

SPOOPENDYKE WANTS GIN.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke timidly, pulling at the mosquito bar, "it's time you were up; you'll be late at the office."

For reply Mr. Spoopendyke emitted a sound that might have been a groan or a grunt, but was in fact an inarticulate snore.

"It is past nine," again ventured Mrs. Spoopendyke, extending a cup of tea toward the bed.

"Dod gast it," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "I don't care what time it is. I'm not going down town to-day, any way." And he sat up in bed and glared at his wife. "What's that?" he added, as his swollen, bloodshot eyes rested on the steaming teacup.

"Don't you want a cup of tea this morning, dear?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It'll do your headache good."

"Headache, eh?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who said I had a headache? P'raps I've got a glandular swelling and an abdominal viscera and measles," he continued in a louder tone. "Take me for a midnight assassin, don't you? Think I'm running a parlor Police Gazette, don't you? Dod gast the measly thing!" he shouted, uncoiling a damp towel from his head; "why don't you bind up my perforated liver? All you want is a pound of court-plaster and a bulletin board to be a Hospital for Incurables. Gimme a drink!"

"It's hot," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, hesitatingly proffering the teacup, "but it's nice and strong—just the thing for a disordered stomach."

"Oh, you know all about it, don't you," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've been out with the boys yourself, haven't you? Fine turn you've got for conviviality. You wouldn't go home till Friday week morning, would you? All you want is a dirty apron and half a dozen dead beats to be a first-class gin-mill. Dod gast the measly tea," bawled Mr. Spoopendyke, hitting the saucer a whack that sent the scalding liquid into his wife's face. "Gimme some gin."

Mrs. Spoopendyke shrieked "Ouch!" and stooped down to gather up the broken china, and her spouse, after surveying the ruins and satisfying himself that she was not mortally wounded, flung his head on the pillow again and groaned.

"He didn't notice the black eye he gave me last night," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and warm tea's a splendid thing for bruises, so perhaps it was all for the best, only I wish it hadn't been quite so hot."

After putting on a little toilet powder she went softly to the window and pulled down the shades. "He needs sleep," she said gently, "and I don't wonder at it, coming in at 4 o'clock this morning. No wonder his legs couldn't support him. I'm glad I slept before he came in, or I shouldn't be able to walk to-day myself."

"Where's that gin?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, beside himself with fury. "What are you pulling down them shades for? Think you're going to have a funeral in the house? Spose you're a dod gasted measly widow? Wondering who'll provide you with weepers? Think you're 'to let' again, don't you? Twelve hundred dollars a year, with all modern improvements, on a long lease. Dod gast it, a bunch of keys and half a column advertisement is all you need to be a measly insurance agent. Go round peddling books with black edged paper, won't you? Dod gast it, where's that gin? Do you know what gin is, Mrs. Spoopendyke?" And his voice assumed a steadiness of tone from the depth of scorn that he threw into the inquiry that made the poor woman jump.

"Gin?" she answered; "to be sure I do. It comes in square bottles, with little necks to them."

"Oh, you know gin when you see it, do you? It's got a little neck, has it, like a dod gasted measly clam? You crack the shell and serve it up with corn and chickens, of course. Dod gast it! Get the bottle out of my coat pocket, where I left it to brace up on this morning," howled the desperate husband.

"Here it is," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, trying to unscrew the pewter top, and finally succeeding. "Oh, my! how it smells!"

"You needn't drink it," snapped Mr. Spoopendyke, eagerly putting the bottle to his lips and pouring the fluid down his throat. "Dod gast it," he said, after a minute spent in this occupation, "get me some paper."

Mrs. Spoopendyke, observing the beneficial effects of the alcohol, tripped lightly down stairs and presently returned with the morning papers. "Shall I raise the shades and open the window?" she said, as she carefully readjusted the mosquito bar.

"Yes, do!" screamed Mr. Spoopendyke, in a paroxysm of rage. "Raise the roof, raise the neighborhood, raise Hades, why don't you? Dod gast it, do you take me for an express company? Spose I'm a dod gasted sextuplex telegraph instrument to send sixty columns of reading matter to the office at once? Think I can write a note between the letters of those dod gasted newspapers? Fancy I'm a Patagonian cannibal to write with blood and finger nails? Oh, you don't, don't you. Then why don't you give me a pen and paper? Do you spose I can cut out an advertisement of a dod gasted 'head' on me and send it to the office by way of explanation? Take me for a twenty-line big type special from Kalamazoo? O gosh," gasped Mr. Spoopendyke, as he once more took comfort in the gin bottle. "what a genius my wife is."

