

DAILY NEWS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1880.

"EVERY YEAR."

The spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a gaudier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer's flowers quicken,
Nor do autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.
It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing
Or for eyes with pale, pale glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.
Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year.
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time and Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.
Oh! how sad to look before me,
Every year;
While the clouds grow darker o'er me,
Every year;
Where we see the blossoms faded
That to bloom we might have ailed,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.
To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
Come new ones in their places,
Every year,
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening dusk they greet us,
And to them to entreat us
Every year.
"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year."
"You are more along," they tell us,
"Every year."
"You can win no new affection
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year."
Thank God, no clouds are shifting,
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting.
Every year;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us
Every year.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

Many years ago, when a resident in New York, and writing somewhat for the press, I was waited on one evening by a sallow, hollow-cheeked, dark-eyed, dark-haired man, in a threadbare garment, who glided out of the penumbra of my dim room into the full rays of the candle, like a midnight phantom. The figure bowed, and handed me a card on which was printed, in capital letters, "Zaionczek."

I glanced from the card to my visitor. His deep-set eyes were fixed upon me wistfully.

"Will you take a seat Mr. —."

"Zaionczek. I have called on you," said the stranger, speaking grammatically, but with a marked Teutonic accent, "because I have found out that you were connected with the press, and I wish to solicit your assistance. I have just completed a work that has occupied my whole life. I am now 60. Will you do me the honor to visit my exhibition room? You will be the first human eyes, besides my own, to enjoy a sight of my wonderful work."

My curiosity was now fairly excited. I threw my cloak around me, donned my cap, and bade the stranger lead on. He glided noiselessly down the stairs, and out before me into the busy street; swiftly and dexterously he threaded the crowd along Chatham street, pausing, at last, before a two-story brick building, which he entered by a narrow passage-way. I felt a cold, clammy hand grasp mine, and was led, with many a gentle caution, up a flight of steps, through a doorway, and into a hall of tolerable size, furnished with benches, as I perceived by the dull, red glare of an old cast-iron stove. My guide kindled a match by touching it to the door of the stove, and applied it to the gas-burner. A dazzling jet of flame leaped out, and then I saw before me a sort of proscenium, rudely painted in fresco, framing a small curtain of green baize. Behind this Eleusinian drapery my strange friend, after seeing me seated, disappeared.

After a while the curtain rose displaying a miniature ring, covered with sawdust, and lighted by half a dozen little lusters. A little tinkling band, all unseen, discoursed a popular overture. Then a small gate was thrown open, and one, two, three, four horses, about six inches high, ridden by ladies and gentlemen of appropriate size, bounded into the ring. They swept round the circle, and then drawing up in a line before me, saluted with their tiny riding-whips. The band struck up a new air, and away dashed the little equestrians. Various evolutions they performed most creditably, and then dashed out swiftly, one after another, vanishing into the stables whence they had appeared. It was truly wonderful. Then came a clown, with a boisterous "ha! ha!" actually uttered by his own little lungs; and a riding master, who ran after the little clown, and cracked his little whip about his legs; and a beautiful little lady, on a little piebald pony, who performed extraordinary feats, indeed. There was a tightrope dancer, and a performance on the slackrope; and then a little pyrotechnist came forward and threw up some little rockets, and then the curtain fell.

Zaionczek appeared at length, and I was lavish of my praises, and told him I thought the exhibition would succeed to a charm. His wan cheek flushed with the rosy hue of pleasure.

"I think I shall succeed," said he. "The little folks for whom I have labored cannot fail to be enchanted; and the great folks must certainly acknowledge my mechanical genius. We shall hit New York; we shall please Boston; we shall charm Philadelphia; we shall electrify the Houses of Congress; we shall fascinate New Orleans. We shall

play before Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe, and the Emperor of Russia, and then my friend —"

"What then?"

"Then, sir, I shall buy some peasant lace; and I shall set down with these people and enjoy myself."

"Then you have no family?"

"No family! Oh, I understand you. I have no wife—but these are my children. Miss Celina, the youngest, is three days old. I finished her last Wednesday—it was only screwing on her legs. The riding master was a little rascistic to-night—didn't you notice it? I'll oil his joints before I go to bed—but they'll be all right by Monday, when we open."

This singular being had expended nearly all his means in bringing his puppets to perfection, and had little to bestow upon the press. A few of us performed a labor of love in bringing his exhibition before the public, but in such a city as New York, with a thousand and strange sights pressing for patronage, it requires capital to obtain audience and command attention.

