

THE SONG OF DON MERAAGO.

BY ELSIE MORTON.

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend or tradition,
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"From the far, far Western country,
Near the wide, wide Western ocean,
From the mountains, moors, and fenslands
Of the peaceful, calm Pacific."
In the land of fruit and blossom,
In the land of wine and plenty,
In the land of milk and honey,
Dwelt an ancient, noble noble—
Lived the Spaniard, Don Meraago,
In the land of gold and wonder,
In the Alta California.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward was this Gaudalena,
With her moods of shade and sunshine—
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
And as musical as laughter.
Now this maiden, she had lovers,
Lovers had she, proud and handsome,
Tall of frame and fair of feature,
And she gave them all a welcome,
Sweetly smiled upon them all;
But at last there came a suitor
Grand and rich, of high degree;
He came to seek the lovely maiden,
See her black eyes like the raven,
See her softly curling hair;
Came to hear the low-toned music
Of her light guitar.
Off he came and long he tarried,
Waiting her when all his might,
In the morning, at the noontide,
In the evening, and at night,
But the father, Don Meraago,
Looked upon him with a frown,
Frowning did he look upon him,
Looked upon him hard and long.
Then he talked in harsh Castilian,
And he vowed an awful vow,
Talked of war, and "Guerra!" shouted,
Shouted "Guerra al cuchillo!"
He would fight with him a duel
With his keen Toledo blade;
Long and deadly should they combat,
Like the cavaliers of Spain.
Then a challenge he did send him,
Challenged him to fight at noon.
Him to fight at the bright evening,
At the next new moon.
On the margin of the ocean—
On the long and sandy shore—
There they met for mortal combat,
Until one life should be o'er.
Don Meraago drew his sabre,
Drew his highly tempered steel;
Classic poses took upon him,
And then made his victim reel.
Senor Castro! Senor Castro!
You have run your mortal race;
Never more will challenge I,
Gaze upon your still cold face!
Backward to the old San Carmel,
To the mission of the Fathers,
Went a broken-hearted woman,
Went the soft-voiced senorita.
In the Carmel's convent
Dwelt she there a sad-eyed nun;
Coarse her garb and hard her pillow,
Never looked she on the sun.
In the cloister, dark and dreary,
Prayed she there without repose;
Eye till dawn, from dawn till evening,
Worked she there till life's sad close.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

BY THOMAS COLQUHITT.

Louis Calvert was fifty years old—gray and aged beyond his years—the night he sat alone by the bedside of his dead wife. The dark, gray shadow of long repressed sorrow which rested upon his face was also set in the face of the dead woman.

For twenty years he had carried a dead heart within his breast—a heart dead to every sentiment of love, hope or aspiration; dead to all feeling but a terrible sense of having loved and lost. A deadly, unavailing regret. The wife, upon whose pale face—still beautiful even in death, though wearing upon it that ineffaceable impress of silent woe—he often looks, had, on their wedding day, unconsciously dealt the blow which struck all hope and light and joy from his life forever.

But she never knew it. She never knew what it had been that so suddenly changed the eager, hopeful, demonstrative lover of the morning into the calm, grave husband of the evening. A cloud had suddenly passed over the sun, and the eclipse was to darken all their lives. For a long time the young wife hoped he would, after a while, become his old cheerful, affectionate self again; but it was not to be so—never again. It was evident that he often attempted to shake off the heavy fetters of despair, but always vainly. At these times the efforts of his beautiful and affectionate wife made to cheer him and make him forget his sorrow only seemed in some vague way, she could not understand how, to pain him.

He was a good husband—always kind, affectionate, and faithful, but in every look, or word, or gesture the loving wife instinctively felt a reproach, a repulse. In his saddened voice, in his saddened eyes, in his calm, cold devotion she always detected the mournful refrain of something lost. "A glory and a gladness had passed from the earth." It saddened her early married life; and as she grew older the shadow Fate had thrown across his life fell more darkly still upon hers, until the bright, beautiful girl whom he had married twenty years ago had long been a listless, silent companion to the silent, hopeless man whose life she had so innocently and unknowingly blighted.

