and old
 Come gliding up the rocks,
 With long bare arms, and shriveled face,
 And grey disheveled locks.

She seized my bridle suddenly,
 The horse stood still with fear—
 Her hand was strong and bird-like long,
 Her eye was piercing clear.
 "Oh, shame !" she said, "oh, cruel shame !
 To ride so fierce and wild,
 The clatter of your horses' hoofs
 Will wake my little child.

"Oh, hush ! oh, hush ! I pray you, hush !
 I ask no other boon—

No word be said, and softly tread,
 The child will waken soon.
 I die of noises all day long,
 From morn till even-blush,
 Nor for my sake, but hers, I pray—
 Hush! if you're Christians, hush!"

Much wondered we to hear her words,
 But Hugh, our guide, looked on :
 "Poor soul!" he said, "we'll do our best
 To earn her benison.
 'Twill cost no trouble to be kind :
 Good Chrystie, let us through,
 We will not wake your sleeping child,
 But pray for her and you."

She slowly let the bridle fall—
 "Ride on your way," she said,
 "But oh, be silent! noise like yours
 Disturbs both quick and dead."
 And then she slid among the rocks ;
 We saw not where she went,
 But turned to Hugh our anxious eyes,
 Inquiring what she meant.

"Poor thing!" he said, while forth we rode
 As if we trod on snow,
 "Her brain is turned by sore mischance
 That happened long ago.
 Her age was scarcely twenty then,
 But what it now may be
 Is somewhat difficult to fix,
 Between fourscore and three.

"Though now she's ugly as a witch,
 She was a beauty then,
 And with her gentleness and grace
 She won the hearts of men.
 And Donald Bain won hers, and sought
 The hand she freely gave.
 They married ; but before a year
 She wept upon his grave.

"A little babe was left behind,—
 A fairy thing, 'tis said,
 With soft blue eyes and golden hair,
 And cheeks of cherry red.

It grew in beauty every day,
The maid was two years old,
The darling of her mother's life,
A pleasure to behold.

“One day she wandered to the stream,—
It was the time of floods,—
Perchance she chased the butterfly,
Or plucked the yellow buds.
She lost her footing on the brink ;
The mother heard the cry,
And sprang to save,—but all too late!
The flood ran roaring by.

“She saw the little face and hands,
Then leaped into the foam,
To snatch it from impending death,
And bear her darling home.
In vain! in vain! oh, all in vain!
The neighbors gathered round,
They saved the mother from the deep—
The little child was drowned.

“And since that day—past fifty years—
She's lingered by the stream,
And thinks the babe has gone to sleep,
And dreams a happy dream.
She fancies it will soon awake,
With blue eyes twinkling, mild,
Unchanged by half a century,
And still a little child.

“Beside the waters where it sank
She sits the livelong day,
Her eyes upon the eddies fixed,
That round the boulders play ;
And spreads to dry upon the rocks
The clothes which it shall wear,
The little frock, the tiny shoes,
And ribbons for its hair.

“She loves deep silence ; blessed with that,
She feeds on empty hope,
And daily nerves a broken heart
With misery to cope.
The pitying friends who bring her food
All speak in whispers low,

And never argue with the thought
That cheers her in her woe.

“For she is harmless as a babe,
Though mad, as you may see—
God save our senses, one and all!”
“Amen! amen!” said we.
Such was the tale, and all that day
Such sympathy it woke,
I turned to chide each rising noise,
And whispered as I spoke.

OUR WEDDIN'-DAY.—BELLE C. GREENE.

AS RELATED BY RUTH ANN HAWKINS (*née* ROBBINS.)

Mr. Hawkins he left the app'intin' of our weddin'-day to me, and I set it for a Sunday. When you come ter think on't, there don't seem to be many days suitable for gittin married in. You see Monday's washin' day, an Tuesday's ironin' day, and of course nobody would be married a Friday, and Saturday's bakin' and cleanin' up day, so there's only Wednesday and Thursday left, and mother'n me wanted that much time for extra odds and ends of work, and to “turn round” in, as you might say. So I set it a Sunday morniu' before fust service.

Now, to begin with, I must tell you that Mr. Hannibal Hawkins, the man I was goin' ter marry, was what you'd call odd, so that, although we'd been keepin' comp'ny tergether for some time, and I'd had every chance ter git acquainted, yet I felt mor'lly certain that it would be a good while 'fore I'd know him all through. Not but what he was a likely man—more, tew, for he was a church member in good and reg'lar standin', an' he alwers had the name o' bein' a good husband to his fust wife, and a good pervider and all that; but, as I said, he was odd.

Wall, he came over the Saturday mornin' before the weddin', so's ter be “on hand,” he said, and kinder dew for me and mother. We hadn't no men folks in the house

'cept Caleb Jones, the hired help, and he wa'n't much dependence at such a time.

It was 'bout eight o'clock in the forenoon when Mr. Hawkins 'rived, and an hour or tew later I got a letter from his daughter Car'line. It was marked "private," and read thus :

DEAN MISS ROBBINS: (That's me Ruth Ann Robbins, ye know.) I write to caution you about par. I feel awful 'fraid the clo'es he's took with him to be married in ain't right. All to once he was struck with one o' his odd streaks, and isoiated on packin' his grip himself, a thing he never done afore in his life, and goodness only knows what he put into it; I don't. You must look him over real sharp 'fore he goes in where the folks be. I'm sorry I can't come to the weddin' but I cut my bangs yesterday, and got 'em so short that I look just tew hijious for anything. I've cried myself most sick, I'm so disappointed, and parsays I'm silly ter stay away ou account o' the bangs; but I can't help it. I'd ruther die than go and show myself sach a fright to all them folks—so there 'tis! I send you my love, and I hope everything will go off well. With respect,

CAR'LINE HAWKINS.

P. S. I'm afraid par has took odd boots. Look out for him.

I laughed when I read that letter; it didn't trouble me much if any. Thinks I ter myself, "He is old enough to pack his own grip, 'less he's a gump and a fool, and if he is a gump and a fool the quicker we find it out the better!" I felt the wust because Car'line wa'n't comin' to the weddin'. It worried me to think she was so silly 'bout them bangs.

Wall, come Sunday mornin', when it was time to dress. I'd just got my hair all down, when Hannibal hollered tew me, and said he:

"Ruth Ann! I wish you'd get your needle and thread and dew a little job o' sewin' for me. I find my vest is all split out behind, though goodness knows how it come so. I never wore it but once in my life. It's a bran' new one."

I thought then of Car'line's letter, and when I see the vest I knew in a minute that he'd took the wrong one, but I sewed the old thing up as well's I could—a pretty lookin' vest it was to be married in—and went to my room feelin' a good deal distarbed and anxious.

His next perdickeermunt was wuss yet. This time he

spoke to me so kinder quick and sharp, that I knew it was somethin' serious. I hurried in to see what was the matter now. When I opened the door, there stood Hannibal, in the middle o' the room, lookin' down perplexed like and inquirin' at two old boots—you couldn't call 'em a pair, for I knew the minute I set eyes on 'em that they both belonged to one and the same foot! They both had a round nob stickin' up conspicuevous where the big toe went, and another great bulgin' one for the toe j'int. I hadn't never noticed anything peculiar 'bout Hannibal's feet before, but them two boots did look curis enough, and they looked kinder wicked and knowin' somehow, as if they was enjoyin' themselves!

I laughed—I couldn't help it, but Hannibal didn't even smile. He turned to me, and said he:

“Do them two boots look right to you?”

Then he tried on one, and that was well enough. He put on the other, and—wall, you can imagine how it looked! Of course the nobs and bulgin's come in the wrong places, and the hull foot was hind side afore and wrong side tew, as you might say. He took 'em off and revarsed 'em, but still they continnered ter disagree and look wicked at one another. He squared 'em up together as square's he could, and says he:

“Ruth Ann, I believe them boots is odd!”

“Ondoubtedly they be, Hannibal,” says I, “and they look odd; but how do they feel? Can you wear 'em? That is the question.”

“I don't care a continental how they feel,” says he, awful savage; “I'll wear 'em if they kill me; but I do wish they didn't look so like the—the evil one!”

I felt like death, but I knew we'd got to make the best of the sitiuation, so I says:

“Oh, I guess they wont be noticed. But you must be sure and set with your feet on the floor and drawed well back under your chair, and you mus'n't on no 'count cross your legs, or if you dew, be sure and have the right foot on top.”

Then I had ter leave him. I was all worked up, but I managed ter finish my toilit with my mother's help, and when I was dresed I went into the spare chamber where the couples that was goin' to stand up with us was waitin'. I found them all right, and finally Hannibal was ready, and him and me locked arms and perceeded down stairs, follered by the others. Cousin Tripheny and R'yal Hunt came fust, then 'Mandy Plympton and John Ray, then Cousin Seraphine and 'Siar Chase. There was six of 'em, and they made a noble 'pearance, tew. Jest as we got on to the stairs and Hannibal and me was most to the bottom, all of a sudden he claps his hand to his head and whispers :

"Ruth Ann, I must go back a minute. You wait right here."

"No, Hannibal," says I, pullin him along, "you can't go back—how it would look!"

"But I tell ye I must and I will!" says he, jerkin' away and turnin' back.

The percession stood stock still on the stairs, and fust one, then t'other whispered down ter know what was the matter, and the folks in the parlor began ter peak out and buzz. I concluded as long's I couldn't be married without Hannibal, I might as well go and look after him. Thinks I ter myself, "Who knows but he means ter put an end to his miserable odd existence!" So when he rushed up the stairs and pitched head fust into his room, I wa'n't fur behind. And what did I see that great silly dew but make a dive fer the lookin'-glass and go through with the motions of brushin' his hair, deliberate and arnest, as if,—wall, as if he'd had some hair! For he's most as bald as a bedpost, and what hair he's got lays down of its own accord as slick as grease, all times! I was mad. I snatched the brush away and grabbed his arm.

"Hannibal Hawkins!" says I, firm and determined, I tell ye, "Hannibal Hawkins! you come down stairs with me this instant; I've had enough o' your oddity fer one day! I've bore all I can or will, and when we're

married I'll take some o' this nonsense out on ye, or I'll—I'll see!" says I.

He glared at me as if he never'd seen me afore, he was so 'stonished, but I hauled him back down stairs, and we all went into the parlor at last and took our places in front of the minister. But it did seem as if delays and hitches was to be the order of the day, for jest as we got all ready ter begin, the minister was called to the door on important business that kep' him ten minutes or so, and there we stood in the middle o' the floor lookin' at one 'nother and feelin' awk'ard enough.

Among the folks I invited to the weddin' was old Aunt Betsey Griffin, deaf as a post, and settin' beside her was old Mis' Potter, and Mis' Potter'd lost her mind, in a measure, as it were. I knew it would please 'em both ter come, so I invited 'em. Well, while we was waitin' for the minister and the room was still as the grave, all of a sudden Mis' Potter turned to Aunt Betsey and screamed into her ear loud enough to wake the dead :

"Who did you say our Ruth Ann is goin' ter marry?"

And Aunt Betsey screamed back jest as loud, though Mis' Potter ain't deaf a mite:

"Mr. Hannibal Hawkins!"

Mis' Potter nods her head contented, and sets and rocks for about a minute; then she leans over and screams again:

"What did you say his name was?"

Aunt Betsey tells her, and she nods and rocks as before, but her poor old head can't hold but one idee at once, so she hollers a third time, and says she:

"What did you say her name was?"

And Aunt Betsey answers patient and loud:

"Ruth Ann Robbins!"

Everybody was laughin' by this time, and I don't know how long them poor creatur's would ha' kep' our names goin' back'ard and for'ard if the minister hadn't come in jest then and put an end to it.

The ceremony perceeded along smooth and proper till

Hannibal undertook ter find the ring to put on my finger. Then there was trouble. He fumbled fust in one pocket, then another, took out a cigar, a little box o' matches, a toothpick, a penknife, a horse ches'nut that he alwers carries fur rheumatiz, and several other things; took 'em out one to a time, looked at 'em thoughtful and inquirin', and put 'em back agiu.

Finally he dove into some place and took out a little wad o' paper, and all our sperits revived. That looked more like, but when he ondid it out rolled a dozen or more sugar-coated pills on to the floor! He let 'em roll and tried agin. This time he fished out a small card that 'peared ter have some writin' on it. (I found out afterward that he'd writ down on that card where he put the ring for fear he'd forgit, jest as he had.) When he'd read the card what did he dew but stoop over deliberate and pull off one o' 'em dretful boots and shake the ring out o' the toe on't! Then he put his boot back on and straightened himself up as carm as if it was customary and common for bridegrooms to carry the ring in the toe o' their boots, and takin my hand slipped the ring on to my finger as graceful as you please.

Wall, I was thankful when it was all over, you'd better believe! It hadn't seemed a mite as I expected. I supposed that the thought of the great responsibility I was assumin' and one thing a'nother would lift my soul and make me feel dretful sollum and pious, but I declare to man I didn't think o' nothin' from beginnin' to end but jest Hannibal's odd boots and odd actions! So little does it take to keep a woman's mind from soarin'.

After the ceremony we had cake and coffy passed round, and then as the bells was a-ringin' we perceeded to the church. It wa'n't but a few steps, jest acrost the common.

We walked up the broad aisle tergether, Hannibal and me, I a-leanin' on his arm, lookin' my best, and he his'n, with everybody's eyes upon us! I tried not to feel proud, but it was a happy moment for me, I tell ye. And

when we set down in the old pew where I'd set ever sence I was a baby, mother on one side, Hannibal on t'other, and me in the middle, it seemed awful pleasant, somehow.

Mother alwers had a him book to herself, on account o' seein' better, ye know, so Hannibal and me we looked on tergether, and I had the proud pleasure o' hearin' him sing for the fust time. He's got a most powerful voice, and his expression does beat all! Everybody was lookin' at him. Why, he acted it all out so, as you might say! When he struck a high note he riz up to his full statur', balanced himself, kinder teeterin' on his toes, stretched up his neck, rolled his eyes 'way inter the back part of his head, and sech a tone as he fetched—high—oh, terrible high! and on the contr'y, when he sung a low note, he jest scrooched all down inter his stummuck, like this, and somethin' rumbled 'way down in his chist, low—oh, terrible low and sollum! I think his "low A" was the very lowest one I ever heerd! His singin' was sartinly imposin', and I knowed it imposed on everybody that heerd it. As for me, I felt so excited and lifted up by it that I kep' awake all through the sermon, didn't even nod once, and was right on hand ter rouse up mother and Hannibal in season for the doxology. Then come the benediction, and we walked out tergether as we come in, with everybody lookin' and admirin' and envyin'. And I tried ter realize that I was married, and that this was my weddin'-day, but somehow I couldn't; it all seemed like a dream.

A REVENGE.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

What could I do when I was shown my task
 Was to have done with love, and all because
 His love was not for me though he had said
 I was the one in all the world for him?
 Could I go to the world, mewling my tale
 In ears that telegraph to smiling eyes,

*Written expressly for this Collection.

How I had loved myself away for him
 And thought him true who had no truth for me?
 And must I face the new lack-lustre days
 Whose never varying hours told but of time
 Which I must suffer? Nay, one wild thought rose,
 After the waking from the numbness which
 Swooped down when I had heard he had for wife,
 This year and more, while I had watched for him,
 My friend who'd warned me 'gainst him, told me how
 A rich man toyed with humble maids, not loved.
 The numbness past, I rose up strong and took
 The pretty bauble he had given me,
 The graceful dagger found in Palestine,
 All crusted o'er with Eastern jewel-work,
 With which I lighted up my night of hair,
 As he would have it,—yea, I took the knife
 To give to her he'd made his wife, to make
 Her wear it in her heart, as in my hair.

I know not of the days, if many or
 But few, till I had found her; all I know
 Was that my head was hot, my brain on fire,
 And near my eyes floated a film of flame
 That flared upon her happiness with him.
 And then I found her, then I saw her in
 His smiling garden, rich arrayed in all
 The panoply of married womanhood.
 She stood there in the evening glow and spoke
 To a young maid, who left her side. Then I
 Was fain to reach her. But she sang a song,
 The song I used to sing to him, and I
 Grew stone in listening, could not speak nor move,
 Listening to the burning words of love
 Wedded to music I myself had made,
 Listened and looked—I poor and mean attired,
 The dust of many miles fretting me o'er,
 My beauty withered, hardship mine, and want—
 She in the ease of languorous days, her voice
 Tenderly crooning the song I made for him.

Then in my swoon I saw the little maid
 Bring out to her a mass of fluttering lace,
 And go indoors. And she, that foe of mine,
 Had in her arms a babe, his, hers.

