

In an Old Book Store.



Rows of volumes, old and dusty,
Big and little, worn and musty,
Standing in serried ranks,
Far too old for tricks and pranks,
All waiting for the bookworm cranks.
Some bear marks of faded gentility,
Some the imprimatur of nobility,
And others an air of chronic debility.
Falstaffian regiments these,
Covers gone and prefaces, leaves
Yellowed by many years,
Stained perhaps with once hot tears,
Soiled by fingers that now await,
The opening of the books of fate.
Here Horace and Livy and Dante
Stand on intimate terms with Hugo and Sand,
While Virgil's "Eclogues" and Georgic's charming
Nestle by Greeley's "What I know of Farming;"
And rocky Scio's grand old bard
Is shelved with the lectures of Artemus Ward.
Stately folios once worth much pelf,
Sink by gravity's law to the lowest shelf.
What well-stuffed heads our ancestors carried,
If over these learned tomes they tarried!
What bushels of chaff they waded through
To gather the grains of wheat so few!
Perhaps they gather more, at last,
Than we who have so often passed
The golden grain of truth, and looked
For opinions ready made, and cooked
To suit a taste for confectionery,
Affected fine and literary.

Well, here they stand, battered and torn,
Faded and cracked and old and worn,
From many a distant clime and shore,
From centuries numbering three or four,
Full of quaint and curious lore,
Of theories and hypothesis
Dead long ago, too dead to sneeze;
Of science once most proudly stated
Now as romance or humour rated;
Laws of which no man afraid is,
Theology as sulphurous as Hades,
And of medicine that of no aid is.
Yet burning words there are to give
Their writer dead a name to live
And power over living men,
To straiten or enlarge their ken.

They wait, intent, and do not stir
To lure the passing customer.
He seems to hear their silent cry,
And stays to look with greedy eye,
While they their secret magic ply.
O'er him they weave their magic spell,
Till he is fettered sure and well
By the old, the new, the near, the far,
The false, the true, things that are not and are;
And from the spell he cannot break,
Nor off the strong delusion shake;
So he leaves a part of his well-worn pelf,
And a vacant space on the dealer's shelf.
Away to his room like a miser he
Carries his latest discovery,
And in his study there live again
The old time books and the old time men.

—Chicago Sunday Evening Herald.

larger strip, brought out
me, carried over it, brought
strip, and the twist or bead
l, near to the edge of the
s then passed in the same
till the whole is completed.

[continued.]

App's Grave.

of Tabitha Apps at Slindon
as sunken down, sideways,
arth, and proudly sustained
ne slab, that bore testimony
ence of Tabitha, who, after
s the far seas, in America's
ently given up her adopted
turned in 1789 to die in Slin-
ood. She must have suffered
apps, from what she called
dub ennui. "She was born
and this fact, and the relief
ng off her mortal coil, are
ed in the following graceful
bstone aforementioned:

who always was tired,
ere help 'was not hired.'
'Dear friends, I am going
e, nor sweeping, nor sewing,
xact to my wishes,
there's no washing of dishes;
s will always be ringing,
get clear of the singing.
don't mourn for me never,
for ever and ever."

Comparison.

comparison of a woman to a
James Shirley's play "The
ublished in the year 1641.
beauty than reputation, and
describes her:—

er my humour!
h and blood and well
etter, too. Would I
errata.
her, that's a verb material,
er with an *index*
able drawn
; and when she's read,
dares call her wanton?

ompared to many things in
oets, especially young ones.
ade by a poet who was well
, and married. But he was
ooks, and a good man and
e comparison came naturally
ere things of high value in