Historical Society

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Poetry.

GATHERED GEMS.

Spicy Stanzas Selected from Several Sources.

Did it break my heart when my love lay dead?
Why, bless your soul, she didn't die!
Time wrought change as it onward sped:
She loves another; so do I!

"Oh, maiden fair, with golden hair,
Roaming the meadows over,
What art thou plucking with fingers rare,
From midst the fragrant clover?"
"Dad's got a spell of colic," said she,
"I'm pulling wild sage to make him tea."

For he might have been a preacher,
A writer, or a teacher,
Or an Adirondackian;
But in spite of all temptation
To assume some other station,
He becomes a buck-board man.
Chorus—For it's greatly to his debit, etc.

I am going to a ball,
Baby mine, baby mine;
Don't you dare to up and squall,
Baby mine, baby mine;
Dad will stay at home with you,
And he'll spank you if you do—
Spank you till you're black and blue,
Baby mine, baby mine.

"I'm sitting on this tile, Mary,"
He said in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured, "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat?"

"I just came in to ask a scent
From you, dear Mrs. Rhyme."
"Why, certainly. You're welcome, friend—
Here is just half a dime."
"Good joke!—ha! ha!—you do not see
On what I am intent."
And plucking here a fragrant rose—
"This is the scent-i-ment."

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day;
I frankly answer, only once,
And mean just what I say.

You seem perplexed and somewhat hurt,
But wait and hear the rhyme;
Pray how can one do more than once
What one does all the time.

She gave him her fingers at parting,
And he tenderly pressed their tips;
And satisfied not, as he bolder became,
He lifted them to his lips.

His grasp grew ardently tighter,
And her face flushed rosily red,
And he swept a kiss from the proper place—
"From hand to mouth," he said.

Shyly he bent o'er the dainty head,
And, "Won't you, won't you?"
He softly said,
Begging from the saucy miss
Just for the loan of one sweet kiss.

The maiden tossed her pretty head,
And, "No, I won't you,"
She saucily said.
"How foolish he is!" thought the little miss:
"He should not ask for, but steal, the kiss."

Dost know some pastoral vale,
Some fragrant, flowery dale,
Some quiet, lovely spot,
Some sweet, secluded cot,
O'er where the vines do creep,
Where they'll board a fellow cheap?

Can any one describe to me
Some cool, green island of the sea,
Where I can revel on the deep,
And eat, and drink, and smoke, and sleep,
And while the summer months away,
And have no hotel bill to pay?

My grandfather's breath was too strong for the house,
So he slept ninety years in the shed;
It was stronger by far than the old man himself—
At least that's what grandmother said.

It was got on the morn when he swallowed his first horn;
You could feel it as you passed by his side;
But it stopped short, never to smell again,
When the old man died.

Ninety years he kept on swilling,
Tick, tick, tick, tick;
His breath slow but surely killing,
Tick, tick, tick, tick,
But it's stopped now, let us thank heaven,
And the old man's dead.

The boy stood on the backyard fence,
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames that lit his father's barn,
Shone just above the shed.

One bunch of crackers in his hand,
Two others in his hat;
With piteous accents loud he cried,
"I never thought of that!"

A bunch of crackers for the taff
Of one small dog he'd tied;
The dog in anguish sought the barn,
And 'mid the ruins died.

The sparks flew wide, and red, and hot,
They lit upon the brat;
They fired the crackers in his hand,
And the those in his hat.

Then came a burst of rattling sound—
The boy! Where was he gone?
Ask of the winds, far around
Strewed bits of meat and bone,

And scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops,
And nails, and hooks, and yarn,
The relics of that dreadful boy
That burned his father's barn.

Our Selected Story.

SPARKLESS AND BITTER.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel o. Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! O, Beware!
For sickness, sorrow and care
All are there!

Longfellow's Golden Legend.

Whether the draperies of our memory chamber be sable or golden, it is a sacred place, where many of our hearts' treasures are laid away.

You are lonely to-night, although, as you glance from your window, the moon shines serenely down upon the silent streets, and the church-spire, but a block above, casts a slender shadow toward you.

There is not a solitude so profound as that which one feels when alone in the heart of a great city. To this solitude you are accustomed; it is your daily lot; but to-night you are weary of it, weary of toiling so steadfastly, day by day, weaving tales and rhymes for the sake of earning a poor subsistence for yourself and children. But the meal in the barrel is scanty, and the oil in the widow's cruse low—you must write something to-night, it only a poem; so, you close the shutters, turn on the gas, and draw your writing-desk under it. But your thoughts wander, and will not obey your bidding; so you close your eyes, and bowing your face upon your hands, you enter your memory chamber.

