AFTER THE QUARREL.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Hush, my pretty one. Not yet.
Wait a little, only wait.
Other blue flowers are as wet
As your eyes, outside the gate
He has shut forever.—But
Is the gate forever shut?

Just a young man in the rain
Saying (the last time?) "good-night!"
Should he never come again
Would the world be ended quite?
Where would all these rose-buds go?—
All these robins? Do you know?

But—he will not come? Why, then,
Is no other within call?
There are men, and men, and men—
And these men are brothers all!
Each sweet fault of his you'll find
Just as sweet in all his kind.

None with eyes like his? Oh—oh!
In diviner ones did I
Look, perhaps, an hour ago.
Whose? Indeed (you must not cry)
Those I thought of—are not free
To laugh down your tears, you see.

Voice like his was never heard?
No,—but better ones, I vow;
Did you ever hear a bird?—
Listen, one is singing now!
And his gloves? His gloves? Ah, well,
There are gloves like his to sell.

At the play to-night you'll see,
In mock-velvet cloaks, mock earls
With mock jeweled swords—that he
Were a clown by! —Now, those curls
Are the barber's pride, I say;
Do not cry for them, I pray.

If no one should love you? Why,
You can love some other still!
Philip Sidney, Shakspeare, ay,
Good King Arthur, if you will;
Raphael—*he* was handsome, too.
Love them, one and all. I do.

—[*Scribner for June.*

A BEAR ADVENTURE.

Dick Barron was one of the most daring among the pioneers, and he appeared to be one of the most unfortunate. Together with other neighbors, Dick had removed from Central Colorado to the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. His home was in a wildly romantic and beautiful spot, and fortune appeared to smile upon him, so far as his pecuniary matters were concerned; for his land yielded well in the summer and the mines gave a fair yield of "yellow dross" in the other months.

But death came to the family of Dick.

The first stroke fell upon his eldest boy, a lad of twelve years of age. The little fellow was fond of hunting, and, with his rifle, he would often venture a considerable distance from home, and sometimes was very successful in bringing down small game. But one day he was absent much beyond his usual time, and a search discovered his mangled remains lying at the bottom of a ledge of rocks. He had evidently fallen from above and thus met a sudden and cruel death. The blow fell heavily upon Dick and his wife, but the man bore bravely up under his grief, while the woman gave way to melancholy.

Not long after a second child, a little girl of five years of age, sickened and died. It now appeared as if Mrs. Barron would go mad, and for a time her agony was terrible to behold. But this gradually subdued, and the mother began to sink rapidly, and in a short time after she followed her little ones, leaving still an other child, a daughter three years of age, to the care of the stricken father.

The grief of Dick was not of an explosive character, but it was deep and enduring. Still he had something yet to live for, and he went to work like a brave man to provide for his little Eva. Winter had set in, and Dick had come to the conclusion to make as much as possible in the mines before spring, and then to sell his property and go to San Francisco, where he could secure the advantages of education for his little one.

For some time the neighbors of Dick, as well as himself, had been much annoyed by theft. Several lambs and sheep had been killed, and poultry in large quantities stolen. There was a difference of opinion with regard to these depredations. Some said they were committed by Indians, others by wolves, and others by bears. But as no snow had fallen, and as the ground was frozen very hard, no tracks could be seen.

One morning, however, the alarm was given. A light snow had fallen during the night, and tracks were discovered. A large grizzly bear was the thief and despoiler, and he must be hunted down at once. It was not supposed that they would be obliged to go far to find the animal, and so Dick seized his rifle, and joined the party, leaving his child still in bed.

The tracks were fresh, and a dozen excited men were soon on the trail. In a short time they were on the monster; but each man paused, turning his eyes toward Dick, and waiting for him to speak. The bear was standing near the cabin door of Barron, gazing at the child who was seated in the doorway, watching the movements of the animal with evident curiosity, but without exhibiting any signs of fear.

Dick felt his very heart sink within him as he saw this; but his weakness passed away in an instant, and without removing his eyes from the bear, he asked:

"Men, can you use your rifles with steady hand?"

"Yes," replied several.

"Then raise them and have them ready. Be sure your aim is good, and that every bullet would be buried in the body of the beast in case of firing. But hold your shot until I give the word."

Instantly every rifle was raised.