To-night, while sitting beside the bed on which she lies with closed eyes and death-cold lips, he has finished reading her letter which caused all their woes. As he reads he gasps, grows deadly pale and trembles violently. Then, rising, crosses softly to her side and kisses her lips, her cheeks, her eyes; caresses the cold, senseless form far more tenderly than he had ever done the living, miserable woman all the many years of their married life; utters lovingly to the ears forever deaf words of endearment they so long hungered to hear, and which but a few short hours ago would have made the poor, broken-hearted woman supremely happy, even in death.

On their wedding morning, twenty years ago, he had carelessly read the first lines of that letter down to where the sheet was folded, as it lay on the table before him, and had turned away dizzy and heart-sick, believing himself an unloved husband. He could only fear that she had been persuaded by others to wed him while she loved another, or that she was a fair, false-hearted woman who married him for his wealth. So indelibly was this terrible fear stamped upon his heart and brain at that unhappy moment that all these years of love and affection, of tender, wifely devotion, had been unable to erase or lighten it. A woman who could practice such deception could disseminate a lifetime if necessary to conceal her duplicity. So he had reasoned.

Many times the letter had fallen beneath his eyes, among other papers, but he had turned from it with pain and disgust. It was the serpent that had stung him, and he was too proud and honorable to caress the witness of his betrayal. It was a letter written by his betrothed, only a few days before they were married, to an elder sister. In her haste she had blotted and spoiled it and laid it aside, never dreaming that the silly, girlish, blotted letter would blot and darken their lives forever.

To-night he has unfolded the faded,

blotted sheet, and read the lines below the fold.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he cries in piteous, heart-broken tones, "if I had only read it all!"

It was too late. Far behind him in the misty haze of memory lay the years his hasty, impulsive pride had made miserable. Before him lay the true, devoted, loving wife his coldness had slain.

As he holds the old, blotted, time-worn letter between his trembling hands, the long, dreary years roll back, and she is again the perfect bride full of youth and hope, who gave her fair self to him. The time which has seemed an eternity in passing, so heavily freighted was it with bitter, hopeless sorrow, vanishes in a moment, and he sees her again, a radiant vision of girlish loveliness, as he tells his story of love and listens to her tender replies. Again he raises her blushing face and kisses her perfect lips; and again he crosses to the bedside and kisses the cold lips which wear in death the drawn expression of mute, hopeless misery.

This letter conjures up strange memories to the lonely man sitting there in that dim light beside the shrouded figure. It is the magic wand which brings the past years with their dead before his view.

He beholds himself again, a young graduate of a celebrated law college, eager to enter upon his career—which, with the confidence of youth and inexperience, he means shall be one continued success; a steady, unbroken progress onward and upward. And it was even so for years. Success, wealth, and honors came rapidly, but only to fan the flame of his unbounded ambition.

Then he met Alice. Ah, how well he remembers that long-gone afternoon! It was a balmy spring, and the drowsy little village seemed half asleep. He was returning from the postoffice and met her on the street. Their eyes met but for an instant and he passed on, only to turn and gaze after her thoughtfully. That chance meeting changed all his after life. The dusty village street, the narrow crossing, the tall sycamore on one side, and the spreading mulberry on the other, beneath whose shades they met—he sees them all. And again he sees Alice's dark eyes and sweet face which seemed that day to possess a "subtle spell of power, that ever to his life has clung," and still rests in the closed eyes of the shrouded figure before him. Again he meets her and feels the wild, strange throbbing of his heart as her dark eyes rest upon him. Again he sees the blooming fruit trees on the left in the lawyer's orchard, and hears on his right the still, hum of bees in the doctor's flower-garden; sees again the long, narrow street bordered with shade trees which before him stretch on past the hotel and red-brick court house; behind him, down to the railway station on the river bank. Then memory reviews everything until his happy wedding morn. He, with his old habit, involuntarily shudders as he recalls it to mind, but looking again at the letter he says, "No, no; I was in the wrong all the time. God bless her, and pity me!"

