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THE TENACITY OF LOVE.

A SKETCH WITH A PARTICULARLY ORGANIC MORAL IN IT.

Abou ben Adhem, the wise magician, does not leave his home in New Jersey to go off to watering-places in the summer, for the reason that life is uncertain. Should death overtake him where there was anything to make life worth preserving, he thinks it would annoy him to go into the dim hereafter. Hence he remains in his tent, philosophising on life, and making life entirely undesirable by giving audience to his neighbors who hunger for advice; which, as is the custom of mankind, they go to great trouble to get, but never regard. Bothered as he is, by these seekers after wisdom, he is kept continually in a frame of mind that causes him to regard death as a rather pleasant deliverer.

One morning in May, just before the musquitoes drive all of New Jersey indoors, a man, dusty and travel-stained, rode up to his hospitable door. Abou was sitting outside his tent, and had been solacing himself with the elixir of life. With great presence of mind he put the bottle behind his chair, before it could have been observed, that expectations which were not to be realized should not be awakened in the mind of the stranger, and with great skill assumed the thoughtful expression that is always seen in photographs of young ministers and lawyers.

Great Abou, said the stranger, I want advice.

State your case, replied Abou, blandly. You have come to the right shop. Advice is my best hold. As an adviser I am equalled by few and excelled by none.

I have a daughter, said the stranger, who is passing fair. Her hair is like silk, her eyes are as blue as you arch that bends above us—the gazelle is not more graceful in movement; in shape—

Cut it short, said Abou, impatiently, I know all about it. I have read novels. Your girl is pretty I presume. I will concede it. To the point, garrulous man, to the point.

I am rich—I am a bloated aristocrat. I have blood, and Keturah Jane, my daughter, is entitled to mate with the highest and per-roudest. But, great Abou, a dry-goods clerk—a nameless counter-jumper, on a salary of $500 a year, has lifted his presumptuous eyes to Keturah Jane—

And she?

She lowers herself to him. He has black hair which he parts in the middle—he has a broad white forehead, white teeth, and he wears No. 5 boots, which are always a patent-leather. He brushes his teeth regularly, has always a white shirt front, and—

What a tiresome ass thou art, interrupted Abou, impatiently. By the bones of the prophet, man, dost think I know not the fellow? Be chesty, say at once he is a village fop—say he is a clerk in a dry-goods store, a photographer, a dancing-master, or writing-teacher or that he run a singing-school, and shall I not know all about him? If you say to me my cow is a Durham, must you go on and tell me of her hair and horns? Mankind, oh most stupid, runs in kinds as do cows. Say to me of a man, he is a N. Y. ward politician, and do I not at once know that he has a bottle nose, a diamond pin, a prominent abdomen, a revolver and a broken nose, on a face which is a record of broken commandments? Say of another: Lo, he is a member of congress and is popular with the people, and do I not know he weareth a perpetual smile, and that his hand hath two motions—one as if shaking the hand of another—the other as if patting a baby on the head. Doth not nature and education put their stamp on all men, which he who runs may read if he has eyes? By the dust of my ancestors, you tire me. He is a dry-goods clerk—go on.

Mighty Abou, I bow in the dust before thee. Pardon the stupidity of your obtuse slave. Truly, wisdom cometh not with money, nor acuteness with lands and herds. But Keturah Jane fancieth this man and will not wed Jenkins, whom I prefer. She will hear of no one else but this dry-goods clerk, and because I forbade him the house and hoisted him off my front-door step with the toe of my boot, and set my dogs at him, and shot at him with a double-barreled shot-gun, loaded with bird shot, she mourneth and refuseth to be comforted.

And the man?

Like a tick sticketh he. The musquito of our beloved New Jersey is not more persistent. Bludgeons, shot-guns and bull-dogs have no effect upon him. He lurks about my dwelling by day, and maketh my nights hideous with serenades. Mighty Abou, he sings tenor, and knows but one song, which is Ever of Thee! Eighty-two nights in succession has he sung that song under her window. Life is in consequence a burden to me.

Listen, said Abou, lighting his pipe, and firing the unfortunate man with his eye. In the dim years, long since fled, I, too, had a daughter. No damsel in Persia was fairer—Ispahan could boast no brother. Her voice was that of the bulbul, her form was as slender and graceful as the young cypress, she was as round as the apples—her eyes—by the bones of the prophet, the she was not blacker, and her hair—

Mighty Abou, ahem! do not girls run in classes as do cattle? Say she was a pretty girl, and I shall know all about her.

Wretch, is there no difference between the description of a describer and a clod like you? Go to. Am I talking, or are you? I was as rich as are you. I had been in congress twelve years and we had voted ourselves back pay every session—we had a mighty nice slice out of the Bulbul and Cashmere Railroad, to say nothing of the dip we had in the Ispahan Navigation Company. I was, I may say, the Oakes Ames of Persia.

