

COURTING OF TAM AND CLARI.

"Miss Clari-Net," said Tam-Bourine, A citizen by her side,
"I've courted euphone nigh sixteen
Long years to guitar bride.
"Per-haps-chord-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-nigh—born never."
He fluted 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 earnest wait longer."
"Oh, dear," the cymbal maid replied,
"I'll shut my eyes—you're stronger."
I whistle little one he took,
But one did not restore
The maiden's sight. To "make her look"
Organ he took life more.
—Callaghan Court.

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 can 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 lately, 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 aunt 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 is, 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 odds of the latter. The garden lies but five miles from Colorado Springs and two from Manitou, and is at the very 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 king, 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.

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 these gigantic pins into the valley below.

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 Manitou 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.

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 Dormer."

A MELODRAMATIC, as well as scientific, picture of the inconvenience to the living arising from the presence of the dead is drawn by Dr. Eklund, of Stockholm. To remedy the evils resulting from delay in burials and subsequent decomposition, the doctor proposes to render some simple process of embalment compulsory, and suggests the creation of a corps of embalmers for that purpose. This plan rather runs counter to modern views on the subject of burial, which tend to favor methods allowing of rapid disintegration, and is, besides, far inferior to cremation both from a financial and a practical point of view. Notwith-

standing all that may be urged—and urged truly—against the practice of inhumation, it is a matter wherein prejudice, custom, and a dislike of innovation will long hold scientific arguments and methods in check, to the greater or less detriment of public health.

What Is Culture?

This is a very large question, but we must help along our bashful young friend:

"Will you kindly inform a young man what the essentials of 'culture' are? also what are proper works to read? I desire to be a good conversationalist, but always feel ill at ease and am bashful. Can you suggest a way to successfully overcome the latter?"

Ralph Waldo Emerson prefixes to an essay on culture these lines, from which, young man, you may try to get a general notion of what culture is:

"Can rules or tutors educate
The demigod whom we await?
He must be musical,
Tremulous, impassioned,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit-touch
Of man's or maiden's eye;
But to his native center fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing fates in his own
Mould recast."

Do these lines only serve to mystify the subject still further for you? Well, that is because Emerson himself could not exactly define culture, and if you read his essay through you would probably be even more in the dark. Indeed, it does not seem to us the wonderful work the disciples and followers of the Concord philosopher thought it to be at the time it first appeared.

Culture, dear boy, has come to be a cant term, and no end of nonsense and platitudes has been written and talked about it since the day when Emerson made it the theme of Boston discussion. You want to know what is necessary to make you a cultivated man.

Everything within the range of knowledge, of thought, and of taste is necessary. All good books will help you to the end, and some which are not good may assist you in the way of comparison. Association with cultivated people and conversation with them are indispensable aids. The taste to discriminate the good from the bad in all art is essential. Social refinement is requisite.

But nobody can know it all. You can learn only a very little, but what you learn learn thoroughly. Be careful to read the books of the masters of the literary art, so that you will be in sensibly affected by their style until you come at last to distinguish and prefer and require the superior sort. If you go to hear music, see to it that it is the music of the great artists, and take pains to look at good pictures, for gradually you will find yourself learning to enjoy them alone. And so in all things seek the best and reject the poor and commonplace.

As to conversation, you will get along well enough in that when you become interested in what interests cultivated people. You will forget yourself in your absorption in what you are talking about. That is the way to overcome bashfulness, which comes from self-consciousness. Remember that you are not so important in other people's eyes as in your own, and they are not singling you out for observation. You are only one among many—a drop in the bucket of humanity. So don't worry yourself about what people are thinking of you, for they are likely to think of you not at all, or in the most careless way, unless you attract their attention by your awkward bashfulness. Even then what they think is of little consequence. What you are is the essential matter. Brave it out and regard indifference with philosophy.

Cultivation? That is something upon which a man must expend his whole life's effort, and when all is done he will only have started on his quest.—*New York Sun.*

Hadn't Eaten Anything.

A negro, in great pain, sent for a physician. The doctor, upon arriving, asked:

"Have you been eating anything calculated to hurt you?"

"Oh, no, sah, not er tall."

"Any fruit?"

"No, sah, not er tall."

"Well, tell me what you did yesterday?"

"Wall, sah, yistidy mornin' I went down ter mer daughter 'Tildy's house. She wan't at home, an' I sot down ter wait fur her. Whle lookin' er roun' I seed er big watermelon in er tub o' water, an' I tuck it out an' eat it. Den, ez 'Tildy d'nt come I went ober ter Unk Ab Moore's house. Da wuz eat n watermelon an' I jined in. Arter dis, I went down ter de cotton w'ar house. Foun' er haf er watermelon on er box, an' ez it peered ter be sufferin' I eat it. I come home 'bout dis time, but ez I didn't hab no appertite fur dinner I went out an' got me er watermelon. Erbout er hour arter d's I went ober ter Unk Bill Gray's an' hep em eat some watermelon. Dat's erbout all. No, sah, didn't eat nuthin' ter hurt me, lessen it wuz er couple er mush milons dat I eat las' night. Hole on er minit. Lemme see. Oh, yas, I did eat erbout er dozen years o' biled co'n an' erbout er hafer peck o' peaches."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A Hopeless Case.

