

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBNEY & WALLER.

TELEPHONE. : : : MO

ELECTRONIC INFLECTIVES.

Hello, exchange, please give me Jones! Hello, hello-o, hello-o-o!

A NICE LITTLE GAME.

Frank sat before the glowing grate, his feet on one corner of the mantel, his chair tipped back.

"I won't stand it!" she said, under her breath. "I can't—twill kill me to see him night after night besotted, degraded, ruining both soul and body."

Then she sat down and meditated. They had been married a little over two years, and the babe in the wicker cradle was a thriving boy.

But Dolly saw the fatal evil growing upon him day by day, and knew what the end would be.

"I'll try it," she said to herself; if it does no good, it can't do much harm."

Her husband roused up, and opening his eyes with an imbecile stare, replied: "All right, Dolly."

"Frank, you believe that a wife should follow in her husband's footsteps, don't you?"

"To be sure. You're a sensible woman, Dolly."

"And you're a sensible man, Frank. What's right for you to do is right for me, isn't it?"

"Precisely! Just so, Dolly—exactly. You're a wise woman, you are."

Dolly smiled quietly.

"Very well, Frank; if you go to the tavern any more nights, I'm going, too!"

Her husband looked up half sobered.

"Nonsense, Dolly! he said; "that is running the thing into the ground. You will do no such thing."

"You'll see that I will, Frank!" she answered, resolutely. "I love you, and what you do I shall do too! If you see fit to ruin yourself, soul and body, and shame your son, I shall follow your example. I care for nothing that you can not share. As you do, so will I."

His cheek paled, and his lip quivered. He sat silent for a minute, then got up and said:

"Nonsense, little girl! Come to bed, Dolly."

She followed him obediently, and no more was said on the subject. For three or four nights Frank came home punctually, then his old habit mastered him.

Dolly had his supper all waiting, and his slippers and dressing-gown before the fire, but he did not come. She waited patiently till 10 o'clock, then putting a wrap about her, she called the housemaid.

"Sit by baby's crib, Mary, when Mr. Mayfairs comes, tell him I have gone to the Reindeer. Ask no questions, and take good care of baby, and you shall have a dollar extra this month."

"Very well, ma'am," with wondering looks.

Twelve o'clock—one!—and then the young husband left himself in with his night key, and came reeling into the sitting room. There sat the maid beside the sleeping child.

Frank looked about him a little anxiously.

"Fast asleep! Fine little fellow!" he said, bending over the crib. "Mary, my girl, where's your mistress—gone to bed?"

"No sir; she's gone to the Reindeer hotel."

He stood and stared.

"What do you say, girl?"

"She went out at ten, sir, and bade me tell you when you came that she had gone to the Reindeer."

The young husband stifled something like an oath, and sat down before the hearth. Half an hour went by, then he started up and glanced at the clock.

"Great heavens! It is nearly two and she's not here?"

He seized his hat and rushed from the house like one mad. By the time he was half way to the Reindeer, he was perfectly sober.

Presently a carriage came down from the hill, and as it

passed him, a woman's voice rang out, singing the chorus:

"We won't go home till morning! It was his wife's voice. He caught at the horses' head, frantic with rage. Dolly's pretty curly head looked out of the vehicle stopped."

"Frank, old fellow—hic—is that you? Get in—hic—got in! Why didn't you come up?—hic. Oh we'd a jolly time—hic—we did! Don't blame you for going out Frank. Didn't know it was so pleasant—hic—I—I mean to go every night."

"You do?" he gasped, leaping into the seat beside her. Grasping her arm, he muttered, "Ever dare to do such a thing again, and you'll be no wife of mine?"

Dolly laughed uproariously.

"Nonsense, Frank! Let me do as you do; that's fair. Let go my arm! You hurt me! Besides, you'll break my flask of prime brandy! Frank, taste a drop."

He caught it from her hand and flung it out of the window.

"Bah!" said Dolly, her cheeks flushed, her hair awry, "I wish I'd stayed at the Reindeer—etc. What makes you so cross, Frank?"

"Hush! Say no more, Dolly," he answered, his teeth set hard. "I can't bear it. I—I may do something I'll be sorry for. Keep silent—I don't want any more crooked words."

"Rams horns, if I die for it!" cried Dolly.

Then she clasped her hands and laughed gleefully, breaking off into a moonlight night for a ramble!

Frank let his head fall into his hands.

"Good heavens!" he groaned; "I would rather have died than have seen this night."

He got her home and into her own room at last, but she was very unmanageable, and persisted in cutting up in a manner of capers—dancing and singing—her cheeks flushed and her hair streaming, and asking if they would not go again another night—it was such fun.

His pretty, modest little Dolly! Long after she had fallen into a sound sleep her husband sat over the smouldering fire with his face hidden in his hands.

"Dolly," he said, when she awoke late on the following morning, "what happened last night must never happen again."

She looked up with her old clear eyes.

"Very well, Frank; that is for you to say. Just as you do, so will I."

He was silent a moment.

"I would rather die than see what I saw last night over again," he said.

