

MARIE.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

When some pale floweret of the Spring
Uplifts her simple face,
At the first wave of Zephyr's wing
She smiles with timid grace.

Her stem, fresh, delicate and coy,
At each new blossom's birth,
Trembles with vague desire and joy,
E'en in the breast of earth.

So, when Marie, devout and calm,
From lips half-parted pours a psalm,
And lifts her azure eyes,
Her soul in harmony and light,
Seems from the world to take its flight,
Aspiring to the skies.

DRIVING A COACH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?" "No; but I had a terribly close call near Grand Canyon a year ago the 10th of August." Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved the tip of the lash over the leaders' head. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines. "I seldom handle this whip without thinking of that ride," said Frank. Seeing that I was interested, he continued: "We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from Silver Cliff to Canon City. I had the best six-horse outfit on the line, and felt a pride in driving, although I knew the load was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady, and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the other side is a wall of rock. About half-way down is a point called Cape Horn. The road has been built out around this rocky point, and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is about 260 feet to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom. Of course, I felt a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and trained to obey every word of command and touch of the whip, while the others were steady and fast enough to keep me out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I gave it steadily. We hadn't got more than twenty yards when the brake broke! In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they were on their haunches, snorting and using their fore-legs like ploughs. It was no use. The leaders went in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from being crushed the wheelers sprang to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained still at death. The little woman grasped me round the waist at the first jump of the horses, holding my arms as if in a vice. "For God's sake, woman!" I exclaimed, "let go of me and take hold of the rods by your side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses." She unwound her arms and I handled the reins as best I could. Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't a place wide enough to zigzag or break the velocity of descent. I turned my head for an instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all he could attend to in holding her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway had been ground off, and, in hugging the bank, the wheelers nearly caused a collision several times, fairly bouncing and balancing the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I gave up the stage as lost. These stages are so built that when they overturn a pin drops out that connects the pole and the horses to the coach, and the driver has a chance to save himself by being drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer grasp on the lines with my right hand, and was ready to swing my left around her body. The stage swirled and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, she settled down again and went on bouncing down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses ran two or three hundred yards before I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains. When the director got in and related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company, they asked: "What shall we do for Frank?" "Give him a cheque for \$100," replied the director. They gave me the cheque, and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with \$165 in cash and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I live."

OUR BABY.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about that baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?" The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks says, "Here, Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute; that's a good boy." And then as soon as you have got it they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It is pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps, after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently. Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying, and "be sure not to let it swallow any pins." Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep it quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read the *Young People*. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son, it rankles in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something as didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took; and I can tell you, it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into its eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

SHUTTING A DRAWER.

The man who will invent a bureau drawer which will move out and in without a hitch will not only secure a fortune, but will attain to an eminence in history not second to the greatest warriors. There is nothing, perhaps, that will so exasperate a man as a bureau drawer which will not shut. It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end while the other swings in as far as it can. It is the custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. If anyone has succeeded in closing a drawer by so doing, he will confer a favor by sending his address to this office. We have seen men do this several times, and then run away from the other side of the room, and jump with both feet against the obstinate end. This doesn't appear to answer the purpose any better; but it is very satisfying. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a bureau drawer Saturday morning; but it was an abortive effort. Finally she burst into tears. Then Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside and see him do it. "You see," observed Mr. Holcomb with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That's what makes it stick. Now anybody but a woman would see at once that to move a drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this other end even with the other, so; then I take hold of both knobs and with an equal pressure from each hand the drawer moves easily in. See!" The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly. "Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again. Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back; it moved as if it was on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn. "Perhaps you ain't got the end adjusted," suggested the unhappy Mrs. Holcomb. Mr. Holcomb made no reply. Were it not for an increased flush in his face, it might

