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Allen G. Thurman

No doubt he's old, as we are told,
But not a man is fitter;
His heart is young, his mind is strong
And still his bright eyes glitter.
Then let the cry be loud and high,
From Maine to Louisana!
Three cheers for the grand old Roman,
And the turkey-red bandanna!

As good as gold, this man must hold
First place in our affection;
As true as steel, we all must feel
Impelled in his direction.
Then let the shout ring loudly out,
And raise the flaming banner!
Three cheers for the grand old Roman!
Hurrah for the red bandanna!

Right at the front he bore the blunt
Of many a hard fought battle,
And stood when shoals of weaker souls
Ran off like frightened cattle.
Let every voice applaud our choice,
And sing a strong hosanna!
Three cheers for the grand old Roman!
Hurrah for the red bandanna!

This man would grace the highest place
To which he might be beckoned;
Therefore, you see, good cause that he
Should rightly fill the second.
Then let the cry ring loud and high,
From York to Indiana!
Three cheers for the noble Roman,
And the turkey-red bandanna!

N. Y. *Sun.*

THE END CROWNS ALL.

BY EDEN ATHERTON.

I.

How the wind roars, as it rushes through the trees! How it tugs at the branches, and set the leaves by the ears, and makes them hustle and jostle and crowd each other! Oh, he is a willy fellow, this wind. He can sigh, if he choose, like an ill-used lover, he can whisper airy nothings, that creep tantalizingly into the ears like the half-lost tinking of distant sleigh-bells; he can flirt, and toy, and coquette with the blushing red vines that go climbing up the tree-trunks, and, verily, one might think him gallantry itself, if one did not know.

But he is a very different fellow to-day. He is rude to the clinging vine, and rough and boisterous with the fluttering leaves, that tremble, and crouch, and turn out their paler faces at his unkind behavior. With what savage glee he flouts along the road, and sends the dry dust flying every which way; then in a twinkling he is over the fence, playing a wild game of hide-and-seek in and out of the snow-white skirts a drying on the lines, and touching them up here and there with shadows, deftly drawn in dry road-dust. He laughs, slyly, and gives a merry whistle as he turns the corner of the house, whisking off a loose blind as he goes. Now down the road again, and—what have we here? Why, great rain-drops, not pouring yet, but plashing here and there, like frightened frogs going back to their pond. Here is fine sport! There will be umbrellas up, directly, and woe betide them! There is one, now—Puff! See it pointing skyward, with all its wiry tips, every one; ha, ha, sport indeed! Not gallant sport, though, Mr. Wind; not good-natured sport, for you haven't selected an old curmudgeon for your victim, who would have been well paid for his many grumblings at the weather, by having something real to trouble him at last, but a poor struggling little girl, with tear in her blue eyes, and her pellow curls blowing about as if half mad with despair. It was cowardly, Mr. Wind; cowardly and cruel!

But the elements are out for a good time this afternoon. See that jagged flash of light run playfully down through the black cloud yonder. Crash! What a din!—as if all the guns in Gibralta had gone off together. What will the poor little traveler do now, think you? Ah, what can she do, but weep, and sob, and tremble, and hurry on, desperately.

How it mutters at her, the ugly thunder. Away off behind her it growls, and rumbles, and fires itself off in spiteful volleys; and then it runs angrily along over her head, and waits for her; and seeing how pale she is, it darts a spiteful tongue at her, and roars again! Oh, home, where are you? Bang! Down goes the great apple-tree, not a hundred yards away, and the lightning dances about it like a red-eyed witch—oh, pitty her—the little limbs give way, and with a hopeless moan she sinks, face down, in the road. Only for a moment, though; for two strong arms are around her, and she is being borne swiftly on, to the shelter of a friendly hut that stands just inside the border of the wood across the way. None too soon, either for now the rain is coming down in earnest. Sheets of it come streaming down, and rush along the road in little rivers; a soaking rain; a tempestuous, violent, unreasonable rain, that there is no arguing with. "Sit down, curly head, upon the log yonder, and don't be frightened, for you are safe now. To be sure, there is no floor to our cabin, but everything is dry here; the rain beats with surly persistence on the roof, but it cannot come in, so cheer up!" She is sobbing still, poor darling, as if her throbbing heart would break, and the strong arms will not let her go yet from their protecting grasp, for she is clinging wildly to them, and wetting them with her tears. How the yellow curls hang dripping dismally, over her shoulders; and the little mouth, that seems made only for smiles and kisses, is drawn down into a bow that would be comical, if it were not so pathetically sad.