First, comes the remembrance of your grandsire, with his white hair and bowed form. He used to wander about in a vacant sort of way, and ask for "Nellie." It was your grandmother's name—grandmother with the wavy hair and gentle eyes; she was younger than he, but she went before him. Dear grandfather! they found him one morning still and cold, but with a smile upon his lips—he had found Nellie at last.

Then comes a thought of childish days, and a sweet-faced mother, who directed your plays, and gave you a kiss when she placed you, nightly, in your little bed; and of your father, of whom you stood slightly in awe, though he, too, was always kind.

You attended school with your brother, and, although he quarreled with the boys sometimes, he always gave you the choicest tid-bits for your luncheon, and carried you over the muddy places in the street, on your way home. Afterwards, he was sent to a distant academy, while you attended school at the house of a friend, near home—a Mrs. Harland, who, having a large family of children, and wishing to educate them under her own eye, procured two excellent tutors; but finding the expense much greater than she had anticipated, she expressed a willingness to receive a few other pupils, children of personal friends, who were to share the expense. Your brother had already been entered for the year at another school, but your parents gladly accepted a place for you. The pupils, although constantly under their teachers' eyes, were allowed more freedom than at the public schools; their educational advancement, however, was very rapid; so much so as to call down the highest encomiums for their tutors.

One morning, while at play, you observed a stranger among the boys; he was the largest boy of all. He threw a merry glance and smile toward you as you ran up the steps to the school room, and your cheeks flushed hotly in response. He was handsome, noble and manly, and, as he was the first scholar, was allowed considerable license by the teachers. You often met him when returning from your recitations, and he always had for you the same bright smile.

When you learned that his name was Albert St. Ives, you were much surprised, for you had heard your brother speak of him in harsh terms as his bitter enemy. You wondered, in a childish sort of way, how this could be; for Albert's manner, though proud and dignified to others, was always so gentle and tender, whenever he met or addressed you, that it was impossible for you to believe he could ever be unkind. His sister attended the same school, and she often told you how he praised you to her, and how dearly he loved you. You blushed and felt flattered. Poor child! you were but fifteen then, and he was twenty.

One noonday, as you were passing through the hall with a spray of rare white lilies in your hand, he met you, and pausing and taking your hand, he said:

"Please give me a lily, little one."

You were young and shy, and the blood rushed to your cheeks, and throbbed in the pulses of the hand he held; but, although you did not in the least object to giving him a lily, you feared the ridicule of the girls, and replied:

"Oh, no, indeed!"

But he pleaded in such a gentle, coaxing way, saying, "I will keep it until I die, if you will give me one," that you could resist no longer, but broke a half-opened bud from the stem and gave him.

"Thank you, Lily-bud," he said; and there was such a world of gentle tenderness in his voice, such a depth of passionate love in his eager eyes, that your own grew misty, as they fell to the floor.

"I will keep it until I die," he repeated, "for its purity is an emblem of your own sweet girlhood." And he pressed the bud to his lips as he turned away.

This was the end of your peace at that school. His name was written in your books, was shouted after you wherever you went, though always, at such times, if he was near, he would come to your side, thereby putting a stop to their clamor and quieting you, though you knew it would give fresh cause for gossip.

Two hours each evening were allotted to study, and the pupils all met in the school room, accompanied by one of the teachers. They were allowed to converse upon the subject of their lessons with those of their own classes. You were in some of the classes with Albert, and you soon found that he could make any knotty subject plain to your comprehension more readily than any one else; and you studied, oh how hard that you might be perfect in your recitations, and appear to the best advantage in his eyes. When the pupils assembled for study in the evening, he would seek you and say:

"How is it to-night, Lily-bud; is there anything too mysterious for you to solve readily?" And sometimes after he had made the subject clear to your mental vision, you would deplore your dulness, and he would say:

"You are not dull in the least, darling. It is only because you are a little girl yet; you are farther advanced than I was at your age."

So the days drifted by. You neither sought nor shunned him, but there was something indescribably sweet in these little interviews. He called you Lily-bud, and other pet names; even your own name, which you had always before disliked, sounded sweetly from his lips.

The school year drew near its close, and all was bustle and confusion; for it was to close with an examination and a private theatrical, to which the friends and patrons of the school only were invited. Shakspeare's "As You Like It" was to be performed, after being somewhat abridged by the teachers; you were to take the part of Rosalind, and Albert that of Orlando.

