

BURDETTE.

How Poets of Different States Make Their Rhymes.

Mr. J. H. Williams, of Norristown, complains that a southern poet's rhymes "come" and "gone." Well, that's correct; that's a good rhyme and the poet is responsible for the vagaries of pronunciation all over America. In the land of the cypress and myrtle, where they say "youn" and "goon," what is the matter with making them rhyme? Now in the empire of Arkansas if a poet should write,

He asked you to give him a kiss, did he it would trouble his New England collaborator to end the next line of the couplet with "yesterday," but he of Arkansas goes calmly and correctly on with,

No longer than just yesterday.

So, also, the poet doing in Vermont can rhyme "dew" with "blue" and "call" with "rough." Moreover, an poet in the republic of Pennsylvania, inditing an ode to a well known lady in that state, would make "reading" rhyme with "bleeding," but the people who live on the line of the road would "bleeding" (They do, too; the old fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch kind, one feather bed to sleep on, and three to cover with.) You see the poet, dear Williams, rhymes by ear and not by sight.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

"Alas," mournfully exclaims a Boston clergyman, "the old-fashioned way of making love has passed away with our fathers." In behalf of the young people of this generation, we return thanks for this blessing. The old-fashioned way of making love, as we understand it, must have been a dreary affair. A man began, if we catch the rat, by making love to his father-in-law, whom he hated, and his mother-in-law, whom he greatly feared. He called his sweetheart "Respected Miss," and once in a while got a chance to touch her finger tips in a dance and he treated her just like a store on stilts, for in such manner of justness grace and frosty merriment, and even to your granddaddy's dance (pronounced dawnee). And for all this—what Horace Greeley would call "Arctic circle of frigidity"—my son, your grandfathers loved your grandmothers—soft and fragrant be the old-fashioned roses that bloom above her—no better, I wot, than you do the girl you are wooing in this generation. An abyss of frightful depths has towered above us, overshadowing all this fair land with the deadly light of its malarial breath in accents that chilled the heart with the Upas like touch of its basilisk glance, that echoed from sea to shore. But you have saved us, my boy; you and your fellows have snatched us from this living grave, whose hungry breakers dashed their blinding spray and wreathed their angry flames in lurid tongues about our feet. You are who in this month of leafy June have told us of "The Perils of the Republic," "The Labor Problem," "The Duty of the Hour," "The Decay of Patriotism," "Work and Wages," "The Deterioration of Manhood," "The Labor Question," "The Decline of Statesmanship," "The Labor Agitation," "The Weakness of a Republican Form of Government," "Labor and Capital," "The Deterioration of Liberty," "The Labor Problem; its Evils and its Remedies," "Corruption in Politics," "The Labor Problem and its Dangers," "Are we a Free People?" "The Labor Problem a National Menace." The perils that beset our path you have shown us; but you have also guided us into paths of safety. You have told us of "The Only Way to Good Government," "The Safety of the Republic," "The True Mission of the Labor Reformer," "Reforms in the Ballot," "The Coming Man," "The True Reformer," "The Hope of Our Country," "The Conservation of Popular Government," "Labor Reform," "The Outlook of the Hour," "Labor Agitation a Blessing," "Our Legacy for Our Children," "What we owe to Posterity," and your sisters have nobly rubbed to the rescue with assurances that "Night brings out the Stars," and moreover that "Man is the Arbitrator of His Own Destiny," "Woman's Sphere," "The Influence of Woman," "Woman's Duty," "Woman, the Hope of the World," and "Spring; Heaven bless you, my children; you have saved us; Heaven bless you! Come again, next commencement."

COMMENCEMENT IS OVER.

