

BEYOND THESE TEARS.

BY MRS. MANNIE A. MONTFORT.

Beyond these dreams and tears—
Beyond these hopes and fears—
Beyond these weary years
There waits for these
A home, so wondrous fair,
So sweet, so pure, the air
Breathes anthems everywhere
In harmony.

Angelic creatures move,
Through every balmy grove
Whose constant theme is love—
In rapture sing;
And on their harps is wrought
Those strains—divinely taught;
And every rhythm caught
On roses hung.

Till every pulse was filled
With their sweet breath, distilled
For tender chords that thrilled
Death touches low.
Where limpid streams pursue
Enchanted bowers through;
And myriad drops of dew
Resplendent glow.

Where tranquil skies repose
O'er every stream that flows,
Whose crystal beauty throws
A light sublime.
No tongue can e'er possess
The gift of half content
The matchless loveliness
Of that fair clime.

Oh, spirit, why should'st thou
Bemoan and murmur now?
Is't not enough to know
Beyond these tears,
When earthly scenes have past
With all the gloom they cast,
There thou shalt rest at last
Through endless years?
—*St. Louis Magazine.*

A BIT OF DRIFT.

BY HESTER STUART.

"Brutus Cassius Danks! Are you going after that water or do you expect the spring to come to you?"

The man thus pointedly addressed slid slowly down from the fence where he was sitting, whistling, closed his huge jackknife by pressing its point against the rail, and shambled toward the house.

The woman in the doorway watched his leisurely approach with an expression curiously mingled of indifference and irritation.

A small, stooping figure, with a weak slope to the chin and shoulders; the flaccid face with a fringe of hay-colored beard, and surmounted by a sunburned straw hat; the loose, unshapely clothes which seemed to have adapted themselves to the wearer's habit of mind—was this the pink-cheeked, trim young fellow who courted her fifteen years ago?"

"I was a thinkin', Malviny," he said, taking the pail from her outstretched hand, "that a ketch of fish would taste kinder good. We've had mush pretty siddy lately."

"It ain't my fault," said the woman, shortly.

"No! I s'pose it ain't," he rejoined slowly, as though the fact occurred to him for the first time.

Just then a little tow-headed girl ran round the corner of the house.

"Where are you goin', daddy?" she called.

"Down to the spring. Want to go, Capitola?" he answered.

She looked lovingly at him with her china-blue eyes, slipped her grimy little hand into his, and trudged off beside him.

The woman stood on the doorstep looking after them. "They are well-mated," she thought bitterly. "One has about as much idea of getting a living as the other."

She had not lacked warnings years ago; for Malvina Frost, with her slim, straight figure and snapping black eyes, was the likeliest girl in town; and mothers of marriageable sons had not hesitated to marry in her hearing upon the "Danks shiftlessness," reinforcing their own opinions by sundry old proverbs, such as "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," and "Like father, like son." But Malvina only tossed her black curls, and went her own way.

So one June they were married, and went to housekeeping in a little house on the bank of the Ohio; and Malvina, in the strength of her youth and love, felt able to move mountains, but she found the gravitation of inherited shiftlessness too much for her.

He had done well for a time. The little cottage was neatly fixed up, and when a year after the first baby came, the young father, with his own hands, fashioned for it a cradle that was the wonder and envy of the neighborhood. But heredity was too strong for him, and though the cradle had six successive occupants, its first coat of paint was never renewed. Mrs. Danks had never heard of Sisyphus. If she had she would have found her task very much like his, with the exception that hers was infinitely harder and more hopeless.

What was it? Mental or moral or physical weakness, or all three? Or an evil fate, that whatever he turned his hand to immediately failed? Even his name seemed an unkind fling of fortune. His mother having attended, shortly before his birth, the performance of some strolling actors, was so much impressed that the name of Brutus Cassius was waiting for him when he arrived upon the stage where he was to play so insignificant a part. It was seldom, however, that he had the benefit of his full name, for the community in which he grew up delighted in abbreviations. But even their rough familiarity hesitated to call a man "Brute" to his face, so he was dubbed "Cash," a perpetual satire upon him who rarely had any cash in his pocket. Against all these odds Mrs. Danks had fought a good fight; but in the struggle her straight back had bent, and the snap had gone from her eyes to her voice.