The last evening arrived; the performers were ready with their parts, and the play was pronounced a complete success. You had rehearsed it many times, and it had always seemed like acting before; but to-night it was almost real to you. It seemed so to Albert, too, for at the close he whispered, "You are mine now, darling, for you have given yourself to me; remember, I shall require you to redeem your promise." After the applause had subsided, he slipped a note into your hand. Passing to your room with the excuse that you must remove your bride's dress, you read it. It was written hastily, and only said:

"Meet me in Mrs. Harland's private parlor in half an hour, please, Lily-bud. She has given me permission to see you there. My father has arrived, as you know, and he informs me that he has just made arrangements for our immediate departure for Europe, and he says we must leave here to-night. Don't disappoint me. Sweet, for I have something I must say to you, that will affect my life's happiness; something I would have told you before, only I did not think it quite right, while we were attending the same school."

Had you been dreaming for a year without waking that, that this gave you such a shock?

Yes! you had been dreaming—dreaming a dream that will never come again to you on earth. Another love, perhaps, may come to you, but it will lack some of the freshness of this first, sweet delight; some element of perfect happiness will be wanting. The dream was so bright, you had lived in it only; both past and future were overshadowed. You had never thought of being his bride, except vaguely in the far off future; but now, when you knew you must decide the question, even with your bride's robes trailing the floor around you, you paced up and down with white lips, murmuring, "It cannot be."

You were very sensitive—afraid of ridicule; you could never endure your brother's harsh remarks. Then, too, there was a sort of enmity between Albert's house and yours, as unfounded, perhaps, as the feud existing between the houses of Capulet and Montague; it might have been a sort of bigotry, a difference of creed or politics, but it certainly did exist. The thoughts went wandering up and down through your mind, and, although you knew in your heart that these obstacles might be overcome, you thought them over and over, trying to shut out the true reason, but it would force itself upon you.

He loved the wine cup! and, though he was too young for the taste to affect him very seriously as yet, it was well known to be his besetting sin—to you it seemed his only sin. This was a fault that your father never would tolerate; you knew it to be a dreadful one, though you could not then realize its enormity. But this you knew—you could never be his wife; and the anguish which this knowledge brought you seemed as though it would wring your soul and body asunder. How, in your weakness, you prayed a voiceless prayer that it might be so! Then, as if in answer to your prayer, the world slowly faded from you, a coldness seemed to benumb your frame, and all was blank.

You were aroused at length by a tap at the door; at first, you thought it was something knocking at your heart; but a schoolmate entered the room, exclaiming:

"Poor child! you have almost fainted from over-excitement. They are all calling you, and your Orlando is bidding us good-bye. He begged me to find you, for his father is hurrying him, and he cannot leave without a farewell from you.

Mechanically you followed her, until you stood, cold and pale, among them all. Albert, too, was very pale. He took your hands in both his own, looked deep within your eyes, and said, without reproach, without bitterness, but with such a depth of sorrow in his tender tones:

"Beloved, but not mine!"

He said it full and clear, as he had wooed you—before them all. Then, while all stood silent, so silent it seemed as though they must hear the beating of your heart, he kissed your lips for the first time, once, twice, and said, fervently:

"God keep you, my darling—good-bye."

A tear fell from his eyes upon your hand as he turned away, and thenceforth the spot where it fell seemed consecrated; you could see the tear glistening there for months afterward, as bright as though it were a glittering diamond.

This was all hidden in a secret recess of your memory chamber long ago; nay, it was locked and barred, forbidden your sight, in the fear that its remembrance might drive you mad; but the rusts of years have loosened the fastenings, and to-night you live again the scenes enacted so long ago.

You remember thinking it strange that your friends should weep at the sight of this parting;—their hopes were not blighted; the sunshine of their lives was undimmed, and your own aching eyes refused the consolation of tears.

The days passed on dreamily; you could not interest yourself in anything, you had no hope or object in life. But, after the lapse of a few months, he wrote you again, saying:

"My darling, I cannot give you up; for I can but hope that you love me; and, when I love you more than life, it is wrong to allow a slight reason to separate us. If you are influenced by anything in my past conduct, I assure you that I will be whatever you wish. I have not drank a drop of wine, or anything stronger, since I left you, for your sake; so, you see your fears in that respect are groundless. Oh, my darling, promise me that you will be my wife, and you shall never, never regret it."

