

BRYANT TO HIS WIFE.

[The following lines from an uncompleted poem were found upon Bryant's table, written several years after the death of his wife.]
The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I call thee to my side no more,
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of spring,
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring,
The choicest to thy grave.

From where I sit alone is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined, haply, to some kind, commending
word,
By those whose praise is fama.

And then, as I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye,
That only I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not; before mine eyes
The image of a blissful morn appears,
Where all of the that passed not to the skies,
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days,
That fled with thee, would gladly now re-sign
All that the world can give of fame and praise,
For one sweet look o' thine.

RINGAMY'S SECRETARY.

Detroit Free Press.



Mr. Johnson Ringamy, the author sat in his library gazing idly out of the window. The view was very pleasant, and the early morning sun brought out in strong relief the fresh greenness to the trees that now had on their early spring suits of foliage. Mr. Ringamy had been a busy man, but now if he had cared to take life easy, he might have done so, for few books had had the tremendous success of his latest work. Mr. Ringamy was thinking about this when the door opened and a tall intelligent looking young man entered from the study that communicated with the library. He placed on the table the bunch of opened letters he had in his hand, and drawing up a chair, opened a blank note book that had between the leaves a lead pencil sharpened at both ends.

"Good morning, Mr. Scriver," said the author, also hitching up his chair towards the table. He sighed as he did so, for the fair spring prospect from the library window was much more attractive than the task of answering an extensive correspondence.

"Is there a large mail this morning, Scriver?"

"A good sized one, sir. Many of them however, are notes asking for your autograph."

"Inclose stamp, do those?"

"Most of them, sir; those that did not, I threw in the waste basket."

"Quite right. And the autographs, you might write them this afternoon, if you have time."

"I have already done so, sir. I flatter myself that even your most intimate friend could not tell my version of your autograph from your own."

As he said this the young man shoved towards the author a letter which he had written, and Mr. Ringamy looked at it critically.

"Very good, Scriver, very good indeed. In fact, if I were put on the witness-box I am not sure that I would be able to swear that that was not my signature. What's this you have said in the body of the letter about sentiment? Not making me write anything sentimental, I hope. Be careful my boy, I don't want the newspapers to get hold of anything that could turn into ridicule. They are too apt to do that sort of thing if they get half a chance."

"O, I think you will find it all right," said the young man; still I thought it best to submit it to you before sending it off. You see the lady who writes has been getting up a 'Ringamy Club' in Kalamazoo, and she asks you to give her an autographic sentiment which they will cherish as the motto of the club. So I wrote the sentence, 'All classes of labor should have equal compensation.' If that won't do I can change it."

"Oh, that will do first rate—first rate."

"Of course it is awful rot, but I thought it would please the feminine mind."

"Awful what did you say, Mr. Scriver?"

"Well popcock—if that expresses it better. Of course you don't believe any such nonsense as that."

Mr. Johnson Ringamy frowned as he looked at his secretary.

"I don't think I understand you," he said at last.

"Well look here, Mr. Ringamy, speaking now, not as a paid servant to his master, but—"

"Now, Scriver, I won't have any talk like that. There is no master or servant idea between us. There oughtn't to be between anybody. All men are free and equal in this country."

"They are in theory, and in my eye, if I wanted to make it more expressive."

"Scriver, I cannot congratulate you on your expressive expressions, if I may call them so. But we are wandering from the argument. You were going to say that speaking as— Well, go on."

"I was going to say that, speaking as one reasonable sensible man to another, without any gammon about it, don't you think it is rank nonsense to say that one class of labor should be as well compensated as another. Honestly now?"

The author sat back in his chair and gazed across the table at his secretary. Finally, he said—

"My dear Scriver, you can't really mean what you say. You know that I hold that all classes of labor should have exactly the same compensation! The miner the blacksmith, the preacher, the president, the postal clerk, the author, the printer—yes, the man who sweeps out the office, or who polishes boots, should each share alike, of this world were what it should be—yes, what it will be. Why, Scriver, you surely couldn't have read my book—"

"Read it! why, hang it, I wrote it."

