

ADAM AND EVE.

BY HENRY M. EGGERS.

I always feel sad when I think of old Adam—
And that pitiful meanness which led him to
say,
When caught stealing fruit in the Garden of
Eden,
"Eve did it—she tempted and showed me the
way."
From the day that first Adam drew breath to the
present
The thought has been constantly huffed to our
hearts
That we are all right—quite exceptional fel-
lows,
When we're not lead astray by some oth-
er man's arts.
From the days of first Adam then down to the
present
It has been perfectly clear to the view
hat the troubles at home, and within signal
distance
When we're all quite near-sighted, both Gen-
tile and Jew.
I do not admit that Eve tempted old Adam—
She poor little soul! had no guide in her
mind!
She knew she loved fruit, more especially ap-
ples,
And woman-like, shared them, unselfish and
kind.
She never attempted to steal and then hide
them,
To gain for herself a more bountiful store!
To take for herself all the juicy and ripeness
And leave to old Adam but seeds, skins and
core.
She was type of true womanhood—unselfish,
devoted,
Brave, honest and lovely the very best rib
In the whole of the body of skirking old
Adam,
Just as ready to steal for her husband—as fib.
She had taken all risk, having longed for the
apples!
Had conversed with the snake, and had
plucked from the trees;
And though weak-knee Adam had shared half
the plunder,
She'd have shouldered all blame and have let
him go free!
Then hail, Mother Eve! the most human of
women!
Your faults, if you had faults, have made us
your kin,
You've shown to your daughters such exquisite
graces,
Perfection in you would have really been sin.
And shame and disgrace fall on all sons of
Adam
Who dare their shortcomings lay at your
door;
And shame on old Adam, who set an example
Such as no living man had e'er thought of
before!
And if, Mother Eve, you should find yourself
weary
Of having old Adam around, full of remorse
Because he was sent from the Garden of Eden,
We will pay your expenses and get your di-
vorce.

JUST IN TIME.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English Commissioner at the upper-country station at Huttee-Bagh, in Northern India, had gone up on the verandah with his wife and his two guests, the Colonel and Major of the 4th Light Infantry, to enjoy the cool of the evening.
On three sides the house was surrounded by its compound, a large enclosed space serving for the purpose of a courtyard, but the fourth was only separated by a small patch of garden from the public road, along which a number of native women were passing with their little pitchers upon their heads.
The sight of them naturally turned the conversation upon a favorite subject with all Anglo-Indians, viz., the character of the natives and the best method of dealing with them.
"There's only one way," said the Colonel, emphatically. "Tell 'em what they are to do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well if they don't. That's my way."
"Well, I venture to differ from you there, Colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietly. "I had to do some thrashing once or twice, I own, but most of my native servants seem to get along very well without it, and they serve me excellently. I assure you."
"I wish you had been in my place, then, retorted the Colonel; "you'd have changed your opinion, I warrant you. Why, the year before last, when I had charge of two battalions of the rascals down at Sutteepoor, because there was not another Queen's officer within reach—just like my confounded luck!—there was no getting anything done unless I did it myself. By Jove, sir, I had to do overthrusting at once—my own quartermaster, my own sergeant major, my own caterer, and—"
"And your own trumpeter, Col. Annesley?" asked Mrs. Currie, with an arch smile.
The Colonel's broad face reddened eminently, and an explosion seemed imminent, when a sudden clamor of an angry voice from the road below drew them all to the front of the verandah.
The cause of the disturbance was visible at a glance. Two half-drunken English soldiers, swaggering along the road, had come into violent contact with a native who was running past; and one of them, enraged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground, and was unclasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully.
"Serve the young whelp right," shouted the Colonel, rubbin' his hands; "that's just what they all want."
The other officer, Major Armstrong—popularly known as Major Strongarm—was a huge, brawny, silent man, whose forte lay in acting rather than in talking.