My trance
 Broke, and a glowing life was mine instead—

Here was the blow to strike, to ease the child
 Of its wee life, and have its father and
 Its mother know who did it. Thus I plucked
 The gorgeous dagger from my tattered gown,
 And moving slowly with long sliding steps
 Toward her who rested there alone and caught
 The child's eyes in her own that loved it so;
 I stood behind her and she knew it not.
 Up went the knife, up o'er the resting babe,
 And then was poised, the moment of descent—
 When the child looked, and threw its glance to me,
 The child that had its father's eyes which I
 Had loved so long,—those eyes, those loving eyes!
 It looked at me, the babe, and smiled and smiled,
 Its mother seeing not, but stooping close
 Over the little one who noticed not
 Her fond caressing, but smiled upon me and
 Looked at me with its father's loved eyes.
 And then it spread its hands, and then I knew
 The bauble knife poised in my upheld grasp
 Was what it wanted.

But its mother saw
 Nor heard, but spoke thus to the child :
 "Oh, babe, we are alone, just you and I,
 Fatherless, widowed, since these weary months,—
 Fatherless babe who never saw its sire,
 A mother I, who was a widow ere
 I knew the sadness of maternity!
 Take, take those eyes away, oh, little babe!
 Those eyes so like thy father's when he spoke
 To her, my friend, of love, I listening.
 He loved her, and he never loved me, though
 I won him with the strength of falsity.
 My woe is great, I pay the penalty
 Of baseness to my friend who loved as I,
 But who could only trust, and watch and wait.
 Oh, child, my little child, my fatherless child,
 Take, take those eyes away that wound me with
 The love thy father had for her!"

And then
 She pressed her face within the mist of lace
 That swathed the child,—the child that looked up in
 My burning sight with its dead father's eyes,
 And smiled on me as once its father smiled,
 With tender love in the long lingering glance.

And I—I thrust the knife from Palestine
 Far in my rags, and seeing she was still,
 The mother, her face buried in the babe's rich robes,
 I leaned me down and laid my lips along
 Those eyes so like his father's, and with swift
 And noiseless step I glided through the grass
 Into a covert, looked back once to see
 Those eyes so like its father's following me.
 Breathless I ran, I know not where, and then
 I found myself prone down upon the earth,
 Gleeful because of deeper misery
 Than mine,—a widowed mother's, whose young child
 Had never seen its father, and whose soul
 Smote her because of me she'd wronged so much,
 Of me who had been loved by him now dead.
 Her baby's eyes,—they are my sweet revenge,
 For she, the mother, looking in them, sees
 Me and her wrong, her husband's love for me,
 While tortured with her love for him she sings
 The song he loved,—the song I made for him,—
 Sings it to soothe his child. And I—do I
 Not know the sweetness of revenge?—do I
 Not have more joy of it than if
 The knife from Palestine had pierced her heart,
 Or touched the child's life? *Yea, I have revenge!*

THE CHILD'S MIRROR.

"Where is the baby, grandmamma?"
 The sweet young mother calls
 From her work in the cozy kitchen,
 With its dainty whitewashed walls.
 And grandma leaves her knitting,
 And looks for her all around;
 But not a trace of baby dear
 Can anywhere be found.

 No sound of merry prattle,
 No gleam of its sunny hair,
 No patter of tiny footsteps,
 No sign of it anywhere.
 All through the house and garden,
 Far out into the field,

They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village—
No use to look for him.
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard,
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!
Rover!" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there, by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding to baby's dress.
She was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness!

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers;
While naughty baby said,

"Dere's a little dirl in the 'ater;
She's dust as big as me.
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he wont let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling, understand;
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see, he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." Baby struck him,
But grandma understood;
She said, "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

OLD JACK WATTS'S CHRISTMAS.

It was during holiday-week, many years ago, that the ill-fated steamship Atlantic was wrecked upon the reefs on "Devil's Cradle," within forty feet of the lofty rock-bound west coast of Nova Scotia. It was one of the most disastrous of ocean horrors on record. The oldest resident of that vicinity is venerable, silver-haired Jack Watts, who has just turned his eighty-second year. He is a stalwart, hardy, rough, weather-beaten fisherman with a brilliant record for bravery.

"Do I remember that night? Do I? You wouldn't ask that question, my boy, if you had been here, for if you lived ever so many lives you would not forget that awful night through all eternity," said he, and the sturdy old man's voice quivered as he paused to clear his throat, and his eyes glistened.

"Well, sir," he continued, "you remarked that this was a stormy night when you came in. Pshaw! this is nothing. Sure there is a bit of a storm brewing and a rather stiff breeze, but nothing worth noticing. Look out a bit." And as he opened the door a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, leaving the room in darkness.

We walked out toward the bluff. The air was murky, raw, and growing bitter cold. Eighty feet below, the waves dashed against the rocks, pounding like some enormous sledge-hammer, with a noise like distant thunder, and causing the ledge under our feet to vibrate with each blow. The phosphorescent foam on the crests of the breakers enabled me to dimly see the huge, angry billows tumultuously chasing each other shoreward, and breaking upon the projecting edges of the rocky reef. Far away in the distance there was now and then visible a tiny point of light—of some vessel; so far that it would wholly disappear for awhile, and then again come into view.

"That light is about sixty miles away, and a steamer, likely one of the English or French liners," he said. We

had reached near the very edge of the bluff—as far as it was safe to go—when my companion pressed my arm and paused. Stretching out his arm and pointing with his long, bony fingers, he exclaimed: “Down there, just beyond us,—it is only eighty feet from dry land,—you see that dark streak in the sea? That is the ‘Devil’s Cradle,’ and is under water at very high tide. It is called that name because the reef is like a set of big saws; the sharp rocks hold a vessel that runs on them, and sometimes the sea has beaten and pounded and shook the wrecks, very much as a cradle is rocked, until they are torn to pieces. Nine have been lost there during my time. But that was not the luck of the Atlantic, which was too firmly set in the rocks to be moved, and the waves pounded and broke her in two, and after awhile tore her to pieces. But that night set in hard. It was cold—bitter cold—and the sun went down in the blinding snow-storm, and the wind blew every way with a force that was awful; then came sleet and hail that cut your very clothes, and drew blood wherever it struck your flesh. All the time the wind was raising and the air was getting more bitterly cold. It was so cold that the air seemed to sting you, and the wind would whirl you around almost off your feet; it whistled and howled and screeched with a frightful noise. I says to my pious old woman: ‘Mary Ann, it does seem as though hell itself had been let loose to-night;’ and says she to me, ‘Jimmy, I believe it is—but—Jimmy—hark!’ and she and I ran to the window and looked out and listened.

“Well, with all that unearthly uproar of the tempest, you could not hear much else, yet we did hear a faint ‘boom,’ like the sound of a caupon. In a minute or two we saw a streak of fire shooting up through the snow and hail, and then we knew that the Devil’s Cradle had, or would have, another wreck. ‘God help the poor souls,’ I cried, and Mary Ann went down on her knees and prayed for them and the poor lad of ours—our boy Jamie—who we thought was on an East Indian mer-

chantman. But—he—wasn't, though——” and the old man's voice was choked into silence.

“Well, sir,” he resumed, “the wife put on a boiler of water, and I put wood to the fire. We always do when we think we may have good use for it, if some are rescued. Then I ran out in the storm. I was a good bit of a strong man then, sir, but I could hardly stand up in that gale; it blew with awful force, and one could not see ten feet away, yet I pushed on to just about where we are standing. Another rocket shot up, and its track of fire disclosed an awful sight. It was all in a minute, and I had to strain my eyes and look under the peak of my hat through the blinding storm. There was a great big, splendid ocean steamship driven over the outer edge of the reef; the waves looked as though the whole bottom of the ocean had violently heaved them up; they were actually like mountains, and they lifted that huge steamer up and let it down, bumping over those jagged points of flinty rock.

“Then all was pitchy darkness again, and although I could not see anything I kept my eyes in the same direction. In a few minutes another rocket shot up, and again I saw that noble vessel lifted up almost out of the water by a mighty wave; astern it seemed caught and pivoted on one great point of rock; then it was wheeled around, and as the waters receded the bare, rough rocks seemed like a huge jaw, down into which the steamer dropped with a crashing noise of broken iron, glass, tackling, and machinery. Loud above all, I could hear the smothered but unmistakable sound of women's shrieks and the shouts of men. Then all was inky-black darkness, and the waves and winds vied with each other in transcending their fiendish part. I had hard work to hold my balance, keep my feet, and get to our little home.

“We were up at daybreak, and as the storm abated I joined some neighbors and went down to the cliffs. There we saw the noble steamship hard fast on the rock, split in the centre and strained all over. The waves

were yet furiously breaking over her ; ice had formed on various parts of the deck, bulwarks, and rigging ; bodies were frozen stark and stiff. All was as silent as the grave—not a living soul in sight on board. But few bodies were washed ashore until the next day, and one had been thrown up near where I stood. I leaned and reached forward and drew it in. It was the body of a man ; his overcoat had been twisted over the face, and was stiff with a casing of ice. We turned the corpse over, loosened the garment, and drew it down, showing the face.

“ Merciful God ! it was our Jamie ! As we were afterward informed by a shipmate of his, he had planned it to come home and surprise us Christmas Day.”

The old man sobbed a moment or two, and then exclaimed : “ Yes, our Jamie did come home, and he did surprise us, but what a sad surprise it was. You will not wonder now I remember so well the night of the wreck of the Atlantic, when our Jamie came home.”

HE DIDN'T AMOUNT TO SHUCKS.*

SAM WALTER FOSS.

There was Bijah, Ben an' Bart,
 Who war smart ;
 Sons of old Abijah Blander—
 See his house 'way over yander,
 Whar yer see that long-necked gander
 On the cart ?
 But Bill the younges' watched the ducks,
 Because he didn't amount to shucks.

I tell ye, Bijah, Ben an' Bart
 Did their part !
 W'y, ye never see sich bustlers,
 Never see sich tarnal hustlers ;
 They wuz reg'lar roarin' rustlers—
 They war smart !
 But Bill he useter loaf an' stop,
 An' loll, an' lallagag an' gawp.

*From "The Yankee Blade," by permission of the Author.

An' Bill wuz lazy, so they said,
 An' half dead ;
 Never useter laugh an' holler,
 Never tried to make a dollar,
 But he wuz a fast-rate scholar—
 A great head !
 He'd take some tarnal books an' shirk,
 An' let his brothers do the work.
 An' they sent Bill to General Court—
 Curus sport !
 An' he with them air legislators,
 Mën, I s'pose, uv sim'lar natur's,
 Who thort he wuz some pertaters,
 Held the fort.
 His speeches wuz so full er snap
 They struck 'em like a thunder clap.
 He talked so well an' knew so much,
 Books an' such,
 Thet now he lives away up yander
 In the State House—quite a gander—
 An' folks call him Governor Blander.
 It's too much !
 The chap who useter watch the ducks
 Because he didn't amount to shucks !
 But what uv Bijah, Ben and Bart,
 Who war smart ?
 Never fear thet they'll forsake us—
 Bige an' Ben are good shoemakers.
 Bart he drives Josiah Baker's
 Butcher cart.
 An' all three brag about the ducks
 An' Bill who didn't amount to shucks.

A DUDE—JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

A dude from Chicago* went north one July,
 Ah, there !
 This dandy dude's collar was three inches high,
 Ah, there !
 His cuffs were too long, and his gloves were too light,
 His mouth was too big and his hands were too white,
 His hat was too tall and his pants were too tight,
 Ah, there !

*Change to suit locality.

This dude from Chicago went out for a ride,
 Ah, there!
 Of a mean little mustang he sat him astride,
 Ah, there!
 The pony, when spurred, like a wild spirit fled,
 But soon made a halt, stood the dude on his head—
 And a wicked young cub in a meat wagon said,
 “Ah, there!”

AN HOUR WITH WHITTIER.—PHEBE A. HOLDER.

“I have never been in any place so dark that Whittier's poetry could not light it up.”

Poet beloved, again I come
 On thy sweet verse to ponder,
 And linger o'er thy soulful words,
 The while my heart grows fonder!

“Among the Hills” I walk with thee,
 Reading the dear home story
 When autumn comes with golden-rod
 “Heavy with Sunshine” glory.
 Within the “Tent Upon the Beach”
 I sit with joy to listen
 To lords of thought, while peaceful waves
 In molten gold light glisten.
 I see the “School-House by the Road,”
 The eager children leaving,
 The little girl who “spelt the word,”
 The tender face of grieving.

The “Hazel Blossoms” gleam with gold,
 In fresher beauty glowing,
 Touched by the Poet's loving hand,
 Woven in verses flowing.
 The “Last Walk in the Autumn” days,
 After the regal splendor,
 Reveals a charm his eye discerns,
 A lingering grace and tender.

When “Snow Bound” by the wintry storm
 The tale of farm-life olden
 I read, and find the day has flown
 Winged as with sunbeams golden.
 The “Pageant” rings its silver bells
 With light of crystal morning,

The "tree bolls chandeliers of frost"
 Hold up with sunrise dawning ;
 "A glimpse of glory infinite"
 Comes to my raptured vision,
 The "white bride coming down from heaven"
 Clothed with a grace elysian.

"My Psalm" is like a soft, dear voice
 Soothing to peaceful slumbers ;
 I listen, while my heart anew
 Life's full rich blessings numbers.
 "My Psalm,"—it is like finest gold
 Among my garnered treasure ;
 With chords attuned, my soul responds
 Unto the pure-toned measure,—
 The heart's sweet scripture to be read
 At night, when love grows fonder ;
 An added verse to heavenly word,
 With hallowed thought I ponder.

"Eternal Goodness" like a chime
 Of silver bells is ringing,
 The loving kindness of the Lord
 Seems nearer for thy singing.
 I read with answering heart and mind
 To see in bright "Clear Vision"
 New beauty in familiar things
 Glowing with light elysian ;
 "My Triumph" with its stirring words
 Of "richer life where beauty"
 Is touched with finer grace and walks
 Still "hand in hand with Duty."

No place so dark but thy glad songs
 Can make the dull day brighter,
 No heavy burden but thy words
 Can make the load seem lighter.
 Like wood thrush sweet whose liquid notes
 "Set the wild echoes" ringing,
 So "echoes roll from soul to soul"
 With music of thy singing.
 Enthroned in hearts, thy crown is set
 With jewels brightly glowing,—
 The love of myriad lives made sweet,
 The pure rich lustre showing.

—*Journal of Education.*

A SHADOW FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM.*

HORACE B. DURANT.

The following sketch is founded on fact, and occurred when the subject of inquests and insane asylums was less understood than at the present day, and when abuses were more easily practiced.

John Brown had lands and gold enough, they say,
 But thinking he might squander them away,
 As it without the slightest cause was feared,
 A "mutual friend" to Brown and wife appeared
 In court one day, to ask that a decree
 Be granted to inquire Brown's sanity.

Twelve men accordingly convened, and swore
 To search Brown's brain, and try to find the door
 Through which his wits escaped. Unto their aid
 A doctor, too, was called, of course, who laid
 Down rules to guide them; for he knew the laws,
 And, in a former trade, had handled saws;
 And, it was said, once knew the "Rule of Three,"
 Quite well enough to hew an axletree!

Yet, lest the twelve might fail to understand
 His learned depths, he brought to his command
 The sciences—a very happy hit—
 At once to awe them and to air his wit.
 He showed them very plain, that many spheres
 Revolved within the brain, and, "it appears,"
 He sagely said, "that two of these at least,
 Are *hemispheres*. All know," said he, "that yeast
 Will rise and often overrun all bounds—
 And, gentlemen," continued he, "by zounds!
 The laws of chemistry will prove that brain
 Ferments at times—that fact is very plain;
 Indeed the present case is thus explained,
 His *tin-pan-um* is cracked—he is crack-brained!

Here, through anatomy he boldly dashed,
 While learning from both word and gesture flashed,
 As on he soared through *os* and *cranium*
 Until his gaping auditors were dumb!
 In fact, 'tis doubtful where he would have stopped,
 Had not the door 'gainst which his chair was propped,
 No longer having strength or will to bear
 At once his weighty logic and his chair,
 All sudden opened inwards like a flash,
 And doctor, chair and all, went with a crash

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Straight backwards, down a flight of cellar stairs,
And disappeared with all his learned airs!

Amazed the jury sat! All looked aghast,
And, for a minute, to their seats seemed fast;
At last they thought that something had occurred,
And rising, all rushed forward, greatly stirred;
And peering down the doctor's gloomy wake,
Were just in time to hear some crock'ry break,
As they supposed, by the peculiar sound;
Then next they heard the doctor groping round.

"Hallo, there, doctor, are you hurt?" called down
Some one. "This way—come up." Just then, to crown
All his mishaps, the doctor tripped and fell
Across an empty barrel, with a yell,
Which rolling, fortunately landed him
Just at the bottom of the stairs. The dim
Uncertain light revealed the dang'rous way,
Up which he scrambled to the light of day,
In sorry plight. "Why, this is bad," said Jones,
"I hope you have not broken any bones;
I do not see a bruise or single scratch
About you, nothing but a little patch
Of skin knocked off your nose. How do you feel?
You must be quite shook up, from head to heel—
'Tis well you were not killed!"

