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Play me once more—I care not for the name—
The air I loved. 'Twas careless, quaint and sweet,
Yet wild and passionate as words of blame
Spoken by Oberon in jealous heat.

Yes, it began in fugue-like fashion, slow:
It brings to mind a landscape stretching fair,
Bathed in the mellow light of evening glow—
Park river, terraces, and lawns are there.

Full many an odorous shrub and climbing flower
Cling round the flights of marble steps that lead
Up to a castle, graced with keep and tower,
And painted windows rich with storied deed.

Through cedar avenues there comes a breath
Of aromatic fragrance, orient balms;
Day stored them up against her hour of death—
Night, pious, scatters them with cool, moist palms.

Now melancholy owls fly forth and hoot;
They heed not who from dusky boughs advance.
Where, in the distance, sounds of plaining flute
And jocund pipe to the rustic dance.

Thanks for your music's most melodious close
Come, ere the mists that wait the sun's decline
Blur those fair fields through which the river flows—
Come, we will seek earth's fabled Elysian shrine.

A YOUNG AMAZON

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"It's a shame and a pity, by Jove!" and Seth Thomas stamped the butt of his gun against the ground and scowled down upon the pleasant valley that lay at his feet.

Just *what* was a shame and a pity, an unenlightened observer would have been sorely puzzled to say. The weather was lovely, the heat of the declining sun was tempered by the soft haze of the Indian summer, the valley itself was a beautiful gem of handiwork; and Seth Thomas had met with fair success in his grouse shooting. Yet those words came from his very heart of hearts, and he really felt that he had just cause for complaint.

A few minutes before, the young sportsman's attention had been attracted by a lithe, graceful figure passing along the base of the precipice which lay at his feet. Despite the disfiguring sunbonnet of checked gingham, Seth recognized the fair cause of his tarrying so long in that benighted region—a back county of Kansas.

In silence he watched her passage through the knee-deep grass, with a swift, springy stride so different from the "society pace" to which he was accustomed. He saw her approach a shaggy, impish-looking Indian pony which was staked out at the end of a long trail-rope; saw her stoop and pull up the picket pin, then, as it seemed to him, draw the prancing animal toward her by main strength. He saw her place one hand upon the mustang's withers, then spring lightly upon its back, maintaining her seat with apparently the utmost ease through all the side-leaps, buck-jumps and other tokens of mustangish playfulness which followed.

All this was bad enough for one raised as Seth Thomas had been, in a home the atmosphere of which would have been as a sweet savor in the nostrils of the most austere of the Pilgrim Fathers; but worse was to come.

With one swift glance around her, the young Amazon rapidly changed her position upon the mustang, for another, which is commonly regarded as sacred to masculine bipeds, Indian squaws and fair Mejicanas. Thus mounted, with sunbonnet hanging over her shoulders, with hair broken from its fastenings, with eyes flashing, cheeks glowing, the young Amazon put her mustang to top speed, one little brown hand to her mouth, out of which issued a very musical but otherwise admirable imitation of the Cherokee war whoop.

But that musical cry was a discordant screech to Seth Thomas. He saw none of the unstudied grace of that wild picture. He saw only a hoidenish amazon where he had hoped—but a backward glance is a necessity here.

Seth Thomas, a young New England er, was making a horseback tour through the Western States, for the good of his health. Two weeks prior to this day, he paused at a little farmhouse for a drink of water. It was handed him by a blushing maiden—a marvel of unconscious grace and beauty. Not a dozen words passed between them, but before Seth reached the little village, only two miles away, he knew that he had met his fate. But little sleep visited his eyelids that night. Those few words, so soft, so musical, rung through his brain like a chime of silver bells, and that one shy, upward glance of those large, lustrous black eyes, now beamed down upon him through the shades of night.

All of which goes to show that Seth Thomas was very hard stricken, indeed.

Directly after an early breakfast, he shouldered his gun and sallied forth after grouse, naturally enough following the only road with which he had any acquaintance. He had his reward, such as it was.

A dog barking; a loud bellowing; two voices united in merry laughter. Hastening around the corner of a fence he beheld—his new-found angel riding a plunging, kicking, half mad yearling steer!

That was but the beginning. Seth and Samantha often met, but some malicious sprite seemingly had charge of those meetings, for, save at church, where she acted, sung and looked just like an angel, Samantha was always doing something to shock the very refined taste of the modern Puritan. As often did he vow to leave the place and nevermore give thought to such a hoiden, but still he lingered on, his heart more deeply interested than he dare acknowledge.

