Select Poetry.

Father Do Not Drink Again.

Fill up the bowl for I am weary,
Fill it full to the brim;
All around me is dreary,
Every star of hope is dim.
Hopes the fairest all have perished,
Comfort, comfort, sparkling wine!
Since I've naught of earth to cherish
Unto thee I will resign.

Fill up, comrade, fill up higher,
It will swell my heart with glee;
What, though hell should purge its fire,
It is all the same to me:
Comrade, curse the world forever,
In this bowl I have a friend;
We will drink a parting never
Till the shaft of death shall rend.

Comrade, hark! I hear a whisper,
Listen! oh! how sweet she sings;
'Tis my little sainted Mary!
See, she softly spreads her wings,
Nearer, nearer she is stealing,
Oh! my heart has lost its pain;
Comrade, do you hear her breathing?
"Father, do not drink again."

THOMAS MANAHAN.

The Massachusetts Constable.

How doth the keen State Constable
Scent every passing breeze,
And calculates with wondrous care
Where it will do to seize!

How artfully he shuns hotels,—
How near he plies his nose
Upon the doors of fish-houses
Who pay no heavy tax!

How skillfully he gives the law
A little healthy "play,"
By shutting down on lager bier
And letting up next day!

"None Knew Him But To Love Him."

None knew him but to love him
Because he was a good fellow;
None named him but to praise him,
Although he often was mellow.
They knew him but to love him,
As he found out to his sorrow,
When from all who named and praised him
Not a dollar could he borrow.

Miscellaneous

BERTY BATEMAN.

BY OSCAR MOORE.

An arrival from a large city always causes considerable talk in a small village; and thus it was, when a prepossessing young man, Mr. Freemore, visited the little village of Lakeville, N. H., and put up at the only hotel in the place. When he arrived he appeared to be acquainted with no one, but soon made himself agreeable to all, especially the Bateman family, where he soon became a frequent visitor.

It was unmistakably evident that Berty was the great attraction, and she was worthy of it. Those dark, mischievous eyes, and red, pouting lips, around which was continually playing a most bewitching smile, would have made the heart of an anchorite flutter with emotions of love. She seemed to have been made to love, and all who came into her presence could not help coming to the same conclusion.

Her father was a real New England farmer, ever ready for a joke, and as mischievous and good natured as his daughter. His wife loved fun as well as he, and often played some of the most laughable jokes upon him. There was another member of this happy family, about a year older than Berty, but he was in Europe, where he had been for the last three years.

Before the arrival of the stranger, mentioned above, Harry Chester had been a frequent visitor of Berty's, and it was noised about the village that they were soon to be married; but, although he had often had his studied speeches on the "end of his tongue," he could never summon boldness enough to ask her to become his wife. With despair he saw the familiarity springing up between Mr. Freemore and the one he loved. Nothing daunted, he continued his advances, and found he was not utterly excluded from her affections; but he thought she bestowed too many favors upon Mr. Freemore to have any love for himself.

Thus matters stood when, one evening, some of the young folks of the village proposed to have a picnic. The proposition was eagerly taken up, and the day on which to have it was decided. The evening after the decision was made Harry Chester called on Miss Bateman, and asked to have the pleasure of her company to the picnic.

"Mr. Freemore stopped here this morning, Mr. Chester," said Berty, a sad smile passing over her usually mischievious looking face, "and gave me a very polite invitation to go with him, which I accepted."

"Ah!" said Harry, in a sorrowful tone. "I was flattering myself with the thought that I would have the honor of taking you."

"Well, I am really sorry," said Berty, regaining her lively tone, "but I think you can find a young lady whose society will afford you fully as much pleasure as mine could."

Harry left the house in no enviable state of mind. He was uncertain whether she was making a perfect fool of him, or was really sorry because she could not favor both her lovers.

The sun was just rising from behind the eastern hills when the picnic party started. There were two large four-horse wagons and several light buggies. Mr. Freemore and Berty Bateman were seated on one of the latter, and Harry Chester and Miss Nellie Vane in another.

Nellie was a pretty, blue-eyed girl, shy and quiet, but a very agreeable companion, withal. Her pouting lips seemed to invite Harry's to touch them, which they frequently did, and both appeared to like it exceedingly. Harry's happiness would have been complete if he could have had Berty Bateman instead of the blushing Nellie. They spent the day very pleasantly beneath the cooling shade of a large grove, about ten miles from Lakeville, and it was near dark when they started for home.

"Parker," said the driver of the first wagon, when they had gone a short distance, "shall we go back by way of the old turnpike?"

"Yes," answered Parker, "in the light of the moon which I see rising over yonder, the rocks and precipices will look grand."

"You only want to kill us all," cried one of the girls, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Go ahead," screamed Berty Bateman, from the rear; "run that wagon load down the bank!"

It was finally decided to go on the old turnpike. Some of the girls demurred. "Something would happen—you know there have been so many accidents." Their murmuring was interrupted by several hearty kisses, which were unceremoniously administered to them, and merriment was again restored to the party.

