

THE OLD GARDEN.

BY EDWARD FAWCETT.
Beyond the quiet household lawn,
In doorway peace it lies;
With flowers, trees, and shade withdrawn,
Its matted hedges rise;
Through solemn fire that veil the light
It's a garden of dreams,
Ere softly breaks upon our sight
Its halcyon loveliness!

Deep-rimmed with box, the paths we take
Through real realms of pleasure range,
With flowers, trees, and shade withdrawn,
Perpetual charms of change;

And under trees the birds, told in words,
Forever sing their lays;
A sense of epiusian birds
And beauty in the air.

For human and fruit, the paths we take
Through real realms of pleasure range,
With flowers, trees, and shade withdrawn,
Perpetual charms of change;

And under trees the birds, told in words,
Forever sing their lays;

Near purple plums; or yet
The gooseberry's rounded amber slips

Was the ancient arbor beam,
The bountiful vines entwined,

And heart, in its fragrant gloom;

And here a fragrant grape-hope once more

Hospitable with its gold,

While grape-vines were at core

That revels on their gold!

Now emerald nolons wax immense,
Or now with grander gloes;

The sun's bright beams of radiance

In smooth round repose;

Here the bright brooks and natural

Dead songs and sunbeams of the past,

And immemorial dew!

THE CRAMM WELL.

It is doubtful if Mr. Ben Bates would

defend strikes or if he were interested

in the general cause of labor.

But the same, he blessed his stars,

that a strike occurred on the Grand

Right and Left railway on a certain day;

that the employees felt impudent

of an increase of wages; that the man-

agers didn't see it; and so, whether or

not the end justified the means, it non-

etheless conspired to promote his hap-

peness.

It was the 1st of November, 1865.

Ben Bates, being somewhat of a

stranger in the State, drove to

Nova Zembla by rumors of oil wells and

fortunes bubbling out of the earth, was

naturally ignorant that the strikers had

publicly given warning that they should

leave their trains at 4 o'clock p.m., until

he overheard a gentleman, leaving at a

way-station, say to his friend:

"You had better not attempt to go

home to-night, but get up with the engineers strike at 4 p.m. you know."

"Strike it!" echoed the typical old lady,

with her traditional bandboxes and

bundles to look after.

"I'd like to know

what they're going to strike. Two can

play at that game, I reckon. Two can

play at that game for to strike?"

"For higher wages, marn. If you

calculated you go beyond Little Bassett,

you'll have to pay the balance," volume

teased a passenger.

"Me! Walk! Haven't I paid my fare

through? Walk, indeed! I'll have the

law of 'em first."

"But this train won't go through to-night."

"None of your quizzing, young son-

box! Haven't I been over this ere road

ever since my hair took to falling

out, for the last time, from the time

Eliza put the Gabriele front to the

old house? And I've never known them

not to git to Nova Zembla when they'd

oughter."

But just then the train stopped, and

so did the old lady. It was 4 o'clock

exactly.

"I suppose there's an inn at hand?"

asked Mr. Bates of a native bystander,

whom he found loitering upon the plat-

form.

"Devil a bit! Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an

oil-well?"

"You might fare worse. There's the

Traveler's Haven, but the landlord he

had it carted off to bore for oil in the

old house. Maybe they'd take it."

"I am so sorry," said the soft answer,

"I'll be more careful again."

"And high time, too—you that I

snatched out of the almshouse, so to

speak, and did for ever since you

for me. What would you have been but

for me? And may return you make, a

breaking all the crockery he'd pack!

Oh—h—h—h."

Good-bye!" Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an

oil-well?"

"You might fare worse. There's the

Traveler's Haven, but the landlord he

had it carted off to bore for oil in the

old house. Maybe they'd take it."

"I am so sorry," said the soft answer,

"I'll be more careful again."

"And high time, too—you that I

snatched out of the almshouse, so to

speak, and did for ever since you

for me. What would you have been but

for me? And may return you make, a

breaking all the crockery he'd pack!

Oh—h—h—h."

Good-bye!" Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an

oil-well?"

"You might fare worse. There's the

Traveler's Haven, but the landlord he

had it carted off to bore for oil in the

old house. Maybe they'd take it."

"I am so sorry," said the soft answer,

"I'll be more careful again."

"And high time, too—you that I

snatched out of the almshouse, so to

speak, and did for ever since you

for me. What would you have been but

for me? And may return you make, a

breaking all the crockery he'd pack!

Oh—h—h—h."

Good-bye!" Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an

oil-well?"

"You might fare worse. There's the

Traveler's Haven, but the landlord he

had it carted off to bore for oil in the

old house. Maybe they'd take it."

"I am so sorry," said the soft answer,

"I'll be more careful again."

"And high time, too—you that I

snatched out of the almshouse, so to

speak, and did for ever since you

for me. What would you have been but

for me? And may return you make, a

breaking all the crockery he'd pack!

Oh—h—h—h."

Good-bye!" Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an

oil-well?"

"You might fare worse. There's the

Traveler's Haven, but the landlord he

had it carted off to bore for oil in the

old house. Maybe they'd take it."

"I am so sorry," said the soft answer,

"I'll be more careful again."

"And high time, too—you that I

snatched out of the almshouse, so to

speak, and did for ever since you

for me. What would you have been but

for me? And may return you make, a

breaking all the crockery he'd pack!

Oh—h—h—h."

Good-bye!" Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an

oil-well?"

"You might fare worse. There's the

Traveler's Haven, but the landlord he

had it carted off to bore for oil in the

old house. Maybe they'd take it."

"I am so sorry," said the soft answer,

"I'll be more careful again."

"And high time, too—you that I

snatched out of the almshouse, so to

speak, and did for ever since you

for me. What would you have been but

for me? And may return you make, a

breaking all the crockery he'd pack!

Oh—h—h—h."

Good-bye!" Little Bassett's run to

oil, stranger!"

"We're not expected to put up in an