During the whole discussion he had sat like a great bronze statue, never uttering a word; but at the sight of this man ill using this child, he woke up rather startlingly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault across the high stockade beyond, was but the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had lifted the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier, in the low, compressed tone of a man who generally means just what he says:
"Be off with you!"
"And who the deuce are you, shovin' yer nose in where you ain't wanted?" roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose eyes the Major's plain evening dress bore no token of his being an officer; "jist you—"
The sentence was never finished.
At the sound of that insolent defiance, Armstrong's sorely tried patience gave way altogether, and the powerful right hand which had hewed its way through a whole squadron of Shik cavalry, fell like a sledge-hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground as if he had been blown from the mouth of a gun.
"Well done, Major Armstrong!" shouted Mr. Currie from above. "You deserve your name, and no mistake."
At that formidable name the soldier took to his heels at once; and Armstrong, without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the lurch of the boy.
The latter was sorely bruised in many places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face; but the little hero still did his best to stand erect, and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.
"You're a brave lad, and you'll make a soldier some day," said the major to him in Hindostanee. "Come with me, and I will see that no one molests you again."
The lad seized the huge brown hand which had defended him so bravely, and kissed it with the deepest reverence; and the two then walked away together.
Six months have come and gone, and Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is tramped into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are lying thick among the fragments of the half-destroyed stockade.
All the windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loop-holed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles, show how readily the besieged garrison stands at bay against the countless enemies, whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the half-ruined building and matted thickets all around.
The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 is blazing sky-high over Northern India, and Col. Annesley is blockaded in Huttee-Bagh, with a certainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help comes speedily.
Day was just breaking when two men held a whispered counsel in one of the upper rooms.
"No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong; "but, even upon half rations, the food will be out in four days more."
"And then we'll just go right at them, and cut our way through, or die for it!" growled the old Colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for, with all his harshness and injustice, Col. Annesley's "grit" to the backbone. "We must not say anything to them about it, though," he added, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who was standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.
At that moment a loud cheer from below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the "Major's boy," as every one now called him) burst into the room with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.
"Sahib," cried he, "there is hope for yet! A detachment of Ingleez (English) are coming up the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass, we are saved!"
"How do you know?" asked the Major, eagerly.
"I heard the Sepoys say so, when I was lying hid among the bushes yonder," answered the lad.
"Among the bushes yonder?" roared the Colonel, facing around. "Have you actually been in the midst of those cut-throat villains, listening to what they said! Whatever did you do that for?"
"I did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake," replied the boy, proudly; "because he was good to me."
The Colonel turned hastily away to hide the flush of not unmanly shame that overspread his hard face; and Armstrong smiled slightly, as he heard him mutter:
"By Jove! these chaps aren't so black as they're painted, after all."
"But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had arisen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no possible means of sending them word."
"Fear nothing for that, mem-sahib," (madam,) answered the Hindoo boy, quietly. "I will carry them word myself."
"But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mrs. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardest veteran might well have shrunk.
"Listen, Sahib," answered Ismail. "I will slip out of the house and make a dash into the enemy's lines, as if I were deserting from you to them, and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with blank cartridge as I go. Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I will tell that you are all dying of thirst, and that they need only wait one day more to be sure of you, so that they won't tear to make another attack. Then,

when they have no suspicion, and think I'm quite one of them, I'll steal away, and slip across the river."
"But are you quite sure the Sepoys will believe you?" asked Maj. Armstrong, doubtfully.
"They'll believe this, anyhow," replied the boy, deliberately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder and staining his white frock with the blood as he glided from the room, followed by Armstrong.
The plan was soon explained to the men below and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building, followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loopholes. The sound of the firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet him.
In another instant he was in the midst of them.
"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said Col. Annesley; "but he seems to be showing them the wound on his shoulder, and telling them it was all our doing."
At that moment an exulting yell from the enemy came pealing through the air.
"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the Major; "it was a very good thought of his. If it only delays their attack two days longer there may be time for help to arrive yet."