After their first meeting he returned to his office apparently a different man. A new power had entered his life. To ambition—to the simple desire for power for its own sake—was now joined love. He would, he thought with a lover's extravagance, be great and honorable that he might be the more worthy of Alice. He would win honors to share them with her. It was the grand passion-dream of a man's first love.

He came to know her, to worship her. Calm, grave, self-possessed, and successful in all contests with men, he was a humble, awkward bungler in his love affairs. Certainly, with Alice he always appeared at his worst. It was the remembrance of this that caused him to so readily accept the false meaning of the first few lines of that foolish and really harmless note. It was this self-distrust that blighted her life and his own.

A large group picture, in which both he and she appear, hangs against the wall. It represents the Sunday-school class which he joined, that he might be near her each Sabbath. With the natural timidity of lovers, they are far apart in the picture, but he has had the artist to copy and enlarge their two faces in a single picture, which also hangs before him. All these years the happy love-light in these trusting, hopeful faces has been a reproach to him; now it is a consolation.

He walks rapidly to and fro across the narrow room, restless beneath his load of seemingly unendurable sorrow and regret. At each turn he pauses opposite the door to gaze with a curious expression upon a happy throng in the room beyond, who, in his presence, wear sad faces, and speak in subdued tones, but are now apparently having an extremely pleasant time with wine, cards, gossip, and love-making. He stands again before the pictures for a long, long while, then returns to the bedside, and stands with bowed head and clasped hands gazing upon the dead. Seating himself at the lamp, he again reads the letter slowly and carefully. It was short, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR SISTER: I am very sorry you are opposed to my marriage with Mr. Calvert. I know, as you say, that he is several years older than I am, and that our acquaintance has been very short—but you do not understand me. I do not love Mr. Calvert."

At this point the letter had been folded, and he, on that long ago morn, had read only so far. Now he unfolded the sheet and read on:

"I do not love Mr. Calvert simply for his wealth and position, but for himself alone, and because I know he loves me and will make me happy. I love him dearly, and will be happy to become his wife," etc., etc.

It was a most affectionate letter, and the strong man's heart broke as he thought how he had wronged and slain her with his coldness and cruelty. When the "mourners" in the next room, after a night's dissipation, came into the chamber of death the next morning, calm and still beside the death-bed, his head resting on his wife's pillow, his face close to hers and her hand clasped in his, sat Louis Calvert—dead.—*Chicago Ledger.*

It has been lately asserted in scientific circles that the idea that mammals had passed through a period of aquatic growth, as shown by the existence of the whale, should be exactly reversed. That is, the anatomy of the whale has been found to show that at one time it was a four-footed beast. It retains evidence of having had at one time a hairy covering, while it also retains sets of rudimentary teeth characteristic of a land animal rather than a marine one. These teeth vanish at an early period of the whale's life, often even before it is born.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

The nomination of Andrew Johnson as Vice President, at the National Republican Convention held at Baltimore in 1864, was the work of William H. Seward, who helped thus to secure Southern support for himself in 1868, when he expected to succeed Mr. Lincoln. The New York delegation, however, was not subservient, and at a caucus held by its members on the 6th of June there was an animated discussion, some of the delegates not wanting to throw Mr. Hamlin overboard, while others favored the nomination of Mr. Dickinson, and the friends of Seward advocated the nomination of Johnson. On the first informal ballot there were 16 votes for Dickinson, 28 for Hamlin, 6 for Tremaine and 8 for Johnson. The six votes for Mr. Tremaine were in fact votes for Mr. Dickinson, and some of the eight votes for Mr. Johnson were also votes finally thrown for Mr. Dickinson. After the informal ballot the caucus adjourned to the next day, when the contest was continued. A ballot was finally ordered, and Mr. Raymond nominated Andrew Johnson as the candidate of the delegation. When the vote came in it stood: Dickinson, 29; Johnson, 30; Hamlin, 7; and before it was announced two more votes were obtained for Johnson. Mr. Raymond obtained one of these, and Preston King the other, although Mr. King himself did not vote in caucus for Mr. Johnson. The vote as announced was 32 for Johnson, 28 for Dickinson and 6 for Hamlin. It was then, on motion of Mr. Raymond, I think, ordered that the Chairman report the vote as it stood to the convention as the vote of the State, and the caucus adjourned.