"Shook up!" exclaimed
The doctor, "more than that; I fear I've maimed
The *corax cracoid* of the *ulnor* here,
The *atlas* of my *cervix* too, I fear,
Has lost *retriculation*." With these learned
Complaints, he took his cane, and limping turned
To leave them. "Hold," said one, "until you hear
Our verdict. Brown is crazy, 'tis quite clear;
That "*tin-pan-um*" of yours gave us much light
Upon the subject, sir." "You are quite right;
Nought else was left to do. I know from long
Experience, when the head is right or wrong,"
Replied the doctor. "*Zounds*, my back! I'm sure
My *dull obliquita* is past all cure!
The *traverse spinal* too, I fear is bent—
My *killus tendum* must be badly rent!
Your judgment with my own agrees, and hence,"
Continued he, "you've shown great common sense.

I told his wife, poor woman, that we should
 Consult her wishes and her husband's good ;
 For we have talked it over much of late,
 And she is much concerned about his state.
 In my opinion, you had better send
 Him off at once,—his wits may sooner mend ;
 My medical certificate I'll make
 To-night," concluded he, "so you may take
 Him off to-morrow."

Years since then, I stood
 And looked o'er hill and river, vale and wood.
 An old stone mansion met our distant gaze ;
 'Twas there we once knew Brown in other days ;
 There was his house, his lands, his flocks, his gold,
 Beside the river as it calmly rolled
 Down to the sea ; and as the sweeping tide
 Of mem'ry rose, a stranger there, beside
 Me said : "Do you remember Brown ? He died
 A year ago, away from home, deranged,
 And well it was, poor man, for all has changed
 Since he was sent away. You may desire
 To hear the tale." "Permit me to inquire,"
 Said I "what changes have occurred ; for all
 The rest I know. Some things I now recall
 Perhaps you can explain. When last I saw
 John Brown, they said he was adjudged, by law,
 Insane, but that the finding was unjust ;
 Ah—now the thought occurs, that some one must
 Have worked his ruin."

"You shall hear the whole
 Affair," the stranger said. "Through the control
 Of one bad man, an inquest met and gave
 That verdict. Oh, I see you guess the knave—
 'Twas Doctor Snow ! Now, all these flocks and fields
 Are his ; and John Brown's very money shields
 Snow's villainy."

"Amazing ! How is this ?"
 Exclaimed I. "How does he possess the bliss
 Of which he robbed another ?"

"Easy, quite,"
 Said he. "His wrong is made a legal right ;
 And Doctor Snow is now a man of mark,
 None dare to speak of this transaction dark.
 He goes to church and sits with solemn air,
 And e'en, 'tis said, can make a wondrous prayer !

Aye, wrong, a legal right is often made,
 And in the case of Snow, 'tis here displayed ;
 'Tis easy to explain his rise in life,
 For John Brown's widow is the doctor's wife !”

“UNCLE JOHN” WRITES TO HIS CITY
 COUSIN.*—DAVID K. BUCHANAN.

Dear Sitty Kuzzin : As yo've bin a-payin' us a annual visit every yeer fur a long time back, jist in hayin' time, an' not heerin' nothin' frum yo' this yeer yit, I'm beginnin' to be afeered thet somethin's happened an' I jist tho't I'd rite an' see what's the matter with yo'.

Sary Ann haint got very good helth this summer, an' I reckon ef she had a few visiters so thet she cood git a little more eckercise, it 'ud be kind o' bennyfishus fur her helth. Yo' know she's only got four small children now, an' she's only got five men to cook an' wash fur, an' six cows to milk and churn fur, an' konsekwently she has so much idle time a-hargin' on her hands thet I reckon it's jist nothin' but pure lonesomeness thet's ailin' her. Do come an' see us. When yo're here, yo' know she allus has to git four meals a day, bekows us men folks has to have our breckfus at six o'clock, an' you never cood abide to git up before ate, so thet she allus has to git an' eckstry breckfus for yo', an' thet helps to pass away the lonesome mornin' hours kwite smart, an' then it allus put her in sich a cheerful frame o' mind to have yo' come to the top o' the stairs an' call to her to please fetch yo' a fresh pitcher o' water, so thet ye' cood perform your mornin' ablushuns, jist as she was up to her elbows in the dough troft a-moldin' out her bre'd.

An' then she allus took such a delite in doin' up them six white mornin' gowns, an' them nine tucked, an' ruffled, an' cmbroidered skirts o' yourn every week. Hern is so small now thet she says she's reelly a-most furgittin' how to do lawndry wurk at all enny more. Do come.

*By permission of the Author.

It'll kind o' help fur to stiddy up her narves fur to have yo' go out to the berry-patch with her, an' eat berrys while she's pickin' enough fur supper, an' then to have yo' all to wunst let out a yell like a Komanchy Injin an' start fur the house faster'n a limited express on the Pennsylvania Central; an' then after she's follered yo' to the house to find out what's the matter, to have you tell her thet a blacksnaik twenty-seven feet long, an' as thick as a man's boddy, stuck its tail into its mouth an' rolled after yo' like a big hoop rite up to the kitchen door, at the rate of a thousand miles a minnit. An' then it'll be kind of amusin' fur her to git the mop-stick an' poker an' go out to look fur thet snaik, an' after she's follered your tracks back to where yo' started from without seein' no sines o' snaiks, to find thet what skart yo' was a crooked peese of a old rale thet hadn't moved fur sixteen yeers till yo' stepped on one end of it an' tother end tilted up to'ards yo'.

Fur Sary Ann's sake, do come.

An' then it'll kind o' have a tendensy fur to make her more cheerful an' contented, fur to have yo' tell her how mutch nicer it is to live in the sitty than in the country; an' how yo' have velvet carpet on your kitchen, an' keep six servants an' a nurse gurl, an' don't have nothin' to do yourself but sing an' play the pianner, an' 'tend the plays, an' the partys, an' the balls; an' how mutch smarter 'n cuter your children is than hern, an' how your deer little Flossy Blossy don't even go to bed in her bare feet, let alone run in 'em all summer like our little country Jaker. An' then to make shure o' distractin' her mind from onpleasant things yo' mite tell her how blamed old-fashioned her noo bonnet an' best dress is; an' to prove it yo' mite bring along your own noo bonnet thet cost forty dollars an' a sample of your best silk dress thet cost seven dollars a yard, fur to show to her.

Do come, I'm sure it 'ud jist be the makin' o' Sary Ann fur to have yo' come.

Be shure an' rite fur us to meet yo' at the stashun.

It's only seven miles, an' it wont be no trubble at all fur us to send fur yo' this time o' yeer. Be shure an' bring two trunks, even ef yo' cood git your stuff all into one; fur we've only got three hosses this yeer, an' ef yo' only bro't one trunk we mite send fur yo' in the one hoss buckboard, an' thet 'ud leeve two hosses to home so thet the men cood go rite along with the'r wurk, an' they wouldn't like thet at all. Before yo' make up your mind what day you're comin' yo'd better 'rite to the wether profit at Washin'ton an' find out when there's goin' to be a nice, dry, sunshiny day, fur I'd hate a'most offul fur to lose a wet day a-comin' after yo' jist in hayin' time.

Be shure and come on the train thet gits here in the middle o' the day, fur ef ye'd come on the mornin' or evenin' train it 'ud take me a haff a day to get ye, an' I woodn't like thet. Oh, yes, be shure an' come on the noon train so thet it'll take me the best part o' the day to come fur yo'. It'll kind o' make me gladder to see you. An' ef it woodn't be too mutch trubble to yo', yo' might change your mind after ye'd writ me, an' telegraff me (so thet I'd git it when I got to the stashun) thet yo' coodn't come till the nex' day. It 'ud kind o' add to the warmness o' your welcome fur to have me come fur yo' twict this time o' yeer.

Be shure an' bring thet luvly little boy o' your'n with yo' thet pulled up all the kabbage an' tommattoes las' yeer, an' then had the cheek to ask me to give him a dime fur pullin' them weeds. I planted twenty akers in thet kind o' weeds this yeer so thet he cood amuse hisself a-pullin' all he wanted to, an' wc'd still have enuff left fur to keep us in sour-kroust an' picklelilly part o' the winter ennyhow. Be shure an' bring him, fur I went to the trubble o' gettin' a noo brand o' green applespeshully fur him, thet's warranted to kill a boy o' his size afore the dockter kin git here, even ef the dockter lives nex' door. Don't furgit enny o' my instruckshuns. Do come. Your'n luvlinly,

UNCLE JOHN.

P. S.—Do come. Don't furgit to bring thet luvly boy.

CIVIL WAR—AN EPISODE OF THE COMMUNE.*

VICTOR HUGO.

The mob was fierce and furious. They cried:
 "Kill him!" the while they pressed from every side
 Around a man, haughty, unmoved, and brave,
 Too pitiless himself to pity crave.

"Down with the wretch!" on all sides rose the cry.
 The captive found it natural to die,
 The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
 Life too is lost, and so must fate decide.

From out his home they drag him to the street,
 With fiercely clenching hands and hurrying feet,
 And shouts of, "Death to him!" The crimson stain
 Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.

This man was one of those who blindly slay
 At a king's bidding. He'd shot men all day,
 Killing he knew not whom, he scarce knew why,
 Now marching forth impassible to die,
 Incapable of mercy or of fear,
 Letting his powder-blackened hands appear.

A woman clutched his collar with a frown,
 "He's a policeman—he has shot us down!"

"That's true," the man said. "Kill him!" "Shoot!" "Kill."
 "No, at the Arsenal"—"The Bastille!" "Where you will,"
 The captive answered. And with fiercest breath,
 Loading their guns, his captors still cried, "Death!"

"We'll shoot him like a wolf!" "A wolf am I?
 Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply.

"Hark, he insults us!" And from every side
 Clenched fists were shaken, angry voices cried,
 Ferocious threats were muttered, deep and low.
 With gall upon his lips, gloom on his brow,
 And in his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
 He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate,
 Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
 Midst forms of dead men he perchance had slain.

*Translated by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper for the New York Home Journal, and used here by permission. This selection has been recited with great success, in Paris, by the well-known actor and reader, Dupont Vernon, of the Comedie Francaise.

Dread is that human storm, an angry crowd ;
 He braved its wrath with head erect and proud,
 He was not taken, but walled in with foes,
 He hated them with hate the vanquished knows,
 He would have shot them all had he the power.

“ Kill him—he’s fired upon us for an hour ! ”

“ Down with the murderer—down with the spy ! ”

And suddenly a small voice made reply,

“ No—no, he is my father ! ” And a ray

Like to a sunbeam seemed to light the day.

A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,

His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.

All shouted, “ Shoot the bandit, fell the spy ! ”

The little fellow clasped him with a cry

Of, “ Papa, papa, they’ll not hurt you now ! ”

The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive’s home had come the child.

Meanwhile the shrieks of, “ Kill him—Death ! ” rose wild.

The cannon to the tocsin’s voice replied,

Sinister men thronged close on every side,

And in the street, ferocious shouts increased

Of, “ Slay each spy—each minister—each priest—

We’ll kill them all ! ”

The little boy replied :

“ I tell you this is papa.” One girl cried,

“ A pretty fellow—see his curly head ! ”

“ How old are you, my boy ? ” another said.

“ Do not kill papa ! ” only he replies.

A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes.

Some glances from his gaze are turned away,

And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their prey.

Then one of the most pitiless says, “ Go—

Get you home, boy.” “ Where—why ? ” “ Don’t you know ?

Go to your mother.” Then the father said,

“ He has no mother.” “ What—his mother’s dead ?

Then you are all he has ? ” “ That matters not,”

The captive answers, losing not a jot

Of his composure as he closely pressed

The little hands to warm them in his breast,

And says, “ Our neighbor Catherine, you know,

Go to her.” “ You’ll come too ? ” “ Not yet.” “ No, no.

Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These men, I fear,
Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."

The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly, "Loose your grasp and take my hand,
I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you can shoot me in the nearest street,
Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis well!"
The words from those rough lips reluctant fell.
And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce appear.
The father says, "You see, we're all friends here,
I'm going with these gentlemen to walk;
Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk."
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father and then runs away.

"Now he is gone, and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you please,"
The father says. "Where is it I must go?"
Then through the crowd a long thrill seems to flow.
The lips, so late with cruel wrath afoam,
Relentingly and roughly cry, "Go home!"

THE MAGIC WAND.—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Horrible dens, sir, aren't they?
This is one of my daily rounds;
It's here, in these awful places,
That child-life most abounds.
We ferret from roof to basement
In search of our tiny prey;
We're down on their homes directly
If they happen to stop away.
Knock at the door? Pooh, nonsense!
They wouldn't know what it meant.
Come in and look about you;
They'll think you're a School Board gent.
Did you ever see such hovels?
Dirty, and damp, and small.
Look at the rotten flooring,
Look at the filthy wall.
That's lucky—the place is empty,
The whole of the family's out.
This is one of my fav'rite cases:
Just give a glanee about.

There's a father and four young children,
And Sally the eldest's eight ;
They're horribly poor—half-starving—
And they live in a shocking state.

The father gets drunk and beats them,
The mother she died last year :
There's a story about her dying
I fancy you'd like to hear.

She was one of our backward pupils,
Was Sally, the eldest child ;
A poor little London blossom
The alley had not defiled.

She was on at the Lane last winter—
She played in the pantomime ;
A lot of our School Board children
Get on at the Christmas time.
She was one of a group of fairies,
And her wand was the wand up there,—
There, in the filthy corner
Behind the broken chair.

Her mother was ill that winter,
Her father, the drunken sot,
Was spending his weekly earnings
And all that the fairy got.
The woman lay sick and moaning,
Dying by slow degrees
Of a cruel and wasting fever
That rages in dens like these.

But night after night went Sally,
Half starved, to the splendid scene
Where she waved a wand of magic
As a Liliptut fairy queen.
She stood in the "Land of Shadows"
Where a demon worked his spell,
At a wave of her wand he vanished,
And the scene was changed as well.

She'd a couple of lines to utter,
Which bade the gloom give way
To "The Golden Home of Bliss
In the Land of Shining Day."
She gazed on the limelilt splendors
That grew as she waved her wand,

And she thought of the cheerless cellar
Old Drury's walls beyond.

And when, in her ragged garments,
No longer a potent fay,
She knelt by the wretched pallet
Where her dying mother lay,
She thought, as she stooped and kissed her,
And looked in the ghastly face,
Of the wand that could change a dungeon
To a sweet and lovely place.

She was only a wretched outcast,
A waif of the London slums ;
It's little of truth and knowledge
To the ears of such children comes.
She fancied her wand was truly
Possessed of a magic charm,
That it punished the wicked people,
And shielded the good from harm.

Her mother grew slowly weaker,
The depth of the winter came,
And the teeth of the biting weather
Seized on the wasted frame.
And Sally, who saw her sinking,
Came home from the Lane one night
With her shawl wrapped over something,
And her face a ghostly white.

She had hidden the wand and brought it,
The wand that could do so much ;
She crept to the sleeping woman,
Who moved not at her touch ;
She stooped to hear her breathing,
It was, oh, so faint and low ;
Then, raising her wand, she waved it,
Like a fairy, to and fro.

Her well-known lines she uttered,
That bade the gloom give way
To "The Golden Home of Bliss
In the Land of Shining Day."
She murmured, "O mother, dearest,
You shall look on the splendid scene !"
While a man from the playhouse watched her, , , ,
Who'd followed the fairy queen.

He thought she had stolen something,
 And brought it away to sell,
 He had followed her home and caught her
 And then he'd a tale to tell.
 He told how he watched her waving
 The wand by her mother's bed,
 O'er a face where the faint gray shadows
 Of the last long sleep had spread.

She's still at the school, is Sally,
 And she's heard of the realms of light;
 So she clings to the childish fancy
 That entered her head that night.
 She says that her poor sick mother
 By her wand was charmed away
 From earth to the Home of blisses
 In the land of eternal day.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SEA.

“The sea is His, and He made it.” Its beauty is of God. It possesses it in richness of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by.

The rainbow laves in it its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars, for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night.

It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivaling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky-way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining above. It harmonizes in its forms and sound both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO TOWN.*

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

He hadn't been there for fifteen years.
 Grandmother she expressed her fears.
 "What you 'fraid of, marm?" laughed he,
 "What'll happen a man like me,
 That knows the world and can't be done
 By anybody under the sun.
 Me be cheated! Ho, ho, ho,
 You're too skeery, marm, ho, ho!
 My name is Green, but my natur's not—
 No, not a tittle nor a jot."
 So, in spite of all that they could say,
 He went one day.

