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Bayard Taylor's Travesty on Joaquin Miller.

Bayard Taylor's new book, "The Echo Club," contains the following: "Any one who has read Joaquin Miller will recognize the cleverness of the lines below:

THE FATE OF THE FRONTIERSMAN. That whisky jug! For, dry or wet, My tale will need it help, you bet!

We made for the desert, she and I, Though life was lathsome, and love a lie, And she gazed on me with her glorious eye, But all the same—let her die!

For why? There was barely water for one In the small canteen, and of provisions, none! A splendid snake with an emerald scale Slid before us along the trail,

With a furnished parrot pecking its head; And, seizing a huge and dark brown rock In her dark brown hands, as you crush a crack,

With the dark brown rock she crushed it dead.

But ere her teeth in its flesh could meet, I laid her as dead as the snake at my feet, And grabbed the snake for myself to eat.

The plain stretched wide, from side to side, As bare and blistered and cracked and dried, As a meersault sea of buffaloes hide.

And my throat grew hot as I walked the trail, And my blood in a shizzle, my muscles dry, My blood in a shizzle, my muscles dry, A crimson glare in my glorious eye, And I felt my shoes as wither and fall,

Like one who has lashed, for fifty nights, His pile in a hell of gambling delights, And is kicked at dawn from bottle and bed, And sent to the gulch without a red.

There was no penguin to pick or pluck, No armadillo's throat to be stark, Not even a billow's bill to be hoop, To slush my tongue with its indigo dew, And the dry, brown palm trees rattled and roared,

Like the swish and swizzle of Walker's sword.

I was high rubbed out, when far away, A shanty, baked in the furnace of day, And I peered on, for an hour or more, Till I dropped, like a manny hound, at the door.

No soul to be seen; but a basin stood On a bench, with a meersault of choice food, Stringy and doughy and lumpy and thick, As the clay ere flame had turned it to brick, I gobbled it up with a furious grin, A prairie squab of hungry desire, And strength came back, when lo! a scream Closed my stomach and burst my dream.

She stood before me, as I like and tall, As a meersault of choice food, Fair as the sun's smile, and as the moon's, Fair as the sun's smile, and as the moon's, A lariat draped her broad brown hips, And she stood and glared with parted lips, While piercing stitches and maddening shoots

Ran through my body, from brain to boots, I would have clasped her, but ere I could, She flung back her head and her eyes, And screamed in a voice like a tiger's, "You've gone and eitt up my pizen for rats!"

My blood grew limp and my hair grew hard As the steely tail of the desert, poor, I sank at her feet, convulsed and pale, And kissed in my anguish her brown toe-nail, You may rip the clouds from the freckled sky, Or tear the man from his place in the moon, Fur from the buzzard and plumes from the coon.

But you can't tear me from the truth I cry, That life is lathsome and love a lie, She lifted me up to her brown face; She cracked my ribs in her brown embrace; And there in the shanty, side by side, Each on the other's bosom died.

She's now the mistress of Buffalo Bill, And pure as the heart of ailly sinner; While I have killed all who cared for me, And I'm just as lonely as I can be; So pass the whisky—we'll have a spree!

Amis.

Miss Vane said she was never more annoyed in her life than when Hamilton Prescott said he loved her. She was completely astonished; she who often had boasted of never being taken by surprise. It was an awkward situation, truly, Tony, as she called him, was a member of the family household—Aunt Margaret's step-son; a cousin by courtesy—Miss Vane called him so, because of the convenience of the arrangement, and because of the precious fellowship it imparted. They had been more intimate than the young lady knew. Tony had taken yards when she had given inches, and now—

It was near Easter, one of those still, white nights peculiar to the season. The ground was bare, the landscape barren by day, but night was soft in its mysterious beauty. Weird lights and shades played over the distant hills and along the roadside. The scene was idealized. Cornelia threw on her cloak, and, leaving the gentlemen talking, ran out on the piazza to get a breath of fresh air. Hamilton followed her, as she expected he would.

"Isn't it a splendid night?" she said. "I wish I had a little hollow moon to go sailing up in."

"You haven't said you were glad to see me," said he.

"Glad to see you," she replied, shaking her shoulders. "Don't you know that you are the king of Boreston, and that the time we spend together is counted by leaders bulls, not diamond sparks—that I forget your very existence when you are away, and ever so much more?" Here she looked at him.

Instead of a reply, he kissed her. Then followed the irrevocable words.

"Oh, Hamilton, you are in a kind of dismay, yet trying to laugh it off; don't be making a victim of me. Are there not girls enough in Troy?"

"There is only one in the world to me, as you know, Cornelia."

"You have been taking an overdose of Byron. Drink beer, eat beef, and recover."

"Be serious, Cornelia; I merit that grace."

"So you do. Let's go in."

"Not until you have answered my question. Do you love me?"

"Obstinate! Yes, very much; but not as you mean. You'll be glad a month hence that I said it."

"You treat me like a boy," said he, bitterly. "As one who does not know what it is to worship a woman."

"It's a college epidemic, Tony, of which I cannot take advantage."

He turned away with an expression of misery she could not bear, so she laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't let me lose my friend for these words. Forget the freak, and promise to say no more about it!"

With all her prevented and rejected lovers, Miss Vane knew little of love. As the painter who dreamed of the Andes, saw them, in their over-arching splendor, bowing down his soul, so she took her experience when it came. She made Hamilton do as she said. He went back with her into the house, and only one detected their manners masked pain.