After the adjournment the tide seemed to set strongly for Mr. Dickinson, so much so that on the evening of the 7th his nomination was deemed certain. The Dickinson men were jubilant and the Johnson men despondent. Mr. Weed sought to escape defeat by suggesting other names in the place of Johnson, and spoke of Hancock, of Holt, but left that night for New York expecting that Mr. Dickinson would receive the nomination. Such was also the expectation of Senator Morgan when he went to Washington on that day.

After the departure of Mr. Weed and Senator Morgan, some of the friends of Mr. Johnson began to consider the propriety of throwing the whole vote of the State for Mr. Dickinson. The delegation became heated, and the talk between the members as they met about the hotels was far from conciliatory.

On the following morning the announcement was made that Massachusetts had determined to present General Butler as a candidate for Vice President, and some of the political men of New York at once advocated taking up Butler in place of Johnson as a way of avoiding the defeat which seemed impending. This new phase of the contest led to a consultation between Mr. Raymond, Mr. Stranahan, and one or two others, which resulted in calling together all the friends of Mr. Johnson who could be found on a short notice, to prevent, if possible, any break in the Johnson vote. This meeting was held in Mr. Stranahan's room, was addressed by him, by Mr. Wakeman, by Mr. Robertson, and others, and resulted in the determination to hold firmly to Mr. Johnson, at least till a recess in the convention. This meeting adjourned only just in time to reach the convention at its opening on that day.

After the convention opened for that day, the influence of New York was first felt upon the question of admitting the delegates from Tennessee. Preston King moved their admission as an amendment to the report of the Committee on Credentials, and displayed great judgment in getting his proposition before the House, for, owing to objections to the competency of Mr. Dennison, of Ohio, as a presiding officer, the convention was in the greatest confusion from the beginning to the end. Mr. King's proposition, in point of fact, was once voted down in the hubbub, but no one seemed to know it, and through the courage of the mover it was again presented. The Tennessee delegation was then admitted, and the New York friends of Mr. Johnson, for the first time in two days, began to smile a little.

When the vote was taken on Vice President, New York voted as in caucus—32 for Johnson, 28 for Dickinson, 6 for Hamlin—and the vote of the convention, as it came in, stood: Johnson, 200; Dickinson, 113; Hamlin, 145. But before the announcement, States began to change. Mr. Cameron went over to the New York delegation and was heard to ask Mr. Raymond "who he wanted." On his return the sixty-two votes of Pennsylvania changed solid to Johnson. The result we all know.

Gen. Grant, when he became President, had desired to have his brother-in-law, Gen. Frederick Dent, as his Private Secretary, but the prominent Republican Congressmen objected, saying: "Dent has a good heart, General, and would be faithful, but he can't keep a secret five minutes." Young Robert Douglas, a son of the "Little Giant," was then taken up, but he was not equal to the position, and the President fell back upon Capt. Horace Porter, one of his military aids. He was a graduate of West Point, the son of a Pennsylvania Governor, well educated, well informed, and noted for his reticence, which appeared to be expressed upon his face. There seemed always to be the look upon it which a secret long kept wears there at last, the look not like guilt, yet not frank, the look of avoidance, the habit of digression in talk from the large and immediate to the trivial, a coldness and

distance which was no part of his warm temperament. Rawlins, and the old neighbors and servants of Grant, began to feel the cold, clocklike constancy of this young captain, so unsocial compared with their Western candor and public spirit, and some of the worse feelings of Rawlins' later days were associated with this still young safe deposit company who had replaced him in Grant's martial confidence. Porter had steadily grown, somewhat as Gen. Hamilton grew, upon the envious admiration of his older rivals in Washington's admiration, except that Hamilton had genius, while all that the public knew of Porter was his reticence. His associate, Capt. Babcock—they were both made generals—got into trouble through his connection with San Domingo, the New York bonded warehouse and the St. Louis whisky ring; but he had amassed a large estate before he was drowned in 1864. Gen. Porter got himself "rotated" from the White House into the Vice Presidency of the Pullman Car Company, and it is understood that he is wealthy. As an after-dinner speaker he has few equals and no superior on this continent.