As Samantha inaugurated her *impromptu* circus down in the valley, Seth thumped his gun heavily against the ground, and uttered the petulant explanation recorded above.

A loud report followed—it seemed as though his right arm was being torn off. A shrill scream of pain and terror was wrung from his lips as he staggered and fell to the ground. For one moment his body was balanced upon the very verge of the precipice, then the loose earth crumbled beneath his weight and he fell down—down!

That report and wild cry of pain reached the ears of the young amazon, and swiftly wheeling, Samantha Brown beheld a man fall backward—then roll over the edge of the cliff. Her face grew white as she expected to see him meet a frightful death upon the jagged rocks nearly a hundred feet below, but she was spared this.

The falling body crashed into a mass of young vines, thirty feet below the escarpment, and then settled down upon a slight, narrow projection—it could hardly be called ledge—a few feet below, and there remained stationary.

She urged her pony toward the foot of the cliff, with the wild purpose of breaking the unfortunate man's fall, but common sense quickly told her that such an idea was worse than folly, and she changed her course, lashing the pony fiercely and taking the shortest practicable course by which the top of the cliff could be gained.

Seth Thomas had not entirely lost his consciousness, even while falling swiftly down to what seemed certain death, and as he struck the clump of wild grape vines, he instinctively grasped at them with his left hand; his right was completely disabled. But a single one of the tender shoots remained firm and unbroken; that only held him suspended above death, for the projection upon which he partially lay, though wide enough for the support of a sure-footed person in an upright position, was too narrow to hold a recumbent body. Even should that vine hold firm, the end must soon come. He was bleeding profusely; he felt that he was growing fainter with each passing moment; five minutes more—then death!

As in a dream, he saw the pale, yet not terrified face of a woman above him—heard an anxious voice calling to him. He answered—what, he never knew. But it was sufficient Samantha saw that he was alive, and she believed that she could save him.

Quickly removing the long and stout trail rope from the neck of her pony, she formed a noose and lowered it to the wounded man. The prospect of rescue cleared his brain, and restored his cool senses. He saw that if he released his grasp upon the vine to pass the noose around his body, he would fall from his slight support, and so he told her, begging her to hasten for aid.

But Samantha could see that she could not go and return in time. He would weaken and fail, even if he did not bleed to death.

She hurriedly drew up the rope and noosed it around the trunk of the stunted tree beside which Seth had stood when he shot himself, then, coiling the rest over her arm, she slid over the escarpment and lowered herself to the ledge where he was lying.

Seth was in an agony of apprehension—not for himself, but to see her hanging to that apparently frail rope—and yet she succeeded, thanks to the free, wild life that had strengthened her muscles and trained her brain.

Cautiously stooping, she passed the rope twice around his chest, then knotted it firmly. Should the vine give way now, he could only fall a few yards.

Bidding him be of good cheer, the young amazon carefully picked her way a dozen feet beyond, supported by the faithful rope, and then began her difficult ascent, taking advantage of each little point of rock or crevice, working with both feet and arms, far enough from Seth to prevent the dislodged stones from disturbing him, and reaching the top in safety.

Barely pausing to take a few breaths, Samantha called up her pony and fastened the trail rope around its neck. Bidding Seth prepare, she gave the word, and the well-trained creature moved slowly away, inch by inch. She crouched upon the brink in breathless suspense, regulating the movements of the mustang by an occasional word.

Seth was still able to help himself slightly, and with his feet and sound arm, kept clear of the projecting points and bushes. As he came within reach, Samantha bent over and grasping the noose, lifted him over the edge, nor released her grasp until he sunk senseless at the foot of the tree.

Samantha was faint and trembling from her terrible exertions, but she did not falter until the wounded arm was rudely but efficiently bound up. Then she secured the rope to the tree, so Seth could not possibly fall over the cliff, then mounted the pony and dashed away at breakneck speed for assistance.

A wagon was brought, and Seth was conveyed to the nearest house—which chanced to be the Brown farm-house. A doctor was sent for, and his arm attended to. Fortunately no bones were broken, the charge of shot passing through the fleshy part of his forearm, and after two weeks of bed, Seth was able to move about the house.

But that short time was long enough for him to recognize a true heart of gold beneath the outward semblance of a young amazon, and as he found that her wild, hoidenish pranks did not arise from any lack of true womanly delicacy, he flattered himself that he could effect a reformation.