The puppet—how opened to a poor house. The artist consoled himself with the hope of a better fortune the next night. A few people dropped in. A Wednesday's exhibition attracted some school children, but the figures were so small, they were seen to so little advantage, the lights were so inadequate, that the troupe did not make that impression on the mass they were calculated to produce on an individual. As an exhibition it was a failure.

I saw the artist daily. Sometimes he spoke cheerfully of his prospects. One night he had taken five dollars; the next six; and he flattered himself his receipts would keep on increasing; but, alas, they dwindled away to nothing. A few of us forced loans of trifling sums upon poor Zaionczek—he never asked assistance; but all hope of the exhibition supporting him was entirely out of the question.

Once I suggested to him the idea of selling his figures to jewelers, to be used as an attraction to show-windows. I shall never forget his indignant and eloquent refusal:

"What!" he exclaimed, "sell them—my children, the creatures of my brain, my fancy and my toil! Sir, they are a part of my life! I love them better than myself. How do you think I could bear to see Miss Celina pass into other hands and wear out her beautiful limbs at the bidding of a hard task-master, who would keep her in the saddle till she was utterly exhausted? And the merry little clown? how could I endure to hear his 'ha! ha!' that cost me so much pains to contrive, dwindle down into an inarticulate wheeze? Who would take the pains I do to dust and oil his lungs? And my little horses, too! To have them driven into skeletons! No, sir—I could not endure it."

One day he called on me with a woe-begone countenance.

"My friend," said he, "you saw my first exhibition—will you come and see my last?"

With a sense of some impending evil pressing on my heart, I accompanied the forlorn showman to his exhibition-room. Everything was in the same condition as when I first introduced it to the reader. The anthracite was burning in the glowing stove; the green curtain was down. The artist disappeared before the curtain went up, and the performance went off to the applause of one spectator. The curtain fell. Some time afterward Zaionczek appeared, gloomy, but resolute, with a large basket on his arm. He then lifted the cover from his stove.

"Here," said he, taking from the mixed contents of the basket a musical box, "is my orchestra. It will never more play the overture to 'Norma!'" He dropped it into the stove.

"Hold madman!" I exclaimed, "what are you about?"

"Cheating the sheriff!" he exclaimed, sternly.

"Good-by, Celina!" he added, pressing the little puppet to his lips; "you were the dearest of them all—the prettiest image ever man conceived. Farewell, light of my eyes!" And the little gauze-attired thing fell into the crackling Gehenna. One after another, horses, men, ladies, rope-dancers, disappeared. "And now," cried the wretched man, "I have done for them, and I'll do for myself."

He was a raving maniac. As the fast words left his lips he snatched a knife and, in a moment more, would have ended his existence. I caught his arm and a desperate struggle followed; but I overpowered him at last, and he sank on the floor, exhausted. That night he was conveyed to a lunatic asylum.

Some months afterward I was passing up Broadway, when my eyes were arrested by a sign over the door of a small shop. I paused and read the words: "Zaionczek, Watchmaker." I hastened in. There sat my friend with a glass to his eye, busily engaged in disassembling a watch. He recognized me at once, and shook my hand across the counter. He was sadly changed, his hair was quite gray, but his manner was quiet and subdued.

"I am very glad to see you," said he. "I have been very unwell; but I was kindly cared for, and have quite recovered. I had such strange dreams of a lifetime spent in making puppets. What an idea—making puppets for a great people, engaged, as they should be, in the useful arts! The useful is the order of the day—by-and-by ornament and art. Perhaps I shall live long enough to witness the new order of things, and then what a puppet show you'll see!"

Zaionczek! He was never wholly rational in the world's opinion; and many of us are in the same category.

"I want and will have a wife without a failing," was the remark of a young man who had three seasons' experience of life. His sister, with only a country girl's philosophy, remarked: "Then you'll never marry; because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

"WE WANT A GRAVE-BOARD FOR ME!"

A boy, not over 11 years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman:

"We want to get a grave-board for me. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can't hardly find hers no more. We went up last Sunday, and we came awful near not finding it. We thought we'd git a grave-board, so we wouldn't lose the grave. When we thought we'd lost it, Jack he cried, and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I could hardly talk!"

"Where is your father?" asked the carpenter.

"Oh, he's home, but he never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about the board. I guess he hated me, for he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing. Sometimes when we are sittin' on the door-step talking about her, and Jack and Bud are cryin', and I'm rememberin' in how she kissed us all afore she died, he says we'd better quit that, or we'll get what's bad for us. But we sleep upstairs, and we talk and cry in the dark all we want to. How much will the board be?"

