

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,  
A hare with downy hair;  
I love a hart with all my heart,  
But barely bear a bear.  
Tis plain that no one takes a plane  
To have a pair of pairs;  
A rake, though, often takes a rake  
To tear away the tares.  
All rays raise thyme, time raises all;  
And, through the whole, hole wears.  
A writ, in writing "right," may write  
It "wright," and still be wrong—  
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"  
And don't to write belong.  
Beer often brings a bier to man,  
Coughing a coffin brings,  
And too much ale will make us ail,  
As well as other things.  
The person lies who says he lies  
When he is but reclining;  
And, when consumptive folks decline,  
They all decline declining.  
A quail don't quail before a storm—  
A bough will bow before it;  
We cannot rein the rain at all—  
No earthly powers reign o'er it.  
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;  
To dye he's always trying.  
Until upon his dying-bed  
He thinks no more of dying.  
A son of Mars mars many a sun:  
All days must have their days.  
And every knight should pray each night  
To Him who weighs his ways.  
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat  
To feed misfortune's son;  
The fair should fare on love alone,  
Else one cannot be won.  
A lass, alas! is something false;  
Of faults a maid is made;  
Her waist is but a barren waste—  
Though staid, she is not staid.  
The springs spring forth in spring, and shoots  
Shoot forward one and all;  
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves  
The leaves to fall in fall.  
I would a story here commence,  
But you might find it stale;  
So let's suppose that we have reached  
The tail end of our tale.

## THE GOLDEN HAIRPIN.

A ROMANCE IN THE IMPROVED MODERN  
STYLE.

BY H. S. TOMER.

## I.

George Adolphus Clarendon was a young man of pleasing presence, whose age was not far from 20 years. His father had long and successfully conducted a most exemplary meat market at the corner of Market and St. Clair streets, in the thriving village of Westford in Central New York, and had amassed a competence by fair and honourable means. But the son held the meat business in abhorrence and steadfastly refused to entertain the thought of following it for a livelihood. He conceived himself to be formed of a quality of clay quite above the average, and was often heard muttering incoherently in his sleep about the "higher walks of life." Old Mr. Clarendon was a stern father, and he determined that if George Adolphus would not sell meat, he should be compelled to engage in the distribution of tracks, with the heels toward the paternal mansion. George Adolphus accepted the peripatetic alternative with cheerful alacrity, and went on an aimless tramp. He said he was going in search of his proper level.

## II.

Maud Muller was the only child of a retired banker in the sleepy town of Couponville, an aristocratic village in one of the eastern counties of Ohio. Maud's charms, both physical and mental, were the rarest ever lavished upon woman, and she had been favoured with every advantage of education that money could purchase. Her beauty and accomplishments had made her the idol of a large circle of young men, to not one of whom had she ever given the slightest encouragement. They swarmed under her chamber windows on moonlight nights and made the long hours hideous with their caterwaulings, until old Muller got tired of it and stole around the corner of the house with a gun loaded with tenpenny nails and let drive at the flock, killing three outright and wounding four others, so that they died on the following morning. That was the kind of man Mr. Muller was; but he was exceedingly fond of his daughter and had always been kind to her.

One evening as Maud was emerging from her boudoir, where she had been scrutinizing a large mirror and dressing for the opera, she was met by her father with the information that Mr. Muggleton waited in the parlour.

Now Mr. Muggleton was an ancient fossil who had taken a great fancy to Maud, and as he was a man of high social standing and great wealth, Mr. Muller had thought best to encourage him as much as possible, hoping that his daughter would have the good sense to offer no objection on account of age.

"Mr. Muggleton is waiting," repeated Mr. Muller.

"Well, give him my compliments and tell him to keep on waiting," returned Maud, with some spirit.

"But don't you intend to go down? Are you going to be rude?"

