

THE WOES OF FARMER FRIZZ.

BY PLEASANT RIVERWOOD.
My son, Lord Byron James Fitzgerald
Orlando Homer Friz.
To poetry has lately turned,
While I the land must till.
Attuned to nature's harmony,
Inspired by autumn's breeze,
His tender verse my poet wavers,
Nor hoe nor spade he sees.
Of country life, sweet rural scenes,
And happiness galore,
He's ground off "pomes" enough to reach
From here to Baltimore.

He sings of "brown and rustling leaves
In dark and shadowy wood"—
Now, I'll admit in 'tater hills
Brown leaves are mighty good.

In frenzy fine he rolls his eyes,
While I roll up my sleeves;
He sings of autumn's autumnness
While I rake up the leaves.

Of "wildwood nuts now falling fast,
With soft, seductive sound"—
He'd better help me gobble dig;
They're wasting in the ground.
Of "lowing kine" he sweetly raves—
But ne'er milks his cow;
The "glory of a farmer's life"—
But ne'er drives he the plow.

He sings of "birdlets by the brook"
And "bowrets in the fern"—
Twould better pay, I think, to feed
The piglets in the pen.

I tell you, folks, I'm gettin' riled,
'Nif Lord and so-forth Friz.
Don't hump himself and get to work,
I'll cut him in my will!

—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE IMPERIAL DRAGON

The combination of circumstances that served to bring Miss Damon to L—moneyless but determined was known to nobody. All that anyone knew of her was imparted by a brief statement made by the editor of the Dispatch to the effect that on a certain blustering afternoon in January she had walked into the office and asked for employment. He had declined her services with thanks, but she came again and again, until one day she found a vacant desk, sat down at it, and had been there ever since.

She wrote two or three caustic articles, struck at one or two local atrocities, and in a little while made an enviable reputation for bitterness and cynicism. Her name got out and after that everything malicious and pungent that appeared in the paper was unquestionably set down to her credit.

She was not known outside of the office, but the impressions that prevailed concerning her were not flattering. It was generally agreed that she knew too much to be young, was too cynical to be agreeable, and there was a theory current among the paper's readers that she had been crossed in love and disappointed in her literary aspirations. She did her work in the daytime and was little more than a myth to the men who spent their nights in journalistic harness. They were frequently questioned about her, and they generally answered all queries by the broad but meaningful statement that she did not "run with the gang."

Soon after she began her mark in her new sphere a book of verses appeared, written by a gentleman of L—, George Lawrence. Copies were sent to all the papers, and one of these fell into the hands of Miss Damon. She prefaced her criticism with the remark that the verses were not uniformly bad, but ranged from bad to very bad, and then mercilessly impaled the author to the extent of three-quarters of a column.

Lawrence had never forgiven her. He referred to her ever afterward as "The Dragon" and the "Imperial Dragon." The name seemed appropriate and it was generally adopted. The critic experienced some satisfaction at having thus baptized her with indignation, but he by no means considered himself avenged, and at the mere mention of her name his muscles grew rigid and every artery throbbed with a wild desire for vengeance. Being clever with a pencil, he made a sketch of her which embodied the popular impression that she was a shrewish person of uncertain age, and it was a source of endless amusement to himself and friends. It must be confessed that Miss Damon was not the only adverse critic, and Lawrence was a good deal depressed, but not wholly subdued. He did not intend to be snuffed out in this summary fashion, however, and though for a long time he attempted nothing in a literary way, he was casting about for a fresh motive, resolved at no distant date to make another effort. "The Dragon" had recommended pride; he would try prose.

In the meantime summer had come and Lawrence was to spend several months with some friends in California. When he returned he would go to work in earnest.

It was a glorious day, bright and cool, though it was the middle of July; the sun was just rising over the eastern rim of the cup-shaped valley; a luminous mist shading from pink to purple was rolling away from Pike's Peak, and the bits of sky showing between the serrated ridges opposite were deeply blue.

Lawrence, on his way to California, had stopped to spend a day at Manitou. He had reached the springs the evening before, and was finishing his breakfast this bright morning in the great Sahara of a dining-room when the waiter came in to announce the carriage he had ordered for the day. For the last half hour the gallery in front of the hotel had been thronged with tourists ready to begin the day's sightseeing, and the double line of vehicles drawn up outside were being loaded with all possible dispatch.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, but this carriage is for the gentleman," said the waiter.

"But I ordered a carriage for this morning."

"Your order was too late. They were all engaged. This was the last one in the stables. I can give you one to-morrow."

"I shall not be here to-morrow."

"Maybe the gentleman's going to stay over a day or two and would just as soon drive to-morrow," suggested the driver.