"You wrote it! The deuce you did, I always thought I was the author of—"

"So you are. But didn't I take it all down in shorthand, and what it cut on the typewriter, and didn't I go over the proof sheets with you. And yet you ask me if I have read it."

"Oh yes, quite right, I see what you mean. Well, if you paid as much attention to the arguments as you did to the autograph, I should think you would not ask if I really meant what I said in the book."

"O, I suppose you meant it all right enough—in a way—in theory, perhaps, but—"

"My dear sir, allow me to say that a theory that is not practical is no theory at all. The great success of 'Gazing Upward,' has been due to the fact that it is an eminently practical work. The nationalization of everything is not a matter of theory. The ideas advocated in that book, can be seen at work: any time. Look at the army, look at the postoffice."

"Oh that's all right, looking at things in bulk. Let's come down to practical details. Detail is the real test of any scheme. Take this volume, 'Gazing Upward.' Now, might I ask you how much this book has netted you up to date?"

"O, I don't know exactly. Somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000."

"Very well, then. Now let us look at the method by which that book was produced. You walked up and down this room with your hands behind your back and dictated chapter after chapter, and I sat at this table taking it all down in shorthand. Then you went out and took the air while I whacked it out on the typewriter."

"I wish you wouldn't say 'whacked,' Scriver. That's twice you've used it."

"All right, typographical error. For 'whacked' read 'manipulated.' Then you looked over the type-written pages, and I erased and wrote in and finally got out a perfect copy. Now I worked just as hard—probably harder—than you did, yet the success of that book was entirely due to you, and not to me. Therefore it is quite right that you should get \$100,000, and that I should get \$15 a week. Come now, isn't it? Speaking as a man of common sense."

"Speaking exactly in that way I say no, it is not right. If the world were rightly ruled the compensation of author and secretary would have been exactly the same."

"O well, if you go so far as that," replied the secretary, "I have nothing more to say."

The author laughed and the two men bent their energies to the correspondence. When the task was finished Scriver said:

"I would like to get a couple of days off, Mr. Ringamy. I have some private business to attend to."

"When could you get back?"

"I'll report to you on Thursday morning."

"Very well then. Not later than Thursday. I think I'll take a couple of days off myself."

On Thursday morning Mr. Johnson Ringamy sat in his library looking out of the window, but the day was not as pleasant as when he last gazed at the hills, and the woods, and the green fields. A wild storm lashed the landscape and rattled the rain drops against the pane. Mr. Ringamy waited for sometime and then opened the study door and looked in. The little room was empty. He rang the bell and the trim servant girl appeared.

"Has Mr. Scriver come in yet?"

"No, sir, he haven't."

"Perhaps the rain has kept him."

"Mr. Scriver said that when you come back, sir, there was a letter on the table as was for you."

"Ah, so there is. Thank you, that will do."

The author opened the letter and read as follows:

MY DEAR MR. RINGAMY.—Your arguments the other day fully convinced me that you were right and I am wrong ('Ah! I thought they would,' murmured the author). I have therefore taken a step toward putting your theories into practice. The scheme is an old one in commercial life, but new in its present application, so much so that I fear it will find no defenders except yourself, and I trust that now I am far away ('Dear me, what does this mean?' cried the author) you will show any doubts that I acted on the principles that will govern the world when the theories of 'Gazing Upward' are put into practice. For fear that all might not agree with you at present, I have taken the precaution of going to that undiscovered country from whose bourne nostradamentary treaty forces the traveler to return—sunny Spain. You said you could not tell my rendition of your signature from your own. Neither could the bank cashier. Fifty thousand dollars. Half the profits, you know. You can send future accumulations, for the book will continue to sell, to the address of—

ADAM SCRIVER.