"Oh, yes," replied Maud, with an injured air, "I'll go down and stroke his shiny old bald head and ask him about his children and his grandchildren, and I'll ask him to give me some personal recollections of Noah. And, if you like, I'll go to the opera with him, and

I'll ask him if there was better talent on the boards when he and Methuselah were young!" "Now, Maud," said Mr. Muller, "you are making a fool of yourself. Mr. Muggleton never saw Noah in his life. As to grandchildren, you know very well that he is a bachelor and hasn't a relative in the world, so far as he knows. I command you to present yourself at once, and if you don't behave properly there will be a young lady about your size begging her bread in the streets before she is aware of it."

With these words the indignant father turned on his heel and left Maud to choose which alternative she would.

## III.

While the events above narrated were transpiring, a young man, possessing a dignified bearing, and eighty-five cents in money, was just entering the brilliantly-lighted town of Couponville in search of his level. It was a larger town than he had ever before seen, and he was consequently somewhat dazzled and bewildered. He began to be doubtful about finding his level that night, as the evening was rapidly wearing away, and another question was beginning to trouble him, namely: How was he going to reach the higher walk of life without more money? How was he to be a high-toned gentleman and live in a loftier atmosphere than that which pervaded the meat-shops, with so small a sum as eighty-five cents in his pocket? As he walked gloomily along the strange thoroughfare, busy with these troublesome reflections, he heard loud passing. A moment later the front door opened and a slight female figure hurried silently out into the street, and passing by him with a quick, determined tread, was soon out of sight.

## IV.

When Maud recovered from the shock which her father's angry words had given her, she immediately determined upon a course of action. She resolved that she would be turned out of doors before she would consent to go to the opera with an antediluvian relic, who waited for her in the parlour. She called her father back and told him her determination. The result was that the proud young beauty was promptly ejected through the hall door; for she it was who had passed George Adolphus as he wandered on in search of his level.

When Mr. Muggleton had waited for Maud until he was tired and on the point of leaving, Mr. Muller entered the room, and apologizing for the non-appearance of his daughter by saying that she had a violent headache, begged him to come again in a few days, as Maud would then be delighted to see him. The truth was that Mr. Muller had no idea of punishing his daughter's disobedience with permanent banishment. He reasoned that she would surely go to some of her friends and return in penitence in the morning.

## V.

George Adolphus followed swiftly on after the young lady, hardly knowing why he did so, but feeling irresistibly drawn by some unaccountable presentiment that all was not well with her. In a few moments he came up with her and followed at a little distance, watching her movements with the keenest interest. But Maud was so intent upon some purpose which lay deep hidden in her heart that she did not notice him. The street now began to be deserted, but still the resolute girl walked rapidly on. At length a small foot-bridge across the canal was reached. The girl paused. Was her purpose a desperate one? George Adolphus asked himself this question and many more besides as he lingered in the shadows close behind her.

Murmuring something to the effect that the heaving, white-crested billows which rolled at her feet would soon embrace her and free her from her wretchedness, Maud began to take down her hair.

"Going to swim?" asked a voice behind her.

She turned and beheld a stranger standing close at hand. At first she could not utter a word. Presently, however, she said, in tones that betrayed her intense excitement:

"Oh, sir, do not thwart my purpose. I desire to put an end to my trouble—I wish to sleep beneath the wave."

"There isn't any wave there," said George Adolphus. "The canal's dry. You'll break your neck if you jump off this bridge."

"But I want to find a grave in the restless deep. I want the blue billows to fold me in everlasting slumber, where the sea-weeds grow in sunless gloom."

"But I tell you, my dear lady, there isn't any restless deep anywhere around here. You'd better put it off till the canal opens. Here you are talking about sleeping beneath the billows, when the water won't be let on for a month yet. And besides, if you want to be folded in everlasting slumber, it would be wise for you to jump into a well. You'd have a sure thing then."

"That would be horrible!" exclaimed Maud, with a shudder.

"Yes," replied George Adolphus; "it would spoil the well."

Maud felt that George Adolphus was right. True, he did not appear to enter very much into the tragic spirit of the situation. He ought to have dropped upon his knees and implored her

to forget her trouble and sip a little longer the nectar of life. He ought to have pictured to her imagination a fair-haired girl lying with pallid face and marble form in the silent bosom of the canal, where the dolphin sports unseen and the mermaids comb their locks in shadowy solitude. But he did nothing of the sort. He told her to go home and practise in the cistern.