"Don't cry, pussy; I won't let anything hurt you."

It is a boyish voice that speaks, but so quiet, so reassuring is his tone, that it quells her sobbing in a moment, and looks up into the bright young face that bends over hers' as if to say, "I believe you, every word."

The face was so kind, that she kept looking at it for a long time, without speaking. By and by, she heaved a sigh, and said:

"I want to go home."

"So you shall," said the boyish voice, "as soon as the rain is over."

They seemed to fit into the scene, as they sat there, like the figures in well-drawn picture. A boy of thirteen, perhaps; well made and study for his years, with dark-brown hair, and eyes almost black. His face was earnest, for a boy's face and cut firmly, if not handsomly. There was determination in the chin, resolution in the eyes, intelligence everywhere. The girl was surely five years younger; and how pretty she was! The boy thought, as knelt with his arms around her, that he had never seen anything quite so pretty, not even excepting his own mother.

The color began to come back to the pale cheeks, and tinted them like a ripe peach; and the eyes were deeply, lustrously blue that he could not look away so strongly did they draw him. She was daintily dressed, too; evidently neither money nor pains had been spared to make her as like a princess as could be. The boy look down at his own well-worn clothes and bare feet with a quick pang at the contrast.

"Please, said she, presently, "I would rather you would not hug me any more."

He let her go, and rose to his feet, still looking her with all his might.

"What makes you stare so?"

"Because you are so—so—lovely!" he said, bringing out the last word in a gasp. She was only half his age, but was far more at her ease than he. Nor did she seem at all embarrassed by his admiration; she only smiled, and said:

"You aren't very lovely, but I like you."

"Were you very much scared?" he asked.

"Indeed I was," she cried, her mouth threatening to go into a bow again; "and I think you are real good."

"Well, I wasn't going to see you get wet, if I could help it," he protested, stoutly. Then, with more confidence: "What is your name, and where do you live, little girl?"

"My name is Edith Andrews Everett, and I live at No. 42 Blank Street, Boston."

"Boston!"

"Oh, I don't live there to-day, you funny boy; I live there when I am home."

"And where do you live to-day?" he inquired, with a smile.

"In a big house with a lion in the front of it, and I got tired playing horse with cousin Freddy, so I ran away."

"With an umbrella to keep off the sun, I suppose?"

"Oh, that was mamma's parasol—and now I have lost it!" No mistake about the boy now, nor the tears that made their way down toward it.

"Never mind," said the boy; "we won't go home without it. I know just where it lies. Now don't you want to know my name?"

"Oh, yes. It's Johnny, isn't it?"

"No, it's Tom."

"Well, I suppose it's Thomas Lyndall, to grown people, but it's Tom for short."

"Then Tom, won't you tell me a story, like a good boy?"

This was startling, but he was bound to please her, and made shift to repeat some of the old nursery tales that his mother had often recited to him. They were not amiss, for when he slipped the track, his audience brought him up with a round turn and set him right, being plainly more familiar with the facts than he himself was. It did not seem long when the rain stopped, and the sun came out. Indeed, when Tom said it was time to be going, Edith pouted and said she wanted another story. So Tom did as he was bidden, only bargaining that this should be last. When it was finished Edith gave a little sigh, and said:

"Now, we'll go home."

