

Spirit of the Age.

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The Wild Rose.

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG FRIEND.
Fair are the flowers the tansy Spring
At last fulfilling all our hope
With largest leaf, in woe to fling
Along our Northern slope.
For us the cowslip sheds its gold;
For us the May-flower breathes perfume;
And in our meadows, low and cold,
White violets bloom.

But some read omelet noon of June,
When sunbeams thrill with fervid power,
And sea waves ebb a murmurous tune,
Come, see our perfect flower.
From sunset shades of mottled red
Her deeply glowing lines were wrought;
From pearly shell in ocean's bed
Her paler tints were caught.

Her tender greenery gently fills
With graceful, rounded shape
The outline of the rugged hills
All round our Cape.
She flashes in the deepest wood;
We trace her by the brooklet's edge;
But most where billows wash and rade
Best on the cruel ledge.

Her jaunty smile we love to greet;
Life's central radiance through her flows;
Her fragrant shells the east wind sweet--
Our beautiful Wild Rose.
So, to our duty's sorer days,
By salt waves lapped, by sharp crags torn--
So, to our sabbath shaded ways,
Set round by brake and thorn--
In modest pride of gracious youth,
With heart of love, with soul serene,
With dewy purity and truth,
She comes, our Eglantine.
--Eliza Scudder in Harper's Magazine.

THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

Major Anthony Hartleop was a very good match indeed, as Miss Angerona Dilworth and the gossips very well knew.

To be sure, he was rather bald and had a wart on his nose; but, then, he was the owner of many acres of rich land; he possessed herds of fat, short-horn cattle and flocks of long-woolled Merino sheep; he raised untold quantities of amber cane, to be made up into sugar; and was, all told, the richest farmer in the neighborhood of Sugar Maple village.

As for Miss Angerona, she was not very young, but neither was she old. She was not remarkably plain, nor could she be called pretty. For the rest, she was rather sharp-featured and very sharp-tongued, so the neighbors declared, though the major had not discovered this fact.

Miss Dilworth was not a benevolent person, yet she had taken her orphan niece, Avis, to raise.

Avis Dilworth was a hearty, merry girl, in spite of her aunt's crabbed temper, with a round face, deep dimples in her cheeks, a pair of laughing, blue-gray eyes, and plenty of vim and life about her, though demure and quiet as a nun under Miss Angerona's sharp eyes.

Indeed, many people asserted that if Avis were only decently dressed, and allowed the advantages she deserved, she would be quite a belle.

But Miss Dilworth's old garments, however neatly made over, were not sufficient to set off even a good figure to much advantage.

They were all poor Avis was allowed, however, and she sighed in vain over the crisp new lawns, the sheer white muslins, the fluted ruffles and fresh, plumed hats of her more fortunate acquaintances.

At last Major Hartleop had proposed to Miss Angerona, in a good, substantial, plainly-expressed letter; and Miss Angerona had determined to accept the proposal.

"If he is bald and ugly," she remarked to herself, "he's rich, and money covers a multitude of bad looks. Besides, it'll spite that stuck-up Wilder Flukes, that's been a-setting her cap at him this month or more; an' as long as she wants him I'd have him, if he was bald as an egg an' ten times as ugly as he is!"

But, in spite of his defects, Major Hartleop was good-hearted, and as romantic as many a man with a glossy head of hair and no wart on his nose.

He was really in love with Miss Angerona, and after sending his proposal, the moments seemed weighted with lead until he could receive her answer.

"A new dress! No, Avis Dilworth, you can't have it! A pretty question to ask, when I've got my own clothes to buy, if I marry that bald-headed scare-crow, as I s'pose I shall! A fine thing for you to come asking for duds, miss!"

"But, aunt," returned Avis, pleadingly, "I haven't anything fit to wear to church."

"Oh, indeed! So you go to church to show your clothes, hey? You better stay at home if that's what you go for. An' when I marry old Hartleop--why he couldn't have had a decent name I don't see--you won't be no better off than you are now, if he is rich. I shall be as savin' of his money as I kin, so when he dies I'll have something for myself. An' now go 'long an' milk that cow; she's been a-bawlin' this half-hour!"

The poor major, half-stupefied by this astonishing revelation, stumbled off the steps and got out of the gate he scarcely knew how.

And now here was a predicament! How was he to marry such a--a virgin, he reasoned, mopping his head with a huge red handkerchief. And yet, how was he to get out of marrying her, if she chose to accept him?