Post Restant, Madrid, Spain.

Mr. Ringamy at once put the case in the hands of the detectives, where it still remains.

A RATTLER IN BED.

Jim Conley Thought It Was an Iceberg Against His Back.

"Talking about rattlesnakes," said Jim Conley, as he perused the interesting snake department of the Globe-Democrat, while sitting in a crowd of men occupying the outside chairs at McPherson's corner across the way, a few days ago, "I was an eye-witness and an unwilling participant in one of the bloodiest encounters with a rattlesnake recorded in the history of Utah territory."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you go on?" asked the correspondent of the Globe-Democrat at Hillboro, N. M.

"Match, please."

"Certainly."

After Conley had lit his cigar he continued:

"While traveling in that country between Ogden and Salt Lake City with another man a good many years ago we got 'busted' and had to go to work at anything we could get to do. We got a contract from a Mormon settler on the road to cut and haul from the mountains 300 cords of wood. He furnished everything and gave us so much for the job. The camp at which he set us down was six miles away, in the foothills of the range, near where there were a lot of campers cutting and hauling railroad ties to the valley for the Union Pacific railroad. We camped in the yard of a man and his wife, got water out of the same spring, and finally became very well acquainted with them, and indeed they proved to be mighty fine people. Well, next morning after our arrival at the camp, Bill and I went to work chopping down trees and cutting them into four-foot lengths ready to haul. Things went on admirably, and we were doing nicely, when we took a notion one morning to go down to the ranch and spend the day with our employer and his family. During the day we had partaken liberally of the hospitalities at the ranchman's house, and became somewhat 'fuddled,' but not overly so, and returned home in good shape. We both felt tired from our work, and retired to bed about 9 o'clock. I had been asleep, I don't know how long, when I awoke feeling a coldness at my back that was not in keeping with the weather, for it was summer, and though the days were extremely hot the nights were cool, but not to the extent of the bold sensation at my back. I began to pull at the wagon sheets with which we were covered, and waked my partner up. Turning over, Bill in an angry tone, asked:

"What's the matter? Got snakes?"

"No," I replied, "but I am as cold as Iceland itself, and want some more cover or I will vacate this bed and build a fire."

"Go to sleep and you'll be all right," said Bill, and he turned over for a comfortable snooze.

"But I could not go to sleep for that feeling of coldness over behind me, and at last I determined to investigate the cause of it. Reaching behind me with my right hand without turning over, I began to feel around, for it felt exactly like an iceberg lying up against me, and my hand soon found its way under and through the folds of the bedding and brought up against something which did not feel natural by any means, and, for the first time, the idea of a snake being in bed with me entered my mind. I cautiously withdrew my hand and arm, moved toward Bill, and let the cover drop down between me and the object I had felt, and crawled out over my bed-fellow's body and from under the cover from the opposite side and left Bill snoozing away. I then called to him to get up and help me to see what it was, in the meantime finding a candle and lighting it. With much grumbling Bill arose from under the cover and began helping me search for the mystery. Turning the cover down, there lay, in a comfortable coil, one of the biggest rattlesnakes ever seen in Mormondom."

"Another match, please!"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, the serpent didn't move, but lay as quietly as the coil of a steamboat cable. Our confusion and noise had awakened the man and his wife in the next tent, and they both leaped out of bed and came rushing in to see what was the matter, for there were Indians about, and the woman was ready for a scare at any time."

"There lay the rattler, apparently as sound asleep as was Bill a few minutes before. Rushing to the doorway I soon returned with an ax, and told the crowd to stand back and give me room. Everything being clear, I raised the ax above my head and came down on the coil of the snake with a powerful blow."