Somehow the load pressed heavier than ever this morning. It might have been because it was early spring, and the air was full of that indefinable sense of expectancy, that vague hint of rejuvenation, a rejuvenation that would touch everything except the Danks fortunes. And perhaps it was because the flour barrel was empty, but whatever the cause, Mrs. Danks turned from the doorway thoroughly wretched.

Half an hour later Mr. Danks sauntered in with the water, the child following with a string of two or three fish.

Setting the pail down, he said in a deprecating way: "I hev about c'ncluded to take up with Badger's offer, and go up to Cooperville."

"She made no answer, and he continued: "If anythin' sh'd happen, I could come home."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, "you could come home easy enough."

"The man winced, and his sallow face reddened.

"I don't s'pose I'm a master hand at gettin' a livin', but I tell you Malviny, fate is agin me. Just as I got a job across the river that felon come on my finger, and when I had a chance on the bridge, out of twenty men, I was the only one the derrick hit when it fell. You didn't ought to be castin' it up agin me that I hed to come home; it's fate."

"Call it by what name you like," she answered bitterly, "it's made an old woman of me before my time."

"He made no reply, but went out on the doorstep, where the little girl joined him, and presently his wife heard him say:

"Daddy's goin' away. Is Capitola sorry?"

"Real sorry!" said the child, adding, "What'll you bring me daddy?"

"How sh'd ye like a string of beads?" he asked, after some deliberation.

"Blue beads?" cried the child, then with the unconscious selfishness of childhood—"will you go right off?"

Apparently he was hurt, for his voice quavered as he asked, "Which would ye rather hev—daddy, or the beads?"

"Oh, you!" cried the child, throwing her arms round his neck and pressing her little face to his. So the hurt was healed, and they chattered quietly together till supper time, at which meal there appeared five black-eyed boys, the pattern of their mother. People said the Danks blood had taken a turn in the boys for they were as keen, tough-limbed, energetic boys as could be found in the county.

The following Monday Mr. Danks started for Cooperville. As he took up his limp carpet bag, he said, by way of feeble joke, "Ain't ye sorry to see me goin', Malviny?"

She looked at him a moment, then said, coldly, "You'll be back soon enough."

He straightened himself and said, with an air of decision quite unlike himself, "You'll not see me again until my work is finished; and so departed, followed only by Capitola, who went to the road with him, and called after him not to forget the beads."

Mrs. Danks from her washtub watched him going slowly up the muddy road, and as she looked her heart relented a trifle toward him—the weak, kind-hearted, exasperating little man. Hastily taking her hands from the suds, she took a bottle from the kitchen shelf and went to the door.

"Johnny!" she called to the tangle of boys before the door, "your pa's forgot his liminim. Run after him with it, for he'll be sure to get a lame back."

With a parting thrust toward his brothers, the boy snatched the bottle and sped away like a young athlete, chin up and elbows back, as he had seen pictures of runners.

When he overtook his father and delivered his message, the latter seemed really touched. Though indifferent, apparently, whether his house fell to pieces or not, he was homesick outside his own gate, and now was going away sore hearted at the evident willingness of his family to part with him. The unexpected attention quite overcame him, and he looked around for something to return in acknowledgment, but the fields were bare.

Suddenly he spied by the roadside some pussy willows with their silvery, fuzzy buds, and cutting off a branch gave it to the boy saying, "Give that to your ma, and tell her she's the best woman in Meigs County."

"Law!" said Mrs. Danks, when the boy burst in with his branch and message. "Your pa's getting siddy in his old age. I don't want such truck in the house." But after the boy had gone she put it carefully in water and set it on the kitchen shelf, and several times she looked up at it with a look on her face which Mr. Danks would scarcely have recognized.