Slowly and wearily the long hours of that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were also helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked them, all would have been over at one blow; but hour passed after hour, and there was no sign of an assault.
At length, as after noon gave place to evening, a movement began to show itself in the enemy's lines. Thin curls of smoke rising above the trees showed that the evening's meal was in preparation; that several figures with pitchers in their hands were seen going toward the river, among whom the Colonel's keen eye detected Ismail.
"By George!" cried the old soldier, slapping his knee exultingly. "That lad's worth his weight in gold! There's his way down to the river right open to him without the least chance of suspicion. Why, he's a born gentleman—nothing less!"
Every eye within the walls was now turned anxiously upon the distant group fearing to see at any moment some movement which would show that the trick was detected. How did Ismail mean to accomplish this purpose? Would he plunge boldly into the river, without any disguise, or had he some further stratagem in preparation? No one could say.
Suddenly, as Ismail stooped to plunge his light wooden dipper into the water, it slipped from his hands and went floating away down stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantically along the bank and trying in vain to catch the vessel as it floated past.
"What on earth is he up to?" grunted the Colonel, completely mystified.
"I see!" cried Major Armstrong, triumphantly; "there's a boat yonder among the reeds, and he's making for it. Well done, my brave boy!"
But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered.
Luckily those on the bank had left their pieces behind, or poor Ismail would soon have been disposed of; but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant little pilot.
"Let us fire a volley and make a show of rallying out," said the Colonel; "it'll take their attention from him."
But in this he was mistaken.
The first rattle of musketry from behind the house did indeed recall most of Ismail's assailants, but at least a dozen were left, who kept up an incessant firing, striking the boat again and again.
All at once the Colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a frightful oath.
Between the two guests of smoke he had seen the boat turn suddenly over, and go whirling down the river, keel up-ward.
"There's an end of the poor lad," muttered the veteran brokenly. "God bless him for a brave little fellow. And now, old friend, we must just die hard, for there's no hope left."
The first few hours of the night passed quietly, and the exhausted defenders, utterly worn out, slept as if drugged by opium. But a little after midnight the quick ears of the two veteran officers—the only watchers in the whole garrison, except the sentries themselves—caught a faint stirring in the surrounding thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the part of the enemy.
Listening intently for a few moments, they felt certain that they were right, and lost no time in arousing their men.
The scanty store of food were opened once more, and, crouching together in the darkness, the doomed men took what they fully believed to be their last meal on earth.
"They're coming," said Maj. Armstrong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loop-hole. "I hear them creeping forward, though I can't see them."
"What the deuce was that?" exclaimed the Colonel, suddenly. It looked like a fire arrow flying past.
"It's worse than that," said the Major, in a low voice. "The rascals are shooting lighted chips of bamboo on to the roof to set it on fire. Send the women up with buckets to flood the thatch; there's not a moment to lose."

"I'll go and see to it myself?" cried Mrs. Currie, hastening out of the room.
But the power of this new weapon had already become fatally manifest. The house was an old one, and dry as tinder from the prolonged heat, and as fast as the flames were quenched in one place they broke out in another.
When day dawned the fire had already got a firm hold of one corner of the building, and a crushing discharge was poured upon all who attempted to extinguish it, while the triumphant yell of the human tigers below told them that they felt sure of their prey.
"It's all over with us, old fellow," said the Colonel, grasping the old comrade's hand; "but at least we shall have done our duty."
"Give me one of your pistols," whispered Mrs. Currie to her husband, in a voice that was not her own. "I must not fall into their hands alive."
At that moment Maj. Armstrong was seen to start and bend forward, as if listening intently; for he thought—although he could scarcely believe his ears—that he had suddenly caught a faint sound of distant firing.
In another instant he heard it again, and this time there could be no more doubt, for several of the others had caught it likewise, and a gleam of hope once more lighted up their haggard faces and bloodshot eyes.