A man outside the depot took
 Him by his sleeve.
 "Look," he said to grandfather, "look—
 Look at this ring of Guinea gold!
 It never oughtn't to be sold;
 It's my wife's wedding-ring, but—but
 We're starving—" "Tut!"
 Said grandfather. "Here's a five-dollar bill.
 Don't grieve,
 Give me the ring, I'll keep it for
 A month—or, you can have it before—
 Only, don't sell it. Come to me
 At Buttercup Farm
 If it's more money you want. No harm
 In asking me, no, sirree—
 I pity you." Alas!
 The ring was brass.

And that was the first thing came to pass
 When grandfather went to town.

Then another man gave him a look.
 "How are you, Squire Brown?"
 He said. "Come to town
 To-day?" And took his hand and shook
 It as if 'twas his twin-brother's he'd not seen
 For a year or two.
 "Excuse me," grandfather said with a smile,
 "I'm Mr. Green,

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Not Mr. Brown." "Why, how do you do?"
 The man cried. "Well,
 It is a spell
 Since I was down your way. And how
 Is Mrs. Green and all the little
 Greens?" "I allow,"
 Smiled grandfather, "not a jot or tittle
 Do I remember of you, sir."
 "Well," said the man, "we sometimes err.
 Good day!" And off he went, and then,
 Grandfather looking at the sun,
 Said, "It's half-past ten."
 And felt for his watch, but his watch was gone.

And that's the next thing came to pass
 When grandfather went to town.

And then he saw a crowd in the street.
 They said a parade would come that way,
 Sometime to-day.
 And a spruce, neat
 Little man had two thimbles on a stand,
 And a little dried pea in his hand.
 He put the pea under a thimble,
 "Whoever tells me where is that pea,"
 Said he,
 "I'll give him a dime."
 Grandfather then,
 The most honest of men,
 Began to tremble.
 "You're cheating," said he,
 "I saw the pea
 Go under that left-hand thimble, there.
 I can't tell the time,
 For I've lost my watch,
 But I can tell a cheat,
 However neat
 He manœuvres." The man began to swear:
 "I'll bet you," said he,
 "That little pea
 Is not where you say it is, I'll bet
 You a dollar." "Don't you fret,"
 Said grandfather, all of a glow.
 "Go slow,
 Young man.
 I can

Bet you two dollars I know where it is."
 "I'll go you three," said the man. At this,
 Grandfather, mad as any March hare,
 Knowing where
 The pea was, cried, "I'll go you five—
 All thieves sha'n't thrive."
 "Done!" said the man, and put up the money,
 As grandfather did, as sweet as honey,
 Lifted the left-hand thimble and
 The one at the right hand,
 And dear old grandfather had to declare
 The pea wasn't anywhere.

So grandfather, with only a ring of brass,
 His watch gone and all his money, alas!
 Turned round without another word,
 Walked through the city streets, and spurred
 Shank's mare, and walked, and walked, and walked,
 And famished, and spent, at midnight stalked
 In at the door at Buttercup Farm.
 "Now, marm,"
 He said to grandmother, "don't you speak—
 My temper's riz, and it might leak.
 I'm Green by name and natur too,
 But you
 Must never, never, never say
 A single word about the day
 When grandfather went to town."

THE IDIOT LAD.—ROBERT OVERTON.

The vesper hymn had died away,
 And the benison had been said,
 But one remained in church to pray,
 With a bowed and reverent head.
 He could not frame in words the prayer
 Which reached the Throne of Grace,
 But the love and pity present there,
 Saw the pleading of his face.

In many curls hung his hair of gold
 Round a brow of pearly white;
 His face was cast in a graceful mould
 And his eyes were strangely bright.

Gentle his white hand's touch, his smile
 Was tender and sweet and sad :
 Nought knew his heart of fraud and guile—
 Of poor Dick, the idiot lad.

“ My boy,” I said, “ the tired sun
 Sinks low on the west sea's breast ;
 The shades which fall when the day is done
 Woo the weary earth to rest.
 In the vesper zephyr's gentle stir
 The sleepy tree-tops nod—
 Why wait you here ? ” And he said, “ Oh, sir,
 I would see the face of God !

“ If the sun is so fair in his noon-day pride,
 And the moon in the silver night ;
 If the stars which by angels at eventide
 Are lighted can shine so bright !
 If wood and dell, each flower and tree,
 And each grass of the graveyard sod,
 Are so full of beauty, oh, what must it be
 To look on the face of God !

“ I have sought for the vision wide and near,
 And once, sir, I traveled far,
 To a mighty city long leagues from here,
 Where men of the great world are.
 But the faces I saw were false and mean,
 And cruel, and hard, and bad ;
 And none like the face the saints have seen
 Saw poor Dick, the idiot lad.

“ In the night, sir, I wander away from home ;
 Down the lanes and the fields I go—
 Through the silent and lonely woods I roam,
 Patient, and praying, and slow.
 In the early morn on the hills I stand,
 Ere yet the mists have past ;
 And I eagerly look o'er sea and land
 For the wonderful vision at last.

“ When the lightnings flash and the thunders roar,
 And the ships fly in from the gale ;
 When the waves beat high on the shrinking shore
 And the fishing boats dare not sail ;
 I seek it still, in the storm and snow,
 Lest it may happen to be

That then it will please the great God to show
His beautiful face to me.

“ I seek it still when God’s gleaming pledge
In the bright’ning sky appears,
And from tree and flower, and sparkling hedge
Earth is weeping her happy tears ;
For I sometimes think that I may behold,
After yearning years of pain,
The face of my God in the quivering gold
Of the sunshine that follows rain.

“ When the fishers return on the homeward tide,
I ask them nothing but this :
‘Have you seen it out there on the ocean wide,
Where the sky and the waters kiss?’
But they smile, and ‘Poor Dick!’ I hear them say,
And they answer me always ‘No’—
So I think it must be still farther away
Than even the fishing boats go.”

That night while the simple fisher-folk slept,
From the dreams of the mighty free,
Down to the beach the idiot crept,
And launched on the summer sea.
And the boat sped on, and on, and on,
From the ever-receding shore,
And brighter and brighter the moonbeams shone,
Which for him were to shine no more.

Far out at sea his boat was found,
And the tide which bore to land
The village fleet from the fishing ground
Laid softly upon the sand
The white wet face of the idiot boy—
Not yearning and wistful now,
For perfect peace, and rest, and joy
Were written upon his brow.

In the poor lad’s eyes seemed still the glow
Of a new and a wondrous light ;
And down on the beach the women knelt low
As they gazed on the holy sight.
As the fishermen walked to the smiling dead,
Softly their rough feet trod ;
And bared was each head, as one slowly said,
“ He has looked on the face of God !”

THE DEAD LEADER.*—I. EDGAR JONES.

A noble man, ordained and broadly planned
 By rarest gifts his brethren to command,
 Obedient to God's silent beckoning hand,
 Yields up his breath;
 Upon his lips the smile serene and bland,
 Which welcomed death.

A tongue anointed with the grace of speech,
 A mind well trained its highest aims to reach;
 A heart attuned its strongest thoughts to teach
 In words most wise,
 Like strong waves whispering deep thoughts to the beach
 In gentlest guise.

A helpful hand held out to those who weep;
 A genial word hope's flame alive to keep,
 With strong "God-speeds" to those who climb fame's steep
 In early youth,
 And on his counsel stamped, clean marked and deep,
 The seal of truth.

A faithful friend, a keen but kindly foe,
 With smiles he coaxed esteem from strife to grow;
 Within his soul in deep and ceaseless flow
 Convictions strong,
 Which sought the right; and, knowing sin was woe,
 Condemned the wrong;

His home life peaceful as an evening psalm,
 His trust in God on heights where dwells the calm.
 In public life erect as some tall palm
 Which clouds enfold,
 In tropic lands with atmospheres of balm
 And skies of gold.

An earnest worker in the ways of peace,
 Whose triumphs grew in swift and rich increase;
 A ruler blessed by death with swift release
 From cares of state;
 E'en foes and critics now their cavils cease
 And call him great.

The land he served his memory shall enthrone,
 His virtues through the coming years be known,

*By permission of the Author.

And Pennsylvania's* shrine because her own
 His honored dust ;
 He was her son, and unto her alone
 Belongs this trust.

So on the shafts of high and lasting fame
 Shall glow in living light this ruler's name,
 Who from the humblest ranks won with acclaim
 A king's demesne.
 God keep for aye his noblest thoughts aflame,
 His memory green !

CAP'N PELEG BUNKER DESCRIBES A GAME OF BASE BALL.†—EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

Base ball was something which the old whaling captains and sailors of 'Scouset never could understand. "Plate" and "base" and "outfield" and "infield," "short stop" and "run," and the many words familiar to those who have looked upon the diamond field, to them were little better than so much South Sea jargon, of which they did know something.

The other evening, in the 'Scouset Club house, some of the old captains were discussing the subject when Cap'n Peleg Bunker entered. He had been visiting relatives in New York, and with them had seen several games of ball played. Catching on to the discussion, he said:

"I know somethin' about this base ball game now."

"How is that?" asked Cap'n Jabez Swain, putting his right hand to his ear in acoustic style.

"Well," said Cap'n Peleg, "perhaps I had better explain it from the beginning. You see there are nine craft in each of the two fleets opposed to one another, and each craft on one side tries in turn to sail the course. The crafts in the other fleet try to cut 'thwart hawse and heave him off his course. It is nine ag'in one all the time."

"What is the course?" asked Cap'n Eben Hussey.

"Oh! I forgot that," said Cap'n Peleg. "First, the course is laid out from the p'int of departure goin' eight

*Change to suit locality.

†By permission.

p'int to starboard six fathoms where a buoy is placed. They then haul up from the buoy, eight p'int to port, the same distance, and then a second buoy is anchored; then eight p'int to port ag'in for six fathoms and there a third buoy is put down, from which it is exactly eight p'int to port, to the p'int of departure, which is the landin' each one makes when he gets back from the cruise."

"Now we're learnin' somethin'," said Cap'n Ichabod Coffin, "I could always understand a sensible description, even if there wasn't any chart handy. But what is the meanin' of the feller strikin' with a small capstan bar, at a shot when it is fired at him?"

"You're off soundin's," said Cap'n Peleg. "That isn't a capstan-bar, it's a ball club; and it isn't a shot that's thrown, but it is purty near it, for it's mighty hard and heavy, and if it hits a man in the diaphragm after takin' his duff, it wouldn't make his digestion any better—that's the ball. About half way between the landin' and the second buoy, a man stands who throws the ball toward the man who is on the landin' with the club in his hands. He tries to hit the ball as it comes to him and to hit it hard. If he does hit it and doesn't knock it outside the sailin' course, between the landin' and the first buoy or between the third buoy and the landin', he puts his helm hard a-port, hoists all sail and shapes his course for the first buoy. If one of the craft in the other fleet gets the ball before it lands on the ground and the striker has not reached the buoy, or if the craft at the first buoy gets the ball before the runner gets there, the runner is called 'out.' That means that he's laid up in ordinary and he can't handle the club ag'in until his turn comes round."

"That's plain enough," remarked Cap'n Obed Coleman.

"Then," resumed Cap'n Peleg, "another craft of the same fleet takes the club and tries to sail the course."

"Well," said Cap'n William Paddock, 2d, "I begin to see through it, too. But what is a 'home run'?"

"I must explain," continued Cap'n Peleg. "When

the craft at the landin' hits the ball and starts to sail over the course, if he gets to the first buoy without bein' put out, he shapes his course for the second. Then if he sees the course clear he doesn't come to anchor; he doesn't lay to and back his main-yard but hauls up ag'in for the thbird and sometimes he is able to go off on the port tack ag'in and get to the landin'. As I said, when a man gets safe to the landin' it is called a 'run' and when he makes the whole course without stopping, his side logs him a 'home run.' Now when three men on one side are out, the whole fleet is off the hooks and go outside the course, and the other fleet comes into line and the same manœuvre is gone through with. Recollect that when a craft on one side starts on a cruise the whole fleet on the other side tries to head him off, and so they have it back and forth."

"How do you know which side beats?" asked Cap'n Zaccheus Pitman.

"Well," said Cap'n Peleg, "each craft has the chance to sail the course nine times, and each time is called an innin', and whichever side makes the most runs beats."

"What is the man back of the landin', who has his face in limboes, and a paunch mat lashed to him for'ard, and one of his hands covered with a three-decker mitten?"

"He is called the catcher," said Cap'n Peleg, "and as far as I understand it, a good deal depends on him. For instance, if a ball falls near him and he gets it in his flippers, the striker goes out of commission. If he sees one of the fleet sailing from one buoy to another he tries to land the ball, if he gets it, in the hands of the craft at the buoy towards which the other craft is sailing."

"What is the fellow who heaves the ball to the man with the bat," asked Cap'n Shubael Chase.

"He's the pitcher," answered Cap'n Peleg. "He must be a fair gunner, too. He must heave the ball above the bulwarks and below the main-yard. If he doesn't a ball is called on him, and when four are called the striker can drift as slow as he wants to, to the first buoy, and

take his place there as if he had struck the ball. But the man should strike at a ball properly hove. If for three times he doesn't do so, each time counts as a strike, and he must sail for the first buoy just the same as if he had landed the ball fifty fathoms to the wind'ard."

"Tell us about the man who stands aft the catcher and everybody treats like a Jimmy Ducks on an English whaler," asked Cap'n Jethro Starbuck.

"He's the umpire," said Cap'n Peleg. "There's a good deal of metaphysics in the game that I don't understand myself. I mean nice p'int's that come up. The umpire is supposed to know the chart and to be able to pilot the game over the shoals and through the slews in the rips into deep water. But sometimes, when he gives an order there's mutiny in either the port or the starboard watch, and sometimes both watches join in abusin' him and the folks that are lookin' on bear a hand. If he decides one way the other watch tells him that he isn't fit to hold the steerin' oar and that he had better ship on the next cruise as a lubber. I wouldn't steer a game for a quarter of a new ship fitted for a voyage round the Horn. I'd rather tackle a hundred-and-fifty barrel bull whale on a landsman's lay than to umpire ball games for a week. I wouldn't ship unless I could pipe enough hands that would help me to get the mutineers in irons and put them in the brig."

All present agreed with Cap'n Peleg that there ought to be some way to enforce discipline. His explanation of the game was the first they had heard from a man who could talk Nantucket and it was a revelation.

SWIPES'S DINNER.

My name, sir, is Bill, but they call me Swipes,
 The boys do down our alley;
'Ow many in family? Why, we're nine,
 An' one mor'd make ten, an' tally.
 No, I hain't the helderest, sir; she is,
 She mindin' the twins; that's Sally.

Would I like some dinner? Wouldn't I. Yes!

Ah, wouldn't I rather, jest!

I know a cove what had one wonst,
Through a lord wot lives down west.
'Ad? Why he 'ad 'ot meat, an' sich;
But the pudden, he says, were best.

What's my dinner? Why, as to that,

We never sets down to none;

But mother gives us a lump o' bread,

An' a whack, an' says, "Orf yer run!"

An' we're 'ungrier than we was afore,
Soon after the toke is done.

We gets some treacle sometimes, yer know,

When mother 'as lots o' chairin';

On Sundays mebbe a bit o' fish,

But it's 'elped oncommon sparin'.

'Ungered? I'd rather think I wos,
As some days it feels past bearin'.

I orfen searches 'eaps o' dust,

An' grubs all amongst the cinders;

I know I shall prig some day, I shall,

As I looks in them cook-shop winders;

That smokin' plum-duff is too much for me,

An' it's only the glass wot 'inders.

An' 'tain't to say that mother drinks,

For she's never at the pub;

But it's horful, sir, that's what it is,

To be allurs wantin' grub;

An' to sniff the airies, day by day—

Well, it 'most a-makes me blub.

An' then, them shops where they shows the j'int's,

An' pile the poultry hup,

Is drefle 'ard on a kid like me,

As ain't 'ad no bit nor sup,

But a crust o' bread an' a swig or two

At a drinkin' founting cup.

Yes, Jack, the cove as 'ad the feed,

Orfen tells us what he 'ad;

We set on a step, an' he jawrs on so,

Till we all on us feels 'arf mad—

Why, lanky Joe thrashed 'im well one day

For makin' 'im feel so bad.

Wot! *I* am to have a dinner, sir!
 Wot! a reg'lar blow-out like Jack!
 Wot! beef, an' dumplins, an' collyflour,
 An' pudden, and such like tack?
 I say, it isn't no larks now, eh?
 An' yer won't get drorin' back?

A tickut! Oh, sir, God bless you now!
 But d'ye think you'd mind, I say,
 If, arfter all, I gived it to Sal, sir?
 I should like to, if I may.
 She's workin' all day, our Sally is,
 An' never gets no play.

Can I give it up? Well, it's ter'ble 'ard,
 But Sal 'll enj'y it, she will;
 An' likes as not, if I wos to go,
 I should make myself quite ill;
 An' 'twill be sich a treat for 'er
 To 'ave for wonst 'er fill.