That gentleman's absence made very little difference with his family except to Capitola. His wife scolded a little less, and the boys, who looked upon him very much as another boy—only one who liked to sit in the same place too long—pursued their works and sports as usual.

But the Thursday after his leave, their outdoor fun was cut short by a persistent rain. How it did pour! Hour after hour, all day and night. Friday morning dawned upon sweeping sheets of gray, and an angry, boiling flood that crept, inch by inch up its yellow banks, and night closed in on the same picture. Saturday morning the sun shone out bright and clear, but on what a scene of destruction. What had been a river was a rushing sea, which had blotted out field after field, and stopped just at their own gate, and which carried on its heaving surface trees torn up bodily, great timbers, buildings and cattle. Toward night a large barn came floating down, and lodging just above the house, made a breakwater, round which the waters whirled, bringing into the harbor thus formed all manner of wreckage. The boys watched eagerly, speculating on the amount of firewood thus laid at their door.

"Hi! That's a good one," cried one of them, as just at dusk something like a log appeared round the corner of the barn, balanced a moment, as though undecided, and then swept round into the little harbor. But it was getting too dark to see anything more, so they went laughing and scuffling to bed.

All night long mother and children slept quietly in the little house, lulled by the rush of swift waters. All night long in the little harbor the log poised and turned, now swept away from the shore, now drawn toward it, as though reluctant to go.

In the morning, with whoop and shout, the boys burst from the house, but in a moment were back again with white cheeks and chattering teeth, and clinging to their mother, could utter but one word—"Father."

Yes! Fate had again been too strong

for him. Mr. Danks had come home. They took up the poor body, bruised and battered, but invested for the first time in the eyes of those who knew it with dignity, and as they bore it across the threshold there fell from the pocket a string of discolored blue beads.

A little later they knew all there was to know of the pitiful story. His fellow-workmen had gathered on the wharf Saturday afternoon after work to watch the freshet. One by one they scattered to their homes up and down the river, and a neighbor seeing Mr. Danks, called to him to come; but he shook his head, saying he was not going home till his work was finished. So they left him there looking down the river toward his home. One hour later the wharf was swept away. No one knew what had become of the solitary figure—save One. And as the poor body, without volition of its own, was guided through flood and darkness to its home, who can deny that the spirit—too weak to shape its own course—was borne on Infinite pity into the eternal home?—*Saturday Traveller.*

Politics on the Bench.

If a judge of the superior court is mentioned in connection with the governorship of his state, it is right that insinuations should be thrown out by the press that, unless he resigns his office, he will employ corrupt means to further his political aspirations? Is honorable ambition to succeed by underhand methods only? Now, in casting about for a governor, each section has its especial pet. This should not warrant an attack upon some other good man, who may be mentioned, simply because he is an officer, and without the semblance of a charge to bring against him, expect that he is apt to take advantage of his position to make friends, to the disadvantage of his less favored opponent.

How are we to judge of the conduct or talents of another, except through the positions he is called to fill? Those who have given the greatest satisfaction in the past are the men who went up step by step, and not those who came from the shades of seclusion. A judge of the superior court, or any other man occupying an office of public trust, will not risk his good name in questionable measures, in the very sight of higher honors being offered by an admiring public. Rather will they be more guarded in speech and act, knowing that every word and action is sure to meet with the severest criticism. To resign is a tacit acknowledgment to be a candidate for a higher office means trickery, bribery, and corruption generally. To remain in the field against such unfounded opposition shows true courage and manhood. The newspaper that believes it can injure the reputation of a good man by advertising him as the judge of the superior court in politics, fall short of its expectations. Already such advertising has redounded to the good of the candidates and the mortification of nameless scribes. His case is strengthened, for the masses can see nothing in such a fight but vindictive persecution.