have been doubted if he heard the remark at all. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her; but it didn't move. He tried to bring it back again; but it would not come. "Are you sure you have got everything out of there you want?" he finally asked, with a desperate effort to appear composed. "Oh! that's what you are stopping for, is it? But you needn't; I have got what I wanted; you can shut it right up." Then she smiled a very wicked smile. He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the obdurate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye. But it did not move. He pushed harder. "Ooah!" he groaned. "I'm afraid you haven't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested. A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure. "What dumb fool put this drawer together, I'd like to know?" he snapped out. She made no reply; but she felt that she had not known such happiness since the day she stood before the altar with him, with orange blossoms in her hair. "I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb!" he jerked out. "I ain't done anything to it," she replied. "I know better," he asserted. "Well, know what you please, for all I care," she sympathetically retorted. The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his mouth grew whiter. "I'll shut that drawer or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jumped up, and gave it a passionate kick. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed. He dropped on his knees again, and grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might. But it didn't move. "Why in heaven's name don't you open the window? Do you want to smother me?" he passionately cried. It was warm, dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face or ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily at the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth; but he did not notice them. He would have given five dollars if he had not touched the accursed bureau. He would have given ten if he had never been born. He threw all his weight on the knobs. It moved them. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance, and brought his burning face against the bureau with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water to a degree that was blinding. Then he went out on to the back-stoop and sat for an hour, scowling at the scenery.

POPULAR RESORT IN TOLEDO.

The people generally were very simple and good-natured, and in particular a young commercial traveller from Barcelona whom we met exerted himself to entertain us. The chief street was lined with awnings reaching to the curbstones in front of the shops, and every public-door way was screened by a striped curtain. Pushing aside one of these, our new acquaintance introduced us to what seemed a dingy bar, but by a series of turnings opened out into a spacious concealed *café*—that of the Two Brothers—where we frequently repaired with him, to sip chicory and cognac or play dominoes. On these occasions he kept the tally in pencil on the marble table, marking side of himself and a friend with their initials, and heading ours "The Strangers." All travellers in Spain are described by natives as "Strangers" or "French," and the reputation for a pure Parisian accent which we acquired under these circumstances, though brief, was glorious. To the Two Brothers resorted many soldiers, shop-keepers, and well-to-do housewives during fixed hours of the afternoon and evening, but at other times it was as forsaken as Don Roderick's palace.

Another place of amusement was the Grand Summer Theatre, lodged within the ragged walls of a large building which had been half torn down. Here we sat under the stars, luxuriating in the most expensive seats (at eight cents per head), surrounded by a full audience of exceedingly good aspect, including some Toledan ladies of great beauty, and listened to a *zarzuela*, or popular comic opera, in which the prompter took an almost too energetic part. The ticket collector came in among the chairs to take up everybody's coupons, with very much the air of being one of the family; for while performing his stern duty he smoked a short brier pipe, giving to the act an indescribable dignity which threw the whole business of the tickets into a proper subordination. In returning to our inn about midnight, we were attracted by the free cool sound of a guitar duet issuing from a dark street that rambled off somewhere like a worm track in old wood, and, pursuing the sound, we discovered by the aid of a match lighted for a cigarette two men standing in the obscure alley, and serenading a couple of ladies in a balcony, who positively laughed with pride at the attention. The men, it proved, had been hired by some admirer, and so our friend engaged them to perform for us at the hotel the following night.

The skill these thrummers of the guitar display is delicious, especially in the treble part, which is executed on a smaller species of the instrument, called a *mandurra*. Our treble-player was blind in one eye, and with the carelessness of genius allowed his mouth to stay open, but managed always to keep a cigarette miraculously hanging in it; while his comrade, with a disconsolate expression, disdained to look at the strings on which his proud Castilian fingers were condemned to play a mere accompaniment. For two or three hours they rippled out those peculiar native airs which go so well

with the muffled vibrations and mournful Oriental monotony of the guitar; but the bagman varied the concert by executing operatic pieces on a hair-comb covered with thin paper—a contrivance in which he took unfeigned delight. Some remonstrance against this uproar being made by other inmates of the hotel, our host silenced the complainants by cordially inviting them in. One large black-bearded guest, the exact reproduction of a stately ancient Roman, excepted the hospitality, and listened to that ridiculous piping of the comb with profound gravity and unmoved muscles, expressing neither approval nor dissatisfaction. But the white-aproned waiter, who, though unasked, hung spell-bound on the threshold, was, beyond question, deeply impressed.

