THE MODERN RHYMER.

[R. W. Gilder in The Critic.]

I.

Now you who rhyme, and I who rhyme,
Have we not sworn it, many a time—
That we no more our verse would scrawl
For Shakespeare he had said it all!
And yet whatever others see
The world is fresh to you and me—
And birds that sing, and winds that blow,
And flowers that make the country glow,
And lusty swains, and maidens bright,
And clouds by day, and stars by night;
And all the pictures in the skies
That passed before Will Shakespeare's eyes,
Love, hate and scorn—frost, fire and flower—
On us as well as him have power.
Go to—our spirits shall not be laid,
Silenced and smothered by a shade.
Avon is not the only stream
Can make a poet sing and dream;
Nor are those castles, queens and kings
The height of sublunary things.

II.

Beneath the false moon's pallid glare,
By the cool fountain in the square
(This gray-green dusty square that's set
Where two gigantic highways met)
We hear a music strange and new,
Will Shakespeare was not known to you!
You saw the new world's sun arise,
High up it shines in our own skies.
You saw the ocean from the shore,
Through mid-seas now our ship doth roar—
A wild, new, teeming world of men
That wakens in the poet's brain
Thoughts that were never thought before—
Of hope and longing and despair;
Wherein man's never resting race
Westward, still westward, on doth fare,
Doth still subdue, and still aspire,
Or turning on itself doth face
Its own indomitable fire—
O million-centuried thoughts that make
The Past seem but a shallop's wake!

MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

Once We Were Like Brothers, But Now It Is War to the Knife.

[M. Quad in Drake's Traveler's Magazine.]

I am mad at the man on the southwest corner of the block, and he is mad at me, and its all on account of nothing at all. We bought a mantel and grate just alike and costing the same price. We had things just of the same pattern, laid down by the same man. For five years we were like brothers. If I had a sick horse, I consulted him. We went over to his house to play old sledge, and his family came over to my house to play croquet. I'd have turned out of bed at midnight of the darkest night you ever saw, and walked twenty miles through mud thirty feet deep to bring a doctor in case of sickness, and I'm certain he'd have done fully as much for me.

In an unfortunate hour my brother-in-law from Chicago paid me a visit. He said the mantel was very handsome and the grate a perfect beauty, and added:

"But you want a brass fender!"

"No!"

"Certainly you do. It will be an immense improvement."

A day or two after he returned home he sent me a brass fender from Chicago. He not only sent it as a present, but paid the express charges. Some one told the man on the southwest corner that I had a brass fender.

"It can't be!"

"But he has."

"I'll never believe it!"

"But I've seen it."

"Then he is a scoundrel of the deepest dye! Some folks would mortgage their souls for the sake of showing off a little!"

When this remark was brought to me I turned red, clear back to the collar-button. I called the southwest corner man a liar and a horse thief. I said that his grandfather was hung for murder, and that his oldest brother was in state prison. I advised him to sell out and go the Cannibal islands, and I offered to buy his house and turn it into a soap factory.

The usual results followed. He killed my cat and I shot his dog. He complained of my alley, and I made him put down a new sidewalk. He called my horse an old plug, and I lied about his cow and prevented a sale. He got my church pew away by paying a higher price, and I destroyed his credit at the grocery. He is now maneuvering to have the city compel me to move my barn back nine feet, and I have all the arrangements made to buy the house next to him and rent it to an undertaker as a coffin ware-room.

Emperor William's Oil-Lamp.

[Paris American Register.]

The study lamp on Emperor William's work-table is a simple oil-lamp of a pattern such as since the introduction of petroleum lamps can hardly be met with on the table of the humblest citizen of Berlin. The following incident may account for the non-admittance of the improved petroleum lamp into the historical corner room of the imperial palace. The emperor, whose simple and economical habits are well known, has for years been accustomed to screw down the wick whenever he ceases writing, or reading, or leaves the room.

When the petroleum lamps finally came into general use, the emperor's valet, Krause, brought one and put it on the working-table. True to his habit, his imperial master screwed down the wick on leaving off writing and, as a matter of course, the room was soon filled with an almost insupportable smoke, which greatly affected the nose and eyes of the monarch, and necessitated the opening of doors and windows. Krause finally volunteered the remark, "No, your majesty, this sort of lamp will not suit." "But what are we to do, Krause? Had we better get our oil lamp back again? You know my eyes are weaker and require a brighter light." Well, your majesty, we can have a new lamp made with an extra large burner, so as to do away with petroleum altogether." "Quite right, Krause, let us try it." And Krause got a lamp of the old pattern, had the burner enlarged to an almost colossal size, a green shade added to it, and to this day, defying all innovations, asserts its place of honor at the work-table of the most diligent of all monarchs.

An Editor Not Appreciated.

[Rockland (Me.) Gazette.]