It is the merest folly to resign any office to become a candidate. If a man is pure he will employ honorable means to secure his success. If he is impure the public knows to well from past experience to what low and disgraceful acts he will resort to curry public favor, and his aspirations are nipped in the bud. As to selecting between the judge on the bench and the common politician, who will be apt to measure his conduct by the rules of propriety, the man who has a reputation to uphold, in accordance with the dignity of his position, or the one who feels no restraint and waits for the incumbent, whom, perhaps, death may have removed, to be carried from the presence of his associates, ere he hies himself away to elbow the powers that be, in his interest and behalf.

Courtesy, as well as necessity, demands that where a judge is disqualified in his own circuit, some one of his associates shall preside. If it is true that these rounds develop judges into politicians, then there is not a court of equity in the state.—*Culbert (Ga.) Appeal.*

A New Story of Daniel Webster.

On one occasion some Boston friends sent him as a present an enormous-sized plow to use on his place. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived, and the surrounding farmers for miles came in to witness the event. A dozen teams with aristocratic occupants came down from Boston. It was expected by every one that Webster would make a great speech on the occasion, reviewing the history of farming back to the time when Cincinnatus abdicated the most mighty throne in the world to cultivate turnips and cabbages in his Roman garden. The plow was brought out and ten yokes of splendid oxen hitched in front. More than 200 people stood around on the tip-toe of expectation. Soon Webster made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vasty deep, and his gait was somewhat uncertain. Seizing the plow handles and spreading his feet he yelled out to the driver in his deep bass voice:

"Are you all ready, Mr. Wright?"

"All ready, Mr. Webster," was the reply, meaning of course for the speech.

Webster straightened himself up by a mighty effort and shouted:

"Then let her rip!"

The whole crowd dropped to the ground and roared with laughter, while Webster with his big plow proceeded to rip up the soil.—*Belfast (Me.) Journal.*

The Price Cuts Some Figure.

"Here," said a Chicago wholesaler, "this Omaha man declines to receive that last bill of goods you sold him. He says he got figures from a St. Louis man and you offered to duplicate the order."

"Well, I did. Ain't the goods satisfactory?"

"Yes, but he objects to the price."

"The price! Well, I didn't say I would duplicate the price; I thought he was kicking about the goods."—*Merchant Traveller.*

A FAMOUS SELLER OF BOOKS.

Interesting Sketch of Henry Stevens, the London Book-Dealer.

"What is your business, Mr. Stevens?"

"I am a seller of books."

"Ah, a bookseller."

"No; a seller of books."

This dialogue, writes a London correspondent to *The New York Tribune*, which took place in court between the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont, and a cross-examining counsel, is characteristic enough of the man. He was a seller of books, but he did not choose to be confounded with the generality of booksellers, to whom books are merchandise and nothing more. He was, in his own department, one of the most learned and accurate bibliographers who ever lived. He had no superior, and no equal in London. People who knew him not only easily have been misled as to his real ability by the whimsicalities in which he delighted to indulge. On the title-page of the most serious, and certainly the biggest, volume he ever published—the "Catalogue of the American Books in the Library of the British Museum"—he describes himself as "Henry Stevens, G. M. B. M. A., F. S. A., etc." The student of the British museum or elsewhere might puzzle long over these initials before he discovered that G. M. B. stands for Green mountain boy. He clung to his birthplace and old home with affectionate tenacity, and habitually signed himself, in print as well as in private, Henry Stevens, of Vermont. That is the name he put to the delightful little volume "Who Spoils Our New English Books?"—the least, I think, of his publications; and he adds to it "Bibliographer and Lover of Books." Then follows a list of antiquarian and historical societies in both worlds of which he was member; then, without visible transition or so much as a comma, "Blackball Athenæum club of London also patriarch of Skull and Bones of Yale . . . B. A. and A. M. of Yale college as well as citizen of Noviomagus et cetera." Noviomagus, after some reflection, I take to be, Croydon or some place near Croydon, in England, or perhaps Surbiton, and not one of the many other better known places to which that name was given in earlier days. There is, however, a club of antiquaries called the Noviomagians, to which Stevens belonged.