The relations of servants with employers are on a very democratic footing in Spain. We had an admirable butler at Madrid who used to join in the conversation at table whenever it interested him, and was always answered with good grace by the conversationists, who admitted him to their intellectual repast at the same moment that he was proffering them physical nutriment. These Toledan servitors of the *Fonda de Lindo* were still more informal. They used to take naps regularly twice a day in the hall, and could not get through serving dinner without an occasional cigarette between the courses. To save labor, they would place a pile of plates in front of each person, enough to hold the entire list of viands. That last phrase is a euphuism, however, for the meal each day consisted of the same meat served in three separate relays without vegetables, followed by fowl, an allowance of beans, and dessert. Even this they were not particular to give us on the hour. Famished beyond endurance one evening at eight o'clock, we went down stairs and found that not the first movement toward dinner had been made. The *Mozos* (waiters) were smoking and gossiping in the street, and rather frowned upon our low-born desire for food, but we finally persuaded them to yield to it. After we had bought some tomatoes and made a salad at dinner, the management was put on its mettle, and improved slightly. Fish in this country is always brought on somewhere in the middle of dinner, like the German pudding, and our landlord astonished us by following the three courses of stewed veal with sardines fried in oil, and ambuscaded in a mass of boiled green peppers. After that we were contented.—GEORGE P. LATHROP, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NOT QUITE WORN OUT.

A capital story is told of one of our public men—a man who had for many years held a lucrative office, which many other zealous workers in the political field greatly desired to fill. The office—of judicial character, and requiring considerable intellectual capacity in its incumbent—was not only an excellent paying berth, but it was honorable, and had considerable patronage connected with it.

Once upon a time, when the anxious waiters had fully made up their minds that it was time old Hartwell was retired, one of their number was deputed to wait upon him, and request him to resign.

The man found the old gentlemen in his office, with his coat off, and surrounded by papers of all sorts and descriptions.

The usual greetings were exchanged, and the visitor opened his business.

Out in the open court an organ-grinder was discoursing a very elegant selection of Strauss' waltzes.

"Want me to resign, do they?" said Hartwell, throwing back his head, and passing his fingers through his plenteous silver locks.

"And for what reason, pray?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Hartwell. We think you have been here long enough. You are growing old—altogether too old for the manifold duties and responsibilities of the place."

"Oho! Too old, am I? Now, look you. Just you get up here, and dance a waltz with me. Hi! There goes the 'Blue Danube!' Just the thing—come!"

And he seized his visitor by the two arms, lifted him to his feet, and began to whirl him about the room, keeping step himself to the notes of the distant organ.

But the man, breathless and dizzy, broke away and begged off. He didn't know how to dance.

"No!—not dance? Then try the gloves. We must have exercise in some fashion."

And old Hartwell went to a small locker and brought forth two pairs of boxing-gloves, one of which he put on, and offered the other to his visitor.

But the man would not take them. He declared he had never boxed in his life.

"Never boxed! Then it is time you had a lesson. And, I faith, I'll give you one. Now! Stand by! Here is the position. One—two—three!"

And he tapped the messenger, first on the forehead, then on the chin, then on the breast, and then, with a blow straight from the shoulder, he knocked him clean across the room and against the wall.

"Ho! I'll soon teach you the rudiments. Let me now show you the true knock-down blow. It is given in this manner."

But the breathless, bewildered, and utterly demoralized visitor did not wait for the finish. He caught his hat and made his escape, and, later, reported to his associates that Mr. Hartwell was not disposed to relinquish his office at present.