Maud thought the matter over for a moment, then bursting into tears she wrung the hand of our hero and ran swiftly home.

George Adolphus stood upon the bridge and watched Maud till she was out of sight. As he stood there, wondering what it was that weighed so heavily upon the mind of this fair young girl, he saw something glittering at his feet. He stooped and eagerly picked it up. It was a golden hairpin of peculiar pattern. It occurred to him at once that it must have been lost by the girl when she took down her hair. He put it in his trousers' pocket, thinking that it would be a handy thing to pawn for his breakfast. The more he tried to forget about this fair girl, and the previous circumstances under which he had met her, the more persistently they rose before him. Presently he found himself laying plans to find out more about her, and then it dawned upon him that he was in love. He then tenderly removed the hairpin from his trousers' pocket and placed it next his heart. It was now getting very late, and the police were beginning to glance suspiciously at his hero, and so he turned into a more retired street and determined to search for a cheap lodging place.

## VI.

Old Mr. Muggleton, whom we left at the residence of Maud's father, wended his way homeward, filled with bitter disappointment. He had long regarded Maud with tenderness, and had desired to offer her his hand and fortune, and now he felt that he was rejected. He had seen nearly four-score years of bachelorhood, and it was getting monotonous. He dragged himself wearily and sadly home, and retired to his couch in wretchedness.

## VII.

The clock had just struck 11, and the town was as silent as the grave, when two villainous-looking men, with muffled faces, broke open the street door of a large mansion where an ancient bachelor lay dreaming of a supercilious maiden who had declined to meet him in her parlour a few hours before. The men passed safely into the house, and were soon standing by the bedside of the dreamer. A moment later a swift blow fell upon the unconscious millionaire, but before it could be repeated the assassin was stricken to the floor. His companion escaped. The police were summoned by the servants, who had by this time been aroused by the noise, and the captured man was led away in irons.

"Who is this young man that has followed these villains, and risked his own life to save mine?" asked the wounded man.

"My name is George Adolphus Clarendon," was the prompt reply.

"George Adolphus," said the millionaire, "you have done a brave and noble deed. I am mortally wounded, and must die in a few hours, but you shall be rewarded. You shall be my heir."

The next morning there was crape on the door of the Muggleton mansion, and George Adolphus Clarendon was a millionaire. He had been suddenly landed in the lap of luxury. He could not have been more completely taken by surprise if he had suddenly succeeded to the English crown. And yet his magical elevation to wealth and position did not so engage his mind as to dispel certain memories that were lingering there—memories that carried him back to the footbridge across the canal. Who was the beautiful stranger that had almost made the canal bridge a "bridge of sighs"? Why had she sought a watery grave? And if she wanted to rid herself of sorrow, why didn't she jump off a house instead of hunting up a dry canal, full of broken glass, iron and old boots? These questions were too much for George Adolphus. In less than a week he found himself in a perfect fever of mental excitement. He felt that he was growing rapidly worse. It did seem as if he could not get that hairpin near enough to his heart. He thought of swallowing it, but changed his mind and had it made into a bosom-pin. In another week the malady had obtained so complete a mastery over him that he began to write poetry. He could not even think in prose, and when he read a newspaper the lines all seemed to commence with capital letters and end with a jingle.

Thus the weeks passed wearily by without bringing the slightest intelligence of the owner of the golden hairpin.

## VIII.

In a brilliantly-lighted ball-room in Couponville, gayest of the gay, and admired of all admirers, Maud Muller promenaded to and fro like a fairy queen. Her wretchedness had departed with old Mr. Muggleton, but she had not forgotten the night when a stranger had rescued her from self-destruction, and she secretly longed to know who it was that had saved her from herself. She closely scanned every gentleman that entered the room, as if in half-frightened expectancy. She had heard of Mr. Clarendon, the young millionaire, but as he had not appeared much in society, she had not met him. Of course she was not curious, for she was a woman, and

women are not curious; yet she could not feel easy after learning that Mr. Muggleton's heir was present, till she had signified her willingness to have him presented.