He had serious doubts whether being called a "bald-headed scare-crow" would exonerate a man, in the eyes of the law and public opinion, in refusing to fulfill his offer of marriage.

And yet, marry her he couldn't--he wouldn't. That was assured himself over and over again.

Miss Angerona, meanwhile, proceeded to write her letter, accepting Major Hartleop's proposal. Having written it, she laid it on a corner of the table to dry, and with compressed lips and a look of determination in her cold, gray eyes, she drew another letter from her pocket, and opening it, read:

"My Dear Avis: I have called twice to see you, but your aunt refused me admittance to the house. I am therefore compelled to write what I had meant to tell you personally. You must know already that I love you, Avis, and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me? Please answer as soon as possible, as I shall be in great suspense until I hear from you. Yours forever, RICHMOND ALDER."

"Hum!" muttered Miss Angerona, with a smile of grim satisfaction. "It's well I didn't give her the letter. I shan't allow her to marry very soon. She's too much help to me. I couldn't get nobody to take her place an' do all she does for love nor money. And now for your answer, Mr. Richmond Alder."

And taking up her pen, she wrote, slowly and carefully:

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you. A. DILWORTH."

"That'll settle him," she decided. "An' 'tain't no forgery, either, seen 'An' trust for Angerona as well as Avis."

And inclosing the two letters in envelopes, she directed them, slipped them in her pocket, and carried them to the post office herself.

"Now I know they're safe," she whispered, with a sigh of relief, as she retraced her steps toward home.

Major Hartleop had passed a wretched night. According to his own statement, he had not slept a wink.

When Jane's Soper, the hired hand, brought in the morning's mail, as usual, he felt a nervous tingle down his fingers.

"I must have sent the wrong letter, and now that Alder will get the other. What a fool I was!"

And she hastened her steps home ward to prevent further mischief from the unlucky mistake.

But she was too late. The house was shut up; no signs of life about no Avis to be seen. On the dining table lay a note, which said:

"DEAR AUNT: Since you have accepted Mr. Alder's proposal for me you cannot blame me for marrying him. We are going to the minister's now, and will be happy to see you at our home whenever you choose to come. As ever, your niece, AVIS."

Miss Angerona's feelings were not greatly improved when, a few weeks later, she read the marriage-notice of Major Anthony Hartleop and Mrs. Candace Flukes.

And so Miss Angerona Dilworth had lost both her lover and her niece all through her own treachery, and Major Hartleop never repented the lucky escape he had made. --Helen Whitney Clark.

Blind Tom.

The people of this country are familiar with Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, but all of them have not marked the wonderful incidents in his career. Born a slave, and deprived of almost every sense but that of sound, he has astonished and delighted the people of this country by his wonderful power as a pianist. He is a Georgian, and must now be over 40 years of age. His musical gifts began to attract attention before the war. At its close it is not wonderful that he should be supposed that he could be played as a great card. The custody of Blind Tom was given to Gen. Bethune, his former owner. He traveled with him for some time, and then turned him over to the care of one of his sons, who contracted an unfortunate marriage and was killed by a railroad train something more than a year since.

The widow is now trying to get possession of Tom, and is using his mother to effect this purpose, who must now be quite aged. Tom's parents entered into an agreement as to his custody with Gen. Bethune, and this will play an important part in the litigation that must ensue. Without the care and attention of his old master and mistress and their children, Tom would never have had an opportunity of developing his wonderful power of musical imitation. He has just sufficient intellect to know them, and to entertain for them the affection exhibited by a domestic animal. He is utterly unable to care for himself, and it is more than questionable if his mother is any better prepared to look after him. The writer can recall him crawling about the house like a puppy, attracted by the sound of a piano, and although long since past the age of surprises, we never expected to see Blind Tom a party litigant before the Supreme Court of the United States. --Masson (Ga.) Telegraph.

Not to Be Fooled Again.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else: "I am thinking, sir, the cow is in the potato. Though he purposely hid his stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog who appeared to be asleep immediately jumped up, and leaping through an open window scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the farmyard, where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated the outlook, but, on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with a comical expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him. On which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warren corner with an offensive air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again. --Baptist Weekly.

She Sat Down on Him.

