

THE TALE OF A TAR.

I stood one day by the breezy bay
Watching the ships go by,
When an old Tar said, with a shake of his head,
"I wish't I could tell a lie.

"I've saw some sights as would jigger your lights
And they jiggered me own forsooth.
But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a yarn
That wanders away from the truth.

"We were out on the bark, the Nancy Stark,
Just a league and a half at sea,
When Captain Snook, with a troubled look,
He comes and he says to me:

"Bo'sun Smith, make haste forthwith
And hemstitch the spanker sail,
And accordion pleat the for'd sheet
For she's going to blow a gale."

"I straightway did as the Cap'n bid,
No sooner the job was through
Than the north wind crack took us dead aback,
An' murderin' lights how she blew!

"She blowed the tars right off the spars,
The spars right off'n the masts;
Anchors and sails and kegs and nails
Went by on the wings of the blast.

"Our galley shook as she blowed our cook
Right out through the starboard gilm,
And pots and pans and kettles and cans
Went a clattering arter him.

"She blowed the fire right out of the galley stove,
The coal right out of the bin;
Then she whistled apace past the Cap'n's face
And blowed all the hair off his chin.

"O, wiggle me dead!" the Cap'n said,
And them words blowed out of his mouth.
"We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer
And blow awhile from the south."

"O wiggle me dead!" No sooner he'd said
Them words that blowed out of his mouth
Than the wind hauled 'round with a hurricane
sound
And blowed straight in from the south.

"We opened our eyes in wild surprise,
And never a word did we say,
For in changing her tack the wind blowed back
The things she'd blowed away.

"She blowed the tars back on the spars,
The spars back on the mast.
Back flew the anchors and sails and kegs and nails
Which into the ship stuck fast.

"And 'fore we could look she blowed the cook
Right under the galley poop,
And back came the kettles and pots and pans
Without even spilling the soup.

"She blowed the fire back into the stove,
Where it burned in its regular place,
And we all of us cheered when she blew the beard
Back onto the Cap'n's face.

"There's more of me tale," said the sailor hale,
"As would jigger your lights forsooth,
But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a yarn
That wanders away from the truth."
—Master, Mate, and Pilot.

THE COUNTRY CHILD.

By Katherine Tynan.

The Country Child has fragrances
He breathes about him as he goes;
Clear eyes that look at distances,
And in his cheeks the wilding rose.

The sun, the sun himself will stain
The country face to his own red,
The red-gold of the ripening grain,
And bleach to white the curly head.

He rises to the morning lark,
Sleeps with the evening primroses.
Before the curtain of the dark
Lets down its splendor, starred with bees.

He sleeps so sweet without a dream
Under brown cottage eaves and deep,
His window holds one stray moonbeam,
As tho an angel kept his sleep.

He feeds on honest country fare,
Drinks the clear water of the spring,
Green carpets wait him everywhere;
Where he may run, where he may sing.

He hath his country lore by heart,
And what is friend and what is foe;
Hath conned Dame Nature's book apart,
Her child since he began to grow.

When he is old, when he goes sad,
Hobbling upon a twisted knee,
He keeps somewhat of joys he had
Since an old countryman is he.

He keeps his childhood's innocencies,
Tho his old head be bleached to snow,
Forget-me-nots still hold his eyes,
And in his cheeks old rose blow.

London Spectator.

Edmund Breese will be starred by Henry B. Harris next year in "The Earth."

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