This sage and complimentary observation was lost on Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had again descended for the necessary implements, and reappeared just in time to dodge the empty flask and spill the ink impartially over her morning dress, note paper and best bed-room carpet. This Mr. Spoopendyke fortunately did not observe.

"Got the dod gasted ink? Are you weighted down with paper? Brought a sub-treasury with you for stamps?" he yelled, as the last drops of the broken bottle mounted to his brain. "Then sit down and write, do you hear? Sit on the floor and you won't upset the table."

Mrs. Spoopendyke did as requested. "What shall I say?" she began.

"Say anything. You know what I want, don't you? Write and say that Christmas is coming; say it's hot; say I'm drunk; say the catechism; say!"

But before Mrs. Spoopendyke could make a choice of the apologetic messages to be delivered Mr. Spoopendyke's snoring was resumed.

"Perhaps when he wakes up he'll want to write it himself," she remarked, as she rose from her oriental position on the floor, "and I'll go and make him some beef tea."

AGE AND THE INTELLECT.

[Boston Courier.]

"The richer a nature," says Carlyle, "the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School; John ever trim, precise and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John of Hunter-square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage." This slowly-developed "Sir Walter Scott of the universe" was thirty-four when he made his first draft of "Waverley," and forty-three when he rewrote and published it. Nearly every one of those tales which conferred immortality upon him was composed after he had reached the age of forty-six. He wrote the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" at forty-seven; the "Bride of Lammermoor," "A Legend of Montrose" and "Ivanhoe" at forty-eight; the "Pirate" and "Peveril of the Peak" at fifty; the "Tales of the Crusaders" at fifty-four, and the "Chronicles of the Canongate" at fifty-seven.

Carlyle was forty-two when he published the "French Revolution," the first work of his to which he formally put his name. The publication of this work was, it is true, delayed, owing to the burning of the MS. of one volume through the carelessness of Mrs. Taylor, to whom it had been loaned by John Stuart Mill; but if that mishap had not occurred, Carlyle would have been over forty before his work could have appeared. His "Cromwell" was published when he was fifty; the first two volumes of his "Frederick the Great" when he was sixty-three, another two when he was sixty-seven, and the last two when he was sixty-nine. Swift was fifty-nine when he published "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly did no work on it before he was fifty-seven. Tennyson had reached fifty when his first idyls, "Enid," "Eline," "Vivien" and "Guinevere" were published, and was about sixty-two when he completed the series with "Gareth and Lynette." Macaulay was forty-eight when he issued the first and second volumes of his "History of England," and the third and fourth did not appear till he was fifty-five. Good as are the essays of his early manhood, they pale when compared with this work of his mature years.

John Stuart Mill was fifty-three when his essay "On Liberty" was published, and fifty-six when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism." Milton was certainly more than fifty-four when he began to compose his "Paradise Lost." He was fifty-nine when he sold it to Simmons the bookseller. George Eliot composed "Middlemarch" between the age of forty-six and fifty-one, and since then "Daniel Deronda." Bacon was fifty-nine before he published his great work, "The Novum Organum." Cowper was over fifty when he wrote "John Gilpin," and the "Task," and Defoe fifty-eight when he published "Robinson Crusoe." Darwin published his "Origin of Species" when fifty, and his "Descent of Man" when sixty-two. Grote wrote the largest part of his "History of Greece" between the ages of fifty-two and sixty-two, and Hallam occupied nearly the same period of life with his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe." The two works by which Thomas Hood has survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," were composed when he was forty-six, and on a sick-bed from which he never rose.

Longfellow gave us "Hiawatha" when forty-eight; "Tales of a Wayside Inn" when fifty-six, and since then has been as prolific as he has been excellent. We need only mention his translation of Dante's "Divina Comedia," and his excellent poem, "Morituri Salutamus." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published when Holmes was forty-eight, and "Songs in Many Keys" when fifty-five. Washington Irving completed "Tales of the Alhambra" at forty-nine, published "Mahomet" at sixty-seven, and the "Life of George Washington" after that age. Prescott wrote, we believe, the "Conquest of Mexico" between the ages of forty-one and forty-seven, and the "Conquest of Peru" between forty-seven and fifty-one. Motley completed the "History of the United Netherlands" at fifty-three, and after that began the history of "John of Barneveld," which he published when he was sixty.