That he did so, I can bear testimony. It would be hard to find a more gentle, lady-like wife and mother than that same Young Amazon.

Divorce is increasing to a great extent in the New England States, and there is much discussion among the elders to see how the condition of affairs may be changed. In Vermont alone, last year, one divorce was granted for every sixteen marriages, while in Maine it was still worse, the ratio being one to twelve.

Science and Religion.

It is a common notion that men of science are, as a class, infidels in religion. But Prof. Gladstone, of the Royal Institution, London, says this notion is founded in error. After patient inquiry as to the religious attitude of leading scientists, he believed that as large a proportion are believers in revealed religion as are found in any of the learned professions, except the Christian ministry. "And we believe," says the advance, "that statement is as true on this side the Atlantic as on that."

A Suggestive Thought.

When Peter of Croton was engaged on a picture for the royal palace of Petti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your Majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see this child laugh?"

And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips, and the inner extremities of the eyebrow, when the little urchin seemed in danger of bursting his sides with laughter, who a moment before seemed breaking his heart with weeping.

If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight, are the causes that make or break the happiness of life. The touch of a brush can dim heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospects of the fair horizon.

Resources of Alaska.

An Alaska correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle gives a very flattering account of the resources of the Territory. The fisheries are among the most prolific. As many as 7,000 salmon have often been taken at one haul of the seine, some of them weighing from 45 to 100 pounds apiece. Those caught at Cook's inlet are said to be the largest in the world. The quartz mines eight miles from Sitka are highly spoken of. Already ten well defined ledges of gold-bearing quartz have been discovered and eight mines located. Those ledges have been traced for three miles. A Russian engineer gives as his opinion that these will average $32 per ton throughout. Experienced miners confidently predict that Alaska will ultimately yield more precious metals than both California and Nevada have. Coal, marble and galena abound in addition to silver and gold.

A Snake Battle.

The black snake is the bitter enemy of the rattlesnake. When they meet, a fight takes place, and the black snake generally conquers. A correspondent of the Forest and Stream thus describes a combat which he saw between two of these snakes:

"In the middle of the road lay an ordinary black snake, and quite a large rattlesnake eyeing one another fiercely, both ready for an attack. The party stood motionless to see the battle take place; but he waited long, and still the combatants did not move. At length, tired of watching, he slightly shook the bar of the fence, which caused the rattle-make to look from its opponent to himself. Instantly, the black snake sprang on the other, twisted itself tightly around its neck, and then its body, and glided off, and there lay the rattlesnake, dead. The victim, we all know, was a powerful foe, the victor as harmless a snake as there is in the land."

A Frenchman Puzzled.

The English language is often a puzzle to foreigners, and sometimes drives even an American hotel-keeper into a corner, as, for instance, in the following experience at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where a wealthy French guest came to complain at the office and was there met by the gracious Griswold, who rose to explain:

"What for, sare, your garcon not present my demand?"

"Your demand, monsieur?"

"Yes sare; do I speak Inglis perfait, sare? Do you comprehend me, sare?"

"Certainly, your English is perfectly correct, my dear sir. What is it you desire?"

"Vy, sare, you tell me I can have at my private table wis my friens whatever I desire to manger—pardon, to eat."

"Certainly," said Griswold, "anything; stewed doubloons and diamond sauce, if you wish."

"Ah, no, monsieur, zat is too riche. I simply desire some grice."

"Eh, some what?"

"Some grice, Monsieur Griswold, such as I eat for my dinny ze ozer day."

"Ah, you mean rice, boiled rice! Certainly, all the rice you desire."

"No sare, it is not rice. Zat is what zat premier garcon—headwaitare say. It is a bird I want, sare; I want him roast, not boil."

"Roast grice—why, let me see," said Griswold, in a dilemma, not wishing to appear ignorant of his guest's meaning. "I don't believe there is a single grice in the market."

"Ah, you make mistake ven you say *single* grice!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes sare. Vat you call a leetle rat, a—a?"—

"Mouse," suggested the hotel proprietor.

"Yes. Zen two of zem, vat you call two—mice, eh?"

"Quite correct," responded the host.

"Zen if one is ze bird you call grouse, two is vat you call grice, eh?"

"Why, not exactly," said the hotel man, struggling to keep countenance; "we say two grouse, just as we say two sheep or two deer; but for mouse, mice, and?—"

"Yaas sare," said monsieur, triumphantly; "and vy not you say two hice for two houses, or two louse for two louses, or?— How far he might have continued cannot be said, but the amused host walked away toward the dining hall with his guest to order "two grice" for monsieur's private table.

