

COURTING OF TAM AND CLARI.

"Miss Clari-Net," said Tam-Bourine,
A cittern by her side,
"I've courted euphore nigh sixteen
Long years to guitar bride.
"Per-hapsichord-ed you too slow
And in a humdrum way,
Or, maybe, you prefer oboe,
Than husband to obey.
"If viol-as my love must cheat,
If violone must die,
"You are the calliope to meet
Up yonder in the sky."
"Oh, Fiddlesticks!" the maiden cried,
"You spin it out forever;
If you're a harping for a bride,
You'll pop tune-night—horn never."
"He flute to kiss the maiden coy,
Who, blushing, cried solo;
"Don't! Stop! 'Tis wrong to kiss hautboy
Till he's my hus-banjo."
"I've waited sixteen long years," he cried,
"And I cannot wait longer."
"Oh, dear," the cymbal maid replied,
"I'll shut my eyes—you're stronger."
I whistled little one he took,
But one did not restore
The maiden's sight. To "make her look"
Organ he took life more.
—Callahan Courier.

THE PATRIOTIC BOY.

A TRUE STORY OF 1861.

One morning in May, 1861, a knot of young men were standing at the corner of the principal street in a little town not far from Boston, excitedly discussing the latest news, for the torch of war had been lighted at Fort Sumter, and the red glow filled the land, putting a stop for a time to all business whatever; till the first volunteer armies had been enlisted and sent out to crush the rebellion. Among the rest, not talking, but with eager eyes and ears drinking in all that was said, stood Albert O., a boy of sixteen years, son of the wealthiest man in the place.

"I would enlist this minute," said Charley B., "if there was any one to look after my dear old mother. She is so feeble now, and her little property is not quite enough to keep her, so how can I go?"

"I don't see how you can, Charley," spoke another young man; "but I wish you could, for you and I have been chums so long that I would be glad if we could be comrades still."

"I want to go," said an older man in the group—a grave, sad-looking man; "I know if my Mary was living she'd tell me to go at once and serve my country; but how can I leave my motherless children?"

"I thought their aunt Emily took care of them," remarked another.

"So she does, but she could not afford to do so for nothing. I pay her \$200 a year for their board and what teaching she can give them till they go to the public school. If they were old enough Jenny could teach and Willie could work in a machine shop, and so take care of themselves; but now they are too young for me to leave."

"And I," said another.

And they talked about the new company, and who of their town's people were to be officers and so on till one of them turned to the boy, asking:

"Is it true, Albert, that your father's book-keeper is going as ensign?"

"I don't know," replied Albert, "he has said nothing to me about it."

"Yes, he is going," said one of the men. "I went to the store not an hour since and he told me so."

So the talk went on, and Albert listened awhile, but presently left them, and going to his father's house went to his own room, where he locked himself in; and sitting down by the window, gazed out upon the sky, apparently lost in anxious thought. At last his face brightened; an earnest, ardent look came into his dark blue eyes; he started up and walked around the room excitedly.

Then leaving his room he went to his father's office. Mr. O. was very much occupied, and Albert waited as patiently as he could till the visitor was gone, then went in.

"Father," said he, "can you spare five minutes to talk with me?"

"Yes, my son, ten if you like."

"Is it true, father, that Mr. J., your book-keeper, has enlisted?"

"Yes, Albert, he is going as ensign; he told me so this morning, and I have sent money up to your mother not an hour ago, that she may buy the material for the regimental colors. Your sisters will help her make the flag, and all must be ready in four days to present to the regiment before they leave."

This news was very interesting to Albert, but he did not comment on it; his mind was full of another subject.

"Father," he asked; "have you engaged another book-keeper?"

"No, I have not. I think I must send to Boston and advertise for one."

"Oh, don't, father! Oh, how I wish—oh, if I dare to say it!"

His father looked at him in surprise, and said kindly:

"You surely know, my son, that you may dare say anything to me."

"O, father," the boy exclaimed impetuously, "you know how much I wish to serve my country! And you said I was not old enough to go to war, but might prove myself a better patriot by staying at home—and now here is a chance to do something; and, father, do not refuse to let me, for if you do I shall break my heart."

"My dear Albert, you know I never refuse you anything reasonable."

"I know it, father, but this—O, I know just what you will say! But I can't help it! Father, this morning I heard some of the men talking, and there were two who wanted to enlist and would, but one had an infirm old mother to look after, and the other had two little children—motherless children—and so they could not either of them go, though they wanted to so much."

