

### Mosquito Song.

I come from haunts in marshy land  
I make a sudden sally.  
I buzz and sing, with brightly wing,  
Through thoroughfare and alley,  
My merry play is not for day,  
I'm sticking to the wall then;  
But when in bed you lay your head,  
No idler I'm at all then.

come in hosts, and no man boasts  
He feels but one proboscis;  
His flesh is stung while others sing  
And watch the stinging process  
He snaps, he flaps, he slaps and claps,  
But vain is all his cursing;  
By spunk on flank, or cranky yank,  
His hate he's not reversing.

My legs down dangle in the air,  
My goggle-eyes they stick out;  
I bite you on the nose, and then  
Your angry legs you kick out.  
You burn, you turn, you turn nor learn  
That while you thus are kicking,  
A dozen of us settled down  
And glad begin our picking.

Oh, hark! Oh hear! how thin and clear  
My elfin horn is blowing;  
At early morn your horn, my friend,  
Will charmingly be glowing.  
I lurch, I munch, I punch, I crunch,  
I fly up to the ceiling;  
To howls or growls or lowls these bowls  
Of mine are void of feeling.

### A STORY OF NICARAGUA.

"Those peons who went with me," began Barbier, "had been traders in Mosquito, and spoke both Rama and Woolwa. Person and I knew nothing of them. We picked the brigands up while prospecting in the woods. They declared they could guide us to workings not far off in the Indian country, where nuggets lie like pebbles on a sea beach; and Person and I resolved to go with the fellows at any risk I spent my last dollar in buying presents which they said were necessary, and, and we set out. The peons led us straight enough for six days, talking all the time of their discovery, and of the way we'd spend our gold. We passed several Rama villages, where the Indians looked askance at us but gave no trouble. They were just like those we see here sometimes, except that they weren't drunk—big headed fellows, who watch you through the corners of their eyes as long as they can keep awake, without saying a word.

"After six days the guides brought us to a path two feet in breadth, I dare say. On striking it, the rascals showed themselves very content, and chattered in some baragouage of their own, like crows at a feast. "We are coming to the place!" they said, and presently we reached a village bigger than any we had seen, containing, perhaps, two thousand inhabitants, and a king. Except for size, it didn't differ from the others. His Rama majesty lived in a hut, surrounded by pigsties for the royal consorts. He was effusive, ma foi! took our presents without a word, but with a look very unsuccessful if it was meant to show gratitude. But nobody interfered with us, and, as far as the peons chose to tell, nobody asked what we wanted. They let us rebuild a hut that had tumbled to ruin, and after a few days no one seemed to trouble about us. The peons said we ought to stop a day or two to disarm suspicion, while they looked round. If we had hidden in the woods, for certain the Ramas would have discovered and murdered us. I did not see clear, but they appeared to know what they were about, and our lives hung on a thread.

"I had already begun to think that the peons were not acting square. They talked too much in their barbarous patois, and disputed warmly. Our friend Person was one of those fellows who believed that six foot of fool's flesh will carry itself through anything. One could not advise with him.

"After looking innocent a day or two, we took our guns and our panikins early one morning, and set off into the woods. The peons led us to a little creek, where with infinite precaution, they washed a little mud. Such a show was there in the cup that Person cried, "You brought it with you, you rascals!" "Come and try for yourselves!" they said, climbing up the bank; and we did so. We washed, and found more than they. "Notre fortune est faite!" cried we. "Let us talk," said one of the peons.

"We sat down on the bank, all four. "This is nothing," began the eldest, Miguele. "Before we could wash out fifty ounces the Ramas would be upon us. They know so well that they don't trouble. If we escaped this king, he'd raise the country. It wasn't worth while to come so far to lose our heads, and we two could have managed that without your aid!"

"I was furious with disappointment. Person sat staring like a bull before a fence. But Miguele had not done.

"For centuries," said he, "the Indians have been picking up gold here and in other places known to them. They think gold sacred, and he who finds a nugget is believed to be favored by the gods. Listen! They have a cart load stored in their temple. That's what Salvador and I risked our lives for."

"Will they fight for it?" I asked.

"Certainly, if they catch us."

"And how shall we get away with the plunder?"

"Salvador and I have thought of that. The question is, are you with us?"

"It was wholesale murder he intended. I saw that in the brigand's face. I am not more particular than others, but the idea did not present itself to me in attractive colors. Besides, it was a terrible risk. Efin, we will talk of this again!" I said.

"That can't be allowed," said Salvador, a brute of a fellow, who counted his murders, I should think, as girls count lovers. "We hang together!" Then I noticed that these coquins had got possession of our arms whilst we washed in the brook.