No Pay No Preach.

The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Sandlake, N. Y., instead of preaching a sermon on Sunday made this announcement: "The Board of Trustees have not paid my salary, have taken no notice of my demands, circulated no subscription paper, nor made any other effort to fulfill their obligations to me. I am badly involved in debt, and do not propose to continue preaching for nothing. I therefore declare the pulpit vacant until God in his mercy can send you a minister who can live on air and wear buckskin breeches of his own make."

Fashion in Fiji.

Moralists are prone to talk about the slavery of fashion to which civilization subjects men and women. But the slavery is due to vanity rather than to civilization. Savages live in that state of nature which is said to be one of ease and freedom. But their vanity is strong, and to gratify it, they put themselves to as many inconveniences as does a fashionable woman or a city dandy. Fashion in the Fiji Islands commands that the women shall be tattooed at the corners of the mouth and in other parts of the body. It is a painful and tedious process. The skin is punctured by an instrument made of bone, and a vegetable dye injected into the puncture. The women do not like to be tattooed; but it is the fashion, and they might as well be out of Fiji as out of the fashion. So they endure agony in order to be fashionable.

When a festival approaches, all the natives who belong to fashionable society have their hair dressed. It is washed in lime-water to make it frizzed, and then dyed in several colors, and arranged in various ways. Several days are required to get the head dresses in shape. When the hair is "fixed up," the native, for fear of disarranging it, sleeps on a pillow or head-rest made of a length of bamboo, resting on the short cross-legs. A European would have a violent headache if he rested five minutes on such a pillow.

Fashion may not wear out in Fiji as much apparel as it does in Paris. But the Fijian is put to quite as much inconvenience to appear stylish as is the Parisian.

Fifty Years as a Hearse-Driver.

William Boyle is a man of probably seventy years of age, but who carries his years well, and whose hair and whiskers are still dark, says the Philadelphia Times. "I have been in the country forty-five years," said Mr. Boyle, who is supposed to have a penchant for the ladies, "but I won't tell you my age. Ever since I have been in this country I have been driving a heavenly mail wagon, but the letters I deliver have only one postoffice—the graveyard. I drive a hearse, and for thirty-one years I have been in the employ of one firm, and during that time I have attended a funeral at least three times a day. You can tell from that how many bodies I have hauled to the grave. I am the oldest hearse-driver in America, and I have carried more people to the grave than any living man. I held the ribbons when John Quincy Adams' body passed through Philadelphia; I did the same over Zachary Taylor. I drove the dead cart at the mock funeral of Andrew Jackson, in this city, and a great time we had. I drove the hearses when President Lincoln and Vice-President Wilson had their funeral ceremonies in this city. The greatest funeral I was ever connected with was that of John Price Wetherill, and that day I headed a procession of three hundred carriages. It was a splendid turnout. Talk about the 'Old Sexton' gathering them in, it's one that has turned them in. How old am I, and where was I born? My impression is that I was never born at all, but that I floated down the Susquehanna on a log. I am as old as the hills.

About Parrots.

Deacon Green was talking about parrots the other day. He said he once knew a parrot that was not as polite as "Pippity," the one mentioned in a story called "Tower-Mountain." The parrot that he knew would swear whenever he opened his bill. It had been taught by the sailors on board the ship in which it had come from South America. When the deacon knew it, it belonged to the widow of a very strict minister. It had been brought to her by her nephew, a midshipman, as a Christmas present. It was lucky for him, just then, that the old lady was stone deaf. She was very cross with the neighbors when they told her what wicked words the bird used. It was a great pet, and she would not believe anything bad about it. But at last it swore at a visitor who was a bishop, and, soon after, it was no more.

Since the Deacon told that story I have had a paragram about another parrot; one that lived in Edinburgh, Scotland, five years ago. This one could laugh, weep, sing songs, make a noise like "smacking the lips," and talk. His talking was not merely by rote; he would speak at the right times, and say what was just right to be said then and there. He spoke the words plainly, bowed, nodded, shook his head, winked, rolled from side to side, or made other motions suited to the sense of what he was saying. His voice was full and clear, and he could pitch it high or low; and make it seem joyful or sad. Many curious tales are told of him, but the most remarkable thing about him is that he actually lived and really did the things named.