Dick moved carefully around toward the back of the cabin. It was his intention to enter the window, seize his little one, draw her back, and closing the door save her. But now the animal began to utter deep growls, and advance slowly toward Eva. The father saw this, and exclaimed:

"My darling, get up, go into the house, and close the door.

The child looked up, smiled, and then arose, attempting to do the bidding of the father; but the monster advanced with a fearful howl, and as the door was closed against him, he struck it with his huge paws, shattering it into splinters.

"I feared this. Fire; but be careful and not injure the child!" cried the father.

He discharged his own piece, and at the same time a dozen other rifles rang out. The bear gave a most fearful howl, turned upon his enemies, glaring upon them with eyes of fire and seemed just on the point of springing upon them. Suddenly, however, the beast appeared to change his mind. Turning quickly around, the monster entered the cabin. A shriek was instantly heard, and the father rushed forward, knife in hand, to save his darling. But he was too late, for with a bound, the beast had dashed through the window, holding Eva in his teeth.

Off he ran with all his speed toward the highest mountain peak, while the cries of the little one came back to the ears of the half-frantic father.

And now the monster began its ascent, bearing its precious burden. Onward it went and upward, climbing forward, as rocks towering above rocks arose to obstruct his pathway. All this time it kept up its fearful howling, and for a time the wails of the child were heard; but they became fainter and fainter, until the sound could no longer be distinguished. At length it dissapeared from view behind a jutting ledge.

When the intention of the animal was first made apparent, a kind of terror seized upon every heart, and a cry of agony burst from every lip. And well might they have shuddered: for they now knew full well that the ferocious animal was a she-bear, and that she was carrying the child to her eyrie den as food for her cubs.

For a time the father had stood with face blanched with despair, and with form trembling like the browned leaves which still clung to the trees around him. But that weakness was only momentary, for he became again the invincible father; and, with the speed of an antelope, he rushed for the cliffs, his eyes fixed upon the point where the bear had disappeared with his loved darling.

To any but the father, and to him under any other circumstances, the journey would not only have been a weary, but almost an impossible one. But the anxious parent paused not for an instant. Indeed, he seemed to gain new strength and courage at every step. Now a fearful rocky ledge would obstruct his way, but he would mount upward, making a ladder of the frail twigs which hung to their sides. Onward and upward until the giddy height upon which he stood was horrible to contemplate. But he did not look back. His child was further on.

And now the point was reached where the bear was last seen.

At this instant a strange sound fell upon the ears of the father. At first it was only the cry of a child. Then, mingling with it came the fierce growl of the she-bear, and following this, the yelping of cubs. Oh, what agony filled the father's bosom at that moment! could it be possible that the ravenous beasts were already in the act of devouring his treasure?

Dick sank upon the solid rock, while the perspiration rolled in streams from his face and body. A blindness came over him, and he felt himself unable to move.

Then came a voice from below. It exclaimed: "Courage, Dick, I'll be with you soon, and will yet save your child."

"Child! child!" murmured Dick as he started up. "Yes, I must not give way to this weakness so long as my child yet lives; and I can hear her voice even now."

The poor father became strong again. He moved forward a few steps, and paced around a point of rock, from behind which came the sounds.

A terrible sight met his gaze!

A little girl was lying upon her back upon the rock The monster was near her, holding her down with one of his huge paws, which rested upon her breast. The little one had ceased her struggling, evidently in despair, and was now sobbing as if its poor heart was broken. The bear was bleeding profusely, and had evidently fallen from exhaustion. The bullets which had been sent into her body had given her, no doubt, her mortal wound; but she was tenacious of life, and could accomplish much after that wound was received, but before her life was yielded. Like the parent who now sought his daughter, the first thought of the bear was for her young, and even in her dying agony she clung to the food she had brought them.

Only a few feet higher up were the cubs. They saw the mother, and they appeared to anticipate a great feast, for they were struggling to reach it, while they lifted their young voices in chorus with that of their parent.

Dick knew that he must save his child soon or it would be too late. Soon he resolved to creep as near as possible to the monster, and then spring upon her with his knife; for, in his haste and excitement, he had dropped his rifle.

Just as he was moving forward, the bear turned, and their eyes met. The dying beast uttered a terrific howl, and then looked down at her victim. Then she glanced at her own cubs, and again toward Dick. Her expression seemed to say:

"You will have no mercy on my young, why should I have upon yours?"