"Person cried out, "Did you say there was a cart load of gold in the temple? Then I'm with you, to live like a prince

or die like a thief." I added, "And I also! for when Person went over, it was stupid to hesitate. In a flash of intelligence I saw then what the disputes had been about. Salvador wished to kill me on the road.

"We went back to the village, our late servants carrying the firearms. That night they told us the plan. Next full moon brought with it the great Indian feast of the year, between harvest and seed time. Everybody in the village would be drunk, for these Ramas, when at home, don't allow themselves the joy of intoxication more than once a quarter; but then they take a fit of it. Only a few priests would be left on guard at the temple, which stood in a very lonely place some miles off. There was a reasonable chance that they would also take the opportunity of enjoying themselves. No one would be likely to visit the spot, after the first ceremonies were over, for a week or more. Even if one of the attendants should escape, Miguele declared that everybody in the village would be too drunk to understand his tale, except the boys and women. A river flowed beneath the temple, by which one could escape to Bluefields with the gold, and there was always a score of canoes lying on the bank. The peons' scheme had been carefully thought out, and it promised success.

"We were not to go near the place until the time arrived. Meanwhile we hung about, looking innocent; but if ever a man carried his conscience in his face I was he. It was quite plain that those rascals didn't trust me, and they clung to my arms. What for? That was the question I asked myself.

"The days dragged through slowly enough, but they passed too quick. The women were busy as ants, making drink, laying in provisions, looking up their husband's robes. It was then our privilege to see Ramas wide awake, but they did not appear to greater advantage. When the Indian is sleepy, he throws things at his wife and often misses; but when roused to a sense of manhood by a prospect of drink, he stands up and pounds her like clay. They are brave, these Ramas, but they are dead to the feeling of chivalry. It almost reconciled me to the idea of killing a few, to observe what brutes they are.

"The day arrived at last. At midnight before, the king and all his warriors left the town. Miguele told us that they had gone to the temple, there to offer up a baby or two; I felt more and more like an executioner handsomely paid for doing retributive justice. At dawn they returned and the farce began. It is expected as a compliment from strangers that they should go into the street and admire the king's greatness; so we went. First marched a score of priests clad in mantles made entirely of geuzel feathers; some of which were so old and moth-eaten as to show generations of wear. After them came a lot of wild Indians, full-dressed in a leopard's tail apiece, making noises on a sort of flute—the thighbone of an enemy, Miguele declared. Three or four hundred howling youths pressed up to them, brandishing spears and machetes. Then came the warriors, dressed like demons, coronets of feathers on their heads, cape and waist-cloth of the same, and long strips of gaudy plumage trailing on the ground. They danced and sang, rattling spears. Those few who had guns fired without ceasing. They held the piece at arm's length, tumbled head over heels with the recoil, and sprang up again to load like men of india rubber. The royal consorts marched next, fifty or so, dancing before the monarch; their feather headdress and mantles worn like angels wings enfolding a devil. A few old men followed, bent with wisdom, and tottering with experience, and then the king, dressed from head to foot in crests of humming-birds, with long feathers of the geuzel worked in here and there like an untidy fringe. After him, all the gamins of the village passed by, yelling as hard as they could.

"It may be well to explain in a parenthesis—seeing that the politics of Mosquito are not things generally known—that King George is the supreme monarch of these Indians. By-the-by, this naked rascal alone, amongst earthly potentates, enjoys the privilege of quartering the Union Jack upon his flag. It was presented to him, I believe, by Charles II, when the Mosquito savages were vastly useful in our buccaneering wars.

"Everything had gone just as the infernal cunning of our villains wished. We strolled back to our hut. The fun had begun already, and warriors staggered about in every stage of pious intoxication. One might have supposed the town bombarded, so fast and furious was the discharge of guns. A spear whizzed between Salvador and myself, and stuck in a wall quivering and gyrating. Person had his beard singed with the flame of a musket. It was time to pack, and we went. The live stock was running in fright towards the jungle, and we caught several chickens and a kid.

"The forest was still dripping with dew when we entered it. A difficult march all round the village lay before us; for we had struck the woods just opposite to our proper course. Miguele guided us without a fault. The most desperate joviality was reigning in the village, when lay close on our left hand all day. When we came upon the farm-grounds, walking grew easier; but the afternoon had far advanced before Miguele lighted upon the path we sought. "Now," said he, "keep a look-out for your lives. It's a hundred chances nobody comes by; but if an Indian should appear do you fools try to look as if you were taking a promenade. I'll account for him!" He still kept my gun and pistol.