The scenery was indeed grand as viewed by moonlight. On the East Lower cast lofty rocks upon the rugged rocks above, which, at times, looked as if about to fall down the steep precipices, revealing the dark valleys below. In several places a wall of granite reared itself on one side of the road some thirty feet in height, and a precipice, about sixty feet deep, occupied the other side, making the road so narrow that one vehicle could not pass another without extreme danger.

Our party was passing slowly by one of these places, when the rapid tramping of a horse's feet, mingled with the agonizing scream of a female, was heard in the rear. All turned, and saw, with alarm, Mr. Freemore's horse and wagon coming down the road at a fearful rate, endangering the life of the only occupant, Berty Bateman. Harry Chester instantly saw how matters stood, so, knowing Nellie to be a good driver, he threw her the reins and rushed to the edge of the precipice, which he reached just in time to drag the fainting form from the wagon. On rushed the frantic horse, and in an instant more he disappeared down the rocky ledge. Crash! went the wagon against the rocks; then there was a loud crash, followed by a prolonged groan, and all was still.

For a moment not a sound was heard except the continual noise of the cricket, and the sighing of the night breeze through the trees. All seemed to be awed by the marvellous rescue which had been effected. Their senses soon returned, and they began to crowd around the rescuer and rescue. Berty had fainted, but a little cold water, which trickled through a crevice in the rocky wall near by, being sprinkled in her face, soon brought about the wished for result. At this moment Mr. Freemore came rushing down the road.

"Has she gone?" he cried in an agonized tone, "is she dead?"

"No, Freemore, I am all right," returned Berty, disengaging herself from Harry's embrace.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Mr. Freemore, clasping her to his heart, and a fervent "Amen!" came from all.

Three rousing cheers were then given in honor of Harry's prompt action, followed by many ejaculations of praise.

"Harry," said Mr. Freemore, extending his hand, "may heaven bless you! I shall never be able to repay this act of kindness; but, as a small recompense, you may have Berty for your wife as soon as you want her!"

Harry looked up, astounded. It seemed to him that that was a very delicate question to decide.

"I mean what I say," continued that gentleman, a mysterious smile playing round his moustached mouth.

"Let me explain," said Berty, advancing. "This is my brother, Freemore Bateman?"

If the country about them had suddenly become a level plain, the party would not have been more astonished. Harry Chester was dumbfounded and mortified.

"No wonder she loved Freemore," thought he. "A girl generally loves her brother. And I've been such a fool as to be jealous of him!"

"Now, Harry," continued Berty, you have my warmest gratitude—"

"No more than that?" asked he.

"Well, my warmest *love*, then, and I shall try to compensate for the timely assistance you lent me—"

"Then you have no objections to becoming my wife," said Harry, gaining courage.

Berty remained silent.

"I'll answer that question," said her brother; you can have her. But come," he continued, "it's after midnight, so let us get on our way."

Nellie Vane readily excused Harry, and accepted Freemore Bateman. Room was made for them in one of the large wagons, while Harry conducted his betrothed to his light buggy. He was now what might be called "all right." He had the girl he loved beside him, and the past two weeks of torment which he had been subjected to, was amply repaid by the pleasure he experienced in her company.

"Berty," said he, "tell me how Freemore happened to be out of the wagon when the horse ran away."

"Well, I dropped my pocket handkerchief, and while Freemore ran back to get it the horse took fright and started down the road."

"Now there is one thing more I would like to know. Why did you torment me with a scandalous joke"

"Hear him!" laughed Berty; I don't think there was any scandalousness about it. Freemore played a joke on us, so I thought I would play one on you. I got him to stay at the hotel to keep up appearance but act as a lover of mine. It had ended all right, Harry, and I hope you will forgive me this time."

"You are forgiven," replied Harry, pressing a kiss on her pouting lips.

About a month after the event above related a large wedding took place in the little village of Lakeville. The poor unfortunate Harry often gets some aggravating jokes played on him by his young and blooming wife, which he tries hard to repay, but in vain. Now, kind reader, hoping he may some day succeed, we leave them in their happy state.

What is the difference between young ladies and looking glasses? The former speaks without reflecting, the latter reflects without speaking.

How the Fair Ones Manage Fairs.

A correspondent of the Lousiville *Democrat* gives a bit of his experience as follows:

My last letter was dated at Chicago. I don't expect to date another from that enterprising city. My malevolent star must have been in the ascendant, else I never should have wandered out to Chicago. I had no particular business there, only to fish, and was under the impression that I could catch them in a bucket at the hydrants strictly forgetting all about the great lake tunnel.

My first visit to Chicago was in my tender years, in 1856. It was the time when Chicago took such a sudden rise on jack screws. By these machines they raised the whole city, house by house, some two or three feet.

I know all about various confidence games, but consider myself just as likely to be taken in by the simplest of them as the veriest greenhorn of Posey County. How often these sharpers must have bewailed their bad luck at my not having plenty of money.