What would I say for two o' them cards?
 Why, I don't know, sir, that's flat.
 But I'd turn a dozen coach-weels, tho',
 If there's any use in that!
Say? Why, I wants to yell. I do,
 An' to run an' toss up my 'at!

Oh, sir, I must tell Sally, please,
 For 'twill cheer 'er up a bit,
 As she's werry mellenkerly like,
 Tho' she's only sich a chit;
 But the twins, they takes it out of 'er,
 Which ther' ain't no doubt of it.

She *will* be glad, I know she will;
 An' she ain't so rough as I,
 Wot can't thank the lords an' gen'lemen,
 'Owever I might try;
 But she's a reg'lar scholard, sir,
 Though she be oncommon shy.

But it seems like a dream, ay, that it do,
 That I'm to 'ave real roast-beef,
 An' pudden, yer says, and mints pies, too—
 Why, it's almost past belief;
 God 'elp me to be a better kid,
 An' never to be a thief!

An' oh, sir, please, there's lots o' coves
 As is 'ungry, jest like we ;
 There's fifty up our alley, alone,
 As plays along with me ;
 Give 'em a dinner too, if yer can,
 An' it's blest by heav'n yer'll be !

LITTLE SAINT CÆCILIA.*—MARGARET HOLMES.

“Lamb of God, who takest away
 The sins of the world—” I paused to hear
 In a city street on a busy day,
 A voice that rang so strong and clear.
 It soared above the ceaseless din
 Of toil and trade. I sighed, “Ah me,
 That voice so sweet should chant of sin !
 Where can the church and altar be ?”
 “Have mercy upon us” floated down
 Over the hurrying throng of men ;
 A leering miser, lean and brown,
 Bared his gray head and gasped, “Amen.”
 A lady drew, with dainty care,
 From a beggar's touch her rich array ;
 Then stared, amazed to hear the prayer,
 “Lamb of God, who takest away
 The sins of the world—” for sake of Him
 She bended low to understand ;
 “Have mercy upon us—” her eyes grew dim,
 And she dropped a coin in the beggar's hand.
 No church was near, no holy fane ;
 But a tenement-house across the way,
 With many a shattered window-pane,
 Against the sky rose grim and gray ;
 And close below the ragged roof,
 Her bare arms on the window-sill,
 The little singer stood, as proof
 Against the wintry morning's chill.
 “Who is she ?” ran from lip to lip,
 As slowly moved the crowd away ;
 A cartman lowered his heavy whip :
 “'Tis little Saint Cæcilia.”

*From “The Catholic World,” by permission.

Then, answering to those who smiled :

“ If God himself has worn our clay,
And lived with us, a little child,
Why should not Saint Cæcilia ?

“ I hear her sing at busy noon,
And in the morning dark and still ;
On stormy nights, the self-same tune :
And, leaning on the window-sill,

“ Yon little child, with eyes like stars,
Pours forth her prayer for sinful men,
Like angel held in prison bars.
’Tis Saint Cæcilia come again.”

I walked adown the noisy street,
Intent on cares that racked the day ;
And, following like an echo sweet,
“ Lamb of God, who takest away—”

The rest was lost ; but that small face,
With dark bright eyes and gypsy hair,
The wondrous voice, the childish grace,
Seemed to my heart a living prayer

That walked with me through all the day,
And kept my soul from sin and stain :
“ Lamb of God, who takest away
The sins of the world,” by shame and pain,

“ Have mercy upon us,” each and all,
Though far and oft our footsteps stray,
And let thy blessing daily fall
On little Saint Cæcilia.

CROSSING THE BAR.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !

And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

A DUEL ON A HIGH TOWER.

Two men fighting in mid-air.

This was the terrible scene enacted on a massive iron tower one hundred and twenty feet high.

Ninety feet from the ground and on a frail scaffold two riveters were working the other morning, and became involved in an altercation.

One was Mique, the other Dennice. Each man swung a seven-pound hammer. Mique made a mis-lick and struck Dennice on the hand. Maddened with the sudden pain, Dennice became at once a demon and swung his hammer full and fair at the head of Mique. Had the head of the hammer struck, a mangled and lifeless and half-headless corpse would have toppled down to the solid earth, ninety feet below. Mique, however, threw up his hammer and parried the blow. Again the hammer of Dennice swung, and again it was parried, but as it caromed on the steel head of Mique's defensive hammer, it shot off on a tangent and knocked away one of the supports of the scaffold. There was a cracking sound as the frail upright was knocked away from the braces, and down went the ends of two planks comprising one section of the scaffold. Mique, who had been retreating from before the fierce advances of Dennice, was on a firm footing, but Dennice was compelled to make a giant spring to save himself. In the terror of the moment he leaped almost to the very shoulders of the affrighted Mique and knocked him down, falling on top of him. The force of the concussion was such that both men rolled to the edge of the scaffold, and over went Dennice.

Instinctively, and in the desperation of the moment,

he caught one heel in the upright immediately behind him and threw his left arm around the neck of Mique. There he hung on the edge of the scaffold, suspended by only one heel and wrist, while below him, nearly a hundred feet below, was a row of iron pipes and plates of steel.

To fall was to be dashed to pieces. To fall on the pipes was to break arms and legs and back. To fall on the curved and upturned edges of the plates was to be cut into huge and ghastly slices.

The man's hand trembled and his hammer dropped from his nerveless grasp. The hand swung over and grasped Mique around his loins with an awful tenacity, and there the men struggled on the awful verge of the scaffold. Dennice had almost managed to swing his weight on the scaffold when Mique's hickory shirt ripped, and back the man went into space, this time losing the purchase of his heel and swinging clear over so that he held himself only by one arm and hung suspended upright in the air. Mique managed to thrust the toes of his left foot between the two narrow planks that constituted the scaffold, and thus acquired a leverage. Throwing over the other arm, by a strong and almost miraculous movement he swung the suspended body of Dennice back to the platform and dashed him against the tower. There both men lay motionless, and when their companions reached them they found that both had fainted dead away.

The awful duel had lasted less than forty seconds.

Ten minutes later Dennice and Mique were hammering away as merrily as if nothing had happened.

OLD ACE.—FRED EMERSON BROOKS.*

Can any pleasure in life compare
 With a charming drive in the balmy air?
 A buggy light with shimmering wheel;
 Springs whose resistance you barely feel;

*As read by the Author in his popular Original Recitals, and used here by special permission. "Foreign Views of the Statue," "Shall Bess Come Home," "Barnyard Melodies" and other excellent recitations by the same author will be found in previous Numbers of this Series.

A spirited horse of royal breed,
 With just a little more style and speed
 Than any you meet, and it matters not
 If his gait be pace or a swinging trot.

The tassel sways on the graceful whip ;
 You grasp the reins with a tighter grip ;
 Your horse is off for a splendid dash
 And needs no touch of the urging lash.
 You feel the puff of the startled air ;
 It floats his mane and it lifts your hair !
 The hoof marks time in its measured beat,
 For the swelling nostril that scorns defeat !

One glorious day in the balmy spring
 John Dorr was out with his new horse King.
 Though both were rich, it was his design
 To buy him a faster horse than mine.
 By his side the sweetest girl in the town,
 Of handsome features and eyes so brown
 That gazing in where the lashes curled
 Was like a view of another world
 Where the angel lives and the angel sings ;
 And she was one that had dropped her wings
 And come to earth just to let men see
 How sweet the angels in heaven may be !
 I envied the breeze its constant bliss
 Of passing her cheek to steal a kiss !

I loved the girl when we both were young,
 But getting older I'd lost my tongue.
 I learned in college Latin and Greek,
 But Cupid's language I could not speak.
 While Jack was perfect in Cupid's art,
 The only language he knew by heart.
 I envied John in his ride that day,
 And jogged old Spot in a leisure way,
 That two-mile drive to the sulphur spring,
 To test the speed of his new horse King.

John took the lead and it touched his pride ;
 For the fastest horse and the fairest bride
 Had been his boast ! Did I pass him by ?
 My heart, I reckon, could answer why—
 I'm almost certain I lost the race
 By lagging behind to look at Grace !

Jack seemed more proud of his horse that day
 Than he was of Grace, which made me say :
 "Be sure of your game before you boast ;
 From dead defeat there may rise a ghost !
 I'll race you back to the town," said I,
 "For Gracie's glove !" But he made reply :
 "What use to you is the senseless glove
 From the soft white hand of the girl I love ?
 Suppose you win," he laughed in my face,
 "You get the mitten and I get Grace !"
 Said I : "No trophy I would so prize—"
 And I caught a look from her soft brown eyes
 That drove the rest of it out of my head—
 I don't remember just what I said !

John laughed away till his eyes were wet ;
 "Increase the wager ; I'll take the bet !"
 "My glove," said Grace, "and the hand within,
 Shall be the prize of the one to win !"
 I looked at John, but he didn't chaff,
 He didn't smile and he didn't laugh !
 "Must I, then, race you for such a bride,"
 Said John, "and carry the load beside ?"

"I'll carry," said I, "the precious load !"
 Her bright eye flashed and her fair cheek glowed !
 She took her seat with little ado ;
 I tucked the robe and my heart in too !
 Said I : "Old Spot !" as I stroked his neck,
 And rubbed his nose and loosened his check,
 "She's Bob's own Grace if you do your best !"
 He pricked his ears just as if he guessed
 The time had come when his master's need
 Had staked all happiness on his speed.

When all was ready Grace shouted "Go !"
 A word both horses seemed to know.
 You heard the hoof with its measured sway
 Pacing along the great highway.
 You saw the swell of the panting side,
 The pink that glows in the nostril wide.
 I knew old Spot, if he kept that pace,
 Would win my choice of the human race.
 No word was spoken between us two ;
 The tongue is silent when hope is new.

A mile, a mile and a half we sped,
And still old Spot was a neck ahead.

Jack touched his horse with the tasseled whip ;
Then Gracie, pursing her rosy lip,
Uttered a sound like a lover's kiss—pss—ss! pss—ss!
The world is ruled by a sound like this !
To urge a horse a capital plan,
And often used to encourage man ;
But she never dreamed she had let me in
To her heart's fond wish that I should win.

The only time in the race she spoke
Was when, over-urged, Jack's trotter broke.
" He's running his horse and that's not fair !"
And blushing up to her auburn hair,
She grabbed the whip from my willing hand,
A move that John seemed to understand—
For she raised it high as much as to say,
Well, running's a game that two can play !
So he brought him down to an honest trot,
But couldn't keep up with dear old Spot,
Who forged ahead when he saw the whip
And passed the stake with never a skip.

On through the village he kept his speed,
For I was too happy to mind the steed ;
He would not stop when the race was done,
But started home with the prize he'd won !
Nor stopped till he reached the farm-house gate,
Where good old mother was sure to wait.

I know the horse is a trifle old,
But you can't buy him with all your gold !
My Gracie loves him and pats his neck,
And says he's the best card in the deck ;
And rubs his nose till he kisses her face.
She has changed his name to dear old Ace,
And smiling says : " It's the proper thing,
For it takes the Ace to beat the King !"
As she purses her lips for the well-known smack,
" I'm glad the Queen didn't take the Jack ! "

Appendix.

—NOTE.—

The following pages contain the Supplements to the four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" embraced in this volume, which, for greater convenience in arranging, are here grouped together instead of appearing at the end of the Numbers to which they respectively belong.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 29

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.
For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Faber.

Forget mistakes ; organize victory out of mistakes.

Robertson.

Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and
take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh
and consider.

Bacon.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to the springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of re-
freshment ;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain.

Longfellow.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. *Bacon.*

His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man. *Philemon.*

It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. *Richter.*

The tongue is held in honor by such men
As reckon words of more account than deeds. *Sophocles.*

Beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of the fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. *Channing.*

Men, there are, who, right transgressing,
Honor semblance more than being;
O'er the sufferers all are ready
Wail of bitter grief to utter,
Though the bitter pang of sorrow
Never to their heart approaches;
So, with counterfeit rejoicing,
Men strain faces that are smileless. *Æschylus.*

Let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances—that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. *Mulock.*

Far does the man all other men excel,
Who from his wisdom, thinks in all things well;
Wisely considering, to himself a friend,
All for the present best and for the end.
Nor is the man without his share of praise,
Who well the dictates of the wise obeys;
But he that is not wise himself, nor can
Hearken to wisdom, is a useless man. *Hesiod.*

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue,—
 All things in short, to which belong
 The charm, the grace that Time makes strong:
 All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
 Old friends are best! *Dobson.*

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next,
 good sense; the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit.
Sir W. Temple.

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name?
 While in that sound there is a charm
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young from slothful couch shall start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part! *Joanna Baillie.*

Avarice generally miscalculates, and as generally deceives.

Not mindless of the growing years
 Of care and loss and pain,
 My eyes are wet with thankful tears
 For blessings which remain. *J. G. Whittier.*

A few books well chosen are of more use than a great library.

No love can ever make me blind
 To what we should despise;
 And to the smallest virtue known,
 No hate can close my eyes.

Elmer Ruan Coates.

He has but one great fear that fears to do wrong. *C. N. Bovee.*

Say—the world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings;
 Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,
 If you would not be stung, it behooves you to settle;
 Avoid it or crush it. *Owen Meredith.*

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true. *Holmes.*

I know that God is good, though evil dwells
 Among us, and doth all things holiest share;
 That there is joy in heaven while yet our knells
 Sound for the souls which He has summoned there:
 That painful love, unsatisfied, hath spells,
 Earned by its smart, to soothe its fellows' care;
 But yet this atom cannot in the whole
 Forget itself,—it aches a separate soul. *Jean Ingelow.*

Natural affections and instincts are the most beautiful of the Almighty's works, but like other beautiful works of His, they must be reared and fostered, or it is as natural that they should be wholly obscured, and that new feelings should usurp their place, as it is that the sweetest productions of the earth, left untended, should be choked with weeds and briars. *Dickens.*

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye!
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storms that howl across the sky.

Oh conscience! conscience! Man's most faithful friend,
 How canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend!
 But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
 Thou art, oh, woe for me! his deadliest foe. *Crabbe.*

Bad habits, once learned, are not easily corrected: it is better to learn one thing well, and thoroughly, than many things wrong or imperfectly.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
 The pen is mightier than the sword. *Bulwer.*

If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers: vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive.
Byron.

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
 Than all of taste his tongue. *Akenside.*

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least:
 For wit is news only to ignorance;
 Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance. *Herbert.*

O liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train. *Addison.*

Woman, blest partner of our joys and woes,
 Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
 Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
 Throbs with each pulse and beats with every thrill.

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever. *De Quincey.*

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten through all eternity. *Webster.*

Temptations are enemies outside the castle seeking entrance. If there be no false retainer within, who holds treacherous parley, there can scarcely be even an offer. *Becher.*

The honors of a name 'tis just to guard;
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,
With care transmit them down to other hands. *Shirley.*

Think not to-morrow still shall be your care;
Alas! to-morrow like to-day will fare.
Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er,—
Thus one "to-morrow," one "to-morrow" more,
Have seen long years before them fade away,
And still appear no nearer than to-day. *Gifford.*

The science of life may thus be epitomized:—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

Go abroad, upon the paths of Nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
Who hath the living waters, shall be there.

Morning hath her songs of gladness,
Sultry noon its fervid glare,
Evening hours, their gentle sadness,
Night its dreams, and rest from care;
But the pensive twilight ever
Gives its own sweet fancies birth,
Waking visions, that may never
Know reality on earth.

Men's tongues are voluble,
 And endless are the modes of speech, and far
 Extends, from side to side, the field of words.
 Such as thou utterest, it will be thy lot
 To hear from others.

Homer.

A finished life,—a life that has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer,—surely, this is worth living for.

Muloch.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes; what king so strong
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Shakspeare.

Think not the distant stars are cold; say not the forces of the universe are against thee; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate; for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces; if right, thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and the lord of destiny.

Giles.

No good e'er comes of leisure idly spent;
 And Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not work.

Sophocles.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events.

Emerson.

It is not many words that real wisdom prove;
 Breathe rather one wise thought,
 Select one worthy object,
 So shalt thou best the endless prate of silly men reprove.

Thales.

My faith is, that, though a great man may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel, an intellect of the highest order must build on Christianity. A very clever architect may choose to show his power by building with insufficient materials, but the supreme architect must require the very best; because the perfection of the forms cannot be shown but in the perfection of the matter.

De Quincey.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What he hath given;
 They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
 As in His heaven.

Whittier.

Young Playwright.—Did you witness my tragedy last night, Charley?

Charley.—Oh, yes.

Young Playwright.—What did you think of killing off all the characters in the last act?

Charley.—It was a good idea, chappie, because if you hadn't killed them off the audience would.

