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W. H. Lance

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

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THE PASSING OF MAY.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

The spring-time dream must pass away,
The summer comes so soon;
And now the languid, lovely May
Leans on the heart of June.

Half buried in her stump hard
In that broad, teeming breast;
As one who dies yet is not dead
She smiles in conscious rest.

Long lingering in the fields to glean
The souls of faded flowers,
And whispering in each woodland green
The memories of past hours—

Slow-stealing on soft rustling wings,
With many a tender sigh,
The West-wind spirit comes and brings
Her summons from the sky.

The color fades not from her cheek
Which feels his fragrant breath,
Nor does she weep to hear him speak
The words that tell of death.

That wavering song!—ah, well she knows
The robin's trembling note!
She turn to kiss the full-blown
That June wears at her throat.

She smiles farewell to slope and dell
And river's dimpled sheen,
And from the fields that loved her well
She wanders forth unseen.

The mountain pinks began to pine,
And, where her footsteps wound,
The sweet blossoms of the eglantine
Fell showering to the ground.

And yet—the blabbing Wind, since then
Hath oft been heard to say,
'Twas love, not death, he whispered, when
He won the soul of May.

—*The Critic.*

MY PRETTY PIRATE.

It grieves my wife for me to say so, but in these days, back in 1879, I was a clown in a circus. Really, I wasn't anything, but I was in a chrysalis state just as a raindrop in a dusty street can scarcely be classified, but by a little exertion may get into a flowing gutter, then into a river, and so become some day as much of the Atlantic as any other drop. I had been trying to be a musician, had given that up to be a concert siger, abandoned that to turn my talents toward poetry and newspaper writing and such, until I joined a merry crowd of Bohemians and lived as they did. Their gatherings and the money my father left me both ended together. I had written some jokes for a minstel troupe, and when nothing else suggested itself I applied for a place in the company to black up and sing mournful ditties (about graves and red roses) in the first part and do a banjo act later on. The troupe came to grief out West, and the best I can say of what followed is that I got home to New York without walking. No sooner had I reached Broadway than I went into a new business. I became a clown. The first acquaintance I met offered the opportunity, saying he was going to Cuba with a circus and there was need for one of those useful butts whom the ringmaster perpetually cracks with his whip, and whom it is the business of everybody in the sawdust arena to maltreat and deride—often with perfect justice, I used to think before *I* put on the cap and bells.

"Come," he was kind enough to add, "you need have no doubts, you are a natural, instinctive, true-born clown. And even if you were not you can imitate any and every clown you ever saw. So pocket your pride, take sixty dollars a week, learn your songs and twenty very white haired and round shouldered old jokes, and come along."

The backers and convassers were Cubans and lived in the Saragossa hotel in East Forth street while they were fitting out for the voyage. I went to live there, also, for everything that I undertake I do with enthusiasm, and I determined to learn Cuban as quickly as possible and astonish every one by singing a song or cracking some jokes in that language. In due time we set sail on a journey I never shall forget. We voyaged in a sailing vessel, through a summer sea beneath a perpetually cloudress sky. We stopped at Nassau, and showed there with great succes, to float afterwards for days in blue pathways, between white isles fringed with palms. It is idle for me to dwell, even for this loving instant on that experience, and yet it was dreamful, so poetic, so utterly certain never to be repeated in its sensations, now that I am older and more practical, that I literally tear myself from the recollection. There were many more days of it to come when we skirted the bold eastern palisaded end of Cuba, and then clung almost within the influence of the breakers as the good bark (with the maddeningly unpoetic name of the "The Obijah Lawrence"), crept past the forest clad heights, the white edged bays and curves and the laughing plantations of the gem of the Antilles. The journey was interrupted by long "stands" at Guantanamo, St. Jago and at Cienfugos. It was bold of us to visit these places then for the great revolution was in progress and everything was unsettled, but never did a rash experiment meet with richer reward. We played at Colon, in the heart of the island, and then we reached Matanzas, where our vessel was to pick us up and take us to Havana.