It was a dreadful suspense for Dick. He was satisfied that the bear could live only a few moments. But what might not occur in those moments? A single blow with her huge paw and his darling would be torn into fragments. A movement upon his part might cause the blow to fall.

The hunter becomes so accustomed to the various animals with which he comes in contact that he can almost read their very thoughts. Their actions can nearly always be interpreted correctly. So was it with Dick now. He saw the intentions of the bear, and knew that his own actions must be prompt and powerful, or it would be too late.

He clutched his knife, and with his arm nerved with desperation, hope, and a fatherly love, he sprang directly at the throat of the monster, who received him with a tremendous howl and with mouth wide open.

Had the beast been uninjured the struggle would have been of short duration, for the odds between a man and a grizzly bear would be as great as that between a lion and a mouse. But the monster was now dying, and death was near. She retained all her courage and will, but not her strength.

Dick gave her several rapid blows with his knife. She groaned almost as a human being would have done, and fell upon her side. But she recovered in an instant, and striking Dick, she threw him to the earth. But the father had seized his beloved daughter, and throwing her a little apart, she was now out of danger.

Not so with himself.

He was now stretched flat upon his back, and both the paws of the beast were upon his breast, and he could feel the sharp claws entering his flesh. The two great, glassy eyes glared into his own, the terrible growl rang in his ears, the jaws were extended, the long white teeth glistened, and the blood-red tongue was ready to lap up his blood. He struggled, but could not move. A moment more, and all would be over for him forever, now the death-grip was fixed upon him.

And, to add to his agony, he had seen his child spring off and run toward the edge of the cliff. It would be dashed to pieces in falling, even as its brother had been.

But could this be a misfortune, since the father must die? Would it not be better for her to join her loved ones in another world than to remain in this cold one, alone?

Just at that instant, however, there came the report of a rifle. The bear relaxed her hold and fell heavily upon the body of Dick. He rolled the animal off and sprung to his feet. A friend had arrived in time, and not an instant too soon. He was holding Eva in his arms. She was not hurt.

The father could not help shedding tears over his rescued darling, for never before had she appeared half so dear to him. But he resolved not to expose her to any further danger of the kind, and so he took an almost immediate departure for the home he had selected in the Golden State.

Noted Men's Recreation.

From William the Conqueror downwards, the chief delight of British sovereigns has been in the hunting field, though some have varied it with other more peaceful pursuits. Charles II. for instance, spent a good deal of time in a chemical laboratory. Prince Rupert was devoted to mechanical pursuits, and in the discovery of mezzotinto conferred a solid benefit on mankind. Godolphin's life was divided between the Council Chamber and the cock-pit. It is curious to observe how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists have, in their leisure moments, found a strange pleasure in associating themselves with sordid vulgarity. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, constantly spent whole evenings in chatting with a soldier and his slattern wife in a low public house, joking and being joked. Turner, the painter, had similar tastes. Leonardo de Vinci felt intense pleasure, or perhaps, an inexplicable fascination, in contemplating filth and garbage. He would gaze for hours on the slimy streams that crawl out of the slums of Florence. But to turn to less reprehensible amusements. The Lord Chief Justice Saunders, whose character has been so admirably sketched by Roger North, devoted his leisure time to practicing on an old Virginal. Milton selected the more dignified companionship of an organ. Innocent III., probably the greatest man who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, received his graver amusements of playing nine-pins with the potentates of Europe, by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had travel[illegible] a good deal, regaled him. Petavius, one of the most learned of the Jesuits, when engaged on one of his principal works, used, at the end of every two hours, to rise rapidly, twirl his chair about for five minutes. Bacon, Cowley, Sir William Temsle, Evelyn, Buffon and Addist were accustomed to interrupt their literary studies by seeking the stimulation of a walk round their garden, and have all of them recorded their delight in Adam a principal pursuit. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, when a child, used to sit in a bog modeling clay engines and constructing minature wind-mills. Toward the close of his eventful life, his leisure was amused by his farm and gardens. It was in these occupations that the great engineer spent the fewyears that were left to him after quitting the career of high-minded industry in which he won fame for himself, and conferred a lasting boon to mankind. Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, found amusement in treasuring scraps of orange peel.

"Huzzy-Duzzy"—An O'er True Tale of Travel on the Peanut Road.

By a Traveler with His Eyes Open.

They came in,—she leaning on his arm, looking as soft as a turtle dove, and took the seat just ahead of me.