He killed the noble Mudjakiwis;
 With the skin he made him mittens,—
 Made them with the fur side inside,
 Made them with the skin side outside.
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside.
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side fur side inside.
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside.

"It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but it answers the purpose. It kept Johnny from running on the street." "You didn't cripple the boy, did you?" "No, I had his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the boy."

Unto a little nigger,
 A-swimming in the Nile,
 Appeared, quite unexpectedly,
 A hungry crocodile,
 Who, with that chill politeness
 That makes the warm blood freeze,
 Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
 Without dressing, if you please!"

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

Departing, I had clipped a curl,
 That o'er her brow did hang;
 She, smiling, said; "You're like a gun,
 You go off with a 'bang!'"
 At which I pressed her lips and cried:
 "For punning you've a knack;
 But now I'm like a fisherman,
 I go off with a 'smack.'"

A member of a fashionable congregation called at a music store and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" adding: "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem and my wife would like to learn to play it."

Slight omission: A woman who carried around milk said a naive thing the other day. One of the customers to whom she brought milk looked into the can and remarked, with surprise, "Why, there is actually nothing there but water!" The woman, having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

Some one has truly said that the milkman's favorite tune should be, "Shall we gather at the River?"

A young lady was at a party during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried older son, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking question forever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know I don't think you would be there?" he remarked.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But uncle, suppose I've got nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

Foote, a celebrated comic actor, being scolded by a woman, said, in reply: "I have heard of tartar, and brimstone; you are the cream of the one and the flower of the other."

Here's a health to all those that we love; and a health to all those that love us; and a health to all them that love those that love them that love them that love those that love us.

A parish clerk, having, according to custom, published the banns of matrimony between a loving couple, was followed by the minister, who gave out the hymn, commencing with these words—"Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven."

An agent, soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading—"one dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty five cents in sheep,"—declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand, when called upon for payment.

✂ Which is the easier profession, a doctor's or a clergyman's? A clergyman's: he preaches, the doctor practices.

Why is the letter "i" in Cicero like Arabia? It is between two seas.

What nation is most likely to win in the end? Determination.

What ladies best represent soap? The maids of Castile.

When is a man like a whale? When he's spouting.

✂ Why are opera companies like the American flag? Because they have stars.

When is a man in pain like a soldier on duty? When getting relief.

Why are blind people very sympathetic? Because they feel for their friends.

When is love like a chicken bone? When it is hidden in the breast.

✂ When is a soldier like beef? When he is in quarters.

✂ What insects are like false men? Fleas; they backbite.

When is a banana like an Indian? When it is red-skinned.

When is a man in a frame of gilt (guilt)? When he is looking out of a prison window.

What is the easiest way to pack a trunk? Let some one else do it.

What do men usually grow on poor land? Grow lazy.

What medical treatment would people who jump from the Brooklyn bridge prefer? Hy-drop-athy.

What is the most attractive thing about a toboggan? A pretty girl.

What is the easiest way to cut a swell? Snub a dude.

If the devil lost his tail where would he get another? Where they retail bad spirits.

Why is a crow? Caws.

What is a hen dog? A setter.

✂ Why is cutting off an elephant's head different from cutting off any other head? When you separate the head from the body you don't take it from the trunk.

There is a father, with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters apiece, partly-colored, having one cheek black and the other white, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours. A year.

What is the difference between vegetable soup and a pretty girl? One is herb soup and the other is su-perb.

What is the meanest uncle in the world? A carb-uncle.

When is a baby like a cannibal? When it eats its pap.

Who killed the greatest number of chickens? Hamlet's uncle did murder most foul.

What's the difference between the Prince of Wales and water in a fountain? One is heir to the throne, and the other is thrown to the air.

How can you make an overcoat last? By making the undercoat first.

Why was Adam the first in the market business? He had the first spare rib.

What is the best thing to do when you go shopping with ladies? Take notes.

Why is the letter T like Easter? It's the last of Lent.

How can it be proven that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore legs in front and two behind.

Why are babies like new flannel? Because they shrink from washing.

Why is wheat like a baby? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and then becomes the flour (flower) of the family.

How does light get through a prism? It hews (hues) its way through.

When is a pie like a poet? When it is Browning.

What can pass before the sun without making a shadow? The wind.

If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become? Sin.

What is the most unfortunate vegetable they could have on board a ship? A leek.

Why did Noah object to the letter "d"? Because it made the ark dark.

Why does a rooster always have his feathers smooth? Because he always carries his comb with him.

What is love? It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her.

X A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on."

The landlord, with a look of amazement, replied: "Well, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault."

A boy, having been praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed,—*"When children are so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid when they become advanced in years."* "What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir,"—replied the lad.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you enough to eat?" "My father."

A young woman went into a public library and asked for "*Man as he is.*" "That is out, Miss," said the librarian; "but we have '*Woman as she should be.*'" She took the book and the hint too.

A man, upon the verge of bankruptcy, having purchased an elegant coat, upon credit, and being told by one of his acquaintances that the coat was too short replied, with a sigh—"It will be long enough before I get another."

The Rev. Mr. Whitfield was once accused, by one of his hearers of rambling in his discourse; to which he replied:—"If you will ramble like lost sheep, I must ramble after you."

X grave digger who had buried a Mr. Button, sent the following curious bill to his widow:—To making a button-hole, One Dollar.

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you too?"

Drink, fair maid, from the spring that bubbles up,
 Make of your slender hands a dainty cup,
 And I from those white hands would rather drink,
 Just as thou kneelest at the mossy brink,
 Than taste ambrosia of fair Ganymede.
 Thou kneelest here—for what grace dost thou plead?
 Wouldst thou some forest god's affection win?
 Or dost thou seek—Great Scott, she's tumbled in!

Mrs. Hopeful.—Is my boy improving any?

Professor of Penmanship.—He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad no living soul can read it.

Mrs. H.—How lovely! The darling! He'll be a great author some day.

Old Doctor Gray was at the dance,
 When Ethel said with merry glance,
 "Doctor, don't you dance the lancers?"
 "No, my dear, I lance the dancers."

A little boy in a Milford school received his first day's instruction last week. Before night he had learned to recognize and spell one word. "Now," said the teacher, "you can tell your grandmother to-night how to spell 'ox.'" "My grandmother knows how to spell it," indignantly replied the loyal little fellow: "She's teached school."

I told her of my three years' cruise,
 Its haps and mishaps, and when I
 Had finished, in her sweet, rapt muse,
 She murmured breathlessly, "Oh, my!"
 And when I told my journeys o'er,
 From torrid zone to lands of snow,
 She paused in wonderment before
 She softly cried, "You don't say so!"
 And when I told of dangers, fears,—
 Our shipwreck, when we suffered so,—
 Half frightened and almost in tears,
 She faltered forth, "I want to know!"

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 30

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

As jewels incased in a casket of gold,
Where the richest of treasures we hide,
So our purest of thoughts lie deep and untold,
Like the gems that are under the tide.

Dryden.

It is better, by agreeing with truth, to conquer opinion,
than by agreeing with opinion to conquer truth. *Epictetus.*

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Lowell.

Life hath no blessing like an earnest friend; than treasured wealth more precious, than the power of monarchs, and the people's loud applause. *Euripides.*

Can gold calm passion or make reason thine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

Young.

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom. *Hawthorne.*

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory,—bring flowers, bright flowers.

Mrs. Hemans.

Knowledge is the food of the soul. Must they not be utterly unfortunate, whose souls are compelled to pass through life always hungering?
Plato.

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
The Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
Johnson.

I wonder at men always ringing a dish or a jar before buying it, but being content to judge of man by his looks alone.
Diogenes.

Within each soul the God above
Plants the rich jewel,—human love.
The fairest gem that graces youth
Is love's companion,—fearless truth.
Pamela Savage.

It is easy to find fault if one is on the lookout; but some people would discover a far greater number if they were on the look-in.

Resolve, resolve! and to be men aspire,
Exert that noblest privilege, alone
Here to mankind indulged; control desire;
Let God-like reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word: "I will," and it is done.
Thompson.

The world owes every man a living, and is never slack in paying it to a good collector.

Every man stamps his value on himself.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us;
Man is made great or little by his own will.
Schiller.

We should be keeferful how we encurridge luxuries. It is but a step forard from hoe-caik to plum-puddin', but it is a mile and a half by the nearest road when we have to go back again.
Josh Billings.

Among the pitfalls in our way,
The best of us walk blindly;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly. *Alice Cary.*

Wherever a man's place is, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or anything but disgrace.
Socrates.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse.

Geo. MacDonald.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Pope.*

The earth, like a bird's cage, is covered with darkness every day, in order that we may catch with more ease the strain of the higher, grander melodies. *Richter.*

Wisdom ripens into silence,
As she grows more truly wise,
And she wears a mellow sadness
In her heart and in her eyes;
Wisdom ripens into silence,
And the lesson she doth teach
Is that life is more than language,
And that thought is more than speech.

Hageman.

You never see a man go up a side street with a long string of fish, never.

Here's a sigh to those that love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Byron.

Many a finger which begins to play on the white keys of life strays to the black ones before the tune is played out.

Example sheds a genial ray
Of light that men are apt to borrow;
So first improve yourself to-day,
And then improve your friends to-morrow.

Vousden.

It don't pay to be always borrowing trouble and giving a high rate of interest for it.

No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

Trumbull.

Friendship is better than wealth. To possess the love of a true heart, the sympathy of a noble soul, is better than to be a desolate millionaire.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands. *Cowper.*

In every sphere of life, the post of honor is the post of duty. *Chapin.*

Unless parents afford their children a fit pattern of life, they will leave them an obvious excuse to quote against themselves. *Aristotle.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. *Shakspeare.*

When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth ; for equivocation is half way to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell. *William Penn.*

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown
Shall pass on to ages ; all about me forgotten
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done. *E. B. Browning.*

The beautiful is not what one seeks, but what one meets with. *De Guerin.*

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him that sits on high. *C. P. Cranch.*

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form ; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures ; it is the finest of the fine arts. *Emerson.*

Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view ;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide. *Robert Whitaker.*

It is not enough to have a sound mind ; the principal thing is to make a good use of it. *Descartes.*

A virtuous deed should never be delayed,
The impulse comes from heaven ; and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobey3
The God within his mind. *Dowe.*

Thoughts which, in the glare of noon, seem but smoke and mist, stand out in the night with all the force of a brilliant flaming light. *Richter.*

The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound.

German Proverb.

No ordinance of man shall override
The settled laws of nature and of God ;
Not written these in pages of a book,
Nor were they framed to-day, nor yesterday !
We know not whence they are ; but this we know,
That they from all eternity have been,
And shall to all eternity endure.

Love looks through a telescope ; envy through a microscope.
Shaw.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Shakspeare.*

It's not the reformer that talks loudest who does the most good. A silver dollar makes more noise in a contribution box than a five-dollar bill.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken. *Shelley.*

Popularity is like the brightness of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation.
Chatfield.

An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path.
But he that hath humanity forewarned,
Will turn aside and let the reptile live. *Cowper.*

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.
Lowell.

Do not tell me of to-morrow :
There is much to do to-day
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away !
Every moment has its duty :
Who the future can foretell ?
Defer not, therefore, till to-morrow
What to-day could do as well.

You cannot dream yourself into a character ; you must hammer and forge yourself one.
Thoreau.

He is richest who is content with the least; for content is
the wealth of nature. *Socrates.*

Fate frowned upon me in my thoughtless youth,
I shrank in fear; I trembled 'neath the rod,
But age hath taught me well this deeper truth,
The frowns of fate are but the smiles of God. *Seward.*

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had 'reached the western gate
of heaven, and evening stooped down to unloose the latch-
ets of his sandal shoon. *Longfellow.*

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade. *Whittier.*

God has sown his name on the heavens in glittering stars;
but upon earth he planteth his name by tender flowers. *Richter.*

Give us that grand word, 'woman,' once again,
And let's have done with 'lady.'

One's a term

Full of fine force, strong, beautiful and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen,
And one's a word for lackeys.

All truly wise thoughts have been thought already, thou-
sands of times; but to make them truly ours, we must think
them over again honestly, till they take firm root in our per-
sonal experience. *Goethe.*

"How deathly still the world of late," one cried,

"Even the birds are dumb!"

"How long the darkness holds!" his neighbor sighed,

"When will the morning come?"

And yet the earth lay smiling in the sun,

And wild birds far and near

Kept jubilee;—one man was blind, and one

Had lost the power to hear. *Annie M. Libby.*

He who has learned to obey, will know how to command. *Solon.*

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured
windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possi-
bly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light re-
veals a harmony of unspeakable splendors. *Hawthorne.*

The country's never lost, that's left a son

To struggle with the foe that would enslave her!

Knowles.

"I wonder how these letters here
 Became so damp and wet."
 "What are they, Jack?" "Oh, mostly bills
 I haven't paid, as yet."
 "The answer plain, I guess, old man,"
 Said Fred, with sudden wit,
 "Because there's so much *due* on them
 Must be the cause of it."

Worse by half than the hen and a half problem is this ;
 A certain family consists of one grandfather, two grand-
 mothers, one father-in-law, two mothers-in-law, three moth-
 ers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-
 law, one son-in-law, one grand-daughter ; and there are only
 six persons in the family.

"What are 'protection' and 'free trade,'
 Of which so much I hear?"
 I then kissed her, and she kissed me.
 "That's 'free trade,' my dear."
 Next she asked, this winsome maid,
 "What is 'protection?'"
 For answer, round her waist I laid
 My arm. She blushed, and smiling, said :
 "Your politics, I think, dear Fred,
 Are just perfection."

Teacher (to dull boy of the class)—Which New England
 State has two capitals ?

Boy—New Hampshire.

Teacher—Indeed! Name them.

Boy—Capital N and capital H.

Only a cat in the moonlight ;
 Only a cat, that's all ;
 Only a song at midnight,
 Only a wild, weird waul.

Only a man impulsive,
 Only a reason flown ;
 Only a clutch convulsive,
 Only a bootjack thrown.

Only a sudden sally,
 Only an uttered "scat!"
 Only a corpse in the alley,
 Only a poor, dead cat.

The reader who's in search of fame
 May think the way is dark ;
 Yet the man who cannot sign his name
 Is the one who makes his mark.

Precocious Infant—I think grammar's very easy.

Proud Mamma—Do you, dear? That's very clever.
 Perhaps you can tell me the plural of sugar?

Precocious Infant (after reflection)—Why, lumps, of course.

There's virtue in learning, but evil as well,
 As those who've examined can easily tell,
 Learning is good, but there's something not right
 When a rope must be taut before it gets tight.

“My darling,” he murmured softly as he gently put his arm around her waist, “let me supply you with a coat of arms.”

Oh! come into the garden, Maud,
 And sit beneath the rose,
 And see me prance around the beds
 Dressed in my Sunday clothes!

Oh! come and bring your uncles, Maud,
 Your sisters and your aunts,
 And tell them Johnson made my coat,
 My waistcoat and my pants!

Visitor—What did you think of the menu last night, Mrs. Bliss?

Mrs. B.—Why, it was all eaten up before I got to the table, and they say the tout ensemble was a perfect failure—too sweet, I suppose. That's the worst of trusting everything to the caitiff.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two,
 There was nobody else to forbid it,
 The music of sleighbells beat time to my heart—
 And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed: the white snow
 Was tinged with the sun's golden glory.
 Well—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten point blank!
 That's the long and the short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know.

You can't know unless you have tried it.

What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—that's true—
 But her dear little hand was inside it!

First tramp—I don't see why our names don't get into the paper, Bill.

Second tramp—Why should they?

First tramp—Well, I read to-day that a dinner was given to some big gun in San Francisco a day or two ago. We get dinners given to us every day and nothing is ever said about it. Folks is prejudiced, Bill.

“Who is the man you bowed to?”

“My preserver.”

“Save your life?”

“No, he makes my jams.”

Of the size of her hand you may judge by her glove;
For that there is needed no art;
But you never can judge of the depth of the love
Of a maid by the sighs of her heart.

A quinine pill manufacturer advertises on the label: “You take the pills, we do the rest.”

They were sitting in the parlor,
Where the light was low and dim;
She seemed very well contented,
And no murmur came from him.
“George,” she asked, “are you reporting
For that horrid paper yet?
It is shameful how they publish
All the scandal they can get.”
“No, my love,” he answered softly,
And he winked unto himself!
“I have left.” (In fact that morning
They had laid him on the shelf.)
“But,” he said, and hugged her closer,
She returning the caress,
“Just at present I am working
For the Associated Press.”

“Do you play or sing, Miss De Sweet?”

“No, Mr. Nicefellow; I have been kept so busy helping mother that I never had time for music.”

“Miss De Sweet! Mabel! I love you! Be mine!”

A tramp asked a farmer for something to eat
One day as he chanced there to stop,
The kind hearted father went out to the shed
And gave him an ax, and feelingly said:
“Now just help yourself to a chop.”