That's what the paragram says. Stop—let me think a moment. May be that parrot himself sent it? But no; he wasn't smart enough for that; I remember, now, the signature was "Chambers."—*St. Nicholas.*

HOUSEHOLD COLUMN.

Domestic Recipes.

Bread and Cake.—Keep bread and cake in a stone jar carefully covered up, and it will then retain its freshness and moisture any reasonable length of time.

Poached Eggs.—When the water has boiled in the frying pan break the eggs separately in a saucer; remove the pan from the stove, and slip the eggs (one at a time) on the surface of the water. When all are in place the pan again on the fire, and boil three minutes; take them out with a skimmer, drain well, lay them upon pieces of buttered toast, place on a hot dish, salt to taste; garnish with parsley.

To Mend China.—Take a very thick solution of gum Arabic in water, and stir it into plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes the proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

Cream Pie.—For the cake, two cups of sugar; piece of butter the size of two eggs; four eggs; two spoonsful cream of tartar; one of soda; three cups of flour. Bake in jelly-cake pans, or in a single cake, and split as one chooses. For the cream, one pint of milk; two eggs; a cup of sugar; half a cup of flour. Beat the eggs, sugar and flour together; pour in the milk and put over the fire until it thickens, stirring all the while; flavor to taste. When cold, spread between layers of cake.

A Good Apple Pudding—Better than lard crust pies: Make a stiff batter of sour milk or buttermilk and graham flour, all the better if an egg is used; grease a deep dish, such as will set in the steamer; put in batter an inch or an inch and a half deep, then a layer of good sour apples cut smaller than quarters, sprinkle with sugar according to the acidity of the apples, flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg; some would like a little butter; cover with the batter about the same thickness. A two quart basin needs to steam one and a half or two hours. This is excellent with cream, and can be cooked with less fire than to heat an oven.

Spanish Pudding.—To a pint of water put two ounces of fresh butter and a little salt; when it boils, add as much flour as will make it the consistency of lusty pudding; keep it well stirred all the time. After it is taken off the fire and stood till quite cold, beat it up with three eggs; grate a little lemon peel and nutmeg; add them to the mixture; drop the batter with a spoon into a frying-pan with boiling lard; fry them quickly. When taken up, heap them in the dish high in the middle, throw some powdered sugar over them.

A Tailor's Device.

Many are the devices to which creditors resort in order to collect their dues.

A gentleman recently called at a stationer's establishment to order some note-paper with a heading. He was shown numberless designs, monograms, etc. Finding nothing suited to his taste, he said—

"I want something simpler—just a flower, such as a forget-me-not."

"But, sir," said the attendant, "that would surely be more suitable for a young lady."

"I know what I want," was the prompt reply. "I'm a tailor, and the paper is for my customers."

The American Flamingo.

The American flamingo, with his gorgeous scarlet feathers, is a superb fellow. He is very shy, and peculiarly afraid of man. On account of its fine apparel, it has been more closely pursued than almost any other bird. It does not go north like some of the herons, but Audubon says it has occasionally been seen in South Carolina. Its constant home, however, is in the southern part of Florida and along the Gulf coast.

Like the herons, the flamingoes are sociable, and live in flocks. They have webbed feet, which give them an advantage over the herons in enabling them to swim as well as to wade. I have never been able to get near enough to these birds to gain any personal knowledge of their habits.

The nest of the flamingo is a curious affair; usually built in a marshy, muddy place, in the form of a mound. It is made of sticks and grass and mud to the height of two or three feet, with a hollow in the middle to hold the eggs. The male is said to assist in the construction of the nest, but this is probably mere conjecture, for I think no one living at the present time has been able to get near enough to these birds to watch their habits, and their nests can be reached only with great difficulty.

The female lays two white eggs about the size of those of a goose. It is said that she sits astride the nest in an ungainly fashion, and that the young, as soon as they are hatched, take to the water like young ducks.

If a law only could be passed to protect these birds, what a grand sight the waters of Florida would soon present! These great, brilliant, scarlet birds, dallying and playing in the water, or wading near the shore in quest of game, would be a sight never to be forgotten. Can it be possible that Florida does not care for such glorious creatures, and will allow, year after year, these marauders from the North to kill them without a single protest? Unless something is done for the protection of these splendid creatures, they must soon become extinct; for their range is quite limited, and I fear the boy and girl readers of to-day, by the time they grow to men and women, can only read of these as "gorgeous birds of the past."—*St. Nicholas.*