Miss Vane had called him that of the sun, here as her cousin's was her own woven. A very pleasant way of life was broken up. I think they were both relieved and a little unhappy when the day of Prescott's departure came.

"L'ontant d'agit, l'ontant d'agit," cried Miss Vane, and immediately proceeded to verify the proverb.

The season beginning with unusual gaiety, she dashed into society with more zest than ever. Success intoxicated her. Triumph dazzled her. I have heard Mr. Hamilton say she was insolent in her behavior. That may be a harsh way of putting it, but she certainly played all the pranks of a spoiled beauty.

November brought the engineer again. Cornelia was at somebody's party, so he had to wait five months had passed. He was annoyed at the laughing, warm reception he received from his old friends; he wanted to see Cornelia. His eyes coursed the dancers, but in vain. A sudden motion of the crowd swept him near her. She was hanging on the arm of the great Philadelphian, as the girls called him—Livingston Livingston.

A new sense of her beauty struck him painfully. A dress of white gossamer material floated and waved about her in rhythmic volutions. Her hair, fastened with the heavy black hair, was a scarlet fly; its buds and leaves made a half coronet, which suited the peculiar yet regal style of her features. Her eyes were glancing here and there in merry pride, while those of her companion were fastened on the face he seemed to find so fair. There they walked up and down, and he heard it said that the fastidious Mr. Livingston Livingston was entranced at last.

Not that Prescott was really jealous, but that the man to slightly touch the Cornelia would ever take him for her husband; but for the first time he realized that wealth and station was what was befitting she should possess.

By and by she caught sight of him. Brilliant was the change in her check and lip. She left her companion and took her cousin's arm, with a few words of explanation. Her cavalier bowed with an air of surprise, and walked away.

"Well, Tony,"

"Did you come for me, or to show your newly-gathered honors to the crowd?"

"Mamma Margaret sent me for you. I was not unwilling."

"It is almost one. I will go home now, if you please."

"What is your service?"

While lying on her bed, Cornelia wondered at the change she discovered in her friend. He was no longer the supple-lying lover. The look of abasement had gone out of his eyes. Low, fastened on the morning she took a good look at him. Was it the moustache that gave him the stronger air? The sweetness that lurked in the lips was now concealed by this silky fringe. He talked of the events of the winter in such an easy strain, that Cornelia found herself silent. He met her eyes, and his took a close survey of her face.

"Where are your pink cheeks? You don't rouge at night, do you?"

"Nature's answered him. 'I keep it within call,' answered his cousin.

"You are altered. It must be that French way of wearing your hair."

"Is it unbecoming?"

"For the worse? Tell me; I don't want to look ugly." And Miss Vane was conscious of an irresistible giggle.

"It suits you very well," he returned, coolly. "After all, it is the face I find fault with."

"Tony," coaxingly.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," with a suppressed air.

"But there is," she said; "you are so cold—and here tears came in spite of her efforts at repression."

An awkward silence ensued. Miss Vane turned to leave him.

"Cornelia," said he, "we are apt to overlook our parts, and mine is not an easy one. I stay but a short time, why not let me be as noisy and unbearable?"

"Oh, Tony, Tony!"

"Do you care a straw whether I'm happy?"

"Of course I do."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

"As much as this?" he whispered, taking her in his arms.

Now, Cornelia was not going to answer that question. She could not give him up. Then the moment he held her she had not known a happier; but oh, those bonds! If we could love and ask nothing, thought the young lady. But while she was thinking, she had answered Hamilton sufficiently.

I wish I could describe Hamilton as he seemed to his friends. His features can be drawn, but the indescribable some-

thing that individualized him and made him different from other men cannot be caught in words. His was not a handsome face, but a high-bred one. The features possessed a certain feminine delicacy, corrected by the deep blue eyes, keen and cool often, then dancing with electric fire. A most bewitching cleft chin, like the tempting end of a peach. But his manners were the attraction after all. They were the most audacious, the most winning, the most courtly ever met. Sometimes you would think the very essence of his enjoyment lay in the bare fact of existence; he revelled in a kind of animal life, infusing the most solemn prigg with something of his frolic. Again, he showed such keen sense, so complete a grasp of the subjects in which men delight, that his own sex called him keen-headed, and admired him as much as the women, whom he interested at will with melancholy, philosophy, or merry fun.

Cornelia was not satisfied with herself. Her heart led her one way, expediency another. She had no settled plan of action; irresolution cooled her manner.

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"Sentiment before breakfast?" expostulated she.

"But you are engaged to me," said Hamilton.

"Am I?"

"Am I not, say rather. You cannot gainsay it."

"You will not hear me. Let me go, I want my breakfast."

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didn't I? There's plenty of time; you won't let me dance with anybody else."

Livingston looked grim, and was hardly melted by some sweet little speech of Cornelia's which followed. He now found fault so continually—scolding, Miss Vane called it—that the young lady began to feel irritated as soon as he approached her. A visit on the future relations stifled all rebellion. They came in a body to see the prospective wearer of the name of Livingston. They stood in their still drawing room, and patronized Miss Vane and all her belongings in a most comfortable way.

The year that was to bring the wedding day dawned on a fortune fallen. A severe cold settled in Cornelia's eyes; she caught a prevailing epidemic, and, after months of prostration, aged sunning, with profuse blisters, she died. Her death was mourned by all. Mr. Livingston had sent his own family physician and a celebrated oculist to decide on the case. He had done everything that money could buy; still, all the time, Cornelia had fancied that her lover was less ardent.

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