Loud and nearer came the welcome sound, while the sudden terror and confusion visible among the enemy showed that they, too, were at no loss to guess its meaning.
Then high above all the din rose the well-known "hurrah!" and through the smoke-clouds broke a charging line of glittering bayonets and ruddy English faces, sweeping away the cowardly murderers as the sun chases the morning mist.
"That boy's worth his weight in gold," said Col. Annesley, as a few hours later, he listened to Ismail's account of how he had dived under the boat and kept it between himself and the Sepoys, that they might think him drowned. "He's the pluckiest little fellow I've seen, and although he belongs to the Major, I'm going to take my share of helping him, by Jove!"
A Mexican War Reminiscence.
Few ever measured the lengthening miles with as anxious hearts as did these travelers. Guadalajara had forgot its flowers and birds and bursting vines. The whole city was alive with the news—war! war! The hot rumors were blowing thick from the Rio Grande. As may be imagined, Dr. Wood did not now court observation. He hastened to a hacienda, or inn, and went at once to his room. The adjoining room was separated from him only by a thin partition, and was occupied by some Mexican officers of rank. He overheard their violent talk and hot discussions, and the facts he learned were startling. Hostilities had begun on the Rio Grande. He heard them reading an account of the capture of Captain Thornton and his dragoons. Dr. Wood immediately procured a Mexican newspaper with a full narrative of the affair. This sufficiently corroborated in outline the facts he had so fortunately overheard from better authority. There was no doubt now. He was in an enemy's country, and was the bearer of hostile dispatches. It was a moment of extreme peril to an American officer. But it was a moment of destinies. It was one of those pregnant pivotal moments alluded to. And fortunately the great republic had in this far-away spot one citizen who was not even thinking of personal safety, but was coolly revolving plan after plan to aid her. Sloat must know this news before Seymour, or California was lost. But how? Dispatches were to go forward, and dispatches were to go back. Information was to be collected for the Government, and information was to be sent for the Government. Dr. Wood, notably a cool man, of large intelligence, looked at his problem as a statesman and as a military man. He knew as well as any the importance of this news. He was learned, far-sighted; and even then was looking to the future of our country. Fortunately his personal courage was such that he was not hampered by a single thought of danger. He wrote a full account of all he had overheard. He recorded the facts told and the views expressed by the Mexican officers. He translated the newspaper accounts. When he had finished he inclosed the whole to Commodore Sloat. This packet he took to Mr. Parrott, who, from his large commercial relations in Guadalajara and Mazatlan, was enabled to procure a courier without exciting suspicion. This courier, ignorant of course of the news he was bearing, but stimulated by the offer of a reward at the end of his journey, rode night and day till the packet was delivered at Mazatlan, and thence immediately transmitted to Sloat. A thrill of excitement ran through the whole squadron, among those who were permitted to know the news. The Cyane and Levant slipped out of the harbor, under secret orders, for Monterey, and the rest of the squadron was held in readiness to act instantly on any further information which might be received from the comrade who was in the very center of the enemy's country.—(C. E. S. Wood in Californian for December.)
Stains.—Remove ink stains from carpets with milk, and afterward wash with fine soap, a clean brush and warm water. For grease spots use powdered magnesia, fuller's earth, or buckwheat. Sprinkle on the spot and let lie until the grease is absorbed; renew the earth, magnesia, or buckwheat until all the grease is removed. Time and patience will in this way remove the worst of grease spots.

The Irish Agitation.