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked:

"Who will put it up at the grave?"

"We'll take it up on our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the graveyard man will help us put it up."

"You want the name painted on, don't you?"

"Yes sir, we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on it that she was our ma, and that she was forty-one years old, and that she died the 2d of November, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives and go up where she is when we die. How much will it cost, sir?"

"How much have you got?"

"Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied its contents on the bench, "Bud drawed the baby for the woman next door and earned twenty cents; Jack he weeded in the garden and earned forty cents, and he found five more in the road; I run of errands and made kites and fixed a boy's cart and helped carry some apples in a store, and I earned sixty-five cents. All that makes a hundred and thirty cents, sir, and pa don't know we've got it, cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said:

"A grave-board will cost at least three dollars."

The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back, realizing how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly wailed out:

"Then we can't never buy one and ma's grave will get lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a head-board, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts, and done it well.

"Ain't it awful nice—nicer than rich folks have!" whispered the children, as the boards were being placed on the cart; "won't the grave look nice, though, and won't ma be awful glad?"

Er this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes the three motherless ones will cuddle close together and whisper their gratitude that it cannot be lost to them, even in the storms and drifts of winter.

THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was courted by a young gentleman much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no encouragement to the match, permitted him to visit them at their castle of Ruthven in Perthshire, and on such occasions the chamber assigned him was in a tower, near another tower in which the young lady slept. On one of his visits the young lady, before the doors was shut, got into her lover's apartment, but some of the family having discovered it, told her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them; the young lady, however, hearing the well-known steps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the leads, and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, alighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence descending into her own chamber, she crept into bed. Her mother having in vain sought her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where, finding her seemingly asleep, she apologized for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the following night, and was married. The chasm between the towers is still shown under the appellation of the "Maiden's Leap."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

When the Summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have had a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have gathered round our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world hasn't changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their life.

A London merchant advertises perfectly natural looking eyebrows at twenty shillings a pair. That is two dollars and a half a brow. We can buy beat that in America.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

I stood alone in the porch last night, And watched the moon rise over the sea. Till the shadows waxed in the silver light. And the night-wind sighed to me.

And down in the garden paths I knew That last year's leaves were lingering yet— Leaves that had taken the sun and the dew Of days I would fain forget.

I found no peace in the summer-night: "Old joys," I said, "like the leaves lie low, And I can't rest in the tranquil light."

So I wept, and turned to go.

I stood again in the porch at morn, The boughs shook down their sparkling spray, And the sun rose over the springing corn And the fields of scented hay.

A man went by with its fragrant load:

The wagon whistled lone and clear.

But I heard a step on the quiet road,

And I knew my love was near.

Blow, morning wind, o'er the sunlit slope,

And carry the dead leaves out of sight,

For my heart beats high with its new-found hope.

Ah! why did I doubt last night?

DAILY NEWS POT-POURI.

Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.

Obstinacy is the heroism of little minds.

An evil conscience is always fearful and unquiet.

Content is better than money, and just about as scarce.

None have less praise than those who hunt most after it.

Thou shalt rest sweetly if thy heart condemns thee not.

That glory is short which is given and received from men.

He will easily be content and at peace whose conscience is pure.

Thou art not the more holy for being praised, nor the more worthless for being decried.

He enjoyeth great tranquility of heart that careth neither for the praise nor deprestation of men.

Every man, coming to an obscure old age, thinks he would have achieved wealth and distinction if—

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

He that thinks himself the happiest man is really so; but he who thinks himself the wisest man is the greatest fool.

True worth like the rose will blush at its own sweetness. Good. Could never understand before why so many faces are so red.

The glory of the good is in their consciences, and not in the tongues of men. The gladness of the just is of God, and in God; and their joy is of the truth.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your yield than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

One personal struggle and conquest over self will be of more benefit than listening to a hundred sermons or singing a hundred hymns. It is not so much what we learn as what we practice that benefits us.

A leopard and a fox had a contest as to which was the finer of the two. The leopard put forward his numberless spots: but the fox replied "It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body."

In the depth of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Above all other earthly gifts a good mother stands pre-eminent; she is worth her weight in gold—more than an army of acquaintances. Those who have played round the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken.

Pere Arruys says that when Bourdalone preached at Rouen the tradesmen all left their shops,