He wrote your father also, and, after a time, obtained his consent to your marriage. Oh, the golden days that followed! for your trust in him was perfect. And when at length he returned, and clasping you in his arms, repeated what he had written, "My beautiful, you shall never regret this," your cup of happiness was overflowing.

And did you never regret it? Did you never, for one bitter moment, while passing through "deep waters," while silently enduring suffering "for his sake;" when your dearest friends died, and others forsook you, did there never creep into your heart one regret for the step you had taken?

Before God, no!

Sitting as you do to-night, in loneliness and weariness, if, even with your present knowledge, you were to decide whether or not you were to pass through it all again, you would place your hand in his and say, without faltering: "God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death shall part thee and me."

Your parents objected to your immediate marriage. "You were both too young," they urged. You knew, in your heart, that they still secretly objected to the match, that they doubted if Albert would continue to live temperately. It was with many fears that you yielded to their request to wait; for he was beset on every side with temptations, as you well knew. He was impatient at the delay; but when he found you were firm in respecting your father's wishes, he said:

"Never mind, Lily-bud, you will be all the dearer because I am obliged to serve all these weary years for you."

His father, a man of middle age, was a man of talent and ability, though it was well known that he drank to excess. His wife had been dead for years, and he was accustomed to the daily use of wine and stronger stimulants at the table, and at all times, in fact. He had placed it to Albert's lips when a child; it was introduced in many of the viands used upon the table, and it was very difficult for Albert to avoid tasting it. But, as the months passed, and he still stood firm, a feeling of security settled around you, and you were, oh, so proud of him, and of his love for you—it was strong enough to resist the fiercest temptations for your sake.

But, after a time, you observed that he had again commenced drinking, slightly at first, but enough to arouse your fears. And when you begged him to desist, he only smiled and said:

"Have no fears for my sake, darling; it has not the slightest power over me, for I can leave it off at any time; you ought to know that; but I cannot shun society entirely, and at home or abroad the temptation is always before me. My father makes light of my resolution to refrain from drinking, and the boys really do not think much of a fellow who will not take a glass when he is invited. But when we are once married, I shall have done with it forever."

You saw less of him after this, but you know he was slowly, though surely, pursuing the downward course. You were in a state of fearful suspense; the days dragged slowly by, and the wakeful nights seemed interminable.

At last a malignant type of typhoid fever broke out in the village; your parents were both seized with it, and after days of delirious suffering on their part, and anxious, weary watching on yours—watching and care that were all in vain—you closed their sightless eyes in their last slumber. Oh, the bitter tears you shed over them, for it was part of your nature to trust and lean upon some one, and now, though your brother was very kind, you missed your mother's counsel; and the dear comfort of Albert's love and presence, which would have shed a balm over your sorrowing heart, was no longer yours.

But on the first night after the funeral he sought you. He was pale from the lingering effect of his past excesses, but his eye was clear and his purpose firm.

"Forgive me, oh my darling!" he cried, "and trust me once more. I can offer no excuse for my conduct; I cannot, myself, understand the power the demon has over me. I cannot forgive myself for leaving you for the sparkless and bitter wine cup; you who, believe me, are dearer than my own life; who have always seemed like my own flesh and blood ever since the morning when your dear eyes first looked into mine; while that accursed thing, which, although it appears so bright and sparkling, is the very gall of earth. It is sweet to the lips, but oh, more bitter than death to the soul. I cannot think I should have been so base as to have done it if you had been my wife, but I cannot judge of my own power. Be my wife, now, dear one, and with God's help and yours, I shall be able to resist the combined forces of hell!"

Poor boy! he was so humble, so earnest in his entreaty, that you forgave him all, before his words were half spoken. And when, with unsteady lips, he asked you, "Will you trust me?" you placed both hands in his, and your answer came from your heart, without hesitation, "Dear Albert, I will!"

You married him, and, despite your recent bereavement, and your brother's estrangement because of your marriage, you were, oh, so happy, for a year. One brief year, so bright that its light was either snatched from heaven, or borrowed from the remainder of your rayless life, making both seem more intense by contrast. Ah, it is almost the sole light that illumines your memory chamber; a bright, sunny window, with rose-hued curtains, and a fairy cage, wherein "Hope's golden bird" sang its clearest carol—you seem to hear the echo of its sweet song still, piercing through all the shadows of the weary years.