"Well, men, that reptile fell into a dozen pieces, coiled tightly as he was for when I came down with the sharp blade of the ax upon it had went through him a number of times. It would surprise you to know how much blood a rattlesnake contains. Why, the blood squirted from the ends of all the pieces like a floor sprinkler, thoroughly saturating everything that we could not take out of the way. After the excitement had somewhat subsided we shoveled the pieces out in the yard, and next morning, placing them as closely together as possible, that snake measured 9 feet and 3 inches in length 3 1-2 inches across the top of his head. From the end of his tail we

pulled a string of thirty-two rattles and a 'button,' representing 32 years and some months in age."

"What ever became of the rattles?" asked a listener.

"I was just going to tell you. Bill and I worked on and completed our job without further mishap, and made a good thing out of our contract, when we went on to Salt Lake City, where we sold the rattles to a museum, which afterward, we learned, disposed of them to an Italian peddler, who took them to Italy."

A Practical Joke.

Three brother officers were traveling from Umritsar to Lahore, where they had been playing polo during the afternoon. One of them, tired after the game, fell asleep on one of the seats. His railway ticket, which was sticking a little out of his pocket, was promptly annexed by one of the others and transferred to his own pocket. When nearing Lahore his brother officers awoke the sleeping youth, saying:

"Now, then, old man! Get up! Here we are!"

It was still broad daylight and for some reason or other the train was pulled up some little way outside the station.

"All tickets ready, please!" shouted the ticket collector.

Two of our friends promptly produced theirs, ready for the ticket collector when he should make his appearance. The third searched his pockets but could find no ticket.

"Good gracious! where is my ticket!" he said; "I know I had one right enough when I started; you fellows saw me get it, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes, you had it right enough," they said; "where on earth can you have put it?"

"I don't know," he replied in desperation.

"You'll pay the fair," said the others, consolingly; "it's not much."

"But I haven't a cent with me," he returned; "will you fellows lend me some dibs?"

Both said they were as high and dry as he was in regard to money.

"Tickets, please!" said the collector at last quite close to the carriage.

"What the Dickens shall I do?" said the ticketless one.

"Oh! get under the seat," said the others; "quick! quick! man! here he comes."

Under the seat like a shot went the man without a ticket! When the ticket collector came to the door three tickets were handed up.

"You have given me three tickets, sir," he said; "but I see only two gentlemen; where is the third?"

"Oh! he's under the seat," they said with the greatest nonchalance, as if it were an ordinary every-day affair.

"Under the seat!" echoed the ticket collector, in a tone of surprise, "what is he doing under there?"

"Oh! he always travels under the seat," they said, "he prefers it!"—London Tid-Bits.

An Old Time Congressman.

Forty years ago or more Illinois' representative in Congress was an uncouth, illiterate man named Reynolds. He was possessed of a deal of common sense, much natural shrewdness, and an inexhaustible fund of comic humor. In Illinois he filled the gubernatorial chair, and other positions of eminence in the gift of the state, and was apparently very popular with his constituents. Illinois was then a frontier state, with a very small population, and without refinement or culture of any kind. Reynolds was fond of hearing himself talk, and didn't mind a bit whether or not he was grieved, and didn't care whether the house was laughing with him or at him. His conversation like his appearance and manners, was tinged with all the oddities and quaintness of a backwoodsman. Soon after he came to Congress he paid a visit to Baltimore, and was amazed at the size of the city, and the crowd of people drove him wild. Passing down Pratt Street to the river he saw the Patapsco River at high water, and six hours later saw it when it was at low water. This rather puzzled him; so, several hours later, he paid another visit to the river, and found the tide coming in again. This was too much for Reynolds, who exclaimed: "Goosh, if this don't beat all my calculations—two freshets in one day and nary a sign of rain!"

She Wanted a Prescription.

One of our Belfast girls has gotten the idea into her head that she would like to be married. She broached the matter to her father and he promptly thrashed her. The next thing she did was to start out to find a lawyer and get his assistance in the matter. But by mistake she got into a doctor's office, and thinking him an analyzer of the law unbundled her troubles to him. The doctor, thinking her a patient, for some time listened to her tale of woe.