"Frank," she said, her lips quivering, "I've seen the same sight once or twice every week since the day I married you, and God only knows what it has cost me."

He caught her close to his hearing breast.

"Poor little wife!" he almost sobbed, "you shall never see such a sight again, I shall sign the p edge to-day."

"Frank," said his pretty wife one day, as they watched their children playing on the lawn, "I fooled you handsomely that night; it was all make-believe. I didn't go to the Reindeer that night, and not a drop of the hateful stuff had passed my lips. Didn't I fool you that night, and cure you in the bargain?"

"You little witch!" he cried, but the instant after his eyes filled. "Yes, Dolly," he said, drawing her close to his side, "you cured me of a habit that would have been my ruin. Heaven bless you for it!"

The Art of Composition.

Correspondence Boston Journal.

In still another branch have the Germans succeeded. American teachers know to their sorrow the difficulty encountered in educating scholars to become easy writers—that is, to write what is generally known with us as essays or compositions. The fault lies just where it does in all our other higher studies—it is not begun early enough. We wait until we think that their minds are a trifle mature and then come upon them with a wild rush of rhetoric, history and all the frightful curriculum.

German girls begin to write essays when nine years old and continue to do it, not once a month, or twice a quarter, but every week of the school year, until they are sixteen or eighteen years of age. For the first year it takes the form merely of a dictation, with an occasional essay. Twelve German poems are learned during the year and may be used as material for compositions in prose. Entering the class above this, I found a method in progress certainly very strange to most American schools. The teacher was a gentleman; the girls were ten years old on an average. Standing out before the class, he began to tell them the fable of the woman whose hen laid for her daily a golden egg—a story told simply, every word of it weighed so carefully, every idea expressed with the acme of precision—and all in a voice so low and distinct, that the class sat hushed while he spoke. He then began it again, pausing this time at the end of every sentence to talk it over with the school, asking what nouns, what verbs, what adjectives they had noticed while he talked. In this manner he carried them through the fable to the end. Then he went back and told it connectedly all over again. Finally he called upon one little girl to repeat what she could of it. Where she failed others came in to help her. Then another girl took up the story and told it better, until, after many times told, the fable had entered their little minds and become a fixed mental possession, and when the master asked: "Now, do you know it quite well?" "doch!" "doch!"

"Ja, ja! gewiss!" went up in a shout from all parts of the room.

"Well, write all you know about it and bring it to me Monday."

"Self-Made Men and Women.

Col. T. W. Higginson.

Self-made men of President Garfield's type are often justly claimed as being among the finest fruits of our institutions. There is another class who also deserve well our praise—those who have had to overcome, not so much their early disadvantages as what many people would consider their early advantages. They did not have to surmount poverty, but to surmount wealth—not to rise out of adversity, but above prosperity. They have had to learn to sympathize with those in need without ever having shared their necessitous condition; to espouse radicalism when they had everything to lose by change. It is hard, at any rate, to get good work out of those who are born to inherit what others have earned by working; how much harder when their career is destined to involve not merely work, but loss of early friends, and, perhaps, of all the special delights of the society in which they were born. To accept these conditions, and to do it knowingly and cheerfully, is to be a self-made man or woman indeed.

A rich young lawyer was once told by an older one that the way to success was this: To spend his fortune; then to marry and spend his wife's; after which he could hope to succeed at the bar. But to achieve a really independent moral position—to be indeed a self-made man or a true man at all—implies more than success at the bar, for it needs not only intellect, but the highest aims besides. To accomplish this in spite of early "advantages" is in many respects harder than to rise out of what is called obscurity. To begin with, it wins far less sympathy during the process. Everybody is interested in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

Those of the class from which he came, whatever it be, are apt to cheer him on; and to rejoice, with almost tiresome repetition, that he was once a rail-splitter, or a tanner, or a flat-boatman. After his career of distinction is once begun, he has every inducement to make the most of these circumstances in his career; they are counted to him for merits, and he is tempted to exaggerate them, like the character in Dickens' "Bleak House," ("Hard Times") whose man's stock in trade lay in his early struggles, and was put to shame at last by the discovery that he came of worthy and well-to-do parents. But the man who tries to elevate himself into independence of character out of "fortunate" surroundings is apt to find himself unfortunate. Those of the class he is leaving do not urge him on, out are more apt to censure him or satirize him; and where this is true of a man, it is twice as true of the other sex. I remember one occasion when a lecture was to be delivered in Newport by one of the most accomplished women in New England. "Ah, now I have named her, which I did not mean to do!"—as "Warrington" once said of the same person, after applying to her a somewhat similar epithet. "Only think!" said one of the little queens of our little society, as she read the announcement, "that woman was a lady once!"