"Hab yo' got any medicine dat will purify de blood?"

"Yes; we keep this sarsaparilla, at one dollar a bottle. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion."

"Well, boss, hasn't yo' got suffin' fo' about fifty cents, jess fo' de blood? I don't keer about de complexion."

A man can battle with trouble and strife
And keep up a courage invincible,
But he can't go a-shopping all day with his wife—
Because he's not built on that principle.

Visitor—I understand that you are going to stop publishing the Sunday edition of your paper on purely religious grounds?

Clerk—Yes, sir; we are.

Visitor—Can I see the editor or the business manager a moment?

Clerk—No, sir, they have just stepped out to get measured for halos.

Have you heard it—that laugh—has it come to your ears?
Has it crossed your long way through this valley of tears?
Has it jingled your teeth out and loosened your hair
And made you think brick dust was thick in the air?
'Tis free, quite untrammelled by harmony's law
With its Haw! Haw-Haw! Haw!

Has your tympanum trembled in delicate pain
As it caught the effects of the mirthful refrain?
Has the matter of gray that's coiled up in your head
Curdled up all confused till the mass seemed like lead?
'Tis a ripple of discord that shows not a flaw—
Is this Haw! Haw-Haw! Haw!

John—May I read the two first verses?

Teacher—There are no two first verses. There is but one first verse.

John—May I read the first verse, and then the second verse?

Teacher—Yes; but that isn't the way to ask. You should say the first two verses.

John remembered the criticism, and applied it. His composition the next day began: "The oldest two men in our town are Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith."

The teacher corrected it, making it read, "the two oldest men."

"But," said John, "there cannot be two oldest men, any more than there can be two first verses."

How did the teacher answer him?

When may a man's pocket be empty and still have something in it? When it has a hole in it.

When may a person be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

Why is a good resolution like a fainting lady in a ball-room? Because it ought to be carried out.

Which is the heavier, a half or a full moon? Half, because the full moon is as light again.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes the men mean.

Why does a piebald pony never pay toll? Because his master pays it for him.

Why are E and I the happiest of the vowels? Because they are in happiness, while all the rest are in purgatory.

Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals? Because he takes you in with an open countenance.

Why would watermelon be a good name for a newspaper? Because its insides would likely be read.

Why is a thief in the garret like an honest man? Because he is above committing a bad action.

Who can speak all languages? Echo.

Who is the man that carries everything before him? The footman.

Why is an empty match box, superior to all other boxes? It's matchless.

What is the first game of life? Bawl.

For what is a negro better than a white man? To keep dark.

Why is a pig on the roof of a house like the moon? Because it looks round.

Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? Because it's a tip-top apple.

If I were in the sun, and U out of it, what would the sun become? Sin.

When does a cow become real estate? When she is turned into a field.

Why should the number 288 never be mentioned in company? It is two gross.

What kind of gloves are young darkies like? Black kids.

When does a pig present a curious anomaly? When he is first killed, and then cured.

When may a chair be said to dislike you? When it can't bear you.

How much would it take to paint a town red? Enough vermilion.

In what does the Empress of Germany take her pills? In cider.

What trees are the same after being burned as before? Ashes.

What ship do most young people show a preference for? Courtship.

What is the difference between a husbandman and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows; the other sews what she gathers.

Why would a pelican make a good lawyer? He knows how to stretch his bill.

Why should a wood-cutter never be hungry? He can so easily have a chop.

When does the rain become too familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back.

When is a man like frozen rain? When he is hale (hail).

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

What precious stone is like the entrance to a field? A-gate.

Why is a salt herring like a waterproof coat? Because it keeps you dry all day.

When is a tourist in Ireland like a donkey? When he is going to Bray.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.

Why is a healthy boy like the state of Pennsylvania? He has a good constitution.

What part of a carriage is like a sleepy boy? The wheel, because it is tired.

Why is a smile always behind time? Because it's a little laughter.

What is it of which we have two every year, two every week and two every day? Vowels.

The maid, as by the papers doth appear,
 Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
 To test Lothario's passion, simply said :
 " Forego the weed before we go to wed.
 For smoke take flame ; I'll be that flame's bright fanner :
 To have your Anna, give up your Havana."
 But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch,
 Lit his cigar and threw away his match.

" Now unto yonder wood-pile go,
 There toil till I return ;
 • And feel how proud a thing it is
 A livelihood to earn."
 A saddened look came o'er the tramp ;
 He seemed like one bereft.
 He stowed away the victuals cold,
 He—saw the wood, and left.

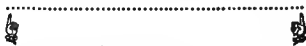
A man from Pine Knob stood watching a performance on
 a slide trombone. Suddenly seizing a companion's arm, the
 Pine Knob man excitedly exclaimed: "Look thar, Lige."
 "What's the matter?" "Look thar, he dun it agin." "Done
 what?" "W'y, crowded mo'n ha'f that blamed ho'n inter
 his mouth. Did you see that?"

A man went fishing one bright day,
 To fishing grounds some miles away ;
 His luck was not what he could wish,
 He only caught one little fish,—



'Bout so long.

But when he started home to go,
 That little fish began to grow ;
 And when his friends he came to see,
 That little fish had grown to be



So long.

That man was quite a hero then
 And told the story o'er again,
 And as he played the sportsman's role,
 This is the smile his friends all smole.



Smiley.

The prosecuting attorney of one of the northern counties of Michigan is at the present time unusually active in the prosecution of evil doers. He always was very active in behalf of the peace of the county, but is even more so at the present time. He always has a number of malefactors on the string, but in addition to this he now has a felon on his finger.

There's lots of patent almanacs
 That claim to speak the truth,
 Which tell about the patent things
 To keep the bloom of youth ;
 But just about the best receipt
 For keeping human buds,
 The best and surest Fount of Youth
 Is good soap suds.

Smiley.

There was once a blue snake, and there was once a black snake. The blue snake came up the garden walk, and the black snake came down the garden walk, and the blue snake met the black snake, and the black snake met the blue snake, and they both met each other. The blue snake eyed the black snake, and the black snake eyed the blue snake. And the blue snake disagreed with the black snake, and the black snake disagreed with the blue snake, and they both disagreed with each other. The blue snake attacked the black snake, and the black snake attacked the blue snake, and they both attacked each other. Now the blue snake fought, after the manner of snakes, and began to swallow the black snake, beginning at the tail, and the black snake fought, after the manner of snakes, and began to swallow the blue snake, beginning with the tail, and they both swallowed each other completely, leaving no snakes at all.

"How's your father?" came the whisper,
 Bashful Ned the silence breaking ;
 "Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
 Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment,
 Hopeless, Ned essayed another :
 "Annie, I—I," then a coughing,
 And the question, "How's your mother?"
 "Mother? Oh, she's doing finely!"
 Fleeting fast was all forbearance,
 When in low, despairing accents,
 Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

A kitten looked up with a sanctified grin
 Singing "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."
 When the robin descended she gobbled him in
 Singing "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."
 It is so with the compliments some people pay
 If we loiter a little we can't get away;
 And the cold iron bars of our prison still say
 "Nice birdie, dear birdie, sweet birdie."

Smiley.

Reporter—Can I see Mrs. B. ?

Servant—She's out, sir.

Reporter—One of the family, then ?

Servant—All out, sir.

Reporter—Well, wasn't there a fire here last night ?

Servant—Yes; but that's out, too.

Owen Moore was owin' more
 Than Owen Moore could pay,
 So owin' more caused Owen Moore,
 To up and run away.

"Georgie, Georgie, mind—your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage!" Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back) said: "There, now, the hat has gone!" Georgie set up a howl. After awhile his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation Georgie throws his hat out of the window and cries: "Pa, whistle again!"

Write we know is written right,
 When we see it written *write*;
 But when we see it written wright,
 We know it is not written right:
 For *write*, to have it written right,
 Must not be written right or wright,
 Nor yet should it be written rite;
 But *write*, for so 'tis written right.

A reverend gentleman, addressing a school concert recently, was trying to enforce the idea that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it don't keep good time; now goes too fast, now too slow; what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a youngster.

"Seems to me the last Lenten season was the most tedious and stupid that I ever passed." "Bah; do as I did and you would find it short enough." "How is that?" "I made a promissory note payable at Easter."

Why is it, Mr. A., that whenever you refer to a Boston friend you invariably use the word "fellow?" New Yorker—Oh, because he belongs around the Hub, of course.

"I vow, I'll never marry.

Be she widow, be she maid,
The woman who a piece of meat
Cannot carve without my aid."

"Why do you make this silly vow?"

"Because, why, you surely see!
Whatever her other attractions,
She'd be no help-meat to me."

A man showed a lawyer a five-shilling piece and asked him whether he thought it was a good one. The lawyer said that it was, put it in his pocket, said his usual fee for advice was 6s 6d, and would the inquirer please to send the balance of 1s 8d around to his office at his earliest convenience.

Never let another fellow

Steal a march on you in this;

Never let a laughing maiden

See you spoiling for a kiss.

There's a royal way to kissing,

And the jolly ones who make it

Have a motto that is winning,—

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Bishop White of Pennsylvania was sitting one day at dinner with that bold financier of the Revolutionary times, Robert Morris, when the latter said: "Bishop, I have made my will and devised to you all my impudence." "In that case," replied the Bishop, "you have certainly left me the greater part of your estate." "Yes, Bishop," interposed Mrs. White, "and it is plain that you have entered immediately upon your inheritance."

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 31.

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel ; behind the mill is the wheatfield ; on the wheatfield rests the sunlight : above the sun is God. *Lowell.*

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow :
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head ;
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led. *Byron.*

Cheerful people, who look on the bright side of the picture, and who are ever ready to snatch victory from defeat, are always popular,—they are not only happy in themselves, but the cause of happiness to others.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day. *Whittier.*

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred in company. *Swift.*

The man who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare ;
But he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere. *Emerson.*

It is the far sight, the calm and confident patience, that more than anything else, separate man from man and near him to his Creator, and there is no action or art that we may not measure by this test. Therefore when we build, let us think that we build forever. *Ruskin.*

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page,
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age ;
At our work or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay,
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

Learning without thought is labor lost. *Confucius.*

All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of the fireside, by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way. *Halleck.*

A lamp in the house will often do us more good than a star in the sky.

Would you like a new recipe,—simple, delightful,
Breakfast, dinner or supper appropriate for,
Whose components may always be found within you,
Requiring no visits to cellar or store ?
Take a gill of forbearance, four ounces of patience,
A pinch of submission, a handful of grace ;
Mix well with the milk of the best human kindness ;
Serve at once, with a radiant smile on your face.

Time flies over us, but leaves its shadow behind. *Hawthorne.*

Man wants but little here below,
He is not hard to please ;
But woman—bless her little heart !
Wants everything she sees.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds ; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

Live not without a friend ! The Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.
Live not without a God ! however low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky. *W. W. Story.*

Nobody ought to read poetry, or look at pictures or statues, who cannot find a great deal more in them than the poet or artist has actually expressed. Their highest merit is suggestiveness. *Hawthorne.*

Be thou a hero ; let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day. *Park Benjamin.*

A wilful falsehood is a cripple, not able to stand by itself without another to support it. It is easy to tell a lie, but it is hard to tell only one lie.

What is life ? 'Tis a delicate shell,
Thrown up by eternity's flow,
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment of loveliness show.

Where there is one man who squints with his eyes, there are a dozen who squint with their brains.

Is learning your ambition ?
There is no royal road ;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode. *Saxe.*

When a man has the conviction that the world owes him a living the best thing he can do is to go to work immediately and collect the debt.

Oh, never from thy tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart !
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up ! *Read.*

There is one furnace that melts all hearts,—love ; there is one balm that soothes all pain,—patience ; there is one medicine that cures all ills,—time ; there is one peace that ends all strife,—death ; there is one light that illuminates all darkness,—hope. *Ivan Panin.*

The mind should have its palace walls,
Hung with rich gifts and pictures rare,
Where, free from all that man enthalls,
Brave thoughts like eagles cleave the air. *Miller.*

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber ; for, though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain. *Sadi.*

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
 When sails are shivered, and compass lost,
 Then look to the light of home. *S. J. Hale.*

By emperor I mean simply any man to whom it is given to make for himself a home ; and by palace I mean any house, however small, in which love dwells and on which the sun can shine. *H. H.*

Remember aye, the ocean *deeps* are mute,
 The *shallows* roar ;
 Worth is the ocean—fame the fruit
 Along the shore. *Schiller.*

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry ; He formed it, and that was sculpture ; He varied and colored it, and that was painting ; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama. *Charlotte Cushman.*

How wise we are when the chance has fled,
 And a glance we backward cast !
 We know just the thing that we should have said
 When the time for saying it's past.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy ; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity. *Addison.*

That a woman likes mirrors we're prone to suspect ;
 Yet if for their difference we're seeking,
 A woman oft speaks when she doesn't reflect.
 A mirror reflects without speaking.

Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and they do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment. *Emerson.*

Take heed to the moments; for with them they bear
 Of gems the most precious, and diamonds rare.
 Take care of the moments, for life's but a span;
 Then carefully hoard them, O vain, dreaming man!

Eggleston.

As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

He's true to God who's true to man;
 Wherever wrong is done
 To the humblest and the weakest
 'Neath the all-beholding sun,
 That wrong is also done to us,
 And they are slaves most base
 Whose love of right is for themselves,
 And not for all their race.

Lowell.

Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed.
 Be anything else, and you will be ten-thousand times worse
 than nothing.

Sidney Smith.

If we could know how little others care to hear our tales;
 If they could know how what they say upon our hearing
 stales,
 If such a state of circumstances we shall ever see,
 Oh, what a very quiet place this noisy world will be!

Beware of too sublime a sense of your own worth and consequence.

Cowper.

Only the song that is born of the pain of a bruised heart
 Will thrill the world like a silver strain of magic art.

Only the thoughts that bear the mark of travail's throes,
 Will bridge, like a diamond-studded arc, life's gulf of woes.

Susie M. Best.

Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books
 and life that is the most wholesome society.

Thackeray.

Then brother man fold to thy heart thy brother.

Where love dwelleth, the peace of God is there;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent step the great example
 Of him, whose holy life was doing good;
 So shall the wide earth be our Father's temple,
 Each loving life, a song of gratitude."

Whittier.

The sober second thought is always essential and seldom wrong. *Van Buren.*

As wearied traveler o'er the burning sands
 Sees distant haven in a speck of green,
 Knowing what cooling springs those branches screen,
 Hastes laggard feet until he gladly stands
 Within the palms' sweet shade, while eager hands
 Seek welcome streams, amid the restful scene
 His drooping heart revives. (What if between
 This spot and home lie tracks of desert lands?
 The present joy is to take and keep.)
 So in our wandering o'er the sands of Time,
 When wearied, sick at heart, we blindly weep,
 A tender word, a smile, sweet strain, pure rhyme,
 Will give us blessed rest awhile, and let
 Our souls for once their bitterness forget.

Heloise Durant.

A truly learned man is liberal towards opponents, tolerant of error, charitable toward frailty, and compassionate toward failure.

Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
 The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
 Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!

Tennyson.

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth. *Bacon.*

O God! what emotions the speaker awoke;
 A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
 A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
 On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven.

Mrs. Welby.

He who would benefit his fellow-man must "walk by faith," sowing his seed in the morning, and in the evening withholding not his hand. *Whittier.*

More potent far may be the look,
 Through which the soul to soul conveys
 The subtler thought with import clear,
 Than spoken words,
 Which different meanings may express.

He is the most thoroughly educated man who derives his knowledge not from books alone, nor from men alone, but from the careful and discriminating study of both.

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
 With an X at the end spell *Su* ;
 And an E and a Y and an E spell *I*,
 Pray what is a speller to do ?
 Then if also an S and an I and a G
 And an H, E, D, spell *cide*,
 There's nothing much left for a speller to do
 But to go and commit *siouxeyesighed*.

"I'm having a rattling time," said the cur with a can tied to his tail.

If you stick a stick across a stick
 Or stick a cross across a stick
 Or cross a stick across a stick
 Or stick a cross across a stick
 Or cross a cross across a stick
 Or cross a cross across a cross
 Or stick a cross stick across a stick
 Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick
 Or cross a crossed stick across a cross
 Or cross a crossed stick across a stick
 Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
 Would that be an acrostic?

London society possesses two ladies who both bear the name of Isabella, and who, standing to each other as they do in the relation of mother and daughter, are presumably of different ages, though, indeed, the difference might easily pass unperceived. A friend was heard lately to give the following account of them:—"The one is named Isabella—the other is a belle."

In walking the weaker of two persons takes the arm of the stronger. This is why dudes always take young ladies' arms.

Alas, how easily things go wrong!
 A pleasant drive with a girl along,
 A whole month's salary gone to pot,
 And a wailing cry for what is not.