He arranged the shawl carefully about her, and asked tenderly, "Is my little wifey comfortable?"

"Yes, huzzy-duzzy," she cooed.

"Isn't there a draft from the window? If you should take cold!"

She raised her eyes, gave him a killing glance and murmured: "Does you love you ducky, huzzy?"

"You darling sweety! hearty! don't I? You bet!"

"Will you always love me?"

"Oh, ducky, can you doubt me!"

"Will you love me when I'm old, 'when the silver tints the gold?'"

"Just as well a hundred years from now darling—time cannot change me."

This seemed to satisfy her; her head sank gracefully upon his shoulder; he pulled one corner of the shawl up, and all I could hear after that was an explosive concussion about every two minutes.

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I recognized them the minute they came in, but it was two years later, and times had evidently changed. She didn't look near as "bridy" as before, and was carrying a suspicious looking bundle in her arms, which, every once and a while, sent forth a terrific yell; he had his hat pulled over his eyes and seemed out of humor.

Oddly enough, they took the seat just ahead of me. I laid aside my book and prepared for some more billing and cooing. It began in this way—A prolonged yell from the bundle—crossly:

"Can't you stop that brat's mouth, Liza?"

"No, I can't, nor shan't try."

"I'd like to know how a fellow is to have any peace. I was kept awake all last night, by it's confounded squalling."

"T'aint no worse for you than it is for me. I should think you might take it a while."

"Well you can just keep on a thinking,—I shan't."

Silence for a few minutes. Fumbling in his coat pocket:—

"Where is that note, Liza?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do; you took it."

"You lie! I didnt! I never touched it."

"Tell me I lie?"

"Yes, you do; you lie! lie! lie!"

"You're an impudent huzzy!"

"You're an old brute!"

"Shet your head!"

"Mind your business!"

I got up and left the car, thinking sadly to myself, that little lyric "When the silver tints the gold," is a "fraud."

America Feeding the World.

From the New York Tribune.

America is doing more and more every day toward the work of feeding the world. The reports of our Consul at Havre show a steadily increasing demand for American provisions in France, and two steamers, which have been fitted up with refrigerating chambers, have taken to that country in the last six months half a million pounds of fresh meat.

AN ACTRESS' GOOD FORTUNE.

How Little Lotta Conquered Success by Sheer Hard Work.

Otto Burbank, says the St. Louis *Post*, is an old stager, one of the most versatile men on the boards to-day, and knows more in a minute about some of the most celebrated variety actors now on the stage, than a great many others could recollect in a lifetime. A reporter heard, through some out-of-the-way source, that Mr. Burbank had numbered that little pink of perfect stage jollity, Lotta, among his early burnt-cork and heel-clicking companions, and as the little girl of his days has since made a name that shines out as brightly through this and the other continents as the huge hieroglyphics that Jules Verne suggested be built upon the plains, that they could be read in the moon, the natural conclusion was that if Otto had anything new to say, it would be intensely interesting to especially that portion of the reading public who cared for little Nell, the Marchioness, and any other title they desire to give their favorite. Mr. Burbank was accordingly sought, yesterday, and was found after rehearsal, and interviewed.

"No," said Mr. Burbank, "I never acted as a regular tutor to Lottie (Mr. Burbank calls her Lottie), but whenever she did any thing I or some other one of the boys told her that she hadn't the right step, and she went right away to work and corrected herself. She worked hard, and tried to keep ahead. She knew when a suggestion that was made was a good one, and when it was good she addopted it. That is the whole secret of her success.

"I'll tell about the time we were at Burt's New Idea, and afterward at Gilbert's Melodeon, in Sanfrancisco. There were there then Joe Murphy, Bernard, Cotton, Peel, Billy Sheppard, Backus and myself among other prominent minstrels, with the Worrell Sisters (Sophie and Jennie, you know both of them were pretty unfortunate) Maggie Moore, now Mrs. Williamson, and Lotta. These latter were all little girls at the time. That was about fourteen years ago, and Lotta was then about fourteen. There was a great rivalry existing at the time among all the dancers, especially among the girls. The feature of, the evening entertainment was a reel which was billed immediately after the first part, and in which all the company took part. The reel never took less than an hour, and up to the time it took place the theater was crowded. When it was finished the place was almost deserted. The people appeared to care only for the dancing. We were all good dancers, but the rivalry among the male portion of the performers was not near so marked as that which distinguished the performance of the young girls I have named. They were encored until they were actually unable to come on the stage again from sheer exhaustion, such were the demonstrations of their respective admirers. It was not unusual for Lotta to be called out sixteen or eighteen times, and I have seen the stage strewn with bouquets and coin as she retired."