Henry Stevens came to London in 1845, and soon, as he has often said, "drifted" into the British museum. He retained his connection there as agent for the buying of books till the last; none of his financial misfortunes terminated it. Panizza, who then ruled the museum in a sense far other than that in which Mr. Bond now does, was his staunch friend. He understood Stevens' value, and he made use of his services in a way for which an American can never quite forgive either of the pair. Mr. Bond writes the notice of Stevens in *The Athenæum*, and says with a touch of pardonable exultation that as the result of Stevens' efforts the British museum now contains a more extensive library of American books than any single library in the United States. No doubt it does, and the fact is a reproach, not to Stevens, but to Americans in general and to the congress of the United States in particular.

Henry Stevens, an American to the backbone, would have rejoiced to do for his own country what he did for England. But England employed him to do it and America did not, and it is too late to repair the blunder. No collection of American books equal to that in the British Museum can ever again be got together. The time is past. Stevens' catalogue of this, completed in 1857, is a volume of 600 8vo pages, and includes 20,000 volumes. When he began collecting for the museum, in 1845, the whole number did not exceed 4,000. The other 16,000 are due to him. One of his reasons for printing the catalogue was to show, side by side, as he says, both the richness and the poverty of the collection. He effected his object, and between 1857 and 1862 the number doubled. That is to say, in 1862 the American department in the British museum possessed 40,000 volumes; counting only books printed in America, and not counting books, maps, etc., in all languages relating to America, in which the museum is very rich, nor counting American books reprinted in this country.

And I suppose for much of what we actually have in America concerning our own country we have to thank Henry Stevens. He was the agent of many American collectors, often with authority to buy on his own judgment. His best known general client was perhaps Mr. James Lenox, whose library, now one of the chief treasures and ornaments of New York, was formed by Henry Stevens. No man knew so much about early editions of the bible; no one perhaps so much about early voyages and travels. These, with the Americana, were the subjects to which Stevens devoted himself, and on which he will ever remain an authority. Caxton was another topic which interested him, and he did much for the Caxton exhibition at South Kensington in 1877, cataloguing the bibles then shown. He had a wide and always an exact knowledge, not merely of books, but of subjects. Some of this he has put into print or read before literary societies, but the mass of it dies with him. He is a real loss to letters, as well as to bibliography. The English papers abound in eulogies on him. I hope the American papers do as much, for he was a man who held high abroad the American name. "Esteemed," says *The Times*, "for his knowledge, ability, and shrewd common sense, he was even more beloved for his frank manliness, his kindly nature, and rich, genial humor." The tribute is not too strong.

Just So.

She was putting the child to sleep the other night when her husband exclaimed:

"You are the meanest woman I know of."

"Why, what do you mean?" she replied in astonishment.

"I mean," he answered with a meaning glance, "that you have just bought the baby."—*Boston Budget.*

A Crucial Test.

Woman is by nature so erratic and inconsistent a creature that it doesn't do to bet on her even most marked characteristics. For illustration: The other day old Mr. Pungleup, of Nob Hill, was commenting on the railroad velocity with which young ladies jabber to each other when they meet, without either in the least understanding or replying to what the other says.

"It's just a mean falsehood gotten up by your good-for-nothing men!" said the youngest Pungleup girl, indignantly.

"All right," said her father, benignly; "we'll try an experiment. I see your friend Miss Gluckerson, coming up the street. Now, I'll wager that now walking suit you want so much, that you can say 'Roast turkey and cranberry-sauce' in response to the half-dozen remarks she makes without her noticing the fact."

"I never heard anything so perfectly absurd," replied Miss P—; "however, I might as well have that suit—it's just too lovely for anything—so I'll just do it to teach you a lesson."

"Mind, now," said her father, as the front door-bell rang, "fair play. You mustn't change your expression in the least, and you must repeat the sentence in your usual voice and manner—that is to say, in a single breath—all run together as it were."

Just then Miss Gluckerson was shown into the parlor, and through the library door old Mr. P— heard Miss G— exclaim, without even the smallest comma in the whole remark:

"O! you lazy thing been here a perfect age don't look at this hat perfect fright going to have flowers set back and bow changed why wern't you at the matinee Harry was there?"