"We met no one. Dusk settled on the woods, whilst it was still broad daylight in the open. We camped for the second time and ate our stolen kid. When the moon rose, Miguele called us. I had taken an opportunity to sound Person

whilst the peons slept, but he was as mad for the plunder as they.

"We traveled two miles in the forest so high and so thick the moonbeams could hardly reach our path. A spanicle of light filtered through them, scarce bigger than a glow-worm's lamp where it dropped. By the glimmer reflected from above, we followed Salvador, who crept cautiously along. Miguele came last. As we went duskily, stealing from turn to turn of the path, I knew what it is to be a robber and assassin. Comrades, th sensation is not agreeable.

"Suddenly Salvador came to a halt. "The temple is there!" muttered Miguele behind me, and we crept into the bush, whilst Salvador reconnoitered. He returned once presently, and took Person by the arm, whispering—we followed. Before us, hidden among trees that met above its roof, stood a low dark building of logs on a mound. I could see little of its size and shape, for all was dim; a red glow shone betwixt the timbers, as of a smouldering fire inside; a sickly smell hung on the air.

"We stole up, mounted the steps of turf, and peered through the chinks. A fire on the ground showed partitions of skin-hangings. Between the shadows they cast black, shapeless things glimmered under the walls. Two men lay asleep before the fire, their bracelets glistened. When we had looked long and carefully, Miguele drew us apart and whispered. We went round, and two on each side, to seek other crevices. I thought for a moment of slipping away into a bush, but what would be the good of that? The Indians would catch me or I would starve.

"All was dark around the temple, and we learned nothing. There might be a score of priests inside, but Miguele thought it unlikely; in any case he was determined to risk it. After two or three words we crept to the door again, and groped long for the fastening. None could be found. By a whisper and a clasp of the hand, Miguele directed us to put our shoulders to the wood. We did so. "Now!" he muttered, and with a crash the door gave way.

I fell back. The sleeping men sprang to their feet with a howl. Salvador cut one down, but the Indian gripped him by the naked heel in his teeth; the other got Person by the throat. Miguele ran his machete through him, but he held on until the giant flung him bodily against the wall, toppling the idols down with a rattle. Then the others turned to Salvador, who was yelling with pain and fear. But suddenly an awful boom! The great drum of the temple rang out, seeming to rock the solid walls. Miguele leaped towards the sound; Salvador and Person struggling with the Indian, dragged him across the fire, which threw up a fountain of sparks as the red-hot embers scattered; a reek of burning skin and feathers choked us, but all was still now. "A light!" cried Miguele, hoarsely. "In twenty minutes the Indians will be here!"

"Salvador paused with the match in his hand, whispering, "Hush!" A faint humming noise reached our ears. "Quick, bombe!" cried Miguele. It is the river. But as he spoke, a roar and a yell announced the Indians. They had followed us! I rushed out and round the temple. The path was full of them, hurrying and shouting. Their spear-points glittered. Person, I think, was after me but a huge warrior pinned him in the dusk. At the other end of the building the path opened. I could just see it. I ran along, leaving the din of hell behind. Half a dozen pistol shots rang above the Indians' yelling, and then all was over with those assassins.

"I ran fifty yards, and came to a river suddenly. It flowed clear and white as glass in the moonbeams, but a black shadow of the forest on each side bounded it. Half-a-dozen canoes lay near by with paddle inside. I sprang into one cut the rattan fastening, and dropped down under the bank. But what man or what crew could escape Mosquito Indians in the water? As soon as they got a light they would miss me, and then I was caught, as sure as death. I pushed across the moonlit water, and paddled up. There was a bend just above the boat-place, and I had just passed it when the Indians came running down. I caught a branch, and lay still. Shouting to each other, they leaped into canoes, and shot down the channel like a flash. No one thought of searching up stream, for where could a man fly but toward Bluefields? A loud and angry throng remained on the bank, and I could see how drunk they all were. Before the boats had passed beyond sight, some began to stagger back. Presently the big drum sounded again, and the rest followed. It was life or death. Pulling cautiously by the branches, I went up. Long before I got out of hearing a horrid noise proclaimed that the Indian women had reached the spot."

"That was Barbier's story!" continued the old digger. "He had a fearful time in the woods, as you may suppose, seeing an Indian in every bush. As near as he could calculate, it took him four weeks to reach Libertad. Fortunately, he was carrying the bag of charqui, and so he did not starve."

"Did the Ramas come after him to Libertad?" I asked.