After considerable expense and labor we have been able to give our paper to its readers each week nicely cut and pasted. We thought it was an improvement, and put our thumbs into the armholes of our vest and swelled out our chest and felt well. But Friday a woman from a back town came in and stopped her paper. She said it was no good to put on shelves or to do up a bundle in since we began pasting it, and we might as well stop it. And so we've been working all these years to make a readable paper, one of original merit, and we find it is in demand only as a cover for pantry shelves. Brethren, the shock is too much. We are willing you should laugh at us, but we cannot laugh ourselves. Not a laugh.

A Good Reason.

[Boston Transcript.]

"No," said Fogg, "I didn't like the picture at all: but you'd better look at it yourself. Don't be guided by me. Your taste is not so good as mine, you know, and you might like it."

Steele: Ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

I SAID SO.

[T. S. Arthur.]

I.

"He'll be a ruined man in less than a year. Mark my words, and see if they don't come true."

This was said with an air and tone of self-importance by a brisk little fellow, who walked uneasily about as he spoke and seemed to consider himself of no small consequence.

"I've had my eye on him for some months past," he continued, "and can see which way he is going and where it will all end, as clear as daylight."

"That's the way with you, Deal; you always see to the end of other people's courses," remarked a bystander.

"I can see to the end of Miller's course and no mistake. See if he isn't used up and gone to nothing before this day twelvemonth."

"Why do you prophesy so badly for Miller? He is one of the cleverest men I know."

"That's a fact and no mistake. He is a gentleman all over. But that won't keep him from ruin."

"Give the reason—you must have one."

"Oh! as to that, I don't give reasons for what I say," was the self-complacent reply, and with a toss of the head and two or three strides across the room. "But you mark my words, and see if they don't come true. See if Miller doesn't go to the wall before this time next year."

"Very well; we will see."

"So you will, or I am no prophet."

The confident manner in which this man, named Deal, spoke, led several of those who heard him to suppose that he knew some fact connected with the business of Miller of which they were ignorant. And this was true.

Deal was one of those restless, busy, here-there-and-every-where little bodies, who see and know far more of what is going on in the world than do your quiet, thoughtful and business-absorbed people. He visited the theatre once or twice every week—not really so much to observe the play as to see who regularly attended. He looked into the different club-rooms and political assemblages, and kept himself posted in all the little and great matters that agitate the surface of a community or stir it more deeply. His means of information in regard to his neighbors' business and prospects were certainly very great, and his opinion in regard to these matters was worth something. This fact made his remarks about Miller half believed by several who heard them. In truth, he had good reasons for his evil prognostications; for he met too frequently at the theatre, and in very improper company, Miller's confidential clerk, and was likewise conversant with many facts proving that he was clearly unworthy of the trust that had been reposed in him. Instead of doing his duty, which was to promptly inform Miller of the conduct of his clerk, he contented himself, like too many others, with merely shrugging his shoulders, as has been seen, when occasion warranted his doing so, and prophesying ruin to the merchant who, unhappily, had placed confidence in an unworthy agent.

The business in which Miller was engaged, although it embraced very important transactions and required many clerks for its efficient management, yielded only a light profit, so that it was in the power of a dishonest assistant to ruin his principal. It only required the abstraction of a few thousand dollars to embarrass and finally break up the merchant's business. The prospect of such an untoward event was very fair. The habits of young Grey, the name of the principal clerk, had, for more than a year, required for their gratification an amount of money much greater than his salary. At first he was troubled with debts. The uneasiness that these occasioned led him to cast about in his mind for some mode of relief. His first decision on the subject was to ask for an advance of salary. He was in receipt of $1,000 a year. Pressed hard by a man whom he owed, he was almost forced into an application for more salary. He did not think of denying himself any of the expensive pleasures in which he indulged as a surer measure of relief. The application was not favorably considered. Mr. Miller paid already as much for clerk-hire as he felt able to do. The salary of Grey he considered fully enough for a young man. After receiving a positive refusal on the part of his employer to grant his request, the clerk, concealing as fully as possible his disappointment, turned to the performance of his regular duties. But there was a tempest in his breast. Even with an increase of salary up to the amount he had asked, the difficulties that surrounded him would still have been great. The only course by which he could then have extricated himself from immediate difficulties, would have been to borrow upon the representation of an increase of salary. Now that hope had failed.

Temptations try and prove men. Where there is integrity of character, purification is the consequence of strong trials. But when a man without fixed principles gets into difficulties, especially when brought about by his own wrong conduct, he is in imminent danger. Evil counselors are near him with specious arguments; he must not listen to them—if he does he will almost surely fall into the snare laid for his unweary feet.

"Something must be done," said the young man, with compressed lips, after he had recovered a little from the confusion of mind into which Mr. Miller's positive refusal to grant his request had thrown him.

"Something must be done. What shall it be?"

That question gave activity to his mind. He thought and thought and thought for a long time. But one only hope glimmered in upon the darkness, and that was a light kindled upon a treacherous coast. It was the hope of relief from pressing demands by using, without his employer's knowledge, a portion of the money that regularly passed through his hands. The first suggestion of this caused him an inward shudder. He looked away from it; but everything was so dark that, for relief, he turned to it again. The idea seemed not now so revolting. He did not think of embezzling his employer's money—only borrowing it as a measure of temporary relief. Finally the tempter prevailed. A good opportunity presented itself for using as large a sum as $200 without a suspicion of the fact by Mr. Miller, and he embraced that opportunity. Pressing demands were thereby met, and a surplus left in his hands.