Let me say that up to the moment we left the vessel on the other side of Cuba I had constantly sought the companionship of my cornet. I had a natural gift for playing musical instruments, and this beautiful cornet was the main thing I had saved from the wreck of my fortunes. Upon it I improvised what I thought was a sweet, pretty air—a hymn tune, I suspect it sounded like—and I often, in solitude, blew its soft, liquid notes from out the bell-like throat of my cornet. It was always in solitude, or very softly, that I played it, for I deemed it extravagantly sweet and meant to some day fit a hymn to it, adapt a psalm to its notes, or in some way utilize it to give me fame as I conceitedly thought. Alas! at Cienfugos my cornet was stolen and I never had the heart to play the tune on any other instrument.

One day in Matanzas I was spending spending some idle hours on an American man-of-war, whose officers had formed my acquaintance. A steamer from New York slipped into the harbor just at dusk, and cast her anchor close to the war ship. There was the usual noise and bustle, and the little harbor boats that swarm like mosquitoes around such a vessel, and which passengers are put ashore, obtained their loads and faded away in the twilight. At one moment, three of these little boats were moving almost side by side across the water close astern of the vessel I was on. I could scarcely believe my ears; I did not credit what they told—yet, there could be no mistake, for it was repeated and carried back to me in a long drawn whisper of melody—my cornet's offspring, my absolute and unquestionable invention, my pretty hymn tune.

I leaped into my small boat and ordered my man to pull after the other vessels. Then I saw that I could not do more than guess at which boat the melody had proceeded from. I changed my command and pulled for the steamer. Alas! twenty-five women had come on her, no one knew which were in that particular trio of boats and all had Spanish names, I knew that for I copied every one. After looking them over to see if perchance any girl or woman I had ever known was among them, and finding none, I determined to keep the list and endeavor to discover how, in all the catalogue of mysterious, any one, particularly a Cuban lady, happened to know my tune. In leisure hours that followed, I sought information about every lady on the list, and learned a little about three or four, but nothing of interest. I was introduced to one who stopped at the same hotel with me, but she told me she never had learned a tune in her life.

I might have forgotton the matter had it not have been that one night as I leaned against a pole at the edge of the ring, ready for the time when I should crack my first joke, a lady, one of a large party of people passing by to their seats, hummed a phrase of that identical tune almost literally in my ear. I turned quickly, the line of people passed along, and then I called "madam" "senora," calling as I ran to attract the singer. Strangely, as it seems to me, again I could not tell who it was among the half dozen women, following one after another close together, that had sung that snatch of my musical property. I touched the foremost one on the arm and said, "are you American?" when her escort, a powerful black-muzzled man, struck me squarely in the face and felled me to the ground. I cannot describe the excitement that followed; it was almost a riot. The ringmaster made matters worse by explaining that I was perpetrating an American joke. Then he calmed the people by saying that I thought I had recognized a long lost sister.

Two days afterward, as I was hurrying to reach the ship which was to take us to Havana, not merely a phrase of that now mysterious tune of mine, but the entire air rang out upon my ear.

My porter was rushing on with my bags, a block ahead. Futhermore my best clothing was in one of the bags, and in my coat pocket was nearly every cent I had in the world. It was necessary for me to keep as close to him as possible, for I had no knowledge of his character. Indeed, I was already late for the vessel. While I passed, the last note of my tune was sung. I tried to look in the windows of the big building from which the music issued. I could not they were too high. I ran to the door and pounded on it. It was opened by a negro. I asked him who had been singing in there. He grinned and said: in words I cannot repeat and that gave me a shock as severe as any I ever felt, that he supposed some woman locked up in there had regaled me. It was a jail.

I was just in time to go aboard, and we reached Havana and played in that capital two weeks. *I* made valuable friends in the city's commercial circles, and when the show broke up and embarked for New Orleans *I* resigned and became the interpreter and English clerk in a shipping office. *I* remained there several years, speculated in tobacco and whatever else offered a chance of profit, prospered greatly, and was happier and more comfortable than ever before in my life.

For a long time, certainly, during two years, *I* constantly compared my list of feminine names with whatever names of woman *I* saw on every written or printed sheet. I knew my list by heart; Mendez, Alvarez, Ojaro, and so on to the end, but I never reason to believe that any name *I* ran across was that of one of that load of passengers among which was my sweet but practical chorister.

