

CULEX IN CARMINE.

BY H. T. STANTON.

[We append the author's name to this plea d' esprit without his consent.]—[Yeoman.

When some migratory clouds Broke upon the leafy shrouds, Where the insects lay in crowds;

And a melancholy rain On the sounding window pane, Beat its funeral refrain;

Through a crevice in the sash, Where the spatter and the dash Made his purpose very rash,

A mosquito, lean and thin, From the drowning and the din, Undertook to flutter in—

And a crazy shutter's swing Made the hanging blossoms fling Such a flood upon his wing,

That he rather fell than flew, And was fairly driven through By the gusty wind that blew;

Thus succeeding in his flight From the unrelenting night, In a wet and wretched plight.

'Twas the chamber of a maid, Who, her perfectness displayed— In a measure—disarrayed;

For a taper in the gloom, Of the curtained, quiet room, Showed a woman in her bloom—

And the mellow light was shed, On her bosom and her head, In the splendor of her bed.

In a golden current there Ran her undulating hair From the polished shoulder bare.

As the whitest foam that flees, Up the beaches from the seas, Lay the lace of her chemise;

And the billows of her breast, In the pillows there imprest, Kept an ocean-like unrest.

Ah, 'twas well indeed for her, That the only viewer near Was the poor mosquito here;

And 'twas better still for him, That his vision should be dim In the halo of the glim.

For the splendid creature there, With the gilding on her hair, Lay magnificently fair,

And the smallest insect eyes, Seeing such a paradise, Would be blinded with surprise.

On the inner window case, With his humid wing and face, He had anything but grace;

Whilst the mad-reminding rain, To the vibratory pane, Brought its horrible refrain.

There upon the window sill, He was sitting dreary still, In the terror of the chill;

But within his little soul He was grateful for the hole, That allowed him such a goal.

So he brushed his little eye Saying: "Maybe by and by, I'll be comfortably dry."

And exactly as he planned With his stoicism grand, Both his dripping wings were fanned.

For a breeze appeared to flout In the chamber all about, And the taper there went out.

Then his eyes began to mark By their tiny inner spark, What there was within the dark.

It was very plain that he, With a candle burning free, Found it difficult to see.

But his eyes, denied their sight In the waxen taper light, Were exceeding good at night.

By and by, at last he tried, With a flutter at his side, And his little wings were dried;

And the still existing breeze Brought a very pleasant ease, To the bending of his knees.

Then he fervently exclaimed: "Now I wish I may be blamed If I'm either wet or lamed."

And he tried a tune of his'n. Quite a striking kind of buzzin', "I'm your Cousin, Cousin, Cousin!"

And as joyously he sings, All around about he flings, "Cousin, Cousin," with his wings.

Then he went upon a raid, Through the heavy-curtained shade, 'Till he came upon the maid.

And it's meet and proper here That a reason should appear Why he carries there with her.

So, the fact is simply this, When he came upon the Miss, He was famished for a kiss.

Now, the coldest man we know, Coming on the Houri so, For the very same would "go."

And it isn't fair to think, A mosquito on the brink Of a nectar-cup—won't drink.

Splendid type of angel sleep! Fairer than the pillows' heap, Lying there in silence deep—

Who will blame him while he dips, From the vintage of her lips, Redder wine than Bacchus sips?

Less impassioned things of earth, Seeing such, would know their worth, Feel it in a fever birth.

'Any statue, wanting life, Nearing lips so passion rife Soon would wake to pulsing strife.

So the glad mosquito sank Joyous on the fruity tank, And to utter fullness drank.

Better far the cruel rain, Thrumming at the window pain, Fell upon his wing again—

Better far the shutter's swing, Caught his cousin-crying wing, Nevermore to let it sing.

Better he had known a drouth In the marshes of the South, Than the nectar of her mouth.

Early morning, fair and sweet, Found him helpless on a sheet— Glassy eyes and icy feet.

Butterfly and humble bee, For the coroner's decree, Early came the corpse to see—

Laid him out upon the floor, Scanned his body o'er and o'er As it never was before.

After consultation slow, Pro and con, and so and so, There they let the insects know:

"This mosquito, lying dead, By the female in that bed, Pizined was with carmine red."

EPIGRAMS.

I.