Again Albert took a glass, in an unguarded hour, and, once tasted, it debased his mind to such a degree that he could not resist the temptation longer. You urged him to stop, but he made light of your fears, saying:

"I shall leave it off ultimately, but at present it is to the interest of my business to take a glass socially, occasionally; it is very important to do so, in fact."

It was in vain you urged that whatever business he was likely to gain by such means would not be in the slightest degree beneficial, but would be more than counterbalanced by the additional expenses incurred by this "occasional social glass."

Here was the root of the whole matter, the source of all trouble,—*he could not see his danger!* He had left it off once; it was not his master; he could readily do so again. So he gradually drifted farther down into the depths, until he was obliged to drink night and day, to drown his mental and bodily sufferings.

At last delirium seized him, and for days and nights he raved in fearful agony. But a vigorous constitution threw off the yoke and rallied; he recovered, to vow never to touch the accursed thing again.

After a few months, however, the tempter again assailed him with the belief that he was surely now its master, and after his bitter experience, he would certainly never indulge to excess.

But you cannot, even in memory, pass through those dreadful scenes again. For years he lived, sometimes struggling with temptation, sometimes bowing weakly to it, enduring all the agonies that mortal man can suffer; for his frame was strong, and life could not be crushed from it by the excesses of a few years. Sometimes defying Fate, and praising the wine cup as the fount of blessings; sometimes filled with remorse, and begging you to keep it from your children, cursing his own parents for placing it to his lips in boyhood; but, through it all, he was affectionate, tender and true to you.

Sometimes, when body and mind failed you for a time, and you were prostrated by sickness, he would nurse you so tenderly, and, calling you by the most endearing names, would beg you to forgive him for embittering your life, and, vainly struggling in the demon's grasp, would leave off drinking until his mind wandered, and he was obliged to resume it to quiet his maddened brain.

Four times you went down to the gates of hell with him, and upon each recovery stirred the smouldering ashes and rekindled the fires of hope in your bosom; waited—oh, that weary waiting,—endured, watched, prayed; year by year pursuing the phantom, happiness; searching, like Evangeline, for your lost lover; soothing him and quieting his remorse as best you might; longing for the power to wrest him from the hands of Fate, and battle in his stead, for still, to you, it seemed his only sin.

He died at last, "as the fool dieth," after days and nights of wild delirium. After his incoherent raving had sunk into inarticulate mutterings; after the fierce trembling had passed into what his attendants deemed the quivering throes of death; after his stalwart frame had grown weak as an infant's,—without the slightest recognition of any one around him, he, with slight returning strength, rose from his bed, and, mutely resisting all attempts to place him again upon it, tottered to a secretary where he kept his private papers, and after helplessly fumbling with the keys, showed, by pitiful signs, that he wished it opened.

You unlocked it, and he took from the drawer a small package, and strove to open it. Taking it from his trembling hand, you untastened the ribbon that bound it, and disclosed a withered lily-bud. He grasped it with a smile, as though he had found a long-lost treasure, and, without a word or look of recognition of yourself, fell prostrate and died.

Died! in his early manhood,—when he should have been in the full strength of his young life's prime! when you loved him as your own soul! But that was not the bitterest drop in the cup. If he had "died as honor dies," you might have borne it,—could have said, "Thy will, oh God!" could have buried him with a holy sorrow, and, returning, have taken your boys in your arms and said:

"You are fatherless, my own! but your foreheads are hallowed by a dying father's kiss,—they must henceforth be the seat of noble thoughts; you bear a dying father's tender blessing,—let your lives be pure and upright, like his!"

But to die thus! You took his dear head, still heavily crowned with clustering hair, upon your bosom, pressed his stiff cheek to your own, and kissed the hand that even in death grasped the withered lily-bud, your gift to him in the long ago. You recalled the day you gave it when he said it was like your young life—alas! how like it now. Withered and blighted,—crushed, even while he worshipped you, by the same hand. And when the attendants took him from you, you resisted, thinking, in your mind's dark wanderings, that you were defying death.

They buried him; how, you hardly knew. Life, to him, was indeed a "fitful fever;" but he "sleeps well" now, with the withered bud in his hand.

You found yourself almost penniless, with two children to care for; ashamed to beg, and too weak to work. You disposed of the greater part of your furniture, and with the slight portion remaining, furnished two or three small rooms. Day after day you sought work, and, failing to find it, you sank into the lethargy of despair. But when your children cried for bread and you had none to give them, you bethought yourself of the little talent you possessed for writing, which had once been the amusement of your lonely hours, and by perserving application, you succeeded in procuring an humble livelyhood.