Frenchmen have produced very remarkable books long after the noon-day of life. Laplace did an extraordinary amount of mathematical work after three score and ten, and Victor Hugo scarcely "got under way" before he was fifty. He published "Napoleon the Little" at fifty; "Les Chateaux" at fifty-one; "Les Miserables" at fifty-seven; the "Toilers of the Sea" at sixty-four; "The Man Who Laughs" at sixty-seven, and the "Annals of a Terrible Year" at seventy. The great physicist and mathematician, Ampere, did not begin to devote his attention to the phenomena of electro-magnetism till he was forty-five, and it was from fifty-one to fifty-three that he published his "Observations," a work characterized, as has been said, by "profound thought and extraordinary philosophical sagacity." Racine was fifty when he wrote his drama of "Esther," and fifty-two that of "Athalie," the finest production of his genius, and a masterpiece of dramatic eloquence. Thiers was sixty-five when he completed his "Consulate and Empire," and Chateaubriand sixty-three when he published his "Etudes."

Cervantes had passed his fifty-eighth year before he published the first part of "Don Quixote," and was sixty-eight when he issued the second part. He and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Cicero composed most of his philosophical treatises between the ages of fifty-eight and sixty-two. Galileo published his "Dialogue on the Two Principal Systems of the World" at sixty-eight; the "Dialogue on Local Motion" at seventy-four, the age at which he discovered the moon's diurnal libration.

Goethe and Kant, two of the greatest minds that ever lived, did, in view of their later works, scarcely anything till they had passed the age of forty-five. Kant was nothing but a Professor till fifty seven, when he published his "Critique of Pure Reason," on which he had begun work ten years before. When sixty four he issued his "Critique of Practical Reason," and his "Critique on Judgment" was published two years later. But the most conspicuous literary example of fertility at an advanced age is Goethe. At forty-eight he published "Hermann and Dorothea," and at fifty-six his immortal "Faust." "If Goethe," says Carlyle, "had died in 1806 (the year when 'Faust' appeared), he would have achieved a greater renown than any other man of letters; but he was destined to live twenty-six years longer, years of labor and productiveness. In 1809, when fifty-nine, he published "Elective Affinities," and in 1831, at the age of eighty-two, "Helena," the second part of "Faust."

The King of the Plow.

[Paul H. Hayne in Home and Farm.]

I.
The sword is resheathed in its scabbard,
The rifle hangs safe on the wall;
No longer we quail at the hungry
Hot rush of the ravenous ball—
The war-cloud has hurried its last lightning,
Its last awful thunders are still,
While the Demon of Conflict in Hades
Lies fettered in force as in will;
Above the broad fields that he ravaged,
What monarch rules blissfully now?
Oh! crown him with bays that are bloodless—
The King, the brave King of the Plow!

II.
A King! aye! what Ruler more potent
Has ever swayed earth by his rod?
A monarch! aye, more than a monarch—
A homely, but bountiful God!
He stands where in earth's sure protection
The seed-grains are scattered and sown,
To uprise in serene resurrection
When Spring her soft trumpet hath blown!
A monarch, yea, more than a monarch,
Though toll-drops are thick on his brow;
O! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf—
The King, the strong King of the Plow!

III.
Through the shadow and shine of past ages,
(While tyrants were blinded with blood)
He reared the pure ensign of Ceres,
By meadow and mountain and flood—
And the long, leafy gold of his harvests
The earth-sprites and air-sprites had spun,
Grew rhythmic when swept by the breezes,
Grew royal, when kissed by the sun;
Before the stern charm of his patience
With rock-rooted forces must bow!
Come! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf—
The King, the bold King of the Plow!

IV.
Through valleys of balm-dropping myrtles,
By banks of Arcadian streams,
Where the wind-songs are set to the mystic
Mild murmur of passionless dreams;
On the storm-haunted uplands of Thule,
By ice-girded firds and flocks,
Alike speeds the spell of his godhood,
The bloom of his heritage glows;
A monarch! yea, more than a monarch—
All climes to his prowess must bow;
Come! crown him with bays that are stainless—
The King, brave King of the Plow.

V.
Far, far in earth's uttermost future,
As boundless of splendor as scope,
I see the fair angel, Fruition,
Outspeed his high heralds of Hope;
The roses of joy rain around him,
The lilies of sweetness and calm,
For the sword has been changed to the plowshare,
The lion lies down with the lamb!
O angel majestic! We know thee,
Though raised and transfigured art thou—
This lord of life's grand consummation
Was once the swart King of the Plow!