One's ideas of the eternal fitness of things is everlastingly telescoped when a girl who weighs one hundred and eighty pounds shakes the very floor beams in answering to the call for "Birdie."

"Throw physic to the dogs," he said.
 She did. Next day the dogs were dead.

If I the reasons well divine,
 There are just five for drinking wine,
 Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
 Or lest you should be by-and-by,
 Or—any other reason why.

Mr. Smiley: "Better let me carry the poodle, my dear, and you can carry the baby."

Mrs. Smiley: "No, no; you carry the baby; I cannot trust you with Gyp; you might drop him."

A Boston girl calls her Spitz dog "Expectorate."

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,
 And then she pouted, blushed, and drooped her head.
 "Forgive me for the words I spoke last night,
 Your flowers have sweetly proved that you were right."
 And then I took her hand within my own
 And I forgave her—called her all my own;
 But as we wandered through the lamp-lit bowers,
 I wondered who had really sent the flowers.

Men are like wagons,—they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

Any fool may face a cannon,
 Anybody wear a crown,
 But a man must win a woman
 If he'd have her for his own.
 Would you have the golden apple,
 You must find the tree and shake it;
 If the thing is worth the having,
 And you want a kiss, why, take it.

The churchman and the family umbrella closely resemble each other in one particular. They both keep Lent.

I.

Boy
 Gun;
 Joy
 Fun.

II.

Gun
 Bust;
 Boy
 Dust.

Which is the lightest city in the world? Cork.

What is the largest horn in the world? Cape Horn.

Which is the most peaceful city in America? Concord.

Why is a billiard player like an actor in the flies? Because neither can begin until he gets his cue.

What is the best material for a bathing suit? A bear skin.

What dance is enjoyed by everybody who is able to indulge in it? Abundance.

When are ball-players like water-jugs? When they are pitchers.

Why are most young ladies like a violin? Because they're no good without a beau.

When a man has his note extended what useful article may he be said to get? A paper wait.

Why is the map of Turkey in Europe like a frying-pan? Because it has Greece at the bottom.

Why are summer days longer than winter ones? Because the heat expands them.

When may a clock be said to have a high old time? When it's up in a steeple.

When is a clergyman not a clergyman? When he's a lame 'un.

Why is a stranger with the ague like a friend? Because he's a quaker.

When may a man be said to be in a fat office? When he is in the counting-room of a lard factory.

What is the melancholy part of a shoe? The size.

What parts of shoes are eatable? Soles and 'eels.

Of what number are most shoes? Two, of course.

Who would be a good man from whom to get a pointer? A dog dealer.

Why would a portrait painter be a good theatrical attraction? He could draw the people.

Why is a chemist good at repartee? He always has his retort.

What are the three degrees of a mining speculation? Mine, miner, minus.

Why is a young lady dependent upon the letter Y? Because without it she would be a young lad.

What is an extra dry subject? A mummy.

What is a lawyer's favorite dish? Suet pudding.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

Why is the moon like a marriage contract? It governs the tide.

How may bookkeeping be taught in a lesson of three words? Never lend them.

What is the best way to enjoy the happiness of courtship? Get a little gal-an'-try.

When are two people half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

What is the difference between homicide and pig sticking? One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to salt.

Why are bells used to call people to church? They have an in-spire-ring influence.

Why would fashionable tailors make good cavalry horses? Because they are high chargers.

What is that which one cannot give without taking, nor take without giving? A kiss.

What is the difference between a mouse and a young lady? One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's.

What kind of a song does a mason sing? A brick lay.

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? Because she will lay wherever you put her.

To what church did mother Eve belong? Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common-tater.

What is it which will be yesterday and was to-morrow? To-day.

Why is a professional thief very comfortable? Because he takes things easy.

How can you tell a young fowl from an old one? By the teeth (yours, not the fowl's).

A cynical bachelor, learning of a slight difficulty which had arisen between a newly-married couple, spoke of it as the "war of the Union."

Do fishes ever talk?
Of course they do!
You know that codfish ball,
And oyster stew.

Mrs. Fizzletop has been making an earnest effort to have her son Johnny taught to play on the piano. A few days ago Mrs. Fizzletop called up stairs:

"Why aint you practising your piece, Johnny?"

"I am."

"You are not. You haven't touched the piano in the last half hour."

"I've been practising all the same. There are pauses in this march, and I am practising them over and over until I know them perfect."

How great thy might let none by mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness show;
A power to hurt is no such noble thing;
The toad can poison and the serpent sting.

In the year 1887 there were married at Durham, Canada, an old lady and gentleman whose union involved the following interesting connections:

The old gentleman is married to his daughter's husband's wife's mother. And yet she is not his daughter's mother, but she is his grandchildren's grandmother, and his wife's grandchildren are his daughter's stepchildren. This curious state of affairs comes about by the old lady marrying her daughter's brother-in-law's father-in-law, and her grandchildren's grandmother's stepfather. If he chooses, her son-in-law may say to his children: "Your grandmother is married to my father-in-law, and yet he is not your grandfather, but he is your grandmother's son-in-law's wife's father." In short, this man married his son-in-law's father-in-law's wife. His wife is his son-in-law's children's grandmother, and his son-in-law's grandchildren's great grandmother.

Walking from the matinée,
"Tis very cold and raw," said he.
"I like them raw," the maid replied,
"But some folks think they're better fried."

Born to blush unseen—Colored ladies.

So you called at Mr. Jones's about that little bill," said the merchant to the clerk. "Yes, sir." "And what did you find out?" "Mr. Jones."

Her mouth is a half-blown rosebud,
 Her eyes as violets fair,
 Her cheeks are blushing jacquemincots,
 Her tresses?—why, maiden hair."

The importance of thinking before you speak recently received an amusing illustration at a meeting held in a well-known town not a hundred miles from the banks of the Hudson. One of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling: "Thank goodness for that!" One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place."

"Thank goodness for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening——"

"Thank goodness for that!" broke in the absent-minded deacon, amid great laughter.

They quarreled, as lovers sometimes will;
 Vowed they'd be strangers evermore,
 And never sigh "It might have been!"
 He called one day; she met him at the door.
 He said, as he touched his Derby brim,
 "Miss, Brown, is it not? Is your father in?"
 She eyed him with a crushing grin,
 And said, in a tone his soul appalled:
 "He is not; who shall I tell him called?"

The world moves. It probably finds it cheaper to move than pay rent.

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 32

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine ; but a broken spirit drieth the bones. *Bible*

Genius is worship, for its works adore
The infinite source of all their glorious thought !
So blessed art, like nature, is o'erfraught
With such a wondrous store
Of hallowed influence, that we who gaze
Aright on her creations, haply pray and praise. *Duganne.*

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on earth in the night season, and melt away in the first beam of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world. *Dickens.*

There are as many pleasant things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths,
As those who sit on thrones. *Phebe Cary.*

To eat, drink and sleep ; to be exposed to the darkness and the light ; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth ; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. *Martineau.*

Not by the terrors of a slave
God's sons perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfill.

It seems to be the rule of this world. Each person has what he doesn't want, and the other people have what he does want.

Jerome.

I will tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
 Better than banking, trading, or leases;
 Take a bank-note and fold it up,
 And you'll find your wealth in-creases.
 This wonderful plan without danger or loss,
 Keeps your cash in your hands and nothing to trouble it,
 And every time that you fold it across,
 'Tis plain as the light of the day that you double it.

Halleck.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life.

Dickens.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

Those are the fattest fishes which fall back from the line into the water.

Gypsy Proverb.

Though to-day may not fulfill
 All thy hopes, have patience still;
 For perchance to-morrow's sun
 Sees thy happier days begun.

Gerhart.

Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.

Ruskin.

For each content in his place should dwell,
 And envy not his brother;
 And any part that is acted well
 Is just as good as another.

Phebe Cary.

There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom; but it is he who possesses both that is the true philosopher.

Southey.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
 His restless billows.

There is one broad sky over all the world, and whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven beyond it. *Dickens.*

Never delay
To do the duty which the hour brings,
Whether it be in great or smaller things,
For who doth know
What he shall do the coming day ?

Seasons may come and go ; Hope, like a bird, may fly away ; Passion may break its wings against the iron bars of Fate ; illusions may crumble as the cloudy towers of sunset fame ; Faith, as running water, may slip from beneath our feet ; Solitude may stretch itself around us like the measureless desert sand ; Old Age may creep as the gathering night over our bowed heads, grown hoary in their shame ; but still, through all, we are the same, for this is the marvel of Identity. *Haggard.*

Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul !
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

The cup of affliction is made with such a narrow mouth that only one lip can drink at a time, and each man's cup is made to match his lip. *Schreiner.*

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My shepherd is beside me
And nothing can I lack ;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him. *A. L. Waring.*

Education is the one living fountain which must water every part of the social garden, or its beauty withers and fades away. *Edward Everett.*

Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven.

Knowledge is the accumulation of facts and ideas ; but education is the improvement of experience.

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
 Who climbs each night the ancient sky,
 Leaving on space, no shade, no scars,
 No trace of age, no fear to die. *Emerson.*

Anything is possible to a man who knows his end, and moves straight for it, and for it alone. *Schreiner.*

If Fortune, with a smiling face,
 Strew roses in our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up?
 To-day, my friend, to-day.

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
 And kindly pity pray,
 When shall we listen and forgive?
 To-day, my friend, to-day.

Every place is safe to him who lives with justice. *Epictetus.*

Do thy best always,—do it now—
 For in the present time
 As in the furrows of a plough,
 Fall seeds of good or crime ;
 The sun and rain will ripen fast,
 Each seed that thou hast sown,
 And every act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

A laborer in Dundee dreamed that he saw, coming toward him four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house that you go to so often, and the two lean ones are me and my mother, and the blind one is yourself, father."

A man may stop a foaming horse that's tearing down the street,
 May stop an enemy's advance amid the battle's heat ;
 In fact, stop almost anything in situations trying ;
 But not a single man alive can stop a baby's crying.

If we do not plant knowledge when young, it will give us no shade when we are old. *Chesterfield.*

Upon being asked her politics the other day, little Helen said she was a Republican, and added that her baby brother was too, "or will be when he is baptized."

Father.—Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other.

Little Son (thoughtfully).—Is that what little boys has two ears for, papa?

"To quarrel with your husband
So often can't be pleasant."

"But, yes," she smiled,

"For, reconciled,
He always brings a present."

A little girl listened to her father as he read aloud from a newspaper the long string of deaths, including those of the Duke of Clarence and Cardinals Manning and Simeoni, and when he was through she quietly observed, "Papa, it must have been a great day in heaven."

"You want a job in my store, hey? Have you any recommendation from your last employer, my boy?"

"Nothin' in writin'. But he said he was very glad to part with me."

"I thought you advertised that you were selling out at cost," growled the customer, throwing down the required twenty-five cents for a small package of note paper.

"Yes, sir," replied the stationer, briskly, "that's right. We referred to our postage stamps. Want any?"

A colored philosopher is reported to have said: "Life, my breddren, am mostly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Teasing Friend.—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

Tommy (indignantly).—It don't cry so very much—and any way if all your teeth was out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't even stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself.

"And which did you like better," asked a gentleman of a young American lady in Paris, "the pictures in the Louvre or in the Luxembourg?" "Oh, in the Louvre, of course," she replied; "the frames are so much better there."

"Did you find it very expensive at the beach?"

"Awfully! Even the tide was high."

Not exactly what he meant. *Chairman.*—Brother Skinner submits his resignation as a member of this society. What action shall be taken upon it? *Parliamentarian.*—I move you, sir, that the resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be given to Brother Skinner.

“ Well, Effie, I see you have a dollar. What are you going to do with it ? ”

“ I'm going to thpend it on a naughty, little heathen girl I know.”

“ Indeed! Who is she ? ”

“ Me.”

She saw them weigh the baby,
And nothing then would do,
But she must knot a handkerchief
And weigh her kitty too.

“ Oh, mamma, come and look ! ” she cried.

“ You mustn't speak or laugh !
My darling little kitty weighs
A dollar and a half ! ”

Jess.—I thought you hated Jack, and yet you have accepted him.

Bess.—I did hate him ; but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused him he would let the rain drip on my new hat.

Pearl.—Does he love you ?

Madge.—I'm sure he does ; I spilled some strawberry ice-cream over his new lavender trousers the other night, and he never even said “ Great Cæsar ! ”

She threw around my soul a charm,
I threw around her waist my arm,
And we strolled along in the cooling shade
Of a quiet path, where I kissed the maid !
Something strange—a joy, a thrill—
Came over me ; my heart stood still,
The red blood rushed,—all seemed a whirl,
And a wonderful change came o'er my girl.
Did her brown eyes flash, and a cry of wrath
Echo along that shady path ?
Nay, nay ; but clinging as ivies climb,
She held her head up every time.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.

Why is an oyster like a man of sense? He knows when to keep his mouth shut.

Why is a blush an anomaly? Because a woman who blushes is admired for her cheek.

When does the hotel boy become a porter? When he has reached the lugg-age.

What kind of servants are best for hotels? The Inn-experienced.

Why is the inside of everything mysterious? Because we cannot make it out.

Why do American soldiers never run away? They belong to the standing army.

Why is a fierce thunder-storm' like an onion? Because it is peal on peal.

Why does an old maid never play the violin? She doesn't know how to catch the bow (beau).

Who were the first "cook" tourists? The cannibals.

What class of tradesmen succeeds best by going to the wall? Paperhangers.

How should weeping willows be planted? In tiers.

Why is Buckingham palace like the capitol at Washington? Because it has a roof on top.

Why is a proud girl like a music box? She is full of airs.

When is a thief like a reporter? When he is taking notes.

When does a donkey weigh the least? When he is within the pound.

Why are umbrellas like good churchmen? They keep lent so well.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff and often crossed.

Why is a cat going up three pair of stairs like a high hill? Because she's a-mountin'.

What three letters give the name of a famous Roman general? C, P, O. (Scipio).

At the time of the flood where did Noah keep the bees? In the Ark-hives (archives).

Why should England be a very dry country? Because there has been but one reign there in over fifty years.

What is the difference between a man in straightened circumstances and a heavy lawn roller? One is hard pushed and the other is pushed hard.

What paradox may often be found in a flower garden? A white pink.

Why do carpenters have great faith in soothsayers? They cannot work without an auger (augur).

What men have neither feet, hands, nor minds? Chessmen.

What kind of money will never cause family quarrels? Harmony.

What is the worst pen in the world? Pen-uriousness.

What does a yawning policeman resemble? An open face watch.

Why ought a bathing suit to be well satisfied with itself? It's so often "in the swim."

Why is a candidate for a political office like an umbrella? Because he's put up.

What is more foolish than sending coals to New Castle? Sending milk to Cows.

What is it should be kept after giving it to another? Your word.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws (cause) heard.

What did the muffin say to the toasting-fork? You're too pointed.

Why is Canada like courtship? It borders on the United States.

What is the political character of a water-wheel? Revolutionary.

When a lady faints what figure should you bring her? You must bring her two.

Why is love always represented as a child? Because he never reaches the age of discretion.

What consolation has a homely girl? She will be a pretty old one if she lives long enough.

Why do they not charge policemen on the street-cars? Because it's impossible to get a nickel out of a copper.

A loud, rasping and impatient voice rang out from the kitchen. It was the voice of the new cook.

"Mrs. Billus!"

"Well, Mary?"

"You told me to bile the water, mem, and I've been bilin' it an hour and a half. I want to know if you think it's done yet!"

A happy young couple were talking low,
And nobody heard what they said;
And the lady's sister, with stately step,
Was walking along ahead.

And I watched as the little procession moved by,
And she walked with a lofty grace,
And anon she drew a pensive sigh,
With a martyr's look on her face.

I afterward asked her what made her walk
So solemnly on ahead;
Why didn't she join the other two,
And hear what the fellow said?

The girl looked up with a queerish glance,
All self-possessed and cool,
And faintly smiled as she merely said,
"I go by the Golden Rule."

Smiley.

A mamma who was about to send her youthful hopeful to Sunday School for the first time, decided first to test the general knowledge of the youth.

"Who made you, Freddie?" she asked.

"God," was the ready response.

"That is right, my dear, now tell mamma who was the first man."

"Columbus," triumphantly shouted the child.

So Brown's up for office,—'tis clear as a bell
That a man such as he could never run well.
The reason? That's easy,—because, don't you see,
A messenger boy this Brown used to be.

"So poor Smith committed suicide?"

"Yes."

"What was the matter?"

"His brain was on fire and he blew it out."

The popular bait for trout fishing is concentrated lie

A little girl wrote the following composition: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young, women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, "Well, I guess I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

She thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gayly flaunted
She told her friends, "Just what I wanted."

But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her, 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, but nothing daunted,
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted!"

Aunty. What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?

Little Niece (in surprise). Why, don't you know?

"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No'm."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No'm."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She growed into a cat."