The younger brother who will yell "Rats" just as his sister has got comfortably settled in a hammock vis-a-vis with her best young man on a garden chair, pins his faith in the resulting effect on feminine inability to reason out her security from her situation, and he is rarely disappointed—until his mother gets hold of him, at least.—*Somerville Journal.*

HUMOR.

A SMALL country seat—the milk-stool.

ALWAYS ready to take a hand in—a tricky employer.

EXAMPLE of the "Ups and Downs of Life"—Being hard up, and consequently cast down.

"FOR a young woman to begin to brush the dust off a young man's coat" is said to be the first symptom that the young man is in peril.

DO LOBSTERS shrink in boiling, is a question that has recently been raised. It is quite natural that they should shrink from boiling.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE SELFISH MAN.

He has within him little heart,
With selfishness he's crammed,
Who cares not, if he saves himself,
Whoever else is damned.
—Boston Courier.

A DOCTOR is sometimes a cure-less individual. The "sometimes" is the only thing that keeps this statement out of the realm of fiction.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A WRITER says that the overtaxing of children is one of the evils of the age. Some of the property-holders of Burlington think that the cvertaxing of parents is about as bad.—*Burlington Free Press.*

HE—"Ha! ha! ha! Here is a good hit in this paper at the female sex." She—"What does it say about the women?" He—"It says that more than half the women in this country are crazy." She (with a sigh)—"I expect that's so. There are a great many married women in this country."—*Texas Siftings.*

"MY DEAR," he hiccupped, while she was giving him a scathing lecture for being out so late and coming home in such a state; "don't be—lie—too hard upon a feller. I'm not so bad after all—hic. Give the devil his due." "I'm giving you your due," she said, and he expostulated no more.—*Boston Courier.*

A MEDICAL journal tells of a young woman who contracted the habit of chewing coffee, at last consuming half a pound a day; but it doesn't explain whether she acquired a taste for the fragrant berry by going out between the acts or winking when she called for a glass of soda water when on her way home from the "lodge."

THREE LITTLE MAIDS AT SCHOOL.

Three little maids at school are we,
Mad as school girls well can be,
Fun all over, no longer free.
Three little maids at school?
Algebra is not much fun,
Compositions must be done,
All our lessons are just begun.
Three little maids at school!
Three little maids most contrary,
Gone to the ladies' seminary,
Bound to its humdrum tutelage.
Three little maids at school!

"Yes, sir," said the Great Traveler, "I have seen, with my own eyes, a wild Indian take the scalp of a white man—actually lift the hair from his head—and it made my blood run cold." "That's nothing," said the Skeptical Boarder, "that's nothing; right here in Lynn, on Market street, I have seen a man actually take three men in succession by the scalp and actually lift their hair from their heads." "Why, the man must have been crazy drunk or a lunatic," said the G. T. "Perfectly sane and sober as I am," replied the S. B. "Well, who in the name of goodness was he?" "He was a barber," solemnly said the S. B.—*Lynn Union.*

A GROCER in an Indiana town, who ordered his goods from Chicago, was charged by an Indianapolis drummer with a want of patriotism in not patronizing home institutions. "Will you give me ninety days' credit?" asked the grocer. "Of course." "And then extend me thirty days further?" "Perhaps." "And if I fail, will you compromise for eighteen cents on the dollar, and help me beat all other creditors? That's what my Chicago house is doing for me, and about every third order they throw in a dozen bed-cords or a dollar-clock, as a free gift."—*Wall Street News.*

Getting a Drink.

"I was in Dakota myself," remarked a passenger, "and I saw how easily some of these tramps make a living, for I suppose they call it a living when they get a drink of whisky and something to eat thrown in. The tramps were thick and had been for some time. They would hang around a small town and bother the people almost to death. It is really dangerous to have so many of these vagabonds about. But they won't work, they tell me, and the result is that it is pretty difficult to get rid of them."

"Up in a little town—the name I can't recall—I happened to be waiting from one train until another. There was noth g to do, so I went into a saloon to get some beer. While there drinking three of these tramps came in and ordered three drinks of whisky."

"Have you got any stuff?" said the saloon-keeper.

"Course," replied one of the thirsty trio, "we's playing the 'crow' act, we is."

"Where?" asked the man behind the bar.

"The spokesman named the farm at which he was employed, showed an order, and the three men got their drinks and departed. When they went out I asked what was meant by the 'crow act,' when he told me that some of the farmers got the tramps to take the part of the scarecrow in the wheat fields and keep the birds away. The tramps took turns, he said, in standing up on a platform high above the wheat and occasionally throwing a rock at a flock of birds. As there was no work about it the tramps took it. It paid them very little, usually two or three drinks and a bite to eat, but even this they considered living, as long as they did not have to work for it."—*St. Paul Globe.*