My daughter loved and was loved by a youth of Ispahan, who was a mere seller of shawls. He stood in the bazaar on a small salary with no chance to steal but little and was therefore poor. His master, a Jew from Cairo, paid him but four dirhems per month, which would hardly keep him in kirboshes. He kept up style, however, by bilking his landlady and borrowing. His capital was check. The immorality and dishonesty of the lower classes is something terrible. Baba, my daughter, loved him nevertheless. She would steal out into the garden nights to meet him—she would go to the mosque to meet him, and he even, once, penetrated to her chamber.

I remonstrated with the young fellow but to no purpose. I desired Baba to wed with Hassan, the rich merchant, but he was old and ugly, and she preferred the penniless young man. I pointed out to her the probability of Hassan's dying and leaving her a rich widow, but she was immovable.

Papa, said she, I will never desert Iderim till he deserts me, which he never will. I can die, but what is death? It is merely a change—the body moulders in the silent tomb—but the Spirit—the Eternal Essence, returns to, and becomes a part of the Supreme Entity from which it originally sprang. Your cruelty may drive me to an immediate return to my native heaven, but as for marrying Hassan—not for Joe.

I was determined that she should not wed with Iderim, but did not resort to bludgeons, and doubled-barreled shotguns, and bull-dogs, and things of that unpleasant nature. Not any. I am an astute old gentleman, whose eye teeth have been cut. I met Iderim cordially the next day. I invited him to my house—I said to him, take Baba to the minstrels, and to the Young Men's Christian Association Lectures, and other places of cheerful amusement, and I slapped him on the back and remarked that I liked young men of spirit.

But, just at that time a story got into circulation that I had been speculating in stocks; that I had been led into trouble by Jimfisque and Jagould—two railroad financiers of that day, who could clean out an honest man in less time than it would take him to write an assignment—that I had confided in Da Neldroo, and, in short, I was busted. And the next time that Iderim came there were officers of the Cadi in the house, who were, as he entered, appraising Baba's Steinway piano. I fell on his neck and wept, and told him I was ruined, and asked him to see if he could not get me a place as a scribe for his master, for I was now poorer than he.

I need not dwell on this painful theme. I was surprised to observe Iderim's vacant look, as he remarked, it is a queer go, and pained to see him absent himself without even asking for Baba. And two days after I heard Baba speak of him as a heartless wretch, which remark she made just after seeing him promenading gaily with Zobeide, the daughter of Zamroud, the rich candle maker. Baba married Hassan the next week. Iderim was disgusted when he discovered that I had not lost my shekels—that not a dirhem had left my pouch, and that the officers he saw in my house were my own slaves in disguise, and he accused Hassan and myself of having put it up on him, as he expressed it. Possibly we did. Mind is stronger than muscle—the cunning dwarf can do more than the stupid giant. Management will accomplish what kicks and bludgeons cannot. Kicks never reach the seat of reason.

Go home, fond father, go home. Spread the report of your failure—get it noised about that you have been a week in Wall street, and see how long it will take your dry-goods clerk to jilt Keturah Jane. Then will Keturah Jane wed whomsoever you will. Her head is set on matrimony and she must marry somebody. The moment her present young man goes back on her (to use an ancient phrase) you may nominate his successor, for marry somebody she will, if for no other reason than to spite the man who jilted her. Once set on matrimony they marry. The flame of Hymen in a girl's bosom never goes out—never. Follow my advice and she will be Mrs. Jenkins in a week. Away, dotard, away.

And Abou ben Adhem gathered up his pipe and bottle, and went into his tent for his siesta.—*Locke's Monthly.*

OUR FULL-BLOODED COW.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

The man had not been able to pay his debts. The mortgage on the farm had been foreclosed. Day of sale had come. The Sheriff stood on the box reading the terms of vendue. All payments to be made in six months. The auctioneer took his place. The old man and wife, and the children all cried, as the piano, and the carpets, and the bedsteads, went at half their worth. When the piano went it seemed to the old people as if the Sheriff was selling all the fingers that ever played on it, and when the carpets were struck off, I think father and mother thought of the little feet that had tramped it, and when the bedstead was sold it brought to mind the bright curly heads that had slept on it long before the dark days had come, and father had put his name on the back of a note signing his own death-warrant. The next thing to being buried alive is to have the Sheriff sell you out when you have been honest, and have always tried to do right. There are so many envious ones to chuckle at your fall, and some to buy your carriage, blessing the Lord that the time has come for you to walk and for them to ride.