In time *I* fell in love with a charming senorita in Havana, a lady who did for me what Katharine did for Henry V—charmed me with her English tongue—for she had been educated in New York and spoke English perfectly *In* the sweet ecstasy of love that she begot in me *I* forgot my quest. *I* lost all care for my list. *I* even let my pretty hymn tune slip from my mind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAVED BY SWIFT RUNNING.

At Inkermann, one of the most stubbornly fought battles of the Crimean war, a young officer, who had learned at Eton not much from books but a good deal from its sports, was surrounded and made prisoner. While going to the rear in charge of two stalwart Russians, he looked at their long coats and said to himself, "They can't run." Watching his opportunity, he knocked one soldier head over heels, threw the other, by a wrestler's trick, into the mud, and took to his heels. Before his guardians were on their legs and could fire, he had got over a good piece of ground. A Russian lancer made at him; he ran as if leading an Eton foot-race, and cleared a good-sized fence. The lancer cleared it after him, and with lance fixed pressed the fugitive hard. A swollen brook, running fiercely, barred his way. It was seventeen feet wide, but the old Etonian had won the "long jump" when at school having cleared nineteen feet over Chalvey ditch. He now jumped the brook; the lancer refused to follow, and the young officer ran back into the English lines.—Ex.

HOW GLADSTONE EATS.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone ascribes his splendid health and longevity, to having early learned one simple physiological lesson, viz; to make twenty five bites at every bit of meat. Although the twenty-five bites might not make any impression on the meat, in some cases the interesting process of counting in every mouthful must be a species of rumination very diverting to the mind, and congenial to the statistical bent of the great treasurer minister. For the mastication, however, shaving the meat off thin across the fibre with a sharp knife would be more effective and more favorable to sociability at meals. Most people cut it in chunks, and swallow it, after a treatment that is merely lubricative, like that of a serpent.—*Ex.*

A building has been begun on Broadway, New York, by Austin Corbin, which will be the tallest for its width in the country. The front is only twenty two feet, yet it will be eight stories in height.

PUNGENT SNUFF.

NOT THAT SMITH.

A plainly-dressed man who introduced himself as Mr. John Smith walked into a doctor's office, and having explained his symptoms, asked how long it would take to cure him. The doctor, who had treated the visitor with every possible courtesey, replied: "You will require several year's careful treatment under my personal supervision before you are perfectly well; but I think Mr. Smith, you will be able to resume your labors in the bank in about two months." "Doctor, you are fooling yourself. I am not Smith the banker, but Smith the street-car-driver." "Is that so? Well, my good fellow, I don't see what you came to me for. There's nothing the matter with you, except that you are not a banker."—Texas *Siftings.*

ROBBING RIVER BANKS.

"I see in the paper," remarked Mrs Snaggs, "that some river thieves have been arrested."

"Yes," replied her husband, hatlessly.

"It's a good thing they are arrested Think how Pittsburg would suffer if they had stolen the Allegheny or the Ohio."—Pittsburg *Chronicle.*

ONE BRIEF YEAR.

She—My darling, it seems such a little while since we entered this house to begin life together. The glad springtime had just begun, the air was vocal with birds and fragrant with flowers; yet, just think, it's almost a year.

He—That's so. I received a notice from the landlord this morning that if I wanted to stay in this house I'd better come around and renew the lease. He's going to raise the rent on me, too Yes, its nearly a year.—Omaha *World.*

THE COBWEB.

"No, James," said a young wife, "I don't like that house we looked at, why there isn't a cobweb in the whole pantry."

"What do you want a cobweb in the pantry for?" asked her husband.

"Why, to hang the spiders on to be sure."

PEACE BY COMPULSION.

Fred D———, five years old, had to learn a verse to recite at Sunday School. His verse was, "Blessed are the peacemakers." He did not exactly understand what it meant, and his mother explained it to him that whenever he saw two boys quarreling or fighting he must be a little peacemaker and try and stop them.

The next night as he was being undressed he said: "Mamma, I was a little peacemaker to day."

"Were you?" said his mother; "how?"

"I saw two little boys fighting in the street, and I stopped them."

"That's a good boy," said the mother giving him a kiss; "and how did you part them?"