Finally the truth dawned upon him that it was a lawyer she wanted, and he told her of her mistake. Then she lighted on him with her tongue, and said he had deceived her and drawn her whole story maliciously, and that she would not only have a lawyer to assist her to get married, but to send the doctor to prison, and with all the scorn of her sex she swept out of the office. But it is safe to say she will be married by and by.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

ANCIENT ENGINEERS.

Their Feats of Skill Which Moderns Cannot Equal.

The bumptiousness of the modern engineer gives little offense, because it is honest and guileless.

It is a waste of time to ask him how the bowlders of Stonehenge were conveyed to their resting place, how the walls of Fiesole or Mycene were built; these marvels represent the power which lies in the brute force of multitudes, and there's an end of the question. Engineering now is an art and a science, with which the rude work of the savages has no sort of connection. One must not inquire why he takes it for granted that Stonehenge, for example, was built by savages, where the brute multitude came from how they subsisted on Salisbury Plain, or why it is necessary to assume that they were unacquainted with mechanics.

All that is chose jargon—beyond dispute. If you cite records of antiquity which tell of works he cannot rival that fact alone is proof that the record is a lie; for how can it possibly be that mere Greeks and Romans should have been able to do what the builders of the Eiffel tower and the Forth bridge cannot accomplish? We had an amusing instance of this feeling lately. The ingenious M. Eiffel and the artistic M. Bartholdi have been gravely pondering the Colossus of Rhodes—measuring it and weighing it as per description, and they conclude that the thing was simply impossible.

THE COLOSSEUM.

It could not have been set up, to begin with, and when set up it could not have stood the pressure of the wind. This is demonstrated by all the rules of modern science, and he who does not admit the demonstration must be prepared to show that two and two do not make four. Those antique personages who professed to have seen the Colossus were victims of an ocular delusion or flat story tellers, and that greater number who mention it incidentally, as we might mention the ruins of the Colosseum, were credulous gossips.

The fact is that Messrs. Eiffel and Bartholdi argue in the fashion usual with engineers. Not all of them would pretend that they knew any law of nature which applies in such a case. But very few would listen patiently if it were urged that the ancients knew some laws with which they were unacquainted.

So it appears, however, to the disinterested student, and we can bring forward evidence enough. If it be true that the Colossus of Rhodes is really proved "impossible," according to the best modern authorities, this is a good illustration to begin with, for its existence is as well authenticated as the temple at Delphi and the statue of Olympian Zeus, or the Tower of London, for that matter, to one who has never seen it. By some means it was set up, and by adaptation of some natural laws it was made to stand until an earthquake overthrew it. One is embarrassed by the number and variety of illustrations to the same effect which crowd upon the mind.

Since the Colosseum has been mentioned we may choose examples of the class. Is M. Eiffel prepared to put an awning over Trafalgar square when the sun shines, and remove it promptly without the aid of a central support of steam engines or even chains? The area of the Colosseum is certainly not less. This may seem a trifling matter to the thoughtless because they have never considered it. Roman engineers covered in that vast expanse with some wooden material, and they worked the ponderous sheet so easily and smoothly that it was drawn and withdrawn as the sky changed. The bulk of it must have weighed hundreds of tons, all depending by ropes from the circumference. But the ancients thought so little of this feat that they have left us only one trivial detail of the method.

ALEXANDER'S GIANTIC TENT.

So Julius Caesar stretched an awning above the Forum Romanum and great part of the Via Sacra in the space of a single night. Have any of our modern engineers pondered the contemporary descriptions of Alexander's durbar tent before Babylon? That, again, appears to have had no central support. It was upheld, says Phylarchus, by eight pillars of solid gold. Of the glorious plenshing within we have not to speak, since our theme is mechanics. Around the throne and the great courtiers stood 500 Macedonian guards; in a circle beyond them 500 Persian guards; beyond these again 1,000 archers. To fix a tent which held 2,000 soldiers on duty with arms and accoutrements, surrounding, in successive circles, the most gorgeous Oriental court that ever was, with hundreds of satraps, councilors, generals, and slaves, would perplex a mechanic of the Nineteenth century.