But to us the auction reached its climax of interest when we went to the barn. We were spending our summers in the country, and must have a cow. There were ten or fifteen sukies to be sold. There were reds, and piebalds, and duns, and browns, and brindles, short horns, long horns, crumpled horns, and no horns. But we marked for our own a cow that was said to be full-blooded, whether Alderney, or Durham, or Galloway, or Ayrshire, I will not tell, lest some cattle-fancier feel insulted by what I write, and, if there is any grace that I pride myself in, it is prudence, and a determination always to say smooth things. How much is bid for this magnificent, full-blooded cow? cried the auctioneer. Seventy-five dollars, shouted some one. I made it eighty. He made it ninety. Somebody else quickly made it a hundred. After the bids had risen to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, I got animated, and resolved that I would have that cow if it took my last cent. One hundred and forty dollars! shouted my opponent. The auctioneer said it was the finest cow he had ever sold, and not knowing much about vendues, of course I believed him. It was a good deal of money for a minister to pay, but then I could get the whole matter off my hands by giving a note. In utter defiance of everything I cried out, one hundred and fifty dollars! Going at last! once! twice! three times! gone. Mr. Talmage has it. It was one of the proudest moments of our life. There she stood, tall, immense in the girt, horns branching, graceful as a tree branch, full-udered, silk-coated, pensive-eyed.

We hired two boys to drive her home while we rode in a carriage. No sooner had we started than the cow showed what turned out to be one of her peculiarities, great speed of hoof. She left the boys, outran my horse, jumped the fence, frightened nearly to death a group of school children, and by the time we got home we all felt as if we had been all day out on a fox chase.

We never had any peace with that cow. She knew more tricks than a juggler. She could let down any bars, open any gate, outrun any dog, and ruin the patience of any minister. We had her a year, and yet she never got over wanting to go to the vendue. Once started out of the yard she was bound to see the Sheriff. We coaxed her with carrots, and apples, and cabbages, and sweetest stalks, and the richest beverage of slops, but without avail.

As a milker she was a failure. Mike, who lived just back of our place, would come in nights from his Kerry cow, a scraggy runt that lived on the commons, with his pail so full he had to carry it cautiously lest it spill over. But after our full-blooded cow had been in clover to her eyes all day, Bridget would go out to the barn-yard, and tug and pull for a supply enough to make two or three custards. I said: Bridget, you don't know how to milk! Let me try. I sat down by the cow, tried the full force of dynamics, but just at the moment when my success was about to be demonstrated, a sudden thought took her somewhere between the horns, and she started for the vendue, with one stroke of her back foot upsetting the small treasure I had accumulated, and leaving me a mere wreck of what I once was.

She had among other bad things, a morbid bad appetite. Notwithstanding we gave her the richest herbaceous diet she ate everything she could put her mouth on. She was fond of horse-blankets and articles of human clothing. I found her one day at the clothes line, nearly choked to death, for she had swallowed one leg of something, and seemed dissatisfied that she could not get down the other. The most perfect nuisance that I ever had about my place was that full-blooded cow.

Having read in our agricultural journals of sows that were slaughtered yielding fourteen hundred pounds neat weight, we sold her to the butcher. We set a high price on her and got it—that is, we took a note for it, which is the same thing. My bargain with the butcher was the most successful chapter in my boying experience. The only taking-off in the whole transaction was that the butcher ran away, leaving me nothing but a specimen of poor chirography, and I already had enough of that among my manuscripts.

My friends, never depend upon high breeds. Some of the most useless of cattle had ancestors spoken of in the Commentaries of Cæsar. That Alderney, whose grandfather used to graze on a lord's park in England, may not be worth the grass she eats.

Do not depend too much on the high-sounding name of Durham or Devon. As with animals, so with men. Only one president ever had a president for a son. Let every cow make her own name, and every man achieve his own position. It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. Many an Ayrshire and Hereford has had the hollow-horn and foot-root. Both man and animal are valuable in proportion as they are useful. Mike's cow beat my full-blood.—*The Methodist.*

THE BRAIN WORRY.

Many of us pray to be delivered from sudden death, and do we worry ourselves into it? If we do, can we help it? To most of us is not given to choose our lives, to avoid the rough places, to gently shoulder to one side disagreeable facts. We must climb over the rocks through they hurt us sore, and the difficulties, however they may annoy us must be met with brain fret and wear until they are conquered, or we have passed them. They are as real, living, annoying as any tangible ache or pain could be; as bruising and irritating as the peas in the shoes of the pilgrims of old. Nervous health is one thing, and moral health, and purely physical health is quite another and different thing. Calm and steady mental work is conducive to long life; but nervous emotion, mental work that is a constant urging, and, at the same time, is an unhanging of the even tenor of the mind, cuts away the brain faster than any mental labor, no matter how hard, that is systematic. As men do not really die of heart disease as often as supposed, but of apoplexy, or congestion of the lungs, so they do not die of brain work, but brain worry.