"Roast turkey and cranberry-sauce," rapidly inserted Miss P—, accompanying the words with that peculiar preliminary and concluding gurgle with which all women, for some occult reason, invariably adorn their conversation when desirous of being agreeable.

"Going to Mrs. Bladger's party?" continued Miss Gluckerson, with the serene rattle of a brook over the pebbles.

"Molly Smith is going they tell me she paints pa's promised me a pheton in the spring saw that hateful Mrs. Grubery on the street buff over-skirt and green ruching just fancy."

"Roast turkey and cranberry—"

"O, George Skidmore's mother's dead Ouch! got a flea in my sleeve little beast just eating me up alive bury her next Sunday did you get that edging at Gimp's?"

"Roast turkey and cran—"

"The girls at Clark's are going to graduate next Thursday Jennie Giggles is going to be square cut with inside illusion and white kid boots can't you come around for dinner to-morrow and stay all—"

"Roast turkey and—"

"Night and show Milly your new basque? That man with a light overcoat stared at me yesterday Jim O'Neill is going east this candy is frightfully stale."

"Roast turkey—"

"Ma thinks Mrs. Brown ain't proper those ferns are just too lovely look at these cuffs clean this morning are my crimps coming out yours ain't Lillie Skippen says you met Charlie Boggs the other night and said something nice about me tell me quick!"

"Roast turk—"

"Why how perfectly absurd you are, Linda," interrupted the visitor, angrily. "You don't listen to a word I say: I was asking about Charlie Boggs, not roast turkey. George Shelley thinks you are awful nice. Now tell me what he did say. Good gracious! what are you lugging me for?"

"And, Tilda, thoughtfully remarked Miss Pungleup, after the matter had been explained, and her father admitted that he had lost by a scratch, "I believe in my heart that if you hadn't thought about Charlie just then I shouldn't have had any new suit this winter."

All of which goes to show that there is at least one subject upon which one may hope to secure the temporary attention of the inscrutable female mind.—*San Francisco Post.*

Come to Time, Young Man.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-love heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?

All my life with sorrow stewing;
Wed or cease to woo.

—*Campbell.*

The Lost City of Norembega.

I recently visited the spot which Prof. Horsford, of Cambridge, has recently discovered to have been the site of the lost French city of Norembega. This lost city has always been supposed to have been situated on the Penobscot, in Maine, until these recent discoveries. Prof. Horsford declares it to have been in the town of Weston, in this state. It is just over the Waltham line, is a peninsula, bounded on one side by Stony brook, a stream about fifteen feet wide, and Charles river. All that remains to mark the site of Norembega are the trenches, which probably were just outside the stockade. These trenches, however, are clearly defined, and consist of one which follows the bounds of the peninsula and a shorter one which extends about the little hill on which the inclosure was probably situated. The trenches are three or four feet deep and five or six feet wide. The outer one is walled with stone. An evidence that these trenches are of a very old construction is seen in the trees which have grown up in them, displacing the stones. These trees are oak, which you know are of very slow growth, and are some of them over two feet in diameter.—*Boston Traveller.*

Well Applied.

Wife—"What is a chestnut, my dear?"

Husband—"A chestnut, love, is a story that has been told over and over again. Why?"

Wife—"Nothing. Only it's funny that you should bring a chestnut with you every time you come home late at night."—*Livell Citizen.*

BIG PAY FOR AUTHORS.

Gen. Grant Paid at the Rate of \$250 a Line for His Memoirs.

A British periodical has announced that the editor of a high-class journal for boys in America offered Mr. Gladstone \$500 for an article of fifteen thousand words, this being at the rate of about \$4 per line, and that Mr. Gladstone had declined the offer. Many publishers in this city, when shown the extract, said that they were not at all surprised that Mr. Gladstone should have refused to write for such a sum.

As he does the high position of minister in England, the price seemed to be ridiculously low.