The country, and incidentally the universe, is safe for another year. We have been in great peril, but our danger has been pointed out, and not only so, but the way to safety has at the same time been so clearly indicated that the wayfaring man, though a Mugwump, need not err therein. An abyss of frightful depths has towered above us, overshadowing all this fair land with the deadly light of its malarial breath in accents that chilled the heart with the Upas like touch of its basilisk glance, that echoed from sea to shore. But you have saved us, my boy; you and your fellows have snatched us from this living grave, whose hungry breakers dashed their blinding spray and wreathed their angry flames in lurid tongues about our feet. You are who in this month of leafy June have told us of "The Perils of the Republic," "The Labor Problem," "The Duty of the Hour," "The Decay of Patriotism," "Work and Wages," "The Deterioration of Manhood," "The Labor Question," "The Decline of Statesmanship," "The Labor Agitation," "The Weakness of a Republican Form of Government," "Labor and Capital," "The Deterioration of Liberty," "The Labor Problem; its Evils and its Remedies," "Corruption in Politics," "The Labor Problem and its Dangers," "Are we a Free People?" "The Labor Problem a National Menace." The perils that beset our path you have shown us; but you have also guided us into paths of safety. You have told us of "The Only Way to Good Government," "The Safety of the Republic," "The True Mission of the Labor Reformer," "Reforms in the Ballot," "The Coming Man," "The True Reformer," "The Hope of Our Country," "The Conservation of Popular Government," "Labor Reform," "The Outlook of the Hour," "Labor Agitation a Blessing," "Our Legacy for Our Children," "What we owe to Posterity," and your sisters have nobly rubbed to the rescue with assurances that "Night brings out the Stars," and moreover that "Man is the Arbitrator of His Own Destiny," "Woman's Sphere," "The Influence of Woman," "Woman's Duty," "Woman, the Hope of the World," and "Spring; Heaven bless you, my children; you have saved us; Heaven bless you! Come again, next commencement."

A NEW AUTHOR.

Her Work Abounds in Carefully-Selected Foreign Words and Phrases.

My DEAR NIECE: I have read the story of yours, which you were kind enough to send me from the seminary, and must say the heroine was very vivacious, the hero sagacious, the rich old uncle mendacious, the designs of the rival factions, the old aunt audacious, and the characters in general loquacious. The foreign words and phrases which abound in the story, which is quite the proper fad, of late, show great care in selection, and are spelled correctly; but it strikes me that you are not always up to the mark in the application.

"The rounded cheeks of Jane were a beautiful rose hue," goes a little too far.

"She wore a splendid *nom de plume* in her hat," is somewhat far brought, perhaps.

What kind of a doctor was John, that he should ask, tenderly: "My dearest, what doth *inter alia*?"

Where John exclaims: "At last! What is my lot? false, fair one; *en route*, *au revoir*," these should have been followed with *adieu*, to make it complete.

Where you had her sit "at table and at *cetera*, and other viands," I feared for her digestion; and was even more alarmed when she observed: "*Jeh diem* at two precisely, and am quite fond of a *la Franciscaine*, and also *Schiller cake*."

"The little blonde *jeune femme* in wagging his tail. He did? I don't quite see how he could do it."

"When he heard the tale he was perfectly *enraptured* for several minutes." As he sat quiet, I am glad he was not so warlike as you would have us infer.

"She exclaimed, excitedly: 'You have got more *chapeau bras* in your cheek than any body I ever saw;'" from which, I would think, it was perfectly soft enough to be felt.

I suppose the ducks and chickens were safe, when "she gently put them in the *coupe d'eau*."

"He fell into the *conscience*, and was nearly drowned," was a thrilling anecdote, and I was glad he was saved.

"Away he galloped on his *hors du combat*," but it was a wonder he was not thrown. That is such a risky thing for him to ride.

Where Jack quarrels with his landlord and says: "*Derrière resort!*" no wonder the latter went in and shut the door in his face, under such a malediction.

Was it not hard on John's head to wear an *ad cap tandem*? I should think so.

John must have had a good appetite when he said to the waiter: "I want my steak *double entrecôte*."

She was extremely complimentary, when she said: "Ah, dearest, your poem is quite *riche versé*."

"When the *verbum sap* began to stir in the plants," is very springy, indeed, and poetical.

"*Finit*, the end," is very aptly quoted.

On the whole the story is quite up to the average, and the foreign phrases not any more out of the way. The latter give tone to it, and I predict its success.—A. W. Bellows, in Light.

Wonders of English.

It is one of the peculiarities of the English language that it often acts like an oarsman, looking one way and going another. A paragraph in one of the papers says that Sultan Abdul Hamid lives in constant fear of his life. That is good English, but it really means that the sultan is in constant fear of his death. It is any wonder foreigners make occasional mistakes?—Chicago News.