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

THE EFFECT OF POURING COLD WATER DOWN A DRUNKEN MAN'S SPINE.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

I want to see, says he, the man that puts things into this paper.

We intimated that several of us carried a frugal livelihood in that way.

Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand.

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable people, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feelings and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth—

Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see him, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him.

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and moistened his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone:

Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad.

We told him that particular man was not in.

Just so. I presume so. They told me before I came that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait.

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wasn't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back.

Well, said we, as our visitor paused, did it make him sober? Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied with increased emotion:

Just so. I presume it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw; and Mr. John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. Bla—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw.

Then he went for you, did he? we asked innocently.

Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith. I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see that man what printed that little piece and I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for.

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about six o'clock in the evening, and then went up street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.—*Utica Herald.*

THEY SAY.

They say often tells that which is not true. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely ever is a suspicous report put in circulation, but this Mr. They Say is the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because living nowhere he cannot be found. Who said that Mr. ———, the merchant, was in a failing condition? Why They Say so. On what authority do you affirm that neighbor J. has been in bad company? Why, They Say so. Is it a fact that Miss T. is not so circumspect as she should be? Why, They Say so. Have nothing to do with that Mr. They Say; he is half-brother to Mr. Nobody, who always does all the mischief, and lives nowhere but in the inventive brain of those who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull down to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of They Say.

THE BARTENDER.

As you gaze at him, standing behind the marble counter, with an array of glasses and lemons behind him, his hair parted directly in the middle, and a smile of self-complacency edging his waxed moustache, you think him a wonderful creature. And so indeed he is. His clothes are of the nattiest description, running in most instances to flowered vests and red neckties. Upon his spotless shirt bosom rests a huge coruscation of diamonds—or paste—which radiates its brilliancy in streams of colored lights, creating the impression, in the mind of a man who has been too frequently to the bar, that it is a red and blue pinwheel in full operation. As you come up to the counter, he takes you in with a quick, business glance, and then says in a pleasant tone—What shall it be?

You tell him what you would like it to be, and with a lazy, but dexterous movement, he brings a thin glass from some mysterious quarter, and skims it along the polished bar. It stops directly in front of you, just as if actuated by intelligence. Then up comes a bottle, not as an ordinary mortal would handle, but with a juggling jerk, and a few scientific twists. If the drink is to be one requiring some combination of liquors—if it is to be constructed on the French flat system—the bartender is in his glory. In an instant the air is full of lemons, bottles and glasses, which revolve about his diamond pin, as the planets do about the sun. Nothing drops, however, and in the most rapid agitation of the tail of a lamb, the beverage which you have ordered is before you.

Such is a bartender as you find him at a first-class saloon. He is generally a well informed man on the current news of the day, and can conduct a conversation admirably. It is his business to treat you as if you were a prince; that is as long as you have any money. When he discovers that you are financially exhausted he becomes as cool as though an iceberg had drifted into the room. Not so to every one, however. There be those who have the run of the bar to whom some concessions are made. As you stand there one comes in. His hair has a feathery appearance as if a whirlwind had struck it not long ago. His shirt front is rumpled, his cravat is all askew. It is evident from the general appearance of the youth that he has been engaged in astronomical researches all night and has not been to bed. The astronomer comes up to the bar in a hurried, business way, leans over it, and places his mouth close to the attendant's ear. You don't catch exactly what he says, but it is something like hang it up. Patiently you watch to see something hung up, but you never do. You see the man take a drink and then walk off without paying.

When you get broke you try this scheme on yourself. Getting off from the bar you walk rapidly up, lean over and say in a whisper, hang it up. Then the man tells the small boy who is cracking ice at the end of the counter to bring that club. You wait no longer, but sadly fade away to the street, with your faith in human nature greatly shaken.

MILK AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

Considerable has been lately said in medical journals concerning the value of milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. An interesting article upon this subject lately appeared in the London *Milk Journal* in which it is stated on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clark, that East India warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhœa. A pint every four hours will check violent diarrhœa, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreably warm, not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. This writer gives several instances to show the value of this simple substance in arresting the disease, among which is the following: The writer says, It has never failed in curing me in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one continual diarrhœa, and it acted on him like a charm. In two days his diarrhœa was gone, in three weeks he became a hale, fat man, and now nothing that may hereafter occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk.

A writer also communicates to the Medical *Times and Gazette*, a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks diarrhœa, and nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from disease require food quite as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient; but nature ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some directly curative. Such food is milk. The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving particular observations upon the points above mentioned, viz., its action in diarrhœa, its nourishing properties and its action in cooling the body, says: We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines and, in fine, is the *sine qua non* in typhoid fever. We have also lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often very distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever; it keeps up the strength of the patient, sits well upon the stomach, and is every way a blessed thing in this sickness. Parents remember it, and do not fear to give it if your dear ones are afflicted with the disease.