But this reminds you that you should have written something to-night, and selecting the subject "Memory's Chamber," you seize your pen and write:

"Oh, sacred spot, with curtains sable, golden,
How ye enchant and chain my lonely house,
With voiceless melodies and chantings olden,
Of days when life's rough path was strewn with flowers.

"Where do they dwell,—the loved, the lost, the youthful,
Who cheered my spirit in the olden time?
And he, whose love, so strong, so pure and truthful,
Wakes in my heart a saddened memory chime.

"Do their feet wander thro' the shaded alleys—
Like granite pillar, stands the stately palm?
Do rivers clear flow thro' the greener valleys—
Do zephyrs kiss their brows with cooling balm?

"Oh, happy they, who, laying down life's burden,
Are wafted upward to the far-off sky;
And, blessed by God, receive their glorious guerdon,
Eternal life, in that fair world on high.

"Do they above, with pitying looks bend o'er me,
Who walk in weariness my lonely way,
With tear-dimmed eyes and clouded path before me,—
Bid me look upward and behold the day?

"Oh, Memory, give me back those long departed
To climes remote and silent shores unknown;
Leave me not desolate and broken-hearted,
With blighted hopes, and joys forever flown!"

You are aroused by the voice of a child murmuring in its sleep, and passing into the next room, you bend over a low couch, where two dear, curly heads, one brown and one golden, nestle side by side; two sweet, childish faces rosy with healthful slumber, press the same pillow. One, whose broad forehead and proud mouth are so like his father's—God shield him from his hapless fate!—and the other, though his features are also boyish, are more like your own.

Long and lovingly you gaze upon them, your sole earthly treasures, and the thought that, but for the sparkless and bitter wine cup, they might not be fatherless, and that you might now have been a happy wife, would bring tears to your eyes, but that the fount was exhausted long ago, and that you, with your blighted and benumeb existence, seem to have but little capacity for either joy or sorrow. But out of your heart springs an unuttered but fervent prayer, that your darlings may be given strength to resist the temptations of the wine cup; and you vow, most solemnly, never to hold the poison to their lips, but to warn them to shun it, oh, more than death!

Parents, have mercy! have mercy upon the future lives of your innocent children! Do not give that moral poison to them in their infancy, sweetened and made palatable to their infant tastes, under the delusion that it will quiet them or soothe their pain. Do not mix its vile flavor in your sauces, your jellies, and your creams, to create a taste which, unless inherited, is seldom, if ever, natural. If you have acquired an unconquerable thirst for it, do not indulge it before them, but warn them, warn them faithfully against its resistless, ruthless power. And remember, "they that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind," and the poisoned bread which you now "cast upon the waters," shall return to your own lips, even though "after many days."

Personal Security.

Old John Walsh was a banker, and also a money-lender. He was accounted a greedy, close-fisted old chap, yet he possessed a sort of grim, rigid humor. One day a dashing, reckless young man called upon him.

"Mr. Walsh," said he, "I want to borrow five hundred."

"For how long?"

"Six months."

"What security can you give me?"

The young fellow drew himself up proudly.

"My own personal security, sir," he replied, with a flourish.

Old John turned and opened a stout iron chest by his side.

"Get in here, sir," said he.

The young blade looked first at the chest and then at Walsh.

"What for?" asked he.

"Because here is where I always keep all my personal securities."

A Nice Story.

I had a pretty room at the hotel in Nice, but I woke up in the morning with my face badly bitten with mosquitoes. Mosquitoes in February! It was improbable, inconceivable, but it was true. I was enchanted with the idea of writing to Paris that I had been bitten with mosquitoes in February! The next night was worse yet. I complained to the landlord.

"Well, they did take hold," he said, as if he were talking to a dozen blood-suckers.

"You may well believe it."

"Then you've had enough?"

"I should say so."

"Then I will give you No. 27."

"Are there not mosquitoes in all the rooms?"

"Oh, no. It costs too much. Can't pay for fire in all the rooms. I have only one mosquito room—that one you're in. That's for invalids who come here and want to be sure that it's a summer climate. I only gave it to you as a special honor. Some people wouldn't believe they were in Nice, even in winter, unless the mosquitoes bit them."

A fashionable woman, suffering from a complication of disorders, recently sought the advice of an eminent New York physician. Having related her symptoms, which were of a character to cause serious alarm, she was surprised to hear him say, simply, "Let me look at your shoes." On seeing them, he added, "I cannot treat a patient who wears shoes with such heels as those;" and politely bowed her out.