A pompons attorney, while trying a cause, Was quizzing a witness and looking for flaws. The witness, who owed him a personal grudge, Provoked him until he appealed to the Judge. "I demand, sir," he cried, with a fiery-red face, "A little attention while trying this case." "Your Honor," responded the meek little man, "I'm paying as little as any one can." The Judge, with a frown, Looked solemnly down On the squabble, and said, from the bench where he sat, "We want nothing but silence, and little of that."

II.

A widower of sixty-five, with countenance serene, Unto the marriage altar leads a miss of sweet sixteen. The priest steps down, in stole and gown, with grave and solemn air, And to the font, without a word, he leads the blushing pair. "Why bring us here?" the groom inquires. The sober priest replies, "I thought that thee had brought to me this infant to baptize."

III.

Johnny Vanderburg married a wealthy old wife, Who oft, in a querulous tone, Each day of their wearisome conjugal life, Would remind him her wealth was her own; "My money bought this, and my money bought that— With my money you seem to be free!"— Till Vanderburg cried, as he put on his hat, "'Twas your money, my love, that bought me."

IV.

A close-fisted deacon in class-meeting rose; He balanced himself on his heels and his toes; He snuffled and said, as he wiped up his tears, "I've been a church member for forty-odd years— To all o' the love-feasts an' meetin's I've went, An' all my religion hain't cost me a cent." Then, from a dark corner, a voice, loud and deep, Responded, "Amen! Your religion is cheap."

V.

"Of all my reverses," a miser declared, "There is one where I've not lost a dollar; I tell you that many a penny is spared By reversing a soiled paper collar."

VI.

Said young Romeo Butts to Miss Claribel Cutts, (As they stood in a parlor resplendent with light), With a wearisome sigh, "O, I can not tell why, But, somehow, I feel like a fool here to-night." Said Miss Claribel Cutts to young Romeo Butts, With a pitiless smile that she could not conceal, "Yes, your face would betray, I am sure, what you say. For you certainly look all you say that you feel."

VII.

Each Sabbath morn, through fields and woods, Old Silas Robinson would stray, And, 'mid the mountain solitudes, Would while the sacred hours away. One day, returning from a stroll, He met his pastor on the road— A dull, well-meaning, honest soul As ever in the world abode. "Why stray from church?" the pastor cried. "Because," old Robinson replied, In grave and solemn tones, "I leave the sermons from the sick's For sermons from the stones."

VIII.

"O, husband!" said Mrs. Onbella McMunn, As she gazed at her wilful and passionate son, "Where that boy got his temper, I never could see; I'm certain he never could take it from me." "No doubt, my dear wife, your assertion is true— I never have missed any temper from you." —[Eugene J. Hall in Chicago Tribune.

Why Not Compromise?

We regret that Capt. Hathaway has determined not to make the race for Commonwealth's Attorney in this judicial district. We could not have found a better man to fill the place, and our county is entitled to some recognition in the district. We are authorized by Capt. Hathaway to state that he will not be a candidate for the position. The field is now open to some other Clark man. Who shall it be?—Semi-Weekly Sun.

Why not compromise, and unite on Tanner, of Fayette?

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

A pretty deer is dear to me, A hare with downy hair, A hart I love with all my heart, But rarely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane To halve a pair of pears, Although a rake may take a rake To tear away the tares.

Sol's rays raise thyme, time razes all, And through the whole holes wears. A scribe in writing right may write To write and still be wrong; For write and rite are neither right, And don't to right belong.

Robertson is not Robert's son, Nor did he rob Burt's son, Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun, And everybody's sun.

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 not reclining; And when consumptive folks decline, They all decline declining.

Quails do not quail before a storm, A bough will bow before it; We cannot rein the rain at all, No earthly power reigns 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 dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son, All Deys 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.

Alas, a lass is sometimes false; Of faults a maid is made; Her waist is but a barren waste— Though stayer she's not staid.

The springs shoot forth each 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 think it stale; So we'll suppose that we have reached The tail end of our tale.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life, If we only stop to take it; And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would wake it. To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are bright Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through When the ominous clouds are rifted. There was never a night without a day, Nor an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour, the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jeweled crown Or the miser's hoarded treasure; It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will with a ready heart And hands that are swift and willing Than to snap the delicate silver threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then heaven blame for the tangled ends, And sit and grieve and wonder.