By this time Lawrence had come up.

"If you can give me a horse and saddle it will answer my purpose just as well," he said.

"I haven't got a horse."

"As I leave to-morrow on the early train," said Lawrence, "I can not conveniently postpone my drive. But we are probably going in the same direction, and I should be delighted to accommodate you with a seat in the van."

There was nothing else to be done. She accepted with thanks. Lawrence handed her into the carriage, and thought, as their eyes met, that she was not an unpromising companion. He was a gregarious animal. He hated being alone, especially in a crowd, and a chance acquaintance was not to be despised. He handed her his card. She looked at the name, raised her brows slightly, dropped the card into her handbag, and then, looking squarely at him, said:

"My name is Vincent." He called her Miss Vincent at a venture. She did not correct him, and they fell to discussing the points of interest on the way.

It was a delightful drive, and neither regretted the circumstance that brought them together. They dined at the same table, finished up the sights in the afternoon, and, getting in rather late, took supper tête-à-tête in a corner of the deserted dining-room. That evening the rooms were cleared for a ball. He met her at the door as she was about to enter the ball-room.

She wore a dress of black lace with a sleeveless corsage that displayed a pair of superb arms and a smooth, white neck. The sharp contrast of her hair and dress with the singularly fair complexion made her look like a black and white cameo and he thought as he stood there looking past him into the ball-room that no carving could be more classic than her profile.

"Shall we go in there?" she asked. "It seems dreadfully warm and crowded."

"Then suppose we stay here."

"I believe it is much pleasanter here," she answered.

The ball-room was full of promenaders. They pressed out on the veranda and sat talking in the moonlight. Occasionally they would return and beguile the intervals, waltzing when the music permitted, until the crowd of dancers began to thin and the parlor clock struck 1.

"I really must go now," said Miss Vincent, rising. "There is o'clock and I must leave at 8."

"Which way do you go to-morrow?" asked Lawrence.

"East. I must be home by the 20th."

She gave the name of a village about fifty miles distant from the town where she lived.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said. "I believe we leave this place on the same train, so I won't say good-bye. And now, just one more dance—the last."

Down the long gallery they floated into the shadow and out into the light, his grasp gradually tightening as they went, her face against his shoulder, and his head bent forward until his cheek touched her hair. The music ceased suddenly, but the arm about her waist did not relax. She gave a furtive upward glance, then dropped her eyes. With a swift movement of his left hand he drew her arm up until it encircled his neck, leaned forward and kissed her. She darted away like a swallow, and he caught a last glimpse of her as she turned a corner of the stairway.

When Lawrence came down to breakfast next morning it was nearly 9 o'clock. The early train had gone. So had Miss Vincent.

It was summer again. The work Lawrence contemplated a year ago was finished. He had acted on the suggestion of his critic; he had turned Pegasus out to grass and given his attention to prose. The results were novel—the story of a day, called "En Route," which he assured his friends was suggested by an incident of his western trip. The book had been published, and the reviewers, to use his own phrase, had "let him down easy," and he was much surprised to find himself gently and affably treated by the Dispatch. The writer was not surprised to find an indifferent poet capable of producing a tale so pleasing and graceful, so full of felicitous description, so fresh and unobtrusive. It was understood that the young man was under a solemn promise never again to attempt verse, and, in consideration of this assurance and the promise of success held out by the latter work, it was but just that the public should extinguish its resentment and take the author to a forgiving and indulgent bosom.

They followed a criticism in which the claims of the book were seriously treated, and by the time Lawrence had finished the perusal he was thinking that, after all, he might have been a little too fierce in his resentment upon a previous occasion. There arose within him a desire to make amends in some way for his own derision of this person, who, however hard upon him at first, was clearly without malice in the matter, and had no doubt in each instance expressed an honest conviction. He wrote a note in which he acknowledged the courtesy and asked leave to call and thank the writer in person. He had a few copies that had been handsomely bound, intended as souvenirs for his friends. He would be most happy to present one as a token of his appreciation.

The reply to his friendly overture was written upon a card across the left-hand corner of which was the day of the week in gilt lettering; on the opposite corner was a pen-and-ink sketch of St. George in the act of vanquishing the dragon. Below was written:

"Miss Damon will be at home to Mr. Lawrence this evening at 8 o'clock, 205 West Broadway."

This sketch, despite the limited space occupied, was spirited, and indicated a knowledge of her unfaltering subiect.

As he looked up at his own sketch upon the wall he was conscious of a strong impulse to destroy it.

At 8 o'clock that evening Lawrence, bearing his peace offering coquettishly bound in gilt and morocco, ring Miss Damon's bell. He was ushered into the parlor, and in a few moments heard a rustling of drapery behind him. As he arose he encountered a slender figure in a toilet of black lace.