As George Adolphus advanced, arm in arm with an acquaintance, a perceptible pallor overspread Maud's countenance. Was it caused by the peculiar pin that ornamented his shirt-bosom? She tried to convince herself that the pin signified nothing. Perhaps he had picked up the hairpin in the street on that eventful evening she so well remembered. But when she heard his voice she withered like a stricken flower. George Adolphus was puzzled. So were all the bystanders. It was a very singular case indeed, they all said. Presently, however, Maud rallied, as she and George Adolphus were left alone.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, falteringly. "Do you remember having seen me before?"

Suddenly the truth flashed upon George Adolphus like a national convention bulletin.

"Yes," he replied, making an effort to control himself. "I remember a former meeting with you very well."

"I think papa would give his consent," said Maud, very timidly.

"But you are not going to try it again?" said George Adolphus in surprise.

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Maud, "I don't mean that. I think papa would give his consent to—that is—I don't think he'd object."

"Object to what?" asked George Adolphus blandly.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Maud.

"Do you mean to say," continued George Adolphus, "that you don't think the old man would object to your trying it again after the water is let out?"

"No," said Maud. "I don't mean that, for he is very fond of me, and I am sure he would be glad to encourage so worthy a—this is—Oh, what am I saying?"

Then George Adolphus began to see how the land lay; but as a ball-room is not a favourable place for a tableau he mastered his impulse to catch Maud in his arms and merely observed in a whisper that she was a gem of the first water, and that he would give his consent, too.

Old Muller sat in his library that night when Maud and Adolphus entered the house, and the young man was soon prostrate at his feet, clasping him tightly about the legs and imploring his permission to marry his daughter.

"Ahem!" remarked Muller.

George Adolphus thought this rather meaningless remark was a favourable indication, and so squeezed the old man's legs harder than before.

"Come, young man," said Mr. Muller, "you are filling my slippers with tears. Rise up and let go my legs."

"Oh, do you give your consent?" sobbed George Adolphus.

"Consent!" roared the old banker, "heavens and earth! Of course I do. Here, Maud, take this lunatic away and get me a dry pair of socks."

And they were happy ever afterward.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DR. BULOW is giving concerts in Germany.

MUSIC in the parks draws fashionable crowds.

MAX BRUCH has just completed a violin fantasia.

THE London concert season is now at its height, from thirty to fifty concerts occurring daily.

THE band concerts at the Coney Island beaches began recently, P. S. Gilmore opening at Manhattan Beach.

A \$50,000 offer has, it is said, been made to Richard Wagner if he will visit America and conduct a series of concerts.

HERR REICHTER astounded the Mapleson company's orchestra by not only conducting "Lohengrin" without a score of the work before him, but by correcting the errors (which are said to be numerous) in the orchestral parts formerly used by Sir Michael Costa.

A REPORT is current that Mr. Arthur Sullivan will, after the forthcoming Leeds festival, receive the honour of knighthood. English musicians will be apt to ask whether a similar rank is not to be conferred upon Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Sullivan's senior, and in many respects his musical superior.

AMONG the artists who will appear at the Worcester musical festival, now recognized as one of the leading events of the season, are Mrs. Osgood (who makes the trip home for this single engagement), Myron W. Whitney, W. C. Tower, Mr. George Hensobell, of London, Miss Lillian Bailey, vocalists, and Timothe Adamowski, the Polish violinist.

LITTLE Master d'Albert, the son of the famous composer of dance music, lately had the honour of playing before Queen Victoria. His master, Arthur Sullivan, accompanied the wonderful little boy, who played a whole programme which the queen selected. When he came to play Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," the Queen rose from her seat perfectly astonished and stood behind his chair expressing her satisfaction and her pleasure in the most gracious manner. Little d'Albert is not only a remarkable pianist, but the composer of a canon for sixteen voices. He holds the Queen's scholarship in the Kensington training-school.

## FACTORY FACTS.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feeling, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.