If Daniel O'Connell had ever been in America, his course in Ireland would have been followed with that kind of interest which springs from personal familiarity with a leader in great public affairs. The successor of O'Connell as Irish agitator in chief is undoubtedly Mr. Parnell, and him all who wished saw and heard in this country during his visit last winter. No two men could be more different in temperament than the great repealer and his successor. The slim, almost spare, figure, serious mien, and dry manner of Mr. Parnell are absolutely contrasted with the burly form and jovial, ready-witted eloquence of the shrewd Irishman who liked to play with fire forty and fifty years ago. Mr. Parnell shows plainly his part American origin. There was a quiet gentlemanliness of impression produced by his public appearance in this country, but there was none of the characteristic Irish geniality. He did not seem like a man who had ever made a joke or taken one—a reformer rather of the lean Cassius type than of the order of St. Patrick. Upon the delivery of his first speech in New York there was not what can be called enthusiasm among the audience; at least the impression was that the feeling of the audience impatiently sought an occasion in his speech to manifest itself rather than that it was resistlessly evoked by the speech. He was cool, measured, prudent, and without the least trace of pandering to the passions of his audience. These also are qualities of a leader who knows his men and pursues his own ends.
Within a few months the Irish agitation has been again very active, and enormous demonstrations have taken place in honor of Mr. Parnell, while the murder of a landlord-nobleman and the tone of the speeches of Mr. Parnell and his associates have aroused very deep feeling and much apprehension. Mr. Froude has contributed one of his characteristic articles to the literature of the contest, his remedy of the situation being a firm and uncompromising assertion of British power. His doctrine is that the islands cannot be severed, and that humanity, reason, and every interest require that fact to be conceded, and that the imperial authority be imperially maintained, justly but inexorably. The article is vigorous, but no policy which Mr. Froude could propose for Ireland would be acceptable to the Irish.
Looking over the ocean, it seems to be clear that the real object of the present agitation is the old object—the practical independence of the country. Perhaps Mr. Parnell would say that he aims at peaceful revolution. His purpose seems to be to produce a state of feeling which will cause the Irish tenantry to refuse to pay rent for land except upon its own terms. This would be practically re-consecration by revolution. If the refusal were really general and national, it could be met only by arms, and anarchy would ensue. The terrible famine of the last year is a powerful ally of Mr. Parnell. War and anarchy may be bad, but are they worse than starvation? This would be the unconscious or open argument of the tenant and the agitator. This is the situation which confronts the Gladstone administration. Any government might be perplexed by the problem of Ireland. It is the result of prolonged and ingenious and outrageous misgovernment, and the feeling in England, as shown by the action of the House of Lords, which holds a veto upon legislation, only increase the difficulty.
From the American point of view the true policy of the friends of Ireland would have been to make a cordial alliance with Mr. Gladstone's government, in the confidence that a statesman so able and so sincere, who had shown himself to be a faithful friend of justice in Ireland as elsewhere, would do everything that could be done, if not everything that Irish agitating ardor might desire. But to perplex his administration by demands whose concession would involve the overthrow of the most cherished and fundamental British principles and traditions seems at this distance to be the deliberate preference of an enemy to a friend. The Irish agitation has a very simple choice of alternatives, unless it has decided to invoke war. It must choose between the most liberal of possible Liberal governments, which is that of Mr. Gladstone, and a Tory administration such as the vote in the House of Lords indicates. But the unreason of the agitation, like the old misgovernment, and the bitter race and religious prejudice, is one of the chief elements of trouble for an administration of the best intentions.
The Irish agitation has evidently decided that Mr. Gladstone's inheritance of trouble is its opportunity. Here in America, where there is strong sympathy with the suffering of any people, there is also a profound faith in the sure and permanent, even if gradual, remedy of law. Although a Republic, and with burning questions to consider, we do not take revolutionary short-cuts. It seems to us here that it will be long before Ireland is likely to have so powerful a friend among British statesmen as Mr. Gladstone, and that co-operation, not distrust and opposition, is the balm for the present ill. The domain of the "Easy Chair," indeed, is not the realm of politics, in any local or partisan sense. But a tranquil spectator looking out upon current events at home and abroad, and chatting of them without acrimony, cannot but hear, as the whole world has heard during the year, the cry of Irish suffering, and look with sympathy and friendly interest upon the methods proposed not only for feeding the starving, but for preventing starvation.—[Harper for December.]
Ceremonies differ in every country, but true politeness is ever the same.