

## MOZART AND CLEMENTI.

All wondered at them both.  
And, nothing loth,  
Their waxes laid.  
Some that Mozart  
Would surely prove  
Himself above  
His peers as master of his art;  
While others said,  
Renowned Clementi  
Could draw from out his brain  
A harmony  
That seemed like heaven's strain  
Of music sent  
Within one sphere;  
By angels lent  
To mortal ear.

All wondered, all admired—  
And some conspired—  
The gifts of both to test.  
One partisan  
Conceived the plan  
That each should be his guest,  
And play before the rest  
(A goodly company)  
His own created harmony.

The appointed evening came.  
When eagerly  
The followers of Clementi  
Desired to hear the theme  
His mind had woven,  
Resolved in sound—  
The critics gathered round,  
Ready in nerve and heart,  
To try the artist in his art.

When the composer stayed  
His hands each tone  
Grew eloquent with praise:  
The very keys had sung  
While the Italian played  
True measure and fine phrase—  
Voice could not say too much  
Of his melodious touch.  
His fancy and his form,  
In structure true, in color warm.

Ah, Chrysostom Mozart,  
Now, where art thou,  
And where thy art?

The lovely genius took his place,  
With thoughtful brow,  
And pale, illumined face,  
Before the instrument:  
One moment 'er it leant,  
But struck no chord,  
Nor tried the notes to reach.  
He spoke—all listened to his word:  
"I have some music here;  
I hope it will atone  
A pleasure to the ear:  
Will you tell me  
In what key  
I am to play the thought  
Which I to-night have brought?  
What shall it be?  
Choose, gentlemen, your key!"

Did any there  
Wish longer to compare  
The two, or feel more need  
Of argument or rest?  
Both men were gifted—one was best,  
And rare Mozart  
Received his meed—  
"Of music prize  
In science and art."

MARY BARTON.

## AN AUBURN TRESS.

I fell half-way in love with her at first sight, she was so entirely and interestingly different from all the other girls I had ever met, and I had met quite a number, having, although sisterless, seven cousins of the latter sex, each of whom was constantly discovering some "charming" friend or friends to whom "Cousin Tom" really must be introduced. But by only two or three of these charmers had "Cousin Tom" been enslaved, and then his chains were of the lightest, and had broken easily after a very short captivity. And so my five-and-twentieth birthday found me still heart-whole, and being heart-whole, with no despotie she to decide for me, wondering where I should spend my summer vacation. It was to be a longer one than usual, for Uncle John, in whose publishing house I was employed, had kindly placed the whole month of August at my disposal, in return, as he was pleased to say, for my close attention to business since the beginning of the year. I didn't want to go to one of the fashionable resorts, for I was not (although my cousins had done all they could toward making me one) a fashionable man. And then, again—which was perhaps a more important reason—I couldn't afford it.

"I wish I knew of some pleasant farmhouse," said I to my office chum, Lon Fordyce, "where there would be no other boarders taken; where the nearest neighbor lived at least a mile away; where there were plenty of old trees about; where a fellow might swing in a hammock from 'morn till dewy eve' if he chose, and read and smoke and dream the time away to his heart's content; and where new, unskimmed milk, fresh eggs, crisp vegetables, ripe fruit, and tender chickens were realities, not myths. But where, oh! where can such Arcadian bliss be found? I've read of it in stories and newspaper advertisements, but I never knew anybody who had met it or anything like it—in their search for summer board and lodging, I mean. Quite the contrary has been my own experience; in fact, disgustingly the contrary."

All the time I had been speaking, Mouse had been listening attentively (Mouse was a twelve-year-old boy belonging to our department, his real name being Roderick; but that had been almost entirely forgotten since Lon and I rechristened him; and the new title had been conferred upon him on account of his noiseless way of moving around, his small, bright, dark eyes, and his general, as we thought, mousey ap-

pearance), and as I finished I turned suddenly upon him and asked:

"What are you standing there for, Mouse? Have you nothing to do?"

"Plenty, sir," he answered; "but I was a-thinkin' our folks might take you. They've got a nice farm, and big trees, and new chickens, and eggs, and fruit, and vegetables, and cow's milk, and everything you said 'cept an accordion, and I guess they could get that."