A Traveler's Story.

Jones has just returned from a flying visit to the land of bier and sauerkraut.

"And how did you find the hotel?"

"Oh, pretty fair. The beds were good, but the sheets were not quite large enough for handkerchiefs and a little too small for napkins.—Judge.

A SEPTUAGENARIAN HERO.

A Man Over Seventy Years Old Saves a Boy from Drowning.

Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock, the guests at the Avery house, Mount Clemens, who thronged the pleasant veranda of that hotel, were startled by cries that proceeded from the banks of the Clinton river, about 300 feet distant. Instantly there was a rush toward the river, and it was found that two boys were floundering in the water. One, who seemed to be about 12 years of age, managed to scramble out, but the other, apparently 8 years old, was unable to get ashore and seemed in danger of drowning. A crowd of men stood on the dock watching the boy's efforts, but none appeared to know what to do in the emergency, and it was evident that none knew how to swim, as no move to jump after the boy was made. The little fellow was becoming exhausted and was just on the point of sinking when a white haired man pushed his way through the crowd, asking what was the matter.

"The boy is drowning," replied one of the rattled onlookers.

The newcomer took in the situation at a glance. His glossy silk hat came off and found a resting place in the dust without the observance of the slightest ceremony. Next his black broadcloth coat was flung in a heap. Then the tall, well knit form shot up in the air and came down in the dark water with a splash. The boy had sunk from view and it was feared he was lost. The white haired old man dived like a pearl fisher. Every second of his disappearance seemed an hour, and the spectators feared that both had sunk to rise no more.

Just at the height of their anxiety the water parted and the rescuer and rescued appeared on the surface. With a few sturdy strokes the life saver brought the boy to the shore and both were pulled out. The brave old man was none the worse except for a thorough wetting, and the boy, after getting the water out of his mouth, began to bawl loudly and started on a run for home. It appears that the boy was brothers, and that the older had been teasing the younger by pushing him toward the water. He had pushed a little too much, and the child had slipped in, but pulled his torso out.

The hero of the affair was as modest as brave, and simply laughed when congratulated on his feat. It was learned that his name is Robert Gunyon and that he is a wealthy business man of Milwaukee. The surprising feature of the whole affair is that Mr. Gunyon is 73 years of age. That fact makes his accomplishment a wonderful one. Although he has reached that ripe age, he is still hale, hearty and vigorous, and will no doubt live to save more lives. He is an expert swimmer.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

CLARE MARKET.

In the market of Clare, so cheery the glare

Of the stage and the boisterous of the tramp

There. That I take a delight on a Saturday night

In walking that way and in viewing the sight

For it's here that one sees all the objects that

New patrons in silk and old patterns in cheese

For the girls pretty toys, such as for boys

And such a glare which is so cheery and gay

But hear I hear, for I really do say

Of naming the wealth of the market of Clare!

The rich man comes down from the elegant town

And looks at it all with an envious frown

He seems to despise the grandiloquent cries

Of the vulgar proclaiming his pinnacles and

And pines! And sighs he goes through the lanes that dis-

close Much cause for disgust to his sensitive nose

Once from the throng, he is almost as proud

That elsewhere, in London, this thing is not al-

lowed—

He has seen nothing there but dirt everywhere

And he's glad to get out of the market of Clare!

But the child that has come from the neighbor-

ing slum Is charmed by the magic of daisies and hum;

He feasts his big eyes on the cakes and the pies!

And they seem to grow green and protrude with

surprise At the goodies they vend and the toys without

end—

And it's oh! if he had but a penny to spend

But, alas! he must gaze in a hopeless amaz-

At treasures that glitter and sparkle that blaz-

ing—

What sense of despair in this world can compare

With that of the wail in the market of Clare?

So, on Saturday nights, when my custom in-

duces A stroll in old London for curious sights,

I am likely to stray by a devious way

Where goodies are great in a motley array.

The things which some eyes would appear to de-

spise Impress me as paths in homely disguise

And my national wit friend shall have pennies

to spend, So long as I've got 'em (for friends that will

lend);

And surely shall share in my joy and declare

That there's beauty and good in that market

place there!—Eugene Field.

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