But it was muddy and wet in the road, and Tom could not think of letting her wade; for he took her in his arms again. She clasped her dimpled arms about his neck, and off they set; not forgetting to call on the way for the parasol, which was a sad wreck of its former self. Tom knew well enough where the big house with a lion in front of it was. He had often been there to sell his berries, and as often had stood looking at it, wondering if some day he should be rich enough to live in such a palace. One the way it was Edith who gave rein to her tongue, and a busy prattler she proved to be. She told him scores of tales about her dear nurse and her cousin Freddy, and the thousand one games they played together. Then she pulled a long string of colored buttons from her pocket, and said he must give her just one, and then she should have a hundred. Now buttons on boy's clothes are generally scarce, but at some sacrifice of comfort Tom spared one.

"It isn't pretty," said Edith; "but I shall always think of Tom when I count that batton."

"Now I want something to remember Edith by," said Tom.

"But I haven't anything, except my buttons, and you don't want those."

"I tell you what I should like, and that is a piece of your curl here; may I?"

"Why, of course," laughed Edith; "I've plenty more."

Tom stood her carefully upon the stone wall that ran along by the side of the road, and taking out a hideous-looking jack-knife, sawed at the beautiful hair until he had cut off quite a lock of it. Edith looked at him askance, as he carefully made a roll of it around his finger, and put it away with boyish tenderness in an ancient-looking wallet that he produced from somewhere or other; and then as he put out his arms for her again, she looked straight into his eyes, and said:

"You may take a kiss, too, if you like, Tom."

Tom was very red, all at once, but he took a kiss, right from the reddest part of the pursed-up lips, and then they trudged on again.

How short the time seemed, when the lion came in sight. Up the wide, gravelly carriage-road, that wound around among stately trees and gorgeous flowers, went Tom and his passenger. The great bronze knocker on the front door frowned at them as they came up but Tom bravely smote the scowling face with three sounding knocks. The door opend, and out rushed a little woman in a black dress and a white cap, and seized Edith, crying all the time for very joy.

"Why, where have you been so long, darling? How could you run away, and drive your poor old nurse almost crazy?"

"Oh, I'm sorry; but I was caught in the rain, and Tom told me stories; and I'm not wet, hardly a bit' for he carried me all the way."

"It was very kind in Tom, indeed,' said the nurse, eying his bare feet a little doubtfully; "and if he will wait a moment till I speak to mamma, he shall have something for his trouble!"

"No," said Tom, proudly. "Good-bye, Edith."

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked, her eyes full of surprise.

Tom looked at the nurse, who nodded at him, for she had a warm heart for boys; and thus assured, he knelt down, and once more put his lips to the rosey ones that were smiling up at him. Her arms around her neck again, and her damp curls brushing his cheek, she whispered,

"Good-bye, dear Tom!"

Then he turned away, and with the closing of the great door she vanished from his sight; but from his memory that moment never faded. Ever through the after years came to him in his loneliest hours a vision of a blue-eyed princes whose kiss fell softly on his lips, and whose whisper sounded in his heart like the murmuring of a soft, summer breeze.

Tom's home was a rose-burried cottage, a mile or so from Bradley village. There he had lived more than half his life with his mother, of whose goodness and beauty he was never tired of thinking. City-born and bred, she had chosen this rustic home as a place of retirement, after an affliction that had turned her flaxen hair to silver, but had taken nothing from her beauty. With her pen and her needle, so skillful was she with them both, she was able to keep Tom and herself in comfort, and could even spare the time to give her boy a thorough education under her own eye, for their goal was Harvard. She was a lovely mother, not only in disposition and in manner, but in face and figure. Not much taller now than Tom himself, in his sturdy boyhood, there was a grace and dignity about her that gave her the air of a queen. Her eyes were a deep blue, almost like Edith's, as Tom said to himself; and fringed with lashes long and sweeping. The pallor of earlier days had given place in her cheeks to a soft flush, like sunshine filtered through the fingers of a child. But though Tom was so much with his mother, and so fond of her, he was none the less a boy; and he led the youngsters of the village in their roughest sports. Whenever any practical joke of unusual audacity was perpetrated, the villagers with one accord gave Tom the credit for it, but with so much quiet enjoyment that their friendliness for the author was not to be doubted. Thus, in work and play, the years went on until Tom, having successfully passed the examination, became a Harvard freshman; and here, lest details should weary, let us step on the magic carpet, and leap four years of time in the twinkling of an eye.