"An accordion!" repeated I, in great astonishment, "What in the world do you mean?" "Accordion bliss," whispered Lon, and we both burst out laughing; but Mouse kept his ground, and regarded me gravely until I began talking again.

"Your folks?" said I, and it struck me that I had never thought of the quiet little chap in connection with folks before. "Why, don't your folks live in the city?"

"No, sir. They live at Nutwood. I stay here with Aunt Hannah, 'cause I'm to be a business man. Tim—he's mine—he's to be a farmer. And there isn't any house 'cept the Larrups' shanty for more'n a mile. And I've told 'em how good you are to me, and I'm most sure they'd let you come and stay as long as you wanted to. And there's ducks."

"Do you know, Lon, this sounds very promising!" said I.

"May be as deceptive as the advertisements, for all that," said Lon. "Not intentionally so, of course, but Mouse being a boy, and the farmhouse the home of his childhood—"

"Nothing easier than for me to find out all about it," interrupted I. "I'll take a run down there to-morrow" (which happened to be Saturday) "afternoon. And, Mouse, if you like, you may go with me."

"Thank you, sir," said Mouse, his bright eyes sparkling with pleasure; and then he hastily disappeared, while Lon and I fell to work as though our very lives depended upon getting a certain amount done in a certain length of time.

The next afternoon found Mouse and myself on board of an express train speeding away to Nutwood. It was after five o'clock when we arrived at the small station, for I had not been able to start as early as I had intended, and nearly six when we came in sight of a large, old-fashioned peak-roofed barn, just beyond which stood a low, broad, comfortable-looking farmhouse.

"That's our house and our barn; and there's Phil feedin' the chickens," said Mouse, in the sprightliest tones I had ever heard from him; and turning to glance at the youth "Phil" who was feeding the chickens, I saw the prettiest girl I had ever seen, standing in the wide doorway of the barn. On her head she wore a bewitching mob-cap made of dotted cambric, beneath the trim of which an intensely auburn wavy bang fell almost to her auburn eyebrows. Her dress was made of the same material as the cap, the sleeves being rolled up nearly to the shoulders, displaying a pair of beautifully rounded arms, and she held the corners of a large white apron in one hand, while from it she dispensed the supper of the fowls with the other. "By Jove!" thought I, "it was worth my journey from New York to see this lovely, truly rural picture alone." And then I said in an inquiring manner to Mouse, "Phil?"

"Yes, sir, Philippa. She's my only sister."

And Philippa, seeing us at this moment, did not utter a shriek and fly, as many a damsel I wot of would have done, but flung the remainder of the corn from her apron, and came smilingly toward us, walking with an easy grace that told plainly that she had never undergone the martyrdom of tight, high-heeled shoes.

"This is Mr. Lovejoy, Phil," said Roderick. "Come to see if mother'll take him to board for a month."

"You are very welcome," said she, at the same time offering me a small brown hand to which some of the corn flour still clung, and looking at me with a pair of clear hazel eyes. "Roderick has often told us of your kindness to him."

And no sooner had she ceased speaking than I began to think that I had found the very place of all in which to spend my vacation, and I was sure of it after I had seen her father and mother—he an honest, outspoken, cheery-faced old fellow, and she an attractive, still young-looking woman, with eyes exactly like those she had bestowed upon her daughter—and the neat, prettily furnished room they offered me, facing the grand old wood filled with nut trees that gave the place its name, and looking out at the side on a jolly little brook on whose sparkling waters some brilliantly plumaged ducks were proudly sailing. They wouldn't hear of my returning to the city that night, as I had proposed to do, but insisted upon my remaining until Monday morning.

"It won't discommode us in the least," said Mrs. Dayton.

"And by that time you will be better able to tell whether you like the place or not," added her husband.

"Like the place!" I made up my mind about that before I slept that night. It was heavenly, after the dust and noise and crowding and jostling of the city. And as for the eggs and milk, and chicken fried in cream, and light and airy muffins that we had for supper, they were heavenly too. "Phil cooked the chicken and made the muffins," whispered Roderick, who had, as I soon discovered—a fact that raised him greatly in my estimation—a most int-ue admiration for his only sister.