"Why, I just ran up and fired stones at them till they stopped fighting and ran away.—Boston *Globe.*

A NEW TEST.

I know a married couple who have a bright child, who I presume was heard her father pitch into her mother about those buttons or socks or something, and I suppose she stored up the knowledge to make a point on her mother. Anyway, they were at breakfast and the little girl was rather quiet. Suddenly she spoke up in a very severe tone:

"Mamma! Are you a moral woman?"

"What do you ask such an extraordinary question for? I hope I am."

"Well, you didn't darn my socks last week."—San Francisco *Chronicle.*

Even throwing kisses is attended with more risks than is generally supposed. A Waterbury, Connecticut, doctor has discovered this to his sorrow. While thus engaged on the rear platform of a railroad train the brakeman shut the door, so badly mashing the doctor's fingers that he is now a prosecutor in a suit for $1,000 damages.

PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington *Star.*

It is expected that 2,000 delegates will attend the Democratic State Convention in Tennessee.

Mr. M. W. Fuller is said to make $25,000 or more yearly by his law practice. As Chief Justice he will receive $10,000.

The Republicans in the Senate have determined not to confirm Mr. Fullers appointment until after the Presidential Conventions have met.

It is thought that the 1,500 saloons of Philadelphia will be reduced to not more than 1,200 as soon as the high license goes into effect on the 1st June next.

Republican Chairman Jones is talking in New York. He says Blaine will oppose Cleveland. He might have added—and be distanced in the race.

The Chief Justice elect it seems comes of a family of lawyers. A sketch of him says:

"His father and his father's brothers were lawyers. One of his grandfathers was a lawyer and a Judge of Probate. His mother's brother was a lawyer. His maternal grandfather was Chief Justice of the Court of common Pleas of the Middle District of Maine; and after the separation of Maine from Massachusetts was appointed one of the Judges of the supreme Court of the State of Maine, and he afterward became the Chief Justice of that Court."

Mrs. Frances Murray, of New York, died by swallowing her false teeth, plate and all. She was laughing at the fun of her husband. After several days the whole was extracted from her throat but the esophagus was mutilated and internal hemorrhage occurred.

The late Kentucky Legislature passed 1,571 bills. There were 84 resolutions adopted. About 100 bills became laws by lapse of time, the Governor declining to approve and not caring to veto them. He vetoed 60 bills. Kentucky suffers much from the one man power. No doubt many of the bills ought to have been vetoed, and probably this applies also to many that were approved.

Mr. Watterson, of the Louisvillle *Courier-Journal*, knowing how wilful and bad was his son, refused to rescue him when he was lodged in the barracks for plunging his knife into the body of a young widow who refused to accompany him to an entertainment. Editor Watterson telegraphed to his friends not to interfere, but to let the law take its course. It was not the boy's first devilish manifestation.

Some days ago we told of the duel in Mexico and the wounding of Miss. Le Moore, she saying it was done before she had a chance to fire. Here is the sequel as telegraphed from St. Louis:

"In this duel Miss Le Moore was shot through the shoulder, but recovered in a few days, and last evening, closely veiled went to the house of her hated rival, and, meeting her at the gate, shot her dead. Returning home she proudly boasted of the crime. She was soon after placed under arrest. As a revolver was found on the person of the murdered woman, it is believed that she, too, was awaiting an opportunity to finish the work of the duel."

Were we not correct when we said either of these fire eaters would make the right sort of a wife for a cowboy.

In 1884 Blaine received 282 electoral votes and Cleveland 319—37 majority. In 1888, with his good, honest, patriotic record Cleveland ought to beat the badly "tattooed man" from Maine at least 100 votes The revolt among honest Republicans ought to be great enough to secure that desired result. The popular vote was 4,848,334 for Blaine, and 4,911,017 for Cleveland—a majority of 62,683. It ought to be a half million this year. Mr. Tilden carried the country by 156,900 over all the candidates and 250,707 over Hayes.

One hundred and twelve years ago the American Congress met in Pennsylvania. It no longer meets in Pennsylvania, but it is understood that nothing of consequence is done during its sessions until Pennsylvania is consulted.—Louisville *Courier Journal.*