A Romance of Pretty Feet.

There may be, dear Dorothy, magic in a soft, sweet voice; there may be a wondrous fascination in a sparkling eye (why do people always write it that way, as if one eye sparkled while the other did not?), but certainly a pair of small feet, properly gotten up, will, as far as men are concerned, prove most active weapons in the war called coquetry. Don't you remember the wife of a well-known statesman (I think he was a statesman, but certainly he was a lawyer), fascinating as possible, pretty, bright, coquettish to the last fine degree? Yet now when men speak of her they say: "I think she had the prettiest feet I ever saw." The smaller the feet are the greater seems their power for annihilating the average man; the more slender the ankles, the more certainly do they appear to be able to stand the strain of admiration, and the less respect have their possessors for more unfortunate women. If you wish to ruin the shape of your feet, put them in those horrid low, broad shoes that will be too large for them, and in which they will wriggle around and be rubbed out of all beauty. Beautiful feet are held as an evidence of good blood all through the South, and many are the stories told where a lovely foot has betrayed the standing of its mistress.

You remember the Mortons? Well, they had a romance during the war. Young Morton was in love with his cousin, but there was some sort of Montague and Capulet business, and so they could seldom see each other. But when they did it was long enough for them to fall in love, and then one day the army chaplain married them. The gallant Romeo had no place to take his bride, so she had to go home, and, as the camp was within riding distance of her father's plantation, the Juliet used to visit her husband. Her mammy would be with her, and, indeed, was the confidante, for an old ducky dearly loves such an affair and will gladly help it along. So Mistress Juliet and her nurse would start off, presumably to visit another plantation, but at dusk Romeo would be looking out for them, and they would never get further than the camp. Here there was a fine old dwelling house which had been deserted by its owners, so that it was easy for the loving visitor to be hid away. One night, however, orders were given for every man to stay in his place, and search was to be made for a spy supposed to be in hiding. At the door of Morton's room stood Romeo, with drawn sword, insisting that no one should go in there. It seemed as if trouble were about to ensue, when Morton said that if they would let him go into the room for five minutes he would take a solemn oath that no one should leave the room; indeed, they could not. The soldiers were gentlemen and believed him. He went in, and in a very few minutes the door was opened and the men filed in one by one; there on the bed, completely covered by a sheet, so that only the outlines of a form were visible, was somebody. The impulse of the first soldier was to draw back the sheet and look at the face—but Morton's hand stopped him and he said: "Gentlemen, I will prove to you conclusively that this is not a spy or a man, but you shall not see the face." Then, going to the foot of the bed, he rolled up the sheet until there was displayed, to just above the ankles, the most beautiful feet you can imagine. There was utter stillness, and then the soldiers marched out one by one, each raising his cap as he passed the bed. Now, wasn't it hard for her to keep still all that time? And wasn't it clever in Morton? Some time after their marriage was told, and the feud was healed, but Mr. Morton says that none of the babies have as pretty feet as their mother, nor will they ever find them of as much use in an emergency.—*Bab, in New York Star.*

She Was.

"Have you any reason to offer why sentence should not be passed upon you?" asked the Judge of the female pawnbroker, who had been arrested for extortion. "Please, your honor, I throw myself on the mercy of the court. I am a poor loan woman."—*Chicago Rambler.*

By the addition of a small percentage of cobalt the tenacity of copper is greatly increased—even as much as 50 to 100 per cent., according to M. Guillemin. The alloys are all red.

We gain as much in avoiding the failings of others as we do in imitating that in which they excel.

HUMOR.

THE shoemaker is an authority on soles, the dressmaker on bodice.—*Boston Courier.*

THERE are 19,000,000 dogs in this country, yet Bologna sausage is twenty-five cents a pound.