The advantage of Mr. Gladstone's name as a contributor to the journal would be worth the money offered. Some publishers said that, looking at the past, it is really surprising that so large amounts of money have been paid to writers for desirable articles. *Harper's Magazine* and *The Nineteenth Century* have often paid more than \$10 per line for suitable writings by popular authors. It is not an unusual thing to pay \$100 for a sonnet of only fourteen lines, a price nearly double that per line offered to the chief state officer of the British crown. More than \$8 per line has been paid by the owners of magazines for serial stories running a period of perhaps an entire year, if found readable, or possessing merit, or written by a person whose name would give it popularity. Especially is this the case in the matter of books written for a special object or connected with the history of the country. An instance may be cited in reference to the recent work published as Gen. Grant's Memoirs. This embraces two volumes, and has also, even at this early stage of the publication, given to the general a widow a sum equal to, if it does not exceed, \$20 per line, and may net her a much larger amount. Miss Cleveland's book is also spoken of as one which will realize to her a proportionate amount of money as royalties far exceeding that offered Mr. Gladstone for the article alluded to in the newspaper extract. During the early days of *The New York Ledger* Mr. Robert Bonner was noted for giving large sums of money to authors whose names were considered of more value than the amount of printed matter which was the result of their pens. Many of the writers to whom he paid what might appear to be almost fabulous sums, were then not so well known by name as Mr. Gladstone is to-day; but they were prominent enough for Mr. Bonner to desire that they should be recognized as contributors to his periodical. On one occasion he paid to Mr. Tennyson, now poet laureate of England, the large sum of \$5,000 for a poem which only made twenty lines in that paper. This was at the rate of \$250 a line—a price that would almost seem to be beyond the value of any written production.—*Galveston News.*

Fortune's Joys.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize trifling things
More trifling still than they.

—*Goldsmith.*

Bill Nye on Somnambulism.

A recent article in the *London Post*, on the subject of Somnambulism, calls to my mind a little incident with somnambulistic tendencies in my own experience.

On the banks of Bitter Creek, some years ago, lived an open mouthed man who had risen from affluence by his unaided effort, until he was entirely free from any encumbrance in the way of property. His mind dwelt on this matter a great deal during the day. Thoughts of manual labor flitted through his mind, but were cast aside as impracticable. Then other means of acquiring property suggested themselves. These thoughts were photographed on the delicate negative of the brain, where it is a rule to preserve all negatives. At night these thoughts were reserved within the think-resort, if I may be allowed that term, and muscular action resulted. Yielding at last to the great desire for possessions and property, the somnambulist groped his way to the corner of a total stranger, and selecting a choice mule with great, dewy eyes and real camel's-hair tail, he fled. On and on he pressed, toward the dark, uncertain West, till at last rosy morn elomb the low, outlying hills and gilded the gray outlines of the sagebrush. The coyote stunk back to his home, but the somnambulist did not.

He awoke as day dawned, and when he found himself astride the mule of another, a slight shudder passed the entire length of his frame. He then fully realized that he had made his debut as a somnambulist. He seemed to think that he who starts out to be a somnambulist should never turn back. So he pressed on, while the red sun stepped out into the awful quiet of the dusty waste and gradually moved up into the sky, and slowly added another day to those already filed away in the dark maw of ages.

Night came again at last, and with it other somnambulists similar to the first, only that they were riding on their own basis. Some somnambulists ride their own animals, while others are content to bestride the steeds of strangers.

The man on the anonymous mule halted at the mouth of a deep canon. He did so at the request of other somnambulists. Mechanically he got down from the back of the mule and stood under a stunted pine.

After awhile he began to ascend the tree by means of his neck. When he had reached the lower branch of the tree, he made a few gestures with his feet by a lateral movement of the legs. He made several ineffectual efforts to kick some pieces out of the horizon, and then, after he had gently oscillated a few times, he assumed a pendant and perpendicular position at right angles with the limb of the tree.

The other somnambulists then took the mule safely back to his corral, and the tragedy of a night was over.