II.

Class day at Harvard is a day to be remembered; and for Tom it was doubly so; for not only was he to be the poet of the occassion, but his mother, whom he had seen but little since he entered college, had come, with the rest of the world, to listen to his recitation. What a bouquet of bonnets and faces! Everybody was there, listening and ready to laugh at all the good hits. One little lady in an indescribable hat and a fluffy white dress decked with blue ribbons, seemed particularly interested and delighted as Tom rolled out his rhymes, and clapped her hands as often and as loudly as she could, leaning eagerly forward so as not to lose a word. But when Tom caught her eye, how her face lighted up, to be sure! It was as if a hundred prisms had flashed upon you all at once. Who should it be but Edeth? Tom knew her, and could not for bear sending her a smile; and as he went on, he looked right at her, and spoke so eloquently that the people set a storm of applause. Once only had met her since that stormy day, seven years before. He was in his wayside hut, a few months before the beginning of his college days, roasting sweet potatoes for a lunch, on his way home from a visit to his tutor, when who should peep in but Edith. She was larger, more mischevious and prettier, but otherwise the same as before; and she had run away again; but this time it was from her boarding-school, where they had locked her in her room for impertinence to one of the professors. Being brave and agile, she climbed out of the window and fled from the neighborhood. Tom was at some pains to see her back again, and plead for her pardon. On the way, instead of telling her stories, he had made nonsense rhymes for her benefit; and be it remarked that on this occasion there had been no exchange of kisses, albeit the friendship had ripened apace.

Tom had another interested friend in the audience that day, in the person of Mr. Osborne, a gentlemen who had chanced upon him at a musical gathering, and had taken him to his heart forthwith. He was a lawyer of good practice, and a bachelor; and Tom was much surprised, when the morning exercises were over, to see him seek out Mrs. Lyndall, and pilot her toward her son. More surprised was he, when he felt himself pushed into a room crowded with his friends, and up to a table loaded with goods things.

"This is Tom's spread," remarked Mr. Osborne to Tom's mother. "It's all right." The young man himself was too greatly amazed to say much, but did what justice he could to the occasion, and then with some incoherent thanks to his generous friend, hurried away to the sports "around the tree." After he had rah-rah-rah'd himself hoarse, and with his hands full of flowers, was waiting to see whom he should favor, he spied Edith, smiling and nodding at him. He hurried to her, heaped the flowers in her lap, then stood looking at her, with hardly a word to say. She had grown surprisingly tall, and was prettier than ever; and she shattered her congratulations in a way that was most captivating. She reminded him slyly of the last time they had met, and asked him to make another nonsense rhyme on the spot. At this challenge, Tom was himself again, and at once scribbled on her fan.—Therewas a young lady I knew; her eyes were bewitchingly blue; her hair, it was yellow, and what could a fellow, not blessed with a piece of it, do?" She laughed gayly, and said he should never have a second piece, to compare with his other specimens. Then, as he took his leave, she bade him good-bye, for as she ruefully said, she was "off for Vassar, three years of endurance vile."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tammany Hall Burned.

