

THE BAR-TENDER'S STORY

FROM THE GRAPHIC.

When I know'd at first there was suthin'—
A sort of a general air—
That was very particular pleasin',
And what you might call debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And ruther high daddy, perhaps;
Which accounts that I have the acquaintace
Of several quality chaps,
And such is the way they converses,
But speakin' of this here young man,
Apparently natur' had shaped him
On a sort of a liberal plan;
Hed giv him good looks, and good language,
And manners expressin' with vim
His belief in himself, and that others
Was just as good fellers as him.
I nave noticed (I'm rather observin')
That them that is cheerfulest here
Is the sort that is seldomist given
To indulgin' theirselves in the fear
That they ain't bein' thought of sufficient,
Whatever's the company by,
Or that somebody, somehow or other,
Is toppin' of'em on the sly.
But this chap that I mentioned was pleasin'
And neither stuck up nor stuck down;
And was thought to be jolly agreeable
Whenever he went around town.
He used to come in for his beverage
Quite regular every night;
And I took a considerable interest
In mixin' the thing about right.
But he got to increasin' his doses,
And took them more often, he did,
And it growed on him faster and faster,
Till inter a hummer he slid,
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A shovin' himself down the grade,
And I lectured him onto it sometimes,
At the risk of its spilin' the trade.
At last he got thunderin' seedy,
And he lost his respect for himself,
And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear to reform himself frequent,
And end by takin' a drink.
What saved that young feller? A woman
She done it in the singlerest way.
He came into the bar-room one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day),
And he sot himself down to a table
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And he sot thore agroanin' repeated
And calling himself a gone case.
He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin'.
And cussin' himself and his fate,
And ending his thinkin' as usual
By orderin' a Bourbon straight.
He was a holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street
There came a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was powerful sweet.
And she glided right up to the table
And took the glass gently away,
And she says to him, "George, it is over;
I am only a woman to-day.
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darlin';
I thought I was strong but I'm weak.
"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to my love I am true;
I have turned from the home of my childhood,
And I come to my lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment and honor,
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share them with you and not shrink,
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady,
But her face was as pale as the dead—
"Here's to wine and the joy of carousals,
The song and the laughter," she said.
Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And he took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away stern and savage—
And I tell you his manner was grand!
And he says "I have done with it, Neily,
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod,
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!
"You have saved me, my love and my darling,
On a noble and womanly plan;
Go back to your home till I seek you
In the garb and strength of a man!
* * * * *
I seen that same feller last Monday.
Lookin' nobby and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gen'lemen,
And a baby was into the same.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your
flight.
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore.
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my
hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toils without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap!
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate
pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
Over my heart, in days that are flown,
No love like mother's-love ever was shown;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids
creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
Come let your brown hair, just lighted with
gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will through the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright pillows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
Mother, dear mother, the years have been
long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song!
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been but a dream,
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my
face,
Never hereafter to waken to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
—Mrs. Akers.

The following is said to have been
the direction on a letter left at the Fort
Wayne (Ind.) Post-office:
Postmaster, please to sent him straight,
Bensylvania is der. Straight;
Olt Venango, dats der gounty,
Vere oil bours out mit Hevens pounty,
Franklin, she's der county seat.
Der Post Office on Liberdty Shstreet;
Sharley Taylor; he's der man;
Send der yust so quick you can.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.
The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.
The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.
And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.
When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.
A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of symbal.
Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."
Then all was still, and then the band
With movements light and tricky,
Made steam and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."
The conscious stream, with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.
Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And Yankee Doodle was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.
The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.
And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.
The sad, slow stream its noiseless tread
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood
And silent stood the Rebels.
No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply Home, Sweet Home, had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.
Or blue or gray the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.
Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er his eyes,
Seen in the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved one stands before him.
As fades the iris after rain.
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together;
But memory, waked by music's art,
Express in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.
And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

Old-School Punishment.

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red.
"Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls," he said.
Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
With his head down on his breast,
Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet
That he loved, of all, the best.
And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,
But the rogue only made believe;
For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,
And ogled them over his sleeve.

Songs Never Sung.

"How does that verse run? Something
like this, isn't it?
"There are who touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."