"And so you want me to provide for the old mother and two little children? Well, I'll try to do it—but—"

"No, no, father, not that; I know you have quite enough on your hands as it is—so many to help—but, father, I want to take care of them myself."

"You take care of them!" said the father, in astonishment.

"Yes, father, if you'll only let me be bookkeeper in Mr. J.'s place. You know he has been teaching me la'st, and before he goes he can show me just how the books stand—and if I should require any looking over, why, father, I'll work for half price. You pay him one hundred dollars a month, and if you'll pay me fifty, it will be quite enough for all I want, then—"

"But, Albert," interrupted his father, "wait a moment—don't get excited over it, but give me a little time to consider! You wish to be my bookkeeper?"

"Yes, father."

"But in that case you need to be here in the office all day, every day—from eight in the morning till six in the evening."

"Yes, father, I know it."

"Have you thought how arduous and severe a life that will be for you?"

"Yes, father, I have thought it all over, and am not afraid. Just try me and you'll see how I'll stick to business."

"But then your studies, my son. Have you given up your plan of going to college? And must I relinquish my hope of seeing my son one of our ablest lawyers and politicians before I die? Must this be given up?"

"No, father, not yet. I have thought it all over in my own room this morning, and though a week since it would have almost broken my heart to have met with any delay in my studies, yet now I think I can wait a year longer before going to college; and by studying evenings I will not lose anything I now know."

"But if the war should not be ended in a year—if it should last till you are too old to go to college—or if these men should never come back—should be killed—then you would have their families to provide for all their lives. Would you not then regret what you had done?"

The boy's face grew very pale. He sat silent awhile; the large tears came in his eyes and splashed down, but he soon brushed them away and looked up with an untroubled face, saying:

"You know, father, that many of our most eminent men never went through college; so if I live I promise you that your heart shall yet grow warm with love and pride for me."

He did not know, as his father rose and turned to his desk, that his heart was already throbbing with love and pride for his son; but he heard the quiver in his voice as Mr. O. replied:

"I honor your sentiment, my son, but can not give you my answer till to-morrow morning. In the meantime do not mention the subject to any one. And now I must excuse you, Albert, for I have something else to do."

So Albert hastened home to his own room, where he was soon immersed in bookkeeping, that he might be sure of his proficiency in case his father might accept his offer.

That night Mr. O. consulted his wife, and in the morning told Albert he might do as he wished.

Charley B. and William H. were very much surprised to hear Albert's proposition; but when they found he was in earnest, and his father approved his plan, they enlisted and went, leaving their dear ones in his care.

And well did he redeem his promises. Good old widow B. grew to love him as her son; and many a prayer went up from her heart for Albert.

He watched over the little children, too, in a loving, brotherly way, going to see them often, and frequently sending them little gifts "from brother Albert" when he could not go. Then they and their maiden Emily were invited to his father's house every Sunday to dinner and tea.

The four dollars a week which he gave Aunt Emily, and the three dollars which he gave Mrs. B., still left him money enough to help many other soldiers' families, and Albert fully realized the truth. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The year was not quite gone when Charley B. came home with one leg, and soon the news came of William H., "killed on the field of battle." Then Mr. O. provided for the two children, leaving them still in the care of their dear aunt Emily; and when Albert had instructed Charley B. in the mysteries of book-keeping Mr. O. took him into his employ and sent Albert to college.

Sweet Sayings.

"Oh!"
"Bah!"
"Nice!"
"Meanness!"
"Too good!"
"She flirts!"
"Sour grapes!"
"Old tomboy!"
"Mean old thing!"
"A regular liar!"
"He makes me sick!"
"He drinks on the sly!"
"He's a crabbed old thing!"
"She thinks she's somebody!"
"He never could take a joke!"
"He never draws a sober breath!"
"He's as poor as a church mouse!"
"He's mortgaged for all he's worth!"
"She doesn't look decent in anything!"

"He ought to be tarred and feathered!"

"She married him just for his money!"

"He's tighter than the bark on a birch tree!"

"She runs with everybody that comes along!"

"He don't know beans when the bag's untied!"

"They won't live together for six months, I know!"

"I wouldn't trust him as soon as I would a dog!"

"I wouldn't have him doctor an old sick dog for me!"

"If you want everybody to know it, just tell it to her!"

"He ought to be ridden on a rail and taught a good lesson!"

The above and hundreds of similar expressions can be heard any day on the streets, in the parlors, in the stores, and in the homes. A liberal reward is offered to any one who will prepare a similar list of good expressions about people in as common use.

PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR maintains that most of the meteor streams with which the earth comes in contact are derived from the earth itself—that, thrown off by volcanic action at a time when the internal forces of our planet were sufficiently active to give them the initial velocity requisite to carry them beyond the earth's attraction—some twelve miles a second. Comets, which he regards as the parents of meteor streams, he thinks may have originated outside our solar system. Most of the comets whose orbits belong to our system he thinks originated in the larger planets. The sun is now perhaps giving birth frequently to comets, which probably pass beyond the limits of its attraction.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

the Wonderful Sights to Be Seen Near Colorado Springs.

It is but a natural transition from the "Valley of the Angels" to the "Garden of the Gods"—a few weeks ago the former, and now among the stone gods of the latter. The garden lies but five miles from Colorado Springs and two from Manitou, and is at the early foothills of the Rockies, and the result of the erosion of huge masses of highly colored sandstone. Formerly a massive ledge cropped out here, extending south toward Cheyenne Mountain. At first it was perhaps covered with earth and grass—the former the washings of the range—but the wind and rain of centuries exposed it, and finally the ledge stood bare, and being extremely soft and friable it quickly wore away, not regularly, but here and there, soft portions giving way quickly, the harder parts showing greater resistance, so that now the stone remaining presents the most grotesque and remarkable appearance imaginable.

From the east the disconnected masses present a massive front; but viewing them from the north or northwest, what were apparently mountains are now seen to be thin slabs, of a curious and wedge-like appearance, as if rocks several hundred feet high had been shaved down to such an attenuation that they could hardly hold together, and in pairs and groups planted in the soil.

I approached the garden in an unusual way—by horseback over the rolling prairie—and as we reached the last elevation before descending into this favored spot we stopped our horses and with them enjoyed the view. To the east a vast sea of rolling prairie, with here and there a white spot, like a ship,

telling of the great cattle interests of the State. Away to the west, almost above us, rose the Rockies, cut and seared by innumerable canyons, the ridges and ranges rising higher and higher, culminating in the white-robed Pike's Peak.

On the north slope of Cheyenne Mountain is the grave of "H. H.," facing the gateway of the grand canyon and the Garden of the Gods. Immediately at our feet the latter lay, a strange mixture of vivid greens—the carpet of grass—reds, whites and grays—the latter the sandstone rocks. Some of the lofty monoliths had windows in their tops, where one might well imagine some Turkish morning call to prayers was made. A group of huge rocks to the left were divided, forming natural pillars several hundred feet high; and after winding down into the valley we passed between these grim sentinels and were in the garden. At every turn the rocks take new shapes. Now they are slabs cut from some red-hot volcanic rock and placed here by some Titanic worker to cool. So vivid are the tints, so utterly crude, vivid, and unharmonious, that we can almost feel the glow.

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The road winds about among the ledges, so that the strange forms can be examined from any point, and perhaps at what is called the Man to entrance are seen some of the most remarkable formations. Here an acre or so is covered with stone toadstools, so exact that they might well be taken for the gigantic growths of some former age hardened into stone and exposed as are the fossil forests of Arizona. In some the top portion was six or seven feet in diameter, while the stem would be hardly as large as a man's body. Everywhere about here ruin and disintegration was apparent. Great ledges were bent and broken, hanging in space ready to fall.

A few steps on and all has changed. The slabs which have been pyramidal-shaped monuments now seem to take human form, or resemble a group of mammoth ten-pins, and these huge boulders on the mountain side are the balls with which the gods are wont to bowl. But there are no gods here, as they could never have so long resisted the temptation to bowl some of the gigantic pins into the valley below.

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Weird faces, contorted bodies, arms lifted up in supplication, strange, reptile-like forms—in fact, there was nothing that the imagination could picture but found a place in this motley assemblage. By the road, and destined some day to roll into it, stands a boulder weighing perhaps a hundred tons, that can easily be rocked, so deftly has it been balanced by wind and rain.

North of the Garden of the Gods is a smaller continuation even more remarkable. This is Glen Erie, the property of Gen. William J. Palmer, who has converted the entire region into a beautiful park, throwing it open to the general public. The monoliths here are extremely peculiar. One rises to a height of three hundred feet and is scarcely six feet in diameter; enlarging at the top and leaning a trifle, it has the appearance of a grotesque human being or statue. It is called the Major Domo, or, as an old Scotch lady informed me at a little house at the entrance, where curiosities were sold: "It were named a ter the Major Domo."

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