II.

From this time forth a host of evil counselors had access to his ear, and he listened to them too often. There was no reform in his habits or expenses, but rather a giving of the rein to both. He indulged more frequently in expensive pleasures, and had, in consequence, to resort oftener to the funds of his employer, which he did with less and less compunction of conscience each time.

Not many months passed before Miller found his business pressing upon him too heavily. His payments were not made with the same ease as formerly. There having been no diminution in his business, he was entirely at a loss to account for this fact. Not the slightest suspicion of the real cause passed through his mind; for his confidence in Grey was unbounded. Had he known anything of his habits, doubts of his integrity would been awakened; but of the many facts that had come under the observation of Deal, not one had been even suspected by Miller.

Rapidly did young Grey run his downward course. His money-wants grew every day more and more urgent, and his inroads upon his employer's funds more and more steady and exhausting.

"Miller 'll be a ruined man as sure as the world, if he keeps that Grey about him," Deal would say to himself, whenever he saw the young clerk spending money with great freedom, as he often did. But he never once thought of saying as much to the wronged merchant. He never felt it to be his duty to whisper a friendly warning in his ear.

Time passed and the merchant's business became daily more and more involved. Not a payment was made without having to borrow money from one source or another. The cause of this he could not define, and unfortunately, not suspecting where it really lay, he remained altogether at fault in endeavoring to counteract and resist the downward tendency of his business, until ruin was the consequence.

"It is just as I said," remarked Deal, when the news of Miller's failure reached his ear. "I knew it would be so; and I said it would be so a hundred times.'

"You did?" replied the individual to whom this was addressed, looking steadily into the little man's face. He was a losing creditor of the broken merchant.

"Yes, I did."

"And, pray what reason had you for saying so?"

"This very good reason: His principal clerk lived too fast. He kept a swift trotting horse, and indulged, to my certain knowledge, in very many other extravagances that must have consumed money equal to four or five times his salary."

"Indeed!"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Did Miller know this?"

"Of course, he did not."

"But you did."

"Yes; and I said dozens of times, that if Miller didn't look out he would be ruined."

The creditor compressed his lips tightly, and eyed the self-complacent Deal for nearly a minute steadily.

"You knew it!—you said so!" he remarked, half contemptuously, at length. "And you could see an honest man wronged daily, and at last ruined, by a scoundrel, and all this time coldly stand looking on and prophesy his downfall."

"It was no concern of mine," said Deal, his face crimsoning.

"No concern of yours! It is every man's business to warn his neighbors of approaching danger. He who does not do so is little better than an accessory to evil. For my part, sir, I shall ever look upon you as more than half guilty of poor Miller's ruin. A word might have saved him, and you heartlessly forbore to speak. I would not have your conscience for a dozen worlds like this!"

So saying, with a contemptuous look and tone, he turned from the abashed Deal, and left him to his own self-accusing reflections. They were such as no true lover of his kind could ever wish to have.

There is often much of self-complacent pride in the oft-repeated—"I said so." But more, we fear, of criminal neglect to warn an honest, but unsuspecting neighbor of the danger that lurks in his path. Let every one look to himself and see how far he is guilty in this respect. Few of us, I fear, will find our garments spotless.

A Man of Ability.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"You want a situation as conductor, do you?" said the president of the road.

"Yes, sir," the applicant replied.

"Have you the necessary qualifications for such a responsible position?"

"I am sure I have, sir."

"Well, suppose your train should meet with a serious disaster in which a number of passengers would be killed and a large amount of property destroyed, what action would you take in such a case?"

"I would telegraph the newspapers that the accident was of little importance, and then send word to the president of the road to sell the stock short."

"H'm," replied the president, "I am afraid those are not the proper qualifications for a good conductor, but you are a man of ability, I see. We want a first-class superintendent. You can consider yourself engaged as superintendent of the road at a salary of $10,000 a year."

Oscar Wilde is telling the people of England that American prairies are shockingly devoid of artistic finish.

Unity: Only barbarians have no forefathers, and the savage man alone is indifferent of his ancestors.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He was Overcome and the Way by which He was Finally Saved.

(Correspondence Spirit of the Times.)

An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere, in this State, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire:

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result. While tramping about through a particularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle-aged man suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man with the following result:

"You've had fine success; where did you get all that game?"

"Right here, in the swamp."

"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts?"

"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen you omitted the last ten years?"

"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in this same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew, I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."

"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was bunched at the joints; my fingers crooked in every way and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause me the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolstered up in the chair and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"

"Try. I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of. I used washes and liniments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphine."

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do it?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size, and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed, and convince themselves of its truth or its falsity. J. R. C.

Desperadoes in prison should be given every opportunity to hang themselves.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take, but is sure to cure.