"Each of the girls," he continued to say, "did her best to outdo the others. None of them were under any particular instruction, but took their knowledge as they received it off hand from their male companions, and competitors for public favor. All labored hard to win the favor of the patrons of the place, but Lotta, under the strictest parental discipline, and with application that was of the most wonderful kind and most presevering for a child, such as she then was, managed to gain and retain the lead, and holds it to day, her rivals of former years being, some of them, away back behind the scenes of another world, and those who are living, merely on the wings, or among the supernumeraries of the present. Lotta worked ever and untiringly. If one of her rivals learned a new step and won the audience's favor, the little girl left the stage in a frenzy of grief, and nothing could stifle her blinding tears until she herself gained a step that was of a more attractive nature. Frequently, when she thought no one was observing her, she stole into her dressing room, and stripping herself to her work, continued to practice away at some new jig step she had acquired, or to pick up her banjo or sing a song, when other children of her age would be thinking of nothing but play."

"Oh she worked!" said Mr. Burbank, with particular emphasis on the last word. "She had application; and I believe that if she had taken up higher roles, intense study and application would have tended, with what talent she has, to place her at the very head of her profession and award her the crown of being the greatest actress of her day."

"Do you mean great in the Clara Morris and Modieska school?"

"I mean in any. But unfortunately—and again fortunately, for she has coined money at her business—Lotta was early led to the variety stage, made a great hit in it and kept on. She had undoubted talent, and her study would have carried her through."

"Is it true that Lotta began her career in a low concert saloon?"

"No, sir, it is not. That statement that has been spread abroad by the newspapers is utterly false. She never sang or danced, or acted in any capacity in a concert saloon. She commenced her stage career in California, doing little child parts with a traveling troupe that went from town to town and from camp to camp. There were no concert saloons in California in the early days of Lotta's stage life. Were the New Idea and Melodeon concert halls? They were not. They were variety shows, in which a man could sit down and drink a glass of beer if he wanted it—just as you could have done in the legitimate theaters here but a few years ago, but they were not beer halls any more than the Theater Comique is, and that certainly is not a concert saloon."

Mr. Burbank then went on to say that he knew no one could have loved the profession better than Lotta did. She struggled higher and higher up the ladder, day and night, and if any one deserved to win the success she has won, it was certainly she.

There were various speculations in California at the time as to her chances in winning fame—some believing that she would never amount to very much; but Burbank saw that there was good stuff in her, and foreshadowed her greatness. She was not much of a protean artist, dancing being her forte; but she could sing a little, handle the banjo in passable style, and often played small parts in sketches for the boys.

When she left California it was to go home to England, but some manager got hold of her and opened in Niblo's Garden, where she played some protean parts. Her success was so marked in this direction that she continued in it; got a little play written for herself, and the public know the rest.

The Prevention of a Terrible Disaster.

No disorders, excepting the most deadly forms of lung disease, involve such a tremendous destruction of organic tissues as those which fasten upon the kikneys. Such maladies, when they become chronic—and none are so liable to assume that phare—completely wreck the system. To prevent this terrible disaster, recourse should be had, upon the first manifestations of trouble, to Hostetter's Bitters, which experience has proved to be highly affective as a means of imparting tone and regularity to the organs of urination, as well as to the liver, stomach and bowels. Another beneficial result of this medicine, naturally consequent upon its diuretic action, is the elimination from the blood of impurities which beget rheumatism, gout, dropsy, and other maladies. By increasing the activity of the kidneys, it augments the depurative efficiency of those organs, which are most important outlets for the escape of such impurities.

Use for Symme's Theory.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Americus Symmes continues to write long letters to the newspapers contending in behalf of a big hole in the earth. It is sincerely to be hoped this hole will be found, and that Congress will be enticed into it in some way; then some patriot can pull up the ladder and there will be peace on top of the crust at least.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine; and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. Sold by druggists.

"Trust not too rashly the man who repays the borrowed V, for he may be playing for a XX."—[Lines taken from the interior of an Egyptian pyramid.