"No. We heard nothing of them." "Frankly, now, Barbachella," I said after a long pause, "do you believe the story? Didn't any of the diggers think it strange that there should be an Indian village within six days of Libertad, where the value of gold is not known?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Barbachella meditatively. "A responsible man would not be hasty to say what there is or there isn't in the forests of Mosquito. But there was some who looked askance at Barbier when he came back from the woods one day with a bag of dust—which don't grow on trees in Chontales—and paid his debts and said he was going home. A washerwoman swore she'd seen

him crossing the brook with a heavy load. And they talked after he'd gone, how his saddle-bags were heavier than a mule could carry. It's generally thought in Libertad—I may say as much as that—that if there was any truth in Barbier's story, he did not tell the whole of it, and that he ought to be hanged if there isn't. Anyway, he had better not come to Libertad again."—*All The Year Round.*

### FOR THE SAKE OF LOVINGNESS.

"I will do it mamma, for the sake of lovingness," said a little five-year old, when requested to perform an act for her mother; and the remark set me to thinking of another maiden ten summers older, who seemed to have lived her whole life for the same purpose from the time my story commences, until she was laid at rest beneath the soft eyed violets, only a few summers ago.

Such a lovely girl as Eva Bingham was at the age of fifteen! One might fancy as he gazed in her face, that her eyes had caught, and would forever hold, the color of the blue-bells that grew close to the brook flowing over mossy stones bordered with delicate ferns that grew in the shadows of pine-clad hills on either side. The wild rose was scarcely more charming in its tints than the color that bloomed on her cheeks. And her hair! It was a crowning glory to her head, as it fell in golden ripples down to her slender waist. "Mother's comfort," the invalid mother had been wont to call her, as she patiently performed the rude and laborious tasks in a pioneer's home. Her father had left the Granite state and settled with his family in a log cabin in central Wisconsin, although their home scarcely deserved the name of cabin, after the Virginia creeper planted by Eva's hands had made such close acquaintance with the bark on the logs, for the climbing rose had kept close company as if to show what gold and results could be accomplished in the way of coloring, when Nature chose to exert herself. Some simple, tender pictures in rustic frames hung on the walls within, which were as white as time could make them.

For the sake of lovingness thoughts of ribbons were denied, that the money might bring added comforts for the invalid mother, for pin money was a very scarce article in that home. And as the spirit of denial grew in her heart, until at the age of eighteen, when the dying mother requested her to care for the five-year-old sister and two older brothers, she put aside the prospect of a deeper happiness, and faithfully made the promise.

After the funeral rites were over the young minister, her lover, came to the home of Eva to comfort her with words of love and precious promises. There Eva told him of her promise. "You were right my darling," he said, tenderly taking her two small hands in his own. "I am sure the parsonage will be large enough for us all; and now how soon may I care for you as my very own?"

"Harry, do you know, dear," Eva said, trying to speak cheerfully, that it cannot be just yet; perhaps not for some time to come? Please don't," she pleaded, he tries to interrupt her. "I know your love for me would make you quite willing to undertake the burden, but I should not be true to you—nor myself—if I permitted you to assume so much for my sake. We are far from rich, and the anxiety it would cause you might seriously interfere with your higher duties."

"But I need you so, pleaded the lover. "You are so true and tender, such an earnest Christian, and he added in a lower tone, "I love you so."

"If I am a Christian," she replied. "I must strive to do what I know to be my duty. And Harry, please remember, it is for the sake of lovingness, too, to my dead mother, you, and the children." The lover was silenced—could offer no more entreaties, but only words of love and comfort, and a fervent prayer for blessing and holy guidance to his promised wife.

"For the sake of lovingness," he repeated softly to himself on his way home. When she says that, she means so much. It is the guiding spirit of her life. Ah! that, I may grow more worthy of her," he sighs, as he unlocks the door of his little home, which now he thought must wait long before love comes to brighten it.

How Eva missed the pale patient face of the invalid mother as she followed her accustomed round of duties. But she had little leisure for grief. Hattie dear baby, kept her constantly employed when her other duties were performed.

Ned and Willie were in school these winter days. Clothes must be kept in repair. Father must be talked to and read to, and Harry Allen took good care that Eva's love for books should be supplied. No time for sleigh-rides and merry makings to this young house-wife who accepted life's cares so gravely. It would never do to neglect the children, and so the seasons came and went, until she had reached her twenty-seventh year. Then the father was laid beside the mother in the little church-yard. The boys were in college, and Hattie was now almost a young lady.

"Now, surely, dear, you may come to me," pleaded Harry. He had remained in all these years. "You can come and bring Hattie with you," he urged as they entered the home which was no longer a log cabin, but a neat and cozy farm house. "Yes," she replied, slowly, looking trustfully in his brown eyes, "for the sake of lovingness I will."