Sunday passed like a delightful dream, and early Monday morning I left, with a promise

to return the following Wednesday, that being the day on which my leave of absence was to begin.

"Well, how did you like Nutwood?" asked Lon, as soon as we met.

"It's a very quiet, pretty place," said I.

"And the Mouse's description wasn't as highly colored as the advertisements?" he continued.

"It wasn't highly colored in the least," I replied. "I found there all he promised and"—

"much more," I was about to add, but checked myself.

"Then what do you say to speaking a word in my favor when you leave? I might spend one of my holiday weeks there, anyhow. The other I've got to spend with the old folks."

"Oh," said I, emphatically, "Nutwood would never do for you. You'd get the worst kind of bliss there in no time. It's so exceedingly—well, dull, you'd call it. You want to be where there's some fun going on. As for me, give me a pipe and a book, and I'm all right, you know."

Wednesday saw me installed in the cozy room, with the wood on one side and the brook on the other, and a week or less from that day saw me as wholly in love with Philippa as ever was city youth with bonny country maid. She was such a dear, frank, bright, unaffected girl, with no faults that I could see—and I watched her closely—unless a strong tendency to superstition could be called one. That spoiled salt must be immediately thrown over the left shoulder of the speller, lest he or she should quarrel with his or her next neighbor; that no journey or important undertaking should be begun on a Friday; that an umbrella or parasol opened under a roof betokened a great disappointment; that a crow crossing your path boded ill news; that the finding of a four-leaved clover brought good luck; all these, with a hundred other things of like nature, did pretty Philippa believe with the whole of her honest heart. I used to laugh at her first, but soon learned to humor the harmless weakness, and threw spilled salt over my shoulder, went down on hands and knees—being rather near-sighted—to search for four-leaved clovers, carefully avoided passing under a ladder, turned back if I met a crow, and all the rest of it. Well, I fell in love with her; but, much to my chagrin, she didn't fall in love with me. She liked me in a sisterly sort of way—that I could plainly see; but she never thought of me as a lover—that I could also too plainly see. She walked with me—Tim, the embryo farmer, generally accompanying us; listened to my readings from my favorite authors; let me help her feed the chickens; taught me how to make butter and pot-cheese; but not a step further had I got when the last day of August arrived, and my vacation came to an end.

"You will come to see us," said Mrs. Dayton, when I was taking my leave.

"Yes, indeed, if you would like to have me," I replied.

"Come as often as you can; the oftener, the better we will be pleased."

But Philippa said never a word, though a friendly interest shone in her beautiful hazel eyes. However, remembering the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady," I did not allow her non-invitation to keep me from fulfilling my promise to her mother, and I fulfilled it so well that I went to Nutwood every Saturday afternoon, and remained until Monday, for three months longer. Then, winter setting in earnest, I was obliged to bid the farmhouse good-by, without having received from Philippa the slightest encouragement to tell the story that was always trembling on my lips.

December and part of January passed away, and I had heard nothing from Mouse's only sister, when, one day, looking up from my desk, I saw him standing beside me.

"I've got a note for you, sir," he said, "from Phil." My heart began to beat wildly. "It came in one she sent me, and she told me to put it into your own hands."

I could scarcely thank the little fellow, I was so surprised, and taking the note from him, I opened it quickly and read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Lovejoy,—I send you a lock of my hair" (my heart fairly galloped), "and I would be ever so much obliged to you if you would take it to Signor Rialto, and ask him to burn it and tell my fortune from the ashes. I also inclose a card with date of my birth, etc. He told Melinda Wells's in that way, and it's come true, and she is to marry the very one he described, and on the 1st of March. You are to be asked to the wedding. She is the girl that went blackberrying with us once and you said looked like an Esquimaux. I wouldn't trouble you, but Roderick is too young to trust with such an errand, and you are the only gentleman friend I have in New York. And the reason I don't send directly to him by mail is that it will be so much more wonderful if he reads anything true from the lock of hair not knowing from whence or from whom it comes.

Yours truly,

"PHILIPPA DAYTON."

P.S.—Be sure to come to the wedding.