I well remember, when a boy, to have only heard of Lothrop Motley as the handsomest fop and dancer in Boston—the manager of fashionable assemblies, the leader of the dance. Wendell Phillips, in his Cambridge oration the other day, described the process of change which transformed Motley into an author and then into a reformer, and made his pen worth a dozen diplomatists to his country when the opening of the war found the United States almost without a friend in Europe. Of Mr. Phillips' own career I need hardly speak; nor of that other charming orator, who, with his new Harvard honors upon him, praised Phillips at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner in words almost as eloquent as his own. Whatever be their errors or shortcomings, I never think of men and women such as I have named—and the list might easily be made longer, without recalling that fine passage in which George Colman, in his once famous "Looker-On," describes Sir Phillip Sidney—putting the language, be it observed, into the mouth of a woman. This is the closing paragraph:

"This bright and accomplished cavalier might, if he pleased, in his day, have set the fashion of a shoe tie, or altered the shape of any man's peruke in the country; but he thought it more becoming his manhood and his greatness of soul, to hold out a brave example of virtue and religion. While all were looking up to him as the sample of courtesy, of elegance and gallantry, he was bethinking himself of his Paraphrase of the Psalms. He fell fighting for his country, and died in an act of Christian charity."

Too Much Music in Poetry.

Macmillan's Magazine.

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A Graveyard Courtship.

London Courtesier Journal.

One of the most romantic marriages on record took place in this city yesterday by which Benjamin Ferguson, a stone-cutter was united to Mrs. Amelia Wagner. The story of the courtship and marriage is a singular one, and plainly shows in what strange channels love will run. Several months ago the helpmate of Mrs. Wagner died and his remains were buried in Carg Hill cemetery, in the family burying ground. Time passed swiftly by and after daily visits to the cemetery Mrs. Wagner became convinced that a monument reared over the mound that covered her deceased helpmate would much improve the looks of things thereabouts. So she had a plain marble shaft erected over the grave. This remained there for some time, and Mrs. Wagner resolved that she would have some inscription carved upon the monument setting forth the good qualities of the deceased, and leaving some memento of her affection. She looked around for some one to carve the inscription and at length Ferguson was employed, and he commenced his task three days ago. He began early in the morning and during the day the disconsolate widow came to the cemetery to watch the progress of the work. The stone-cutter was very much interested in the widow, all the more from the fact that she had a very handsome face and he thought it his duty to console her. He paused frequently between the strokes of his hammer and offered her words of consolation, at the same time intimating to her there was yet a bright page left in the book of life for her. By evening quite an intimacy was established between the two, the widow thinking what a nice fellow the stone-cutter was and wondering if there was not some way besides money in which she could repay him for his labors. On the other hand he came to the conclusion that the most solid comfort he could offer her was by offering to take the place of the deceased husband. He returned to his work the next day and the widow also came. Matters were renewed upon a more solid footing than before, and by night a bargain had been made that the widow was to pay him for his labors by bestowing upon him her hand, and he was to occupy the place in her heart made vacant by the death of her husband. On the third day after their meeting, yesterday, there was a quiet wedding and the two were made one. The inscription on the monument remains half completed, just as he left it on the second day. He will probably renew his labors on the epitaph as soon as his honeymoon is over.

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Too Much Music in Poetry.

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One poem, and one poem only, do I know, the effect of which in its vagueness, in its appeal purely to the emotions and the imagination, may be compared with music, and that is "Kubla Khan," but the exceptional circumstances under which it was written, and the fact that there is none other like it, at any rate in the English language, would seem to show that here, as ever, the exception proves the rule. Is there any other poem of which it can be said that the only true criticism is that of John Duncan:—"It's very fine, but I don't know what it means?" No; as a rule, one looks for meaning in poetry. The poet who has given the most practical effect to the doctrine of music in poetry is Edgar Poe. Struck with the beautiful harmony to be obtained by the use of repetition, and especially of that species of it called the refrain, he deliberately made this the foundation of his poetry. And in this nearly the whole of his poetical capital! There is, indeed, a sort of weird pathos in the "Raven," but its chief beauty is the refrain. The "Bells," too, give me considerable pleasure, but it is a mere intellectual pleasure—the pleasure which successful imitation always gives. But "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee," are they anything but a senseless jingle? No, poetry is not to be made, like a pudding, from a receipt. Take a refrain, says Edgar Poe, composed of the finest sounding words to be had, add plenty of alliteration and repetition, favor with a little sentiment, and serve as hot as possible. But it is the misfortune of poetry made in this way that it invariably comes up cold, and people like cold poetry about as well as they do cold soup. Edgar Poe's poetry is, in short, a solemn warning against making poetry by rule, against starting with a musical effect, and then looking about for thoughts or emotions to match it. It is to the level of "Ulalume" that all poetry of this sort must at last sink. Mr. Swinburne's poetry has happily not sunk to this level yet, but it is in great danger of it. For all poetry in which the splendor of the versification is not sustained by the underlying emotion, in which the rhythmic effects are used so unsurprisingly, with so little concealment that they become a mere trick, is in danger of this. Some of the most beautiful passages in poetry owe much, no doubt, to alliteration, but they do not altogether depend upon it, and they never suggest the feeling that the sense has been sacrificed to it. But is a line like this of Mr. Swinburne's—

The deep, divine, dark dayshine of the sea,

The sad supreme still sunshine of the land,

or,

The mild, mad, melting moonshine of my verse,