Tammany Hall, of New York, the time-honored headquarters of the oldest social and political organization in the Union—the famous wigwam whose braves point proudly to a history that is older than the Constitution itself—had its babtism of fire on Wednesday morning, the 6th. inst. The *Star*, speaking of Tammany, says:

Little else than the walls of the historic building were saved. This, however, will not prevnt the wigwam from taking its share in the general glorification over the result of the National Convention at St. Louis. The fires of Tammany will be kept burning as of yore, its banners flying, its transparencies lighted and its 60 000 followers, energetic and enthusiastic, will word like heroes untill the close of the polls on Election day, to make doubly sure the re-election of Grover Cleveland.

The old hall will be rebuilt for the Tammany treasury is rich. That treasury has supplied the sinews of war for many a presidential campaign, and loyal Tammany votes have always been depended on to swell the majority by which the Democracy, when in fighting trim, can sweep the Empire state. Long before the real work of election begins the wigwam, rehabilitated and redecorated, its great hall draped with the banners of all the States, will resound with the music of the campaign, and with the eloquence of the Democratic leaders.

HUMOROUS.

Down on the seashore a single wave from a pretty woman's handkerchief will attract more attention than all the waves of old ocean put togetner.—Texas Siftings.

"When I look at the congregation, said a London preacher, "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the offertory in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich?'"—Living Church.

Father.—"I learn with sorrow my son, that you are getting to be very fast." Son.—"You've been misinformed, father my tailor says I'm the slowest man he has got on his books."

"I shall have to tell your father." Eight-year-old youngster—"I don't care for that; my father isn't my boss. "Who is, my lad my?" "Mother is; she makes us both stand round at home."

Anxious Father—Why, what's the matter?

Little Son—Me an' Dick was playing' we was Abe Lincoln an' splittin' rails; an' w'en we got that big board all chopped up mamma came out an' took the wood in the house for kindlin'.

"But you didn't want the wood did you?"

"No-o."

"Then what are you crying for?"

"I've just found out I—I ain't been playin" I—I've been workin" —boo' boo!"—Omaha World.

A Great Commercial Truth.

Johnny (whose father is an editor) —Say, Mr. Storekeeper, do you keep sugar, coffee, tea, calico and things?

Storekeeper—Certainly, my boy.

Johnny—Yes, and pa says you will keep 'em unless you advertise.—Tid Bits.

His Enjoyment Interfered With.

"That sermon was the finest effort I ever hear," said a man on his way home from church. "I wouldn't have missed it for $20."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, John," said his wife.

"Yes', I enjoyed it; but there was one thing that annoyed me."

"What was that, John?"

"I had no change in my pocket less than a half dollar for the contribution box.—New York Sun.

Caught at Last.

"It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself in your office balancing your books at night, John," said an affectionate wife.

"It is, my darling."

"I have been thinking about it for some time and now I have got a delightful surprise for you."

"A delightful surprise?"

"Yes, dear. I sent for my mother yesterday, and I expect her every minute. I mean to have her stay with us quite a while. She will take care of the house at night and look after the children, and I can go down town and sit in your office with you while you work."

"The dev—— that is to say I couldn't think of you going down town.——"

"It is my duty, dear John. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh, John, forgive me! Forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go with you to-night."

"To-night? Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night."

"Oh, you did? How delightful! And you can now stay at home every evening! I'm so glad!"

And the delighted wife ran off to make preparation for the reception of her mother, while her husband with sombre brow sat staring at the coals in the grate, in which he could see the picture of a mother-in-law's reproving face and a poker party with a vacant chair.

A devilfish or ocean vampire was accidentially caught, near Tampico Mexico, in a fishing scene recently. Ropes were thrown around the monster, and by the aid of horses it was drawn to the shore. It weighed two tons, and, when spread out on the beach dead, presented every appearance of an enormous bat or vampire. It measured fifteen feet long and seventeen feet wide from the edges of the pectoral fins, and its mouth was five feet across. A number of them had been seen for some time, but all efforts to each one had proved futile.

There is a way to enrich our lands that is by plowing often and raising clover, and all of us can keep more stock and make manure if we will only try. We can increase our forage crop each year by a little calculation before hand.