"What nonsense!" said I to myself (my heart having gone back to its usual trot), as soon as I had finished reading it, and for an instant I felt like throwing the whole thing out of the window. But only for an instant. Then I opened the inclosed envelope, took out the long shining auburn tress, looked at it with admiring eyes, came near kissing it, folded it up again, and put it carefully away in my vest

pocket. And while putting it carefully away in my vest pocket an idea came to me like a flash, which, justifying myself with the thought that "all's fair in love and war," I began to carry out as soon as Lon came sauntering in from his lunch. "Lon," said I, "do you think yourself capable of writing out a full and true description of the undersigned?"

"What the deuce do you mean?" was the rather irrelevant reply.

"Just what I say," said I. "Alonso Fordyce, can you, and will you, write out, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice, a full and true description of your unworthy friend Tom Lovejoy?"

"Certainly, if you are in earnest, and I begin to see you are. And it isn't to be at all flattered!"

"Not at all. Lean a little to mercy's side, of course, but do the work so that your conscience can never reproach you for it."

"Well, here goes," and seizing pen and paper, Lon began.

"That won't do," said I, looking over his shoulder.

"What won't do?" asked he.

"Why, 'Tom Lovejoy.' No name must be mentioned. Begin thus: 'He is about five-and-twenty.'"

"All serene," said Lon, taking another sheet of paper, and alternately scribbling and looking at me for about ten minutes, at the end of which time he handed me the description.

"He is five-and-twenty; tall and somewhat slender; with dark blue eyes; black hair, inclining to curl; straight nose; rather large mouth, partly hidden by moustache; chin slightly projecting; mole near left eyebrow; small hands, of which he takes the greatest care; bright smile; is fond of poetry, the country, and good things to eat; hasty in temper, but soon over it; hates to work, but too honorable to shirk; kind to animals and children; of retiring disposition; and altogether a very good fellow."

"How will that do?" asked Lon.

"It's a little too—"

"No, it isn't," he interrupted "not a bit 'too.' And I shan't alter a word of it."

That settled it, for I couldn't alter it without betraying myself; so I had Lon inclose it in three envelopes, on each of which he, under my directions, drew some mysterious hieroglyphics, and sealing it with a large red seal, I dispatched it to Philippa with a little note:

"Dear Miss Dayton.—I send you the fortune evoked from your auburn tress. I hope it may prove a satisfactory one. I will be at the wedding if possible. With love to your father and mother and Tim,

"I am yours, most faithfully,

"TOM LOVEJOY."

And, true to my word, I assisted at Melinda Wells's wedding on the 1st of March. It took place early in the afternoon, and after it was over, Philippa and I walked home together along the banks of the yet scarcely awakened little brook. And as we drew near the farmhouse, she suddenly turned to me and said—the wind blowing her fluffly tangles all about her pretty face, and reddening her cheeks and chin:

"I must thank you for the trouble you took with that lock of hair. I dare say it seemed to you a very foolish thing to do, but he did tell so true about Melinda that I thought—I thought—"

And she paused, and looked shyly at me in a way very unusual to her.

"And didn't he tell you true too?" I asked, with great calmness.

"No-o-o—because—that is, he described a person as my—my—who has for a long time been somebody else's."

"How do you know this?"

"Oh, Roderick said—I mean—"

And in her confusion she actually burst out crying, and her tears told me the happiest story I had ever been told in my life.

I clasped her in my arms. "Roderick said what, my darling?" I demanded, as she struggled to free herself.

"That you were engaged to a lovely young girl," she sobbed, "who often came to your office, and that she went to England last summer, and so you came here because you couldn't bear to go to any nicer place without her."

"Philippa, that lovely young girl is my cousin, the youngest daughter of my uncle John, and she went to England on her wedding trip last summer. And there is no 'nicer place' in all the world than this for me, and if a certain dearest of girls, Philippa Dayton by name, will promise to be my wife, I shall spend all the holidays of my life here."

"Then it's all right," said Philippa, clasping her hands and smiling through her tears. "He described you EXACTLY."

And I never had the heart to undeceive her.

MARGARET ETYNGE.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIARRHÆA.—Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.