With all my experience I dropped into a fair held for the benefit of some confounded society or another. I thought I would expend a dollar or two, and see what was going on. So I bought myself a ticket and slid in. I went to a table where refreshments were sold and called for some oysters, chicken salad and coffee. A beautiful siren with big black eyes, little white hands and a most bewitching mouth, spread the edibles before me. I don't know how it was, but I felt a strong affinity for that ministring angel at once. While eating and drinking and devouring her with my eyes in the meantime, we struck up a scattering conversation. At last I arose and handed her a five dollar bill. She put it in a box and forgot to give me the change, but instead thereof a sweet smile, unto me saying:

"Are you a stranger in Chicago?"

"Yes, madam, I am from Kentucky."

"Is it possible? I am a Kentuckian, also."

"Ah! I knew it."

The reply was whispered, but it produced a faint blush, a dropping of the beautiful eyelashes, and a grateful smile.

"Would you like to walk around the room and look over our fancy articles?" quoth the siren.

"If you will show me," quoth the spoony.

She took my arm, and raising herself to it by her toes, she murmured,—

"We are not strangers, you know."

Go away, Grant, with your presidency, I would not change places with you this minute. Nor with Colfax, who was married this morning. Go away Jack screws. You can't raise me any higher.

We wandered through that room talking—sweetly talking, of things that had been, of things that were, of things that might be. Pretty soon we came to a silver tea set that was to be raffled off. Would I take a chance? Of course I would! Then a wonderful cake, with a valuable ring concealed in it, appealed to the cupidity of chance takers. I was persuaded to take a chance in the cake. And so things glided on until I concluded that if I took many more chances my chances for getting home would be mighty slim. So I refused to tempt fortune any further.

Anon a costly work box met our eyes, but I gravely resisted all appeals, until the little black-eyed scoundrel took me on a new tack. Leaning heavily on my arm, and absolutely resting her cheek on my shoulder, with those wicked eyes and silvery tongue she said,—

"Won't you take a chance for me?"

Oh, well, Hatcher, folks preach about the fall of Adam, but I never blamed him, though I don't think the old fellow had half the excuse I had. I need not tell you that I took that chance, and kept on taking chances for the unprincipled and beautiful wretch that had me in tow until I had not a dollar left. Yes, I was pennyless, and then it began to dawn on me that the young lady was working for the success of the fair, that I had made a first-class fool of myself, as usual.

There was, I bankrupt in money, reputation, in self-respect. I had been robbed—yes, robbed, for what is the difference between a pair of thieves and a pair of black eyes in a fair. You part with your money because you can't help it. I know the fellow looks with lenient eyes upon the female guerrillas who haunt fancy able fairs, but it is my opinion that when all the robbers are caught and finally tried and receive their just deserts the little Chicago robber will take place by the side of Jack Sheppard.

Strange Phenomenon.

Aerolite in Cleveland.

About half past seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday last, a remarkable phenomenon was observed in the eastern part of the city, which filled those who beheld it with wonder and amazement. At the time named the appearance of the atmosphere was a yellowish cast, and all the surroundings were characterized by the most curious condition which seemed to oppress the spectators with a supernatural awe, and many hid their faces from the sublumary scene as if overwhelmed by a supernatural fear of impending danger. Many, no doubt, were seized with surprised at the strange condition of the atmosphere during the eclipse, which had at the time in question passed over, and probably their nerves were more easily agitated in consequence. It was noticed soon after the light that numerous small clouds of fire encircling the moon in the northwestern horison, and that now and then a meteor would shoot out from that direction and approach the earth with tremendous velocity, and, when near the ear h, burst. It was during the display that an unusually large and brilliant meteor sped across the heavens and approached the earth, emitting apparently, sparks of fire from its body and leaving a long train behind, which dazzled the eye with its splendor. When nearly over Westfield Cemetery it vanished, and immediately afterward a rushing sound was heard, and a fiery aerolite was seen to fall to the ground. Directly after this shocking spectacle, the stone was picked up in the garden of Mr. R. S. Ives, on Cemetery street, by Mr. Z. Cook, who stated that it was so hot that he could hardly handle it. The shape of the stone is of a brownish color and nearly round, and of a remarkable hardness.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Starting in Life.

There is more than a little truth in the item saying that "A full beginning makes a good ending." As a matter of such ought to be the case, and for the following reason: in beginning any new enterprise, men are supposed to be more skilled, and must therefore expect to presume that their success is owing to superior knowledge or ability, when it is nothing but chance or a lucky hit in which neither knowledge or skill had any considerable part. Of course the mushroom experience is substituted for one of slow and substantial growth, and when the hot sun of competition shines full upon it there is no stamina to stand back upon. The good beginning and gluming becomes a failure—was a failure from the very start, and only awoke to time to unmask the humbug. The beginning need be no question that to start right is one half the battle. But what is called a good start in life is by no means a right start. Nor is there any one rule for starting that will cover all cases; for what would be a right start for one might be a ruinous start for another.

There are some general principles