He will reply that the story is false—must be, because he could not match it. Happily the awning of the Colosseum stands beyond dispute, and Alexander's tent is a small matter compared with that. But we undertook to deal with the engineering of the ancients in connection with the theatre, having chanced on that class of illustration. Pliny tells how dross edifice, which stirred his rival, C. Curio, to a frantic jealousy. It may be worth while in passing—since we are all so much interested in the theatre nowadays and think so much of our new ones—to tell what sort of

a building that was which Curio set himself to outdo. It had 360 marble columns, each 38 feet apart. Above 2,000 bronze statues stood among them. The stage had three floors, as was usual—the lowest paved and fitted with marble, the second with glass, the third gilded, boards and all. It held 80,000 people.

Such was the wonder which Curio resolved to beat, and feeling himself unable to vie in outlay he summoned the engineers of the period to design something which would "fetch" the public. They built two enormous theatres of wood, each to contain an audience of 25,000, which stood back to back.

When the spectators assembled in the forenoon Curio was chaffed, no doubt, on the issue of his attempt to excel Scæurus. But the audience returned in the afternoon, for these entertainments were devoted to the manes of Curio's father and lasted a month. In the place of two theatres back to back they found an ample theatre holding 80,000 persons, wherein gladiators and wild beasts contended until dewy eve. The two great buildings had been swung around and united; and day by day for the month following this colossal trick was repeated.—St. James' Gazette.

Swimming for Boys.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of an only son; "and I never consented to have him in a boat. Swimming is always detested, and ball playing is consider vulgar. He had a horse riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose." (1)

Her hearers understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow-chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go out-doors at all in his boyhood.

Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from intonation and also out of mischief. But for an active, full-blooded boy not decidedly studious, such a bringing-up as has been described would have meant either retardation or death.

There is no need to descant upon the manifold attractions and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, but your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of navigation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by anecdote, precept and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp, and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companions did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was recovered from the water.—Kate Lyson Clark in Harper's Bazar.

She Was a Sprinter.

A pretty young girl with determination in her eye and face like a peacock in color, chasing a diminutive dark down a crowded street in the heart of Philadelphia, is a subject that would any day make pedestrians halt and watch the race with grimacing surprise.

The residents on Pine street about Seventh have been annoyed ever since warm weather set in by a lot of little colored boys, who have made it a practice to go through the back streets and ring the gate bells. They do this at all hours of the day or night, and the housekeepers or their servants are kept on a run afraid not to answer the ring for fear it might be some tradesman's boy with good intentions.

One young lady got even with her tormentors for the many useless trips she has had. The girl in question took up her stand by the gate, and at the next time the bell rung dashed after the impish crew. The boys were the lead at first, but the girl was determined, and at Seventh street she low Pine she came up with the last one. The culprit's shriek of dismay was drowned in the series of disconcerting smacks which she administered. There has been less door bells ringing in that neighborhood since then.—Philadelphia Press.

Hired Women Bathers.

I learned recently of a new device on the part of a hotel keeper to draw trade. Noticing a large crowd collected about a bathing place, which were situated the bath house and pavilion of a very ordinary hotel, I journeyed thither to satisfy not unreasonable curiosity.

The crowd was engaged in looking at three young women who had just emerged from the water. The women were fairly handsome, and wearing fine forms, which were somewhat fully exhibited. One had a full bathing costume of crimson, the second wore pale blue and the other was white. They displayed no embarrassment as they walked along with a multitude of eyes resting upon them. The young women, I was told, were employed by the hotel keeper for the purpose of attracting a crowd to his bathing house and pavilion. They serve their purpose successfully.—Long Branch, Conn. Press.