"Miss Vincent," he said exulting, "I have been looking for you everywhere. I have written you innumerable letters, and I have been four times to that horrid hole of a town where you said you lived. Why did you deceive me so cruelly?"

"Why did I deceive you? Well, I did not think it would add anything to your pleasure just then to know the truth."

A horrible presentiment seized him.

"Then—then—your name is Vincent!"

"Yes; Alice Vincent-Damon."

"You know me, of course," he faltered.

"Yes."

"Don't you think you have taken rather a mean advantage of me?"

"No; I think the truth would have spoiled a very pleasant day."

In the conversation that followed the purpose of the visit was well nigh forgotten, and the souvenir played a very inconspicuous part in the diversion of the evening.

A week or two later, as Lawrence was sitting in his room, his friend Harrison came in, took a seat on the opposite side of the table, and, after gazing at his host for some time with a most lugubrious expression, said:

"There was nothing else to be done. She accepted with thanks. Lawrence handed her into the carriage, and thought, as their eyes met, that she was not an unpromising companion. He was a gregarious animal. He hated being alone, especially in a crowd, and a chance acquaintance was not to be despised. He handed her his card. She looked at the name, raised her brows slightly, dropped the card into her handbag, and then, looking squarely at him, said:

"My name is Vincent."

He called her Miss Vincent at a venture.

"What do you hear?"

"That you have actually caught the dragon."

Lawrence laughed.

"What does it mean?" persisted Harrison.

"It means that at last I am about to take my revenge. I intend to marry her."

Lawrence made this announcement with dramatic intensity, and Harrison, who had arisen, dropped limply into a chair. After a pause he pointed to the sketch on the wall and asked pathetically:

"I say, Lawrence, does she look like that?"

Lawrence reversed a photograph that was standing on the mantelpiece with its face to the wall, and holding it before Harrison, said:

"She looks like that, and she is the heroine of my story." —[Waverly Magazine.]

one expression, said:

"Old man, is this all true that I hear about you?"

"What do you hear?"

"That you have actually caught the dragon."

Lawrence laughed.

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OLLA PODRIDA.

MT. ARARAT, the resting place of the scriptural ark, is, in reality, two mountains separated by a valley. The higher mountain is 17,210 feet, and the lesser 13,000 feet above sea level.

It is estimated that twenty-two acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on flesh meat. The said space of land, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed forty-two people; if to oats, eighty-eight; potatoes, Indian corn, and rice, 176; and to the plantain or bread tree, over 6,000 people.

COMMON NOUNS FROM NAMES OF SCIENTISTS.—Appended is a list of technical terms, common nouns, derived from the names of scientific men. I shall be glad to have omissions pointed out.

AMPERE, coulomb, d'aguerreotype, faraday, galvanism, hessian, jacobian, joule, kyanism, lieberkun, moncrieffian, nonius, oersted, ohm, orrery, pflaum, talbotype, vernier, volt, watt, weber, wronski.—[Notes and Queries.]

Some CURIOUS COMPARISONS.—It may interest the readers of THE TABLET to be informed that Greece is about the size of the State of Vermont; that Palestine is about one-fourth the size of the State of New York, and that the Caspian Sea would reach from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

Hindoostan is about 25 times as large as the State of New York, and the Sahara Desert has almost exactly the number of square miles as the whole of the United States. The Mediterranean Sea would cut the United States in two across its greatest breadth, making an open sea from New York to Vancouver. Great Britain and Ireland have about the same number of square miles as Arizona—not so "great" after all! Madagascar is about as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, and North Carolina combined.

How MOORE EAT BUTTER.—A Western butterine company recently wrote to the United States Consular Agent at Casablanca, Morocco, asking if it would be feasible to introduce their product into that country. They received the following very curious and interesting letter in reply:

U. S. CONSULAR AGENT, CASABLANCA, MOROCCO, July 19, 1892.

Messrs.: Your favor of June 22 to hand and contents noted; and in reply I am sorry to say that nothing can be done in this locality with the class of goods you speak of. Native butter is too plenty and too cheap to undertake to compete with it at the distance you are writing.

And, again, you give your goods a very bad recommendation to sell to the natives. You say it won't turn rancid; by that the Moors would imagine they could get no stink out of it, in which case it would be quite tasteless to them. They say of butter: No stink, no good!

The Moors never eat salt in butter.

It was understood that the young man was under a solemn promise never again to attempt verse, and in consideration of this assurance and the promise of success held out by the latter work, it was but just that the public should extinguish its resentment and take the author to a forgiving and indulgent bosom.

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