Then they were married and settled in the little brown parsonage at last. "Mine forever," Harry whispered, drawing her closer to his breast, as they stood in the vine clad porch. "Until death do us part," she repeated solemnly.

"Heaven grant that day may be far distant," said the husband, kissing her reverently and tenderly.

This was in September, 1860. We all member how a nation thrilled with the cry to arms. How from the Atlantic to the Pacific went up the slogan cry of war, how husbands, fathers, lovers, and even callow youth rushed to the front in the struggle for supremacy between those whom the ties of brotherhood and nationality should have kept fast friends.

Even the western minister, who so long and lovingly waited for his wife after long and earnest prayers, saw where duty pointed, and as chaplain of the 11th Reg men: marched where duty called in the thickest of the fight, when blood was flowing most freely; where cannon shot and shell had torn the ranks; where the squire and bayonet had done their ghastly work; where the prayers of dying men mingled with groans of the wounded, there was this servant of God always found, ministering to the dying, tenderly assisting the wounded, always pointing to love that endureth forever. He seemed to have a charmed life, and hesitated never in the performance of his duty. Beloved by all, cherished in the hearts of even the roughest of the soldiery, they were always gentle, always reverent in his presence.

Would he escape unscathed? Ah, no! It was not to be. One day during the progress of a terrible battle he was stricken down by a fragment of shell, dying so suddenly that he had only time to murmur to a comrade who rushed to his assistance: "Tell my wife he whispered, "I have tried to do my duty for God and my country."

Buried by rough but loving hands, he rests far from his home, in a sunny clime where the Cherokee rose and the passion-flower cover his grave.

Poor, loving and tender wife at home! After the first great grief had passed, she said: "Whom have I here to care for now? Why should I not do what I can in the field, now he has gone? The sick need help. That I may give. He has died for lovingness, I may live to supply his place, though it be in another way from his." In hospitals where soldiers lingering with mortal wounds died, there her ministering words of comfort were sure to be heard. Where the delirium of fever kept the wounded soldier tossing to and fro, her soft hands cooled the fevered brow and soothed the sufferer to a calmer slumber. None could prepare a daintier broth from so simple means than the minister's wife. None could dress a wound with less pain to the sufferer. Wherever she went, rough men became soft; eyes looked tenderly on her; patience and resignation followed her footsteps.

So passed months and years. For the sake of "lovingness," neither labor seemed to weary her, nor long watching to find her asleep. Self-sacrificing always, as the years passed a halo seemed to follow her. Knowing her duty for the sake of duty, and for loving kindness she performed her task. Her "lovingness" brought peace and comfort to many weary forms, and pointed many dying spirits to the heaven beyond the grave.

At length peace was declared, and she who had devoted her life to others returned home—now desolate indeed.

Did she repine? No! The property was gone; absorbed in paying the expenses of her long absence from home, and in gifts to the needy. But the kind friends lent her a helping hand, and she was soon again employed in the routine duties of home life.

But not for long. She who had all her life been an angel of mercy must be so still. She was called to labor in a great city, for the destitute and suffering. So, for "lovingness" she worked on year by year, until at length the angel called her. Her life work ended, tender and loving fingers closed her eyes in her adopted home.

She was indeed at rest; at rest in Heaven.

I have written this little story of a sweet life to show how much can be done in a spirit of love and duty. Others may have their lives cast in various places, but if all labor for the sake of friends and humanity, how much misery might be prevented, how much done to alleviate sufferings and make us better for our having lived. These blessed words: Now welcome at last. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Faith Granger.*

### "Here I am Again."

The Florence (Arizona) Citizen says: Once more the stage from Tucson has been stopped and plundered by a single highwayman. The stage left Tucson with two passengers, and as it happened Arthur Hill was again the driver. John Miller, one of the passengers, was sitting on the outside, and as they neared the point of the mountain he asked Mr. Hill to show him just the place where the coach was robbed on July 31. Mr. Hill replied that it was only a short distance ahead, and he would point out the spot.

They reached the place. "There," said Mr. Hill, "the robber was hid behind that bush." Mr. Miller nodded, "and there he is again," shouted the driver with the same breath, as the same masked robber sprang from behind the same bush and pranced before the horses shouting, "Yes, here I am again, throw up your hands," etc. The surprise of the gentleman on the box can easily be imagined. In fact, there is a decidedly ludicrous side to this "stage of the game," or game of the stage, or the same stage robber, or—but more serious incidents follow. The mail sacks and express box were thrown out. The man on the inside lost out \$8; but Mr. Miller was more unfortunate; he was obliged to give up his pocket-book which contained about \$226.

You think you may know the ropes completely, but a pretty girl can get you on a string any day.