A PUMP-MAKER in Milwaukee attended a dairy convention in Sheboygan, Wis. There's gall for you.

It is said that Aimee eats a two-pound can of baked beans daily. No wonder she has lost her voice.

LEVY, the cornetist, says he used to rise in the night and blow the cornet. No wonder his wife got a divorce.

"HUBBY, why is it that so few women can whistle?" "Because nobody can talk and whistle at the same time."—*Chicago Ledger.*

CHEWING and drinking are alike in this: One depends upon a tobacco quid and the other upon a liquid.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A SAN FRANCISCO minister found a slice of dried tongue lying beside the Bible last Sunday when he entered his pulpit. He took the hint.—*California Maverick.*

WHATEVER faults the dude may have he cannot be accused of hiding his talents under a bushel. It is impossible for any one to hide anything of which he is not in possession.—*Boston Courier.*

"AIN'T you 'shamed ter be seen in der Tabernacle in sich raggedy pan's?" said Whangdoodle Baxter to Jim Webster. "No, indeed, Parson, I ain't 'shamed. Dey don't belong ter me. What's I got ter be 'shamed of?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A FRONTIERSMAN who had been mildly tomahawked by an Indian, remarked that he had no occasion to feel offended at the matter of his assailant's speech at the time, but at the axesent.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

It has been discovered that the case of a pianoforte can be used for the storage of electricity. It is believed that this is the reason why so many piano-players make such thundering poor music.—*Newman Independent.*

AN editor in Pennsylvania prints a paragraph in which he claims that a certain family has taken his paper for the last ninety-five years. There is probably no other instance on record where cord wood and promises have hung on as long as this.—*Estelline Bell.*

BAGDAD is a place of over a hundred thousand inhabitants, and yet it has no place of public amusement, and the women folk never talk about each other. If human nature is the same the world over, what a godsend a dog fight must be among the Bagdadians.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THE editor of an Arkansas newspaper published at Wiley's Cove sent the following letter to the editor of the *North American Review*: "My Dear Sir—Ever since my paper has been started, I have off and on copied from your publication, but you have never copied a line from my paper, the *Rooster*. I have bought your publication hoping to see if you had copied from me, but you never have. I am a man who believes that turn about is fair play. When a man treats me well, I treat him well, and now, sir, I desire to say that I am not going to copy anything more from you. I don't propose to advertise your magazine for nothing. I will keep on, however, if you copy the enclosed joke on our County Judge. Mind, I don't urge you, but don't hesitate to say that if you fail it is all over with us."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Domestic Compliments.

"John," said Mrs. Smith to her husband as she tied on her new bonnet, "do you think it is safe for me to go to church to-night without an escort?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied her husband; "the ordinance prohibiting geese from running at large was repealed last week."

"Humph! you think you are awfully smart!" retorted his wife. "But, thank goodness! fools are compelled to stay at home!"

"No, my dear," responded the husband, "the ordinance against fools running at large was repealed, too. There is nothing at all to prevent you from going to town, or to the devil if you want to do so."

"Very well, John, I'll go to you, then, after my return!"—*Newman Independent.*

Keeping Up Appearances of Modesty.

Alphonse has just been rescued from drowning by a young man.

"Ah, my dear young fellow, so grateful. Here's a dime for you."

"What! Only a dime for saving your life?"

"Yaas, dear boy. It would be immodest to give you more. One must pretend, you know, that he doesn't think too much of himself."—*Chicago News.*

Where the Rhetoricians Shine.

The only fine writing one sees in the newspapers these days is in the exciting accounts of the warfare between the rival baking powder companies and the different systems of insurance.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

RECENT observations, according to Mr. E. J. Miers, of the British Museum, show that crabs do not reach great depths in the ocean. The Challenger expedition obtained few specimens from points more than 400 fathoms below the surface, and only a single specimen was found at a depth of 1,000 fathoms.

A GENTLEMAN in quest of a house addressed himself to the owner: "I see that you have advertised a small house to let." "Yes, sir." "Is it large?"