There is a pushing young painter who loves to wear long hair, and who is not apparently an enthusiastic supporter of Pears' soap; and this young painter has a very profound belief in himself, and his own charms, and his own genius, and above all, in his power of captivating the hearts of the fair. The other evening our young painter found himself dining at a friend's house, next to a very attractive young lady, whom he promptly endeavored to impress as much as possible. After telling her all about himself, and his picture, and his talent, he finally informed her that he should never marry. "Why not?" inquired his fair companion. "If I did marry," the young painter replied, "I should make so many women unhappy." "I should have thought you would only make one woman unhappy," was the young lady's prompt comment, which reduced that long-haired egotist to silence. He does not like that girl now, and avoids her when they meet. --Whitehall Review, London.

A MONKEY-INFESTED CITY.

The "City of the Gods," where Apes are Sacred.

Twenty Thousand of Them Allowed to Roam at Will Through the Town.

A railroad company in India has decided to carry ten thousand monkeys. Most railroad companies probably would. That such an undertaking, however, should ever have been suggested to a Board of Directors is a curious incident in railroad history, yet it is a fact. The Brahmins of Benares, anxious to get rid of several thousand superstitious monkeys, asked the company to carry them away for them to a distant spot, but the railroad authorities showed no enthusiasm in closing with the offer of such a multitude of singular passengers. It is a matter of common knowledge that in Benares, the "City of the Gods," there is a very large and very sacred colony of monkeys. Not only have they a temple, properly furnished with shrines and priests, specially dedicated to them, but they are free of all the others besides. In Benares they can go where they like, and although this liberty is qualified by a certain measure of respectful opposition when they abuse their privileges so outrageously, the monkeys are virtually free of the whole city, private dwellings and public buildings. Thus circumstances, with every favorable condition for longevity in individuals and fecundity in the species, it is no wonder that the four-handed folk have become redundant. Even the Brahmins themselves have at last confessed that there are too many monkeys in Benares, and are now trying to rid themselves of a portion of the intolerable burden of the sanctity which such a host of revered quadrupeds imposes upon them. The common people, in spite of the sacredness of the creatures, have long ago begun to think that so large a population of idlers has its unsatisfactory side, and when we recollect that a monkey will every day eat and waste as much grain or fruit as an average Hindu requires for his weekly sustenance, and that the mischief in which these creatures pass their time--having nothing else, poor hored divinities, to do--is not a substantial appreciable loss upon their human fellow-citizens, it is not difficult to sympathize with the ap-riorded men and women of the Holy City. Without contributing in any way to the material welfare of the sacred places, these animals, twenty thousand or so, constitute a very serious tax upon the working population and divert from other charities a vast quantity of good food. Each handful of grain which a monkey wastes would suffice for the meal of a mendicant fakir. At last, therefore, it has been decided to take steps to reduce the tailed population. The monkey, however, is at all times an intelligent person. He knows as well as any body else when he is well off. In Benares he is especially contented. Plenty of good water, unlimited vegetables, fruit and grain, delightfully shady nooks, verandas, temple corridors, etc., commend themselves to him as combination of attractions not to be easily matched elsewhere, so that he scouts all suggestions of emigration. Once or twice the pious and benevolent old Rajah has invited the four-handed hosts to come across the river from the city to his Palace of Ramnagar, and the priests have actually ferried boat-load after boat-load from one bank of the Ganges to the other. But the monkeys pretended to misunderstand the arrangement. They insisted to think the trip a mere outing--a day's picnic. So, though they allowed themselves to be taken over in the morning with the utmost complacency, they always insisted on being brought back in the evening. Boats piled large numbers upon the river, and, without asking for permission or offering to pay any thing, they used to slip themselves as passengers and return to sleep in the city.

On another occasion certain lands a short distance off were specially set apart by the princely Rajah for their maintenance, and an immense number of the animals were respectfully conducted to their new quarters and invited to settle there. But not the monkeys found there were no sweetmeats stalls in the fields, no cake-shops in the groves, and they courteously, yet firmly, declined the Rajah's proffered hospitality, and came strolling back into the city at their leisure. They had tasted the pleasures of a rural life, and deliberately arrived at the conclusion that they preferred those of the town; so they gave up the cornfields and the mango trees for the always to be had for the stealing. The present effort, however, this of deporting by train to such a distance as Saharunpore such a large number as 10,000, is by far the most serious that has been made, and if the four-handed ones submit to be deported this time, they must make up their minds for permanent exile. Railway companies have no superstitious about Hanuman; they do not worship monkeys. Thus, unless the animals are prepared

to pay their own return fare, and to travel back in a respectable and honest manner, they will have to bid farewell to the beautiful old city where they spent such happy years, and where their bones will now have no chance of securely reposing after death. There is no chance of their ever finding their way back. --London Telegraph.

