

FUNERAL MARCH.

(Quick-step!)

Death, is a rude fellow,
And heeds not loud bellow
Are you ready—
Feel quite steady?
He will hasten some day,
For to take thee away.

He is not too polite
And may call in the night;
Are you ready,
Feel quite steady?
Shall you be in a plight
Should he come in the night.

He comes without knocking,
(Oft wears a soft stocking)
Are you ready—
Feel (un) steady?
Useless, thy door locking,
He will know no balking.

No gentleman is, Death,
He will snatch your breath;
Are you ready—
Feel quite steady?
He will grab our breath,
No gentleman this Death.

When that roll is called,
We will answer, "Here!"
Yes, all ready,
And quite steady. (faith)
For the summons near,
Shall not shed a tear.

A.M.P.

Did n't you like the
President once on a time?
Oh, that is it.
That explains.

How many times must we repeat, that we are a native of N. E. and belonging to the (tomahawk) pache tribe (Apatch, see?) But, Apache and a patch are not exactly the same, eh? I try to keep things clear as possible in the reader's mind, so he can follow me.

The notion that to sweep and scrub and wash and sew is a woman's work, but degrading to a man, is a prejudice inherited from savages and barbarians. Lincoln, as yet little known, accompanied his wife to Louisville and carried their infant in his arms through the streets as they went from shop to shop to make their little pur-

chases. He was abler to bear the burden and not ashamed to do any right thing. A true man feels that all honest work is honorable to man and woman alike, and he is ready to help, whatever the task that needs doing.

"We see classes, institutions, clothes—few see men."

"THE OTHER SIDE."

Trouble came to try him—no rain-bow in the sky;
The gentlest winds a-blowing had the sorrow of a sigh.
But he saw a star a-shining in the firmament on high,
And sang about "The other side of Jordan!"

The Light—the Light was with him! the light that ever dwells
In the soul that hears a welcome o'er saddest of farewells;
He heard the ringing—singing of the everlasting bells,
And sang about "The other side of Jordan!"

And the world, it heard his singing, and gave back an echo true;
Its, fading flowers quickened with the freshness of the dew;
The shadows left the dim sky, and all heaven came in view—
He sang about "The other side of Jordan!"

Frank L. Stanton.

A trial was recently made in Austria to determine in how short a space of time living trees can be converted into newspapers. At El-senthal, at 7:35 in the morning, three trees were sawn down, and at 9:30 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at 10 o'clock—so that in 145 minutes the trees had become newspapers.

A haze on the far horizon, the infinite tender sky,

The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields, and the wild geese sailing high; And all over upland and lowland the charm of the golden rod,— Some of us call it autumn, and others call it God."

STYLE.

What, then, is style?—the style that is, which makes literature? He has it not who writes grammatically, for is it not one of the marks of the stylist that he can on occasion rise superior to grammar? Nor will mere logic serve his turn, though this seems to be the opinion of Herbert Spencer. A fact or a reflection may be presented to the reader so that each concept shall enter his mind in its natural order, so that there shall be no friction, no waste, no needless mental wear and tear, and yet he shall say of the writer: "He is a good craftsman, but no artist." Here we are approaching the secret. Literary style is an added grace, a supererogatory strength, over and above what is demanded by the mere logic of expression. It is the result of the writer's individual sense of beauty and power in the collocation of words; and so far, but so far only, was Buffon right in saying: "*Le style est l'homme me-me.*" Careful training may enable any man to express himself as clearly as Herbert Spencer on any subject on which he is capable of thinking clearly; but no amount of training will teach him to give a sentence an epigrammatic barb, or a musical cadence. The stylist often attains his effects by purposely disregarding that economy of the reader's attention which Mr. Spencer quite justly asserts to be the cardinal law of composition. *Quam multa! quam paucis!* is indeed the description of a good expository style, but in pure literature we often find beauty in redundancy, strength in pleonasm, charm in garrulity. When a writer has the art of keeping our attention delightfully on the strain, we do not ask him to spare it. Which of Mr. Spencer's canons has not Charles Lamb, for instance honored in the breach rather than in the observance? Yet