The Common Lot.

One of the most beautiful stories in Oriental or perhaps any literature, whereby we are taught that no human creature is exempt from affliction and sorrow, is told in the life of Gautama, the founder of the Buddhist religion.

There was a young woman, the story runs, who had been married early, as is the custom in the East, and had a child while she was still a girl. When the beautiful boy could run alone he died. Her sorrow for a time deprived her of her reason, and in her love for her dead child she carried it from house to house of her plying friends, asking them to give her medicine for it. A Buddhist convert, thinking "she does not understand," said to her:

"My good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for, but I think I know of one who has."

"Oh, tell me who that is?" cried the girl.

"The Buddha can give you medicine to die to him," was the answer.

She went to Gautama, and, doing homage to him said:

"Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?"

"Yes, I know of some," said the teacher.

Now, it was the custom for the patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required; so she asked what herbs he would want.

"I want some mustard seed," he said, and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added: "You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died."

"Very good," she said, and I went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said: "Here is mustard seed--take it;" but when she asked: "In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband, or a parent, or slave?" they answered, "Lady, what is this that you say? The living are few, but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses; but one said, "I have lost a son;" another "I have lost my slave." At last no being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear, and summoning up resolution, she left the dead body of her child in a forest, and returning to the Buddha, paid him homage.

He said to her, "Have you the mustard seed?"

"My Lord," she replied, "I have not. The people tell me that the living are few, but the dead are many."

Then he talked to her on the impermanence of all things, pointing out to the poor girl how the affliction from which she was suffering was not peculiar to her, but was common to all her fellow creatures, till her doubts were cleared away. She accepted the lot, and became a disciple.

The Esthetic Motmot.

The most striking example of abortive effort or at least bizarre form of decoration is found in the case of the motmot, South American bird, which succeeds in paralleling some of the most absurd of humanity's decorative freaks, notably of filing the teeth to points.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Cobweb.
A spider spun his shining web,
Where tall green grasses grew;
He darted, w to the filmy thread,
Like a shuttle, through and through.

A child espied the cobweb where
It glittered in the sun;
"Mamma! mamma! I do declare
The spider's wash is done!"

"Tis Monday morn, you know, behold,
The spider's wash is long!"
Two tiny flyings, green and gold,
On the dainty cobweb swung.

The Mouse's Blanket.

One day Willie's mamma missed a
blanket note which was very cer-
tain she had put in a particular place
Thinking that Willie might have
taken it for a plaything, not knowing
its value, she asked him if he had
seen it. But Willie knew nothing
about it, neither did the nurse, nor
anybody in the house.

By and by papa came home. He
pointed to a mouse hole in the nur-
sery floor, and said the nice miss
had stolen it. A carpenter came and
took up the floor, and, sure enough
there was a nest of little mice all
cuddled down on the bank note, which
Mother Mouse had spread out as a
lining for the nest. Other pieces of
paper were found, all torn and nib-
bled, but this being nice and soft had
been saved for a blanket by the wise
old mother. --Detroit Free Press.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Weezy was so anxious to help that
she made it hard for herself and for
the family. She burned her fingers
in stirring hot apple sauce for Bridget.
She woke up the baby in trying to
curl the few hairs on his little bald
head. She meddled with mamma's knit-
ting, so that she had lost every needle
but a Haynes laughed at these things
but when Weezy learned to open his
writing desk he looked grave.

"This'll never do," said his mamma
"The child will be tearing my papers
next."

So he locked the desk, and hung the
key above the tall clock beside it.

"There, my young squirrel, you
won't reach that in a hurry," he said
to himself, kissing his little daughter
good-by.

After he was gone mamma stepped
into the kitchen to tell Bridget about
dinner. Weezy started in the sitting
room to sing Sambo to sleep. Every
time she rocked back in her small
chair she could see the key shining
over the clock. It looked very much
out of place. She wondered why her
papa had put it there. She wanted to
winkle with it. Oh, hush! if she was
a little speck of a bird, she would fly
against it and brush it down with her
wings. Or if Sambo was only a cat,
she would knock down the key she
knocked poor Sambo's stocking yarr
head against the wall, and he fell flat
upon the top of the clock.