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THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

Through all my days of happy youth
A song of tender comfort rang—
A little song of joyous days,
The song that oft my mother sang.

And in the sunset evening hours,
The girls and boys a happy band,
With this sweet song she often sang
To each dreams so pleasant and

She sang it softly while at work,
She sang it in the woods in May,
The gentle strain has served us oft
From idle pranks in childhood's days.

It stole a lover's ear our dreams
And when we left our happy home
It went with us, our truest friend,
Out in the cold strange world to roam.

And when to distant home and friends
Our troubled minds would turn at times,
We cased our hearts by singing loud
Our own dear mother's soothing rhymes.

Those treasured words we now treasure,
They brought us comfort, hope and rest—
To many's mind, ever dear,
With wonderous charm the song was blest.

That soft, melodious strain of old—
It gives me many a yearning pang.
For I could never hear again
The song that oft my mother sang.

—Exchange.

STUFFING AN AMERICAN

Not long ago I met an American gentleman who, in my hearing, related in detail an amusing, not to say cute one, experience he had been—I will not say the victim, but the subject of. As it goes to show that the stuffing process, as applied to unwitting foreigners, is not altogether of American practice on Englishmen, but that the boot may sometimes be on the other leg, I venture to repeat his story.

I may premise by saying that the gentleman alluded to is what you might call a young man, being about thirty, and possessed of a fair knowledge of the world and society, with a banking of considerable private means. He is not in strictness of the term an anglomaniac, as that numerous creature is ordinarily classed; but he came over supplied with letters of introduction to several members of the nobility from mutual friends in—no, I will not say where he is from—and it was his aim and object to meet and see as many of the big swells as he could during his visit.

Unluckily he came at a bad time. The London season was just over, and his calls to present his letters in Grosvenor place, Belgrave square, Park lane and Queen's Gate were unfruitful. His letters bore only the London addresses of their intended recipients, and he was not yet up in the way of sending them by seeking their country address in the peerage or leaving the letters to be forwarded.

Naturally Mr. Pettigrew—such let his name be—was disappointed. What he had come to see was the British nobility at home, and they were not at home. He had met a few lords in New York and Boston, and even out west. But it was at "some other fellah's" home. He had liked them at the other fellows' homes, and he looked forward to increasing the attachment when he met them at their own. It was too bad to be thus thwarted after coming so far, and he was forever growling about it and threatening to go home by the next steamer.

These portraiture were imparted to me by a friend of Pettigrew, after I had heard him tell his experiences. I may also add that it was in the American exchange, where I was waiting with a friend while he wrote a letter, Pettigrew had begun when I sat down, but the thread of his narrative had not been spun out too long to the little knot of listeners who surrounded him to cause any tangle in seeking the ends.

"I told him how disappointed I was about it, and that I'd a mind to go straight back home by the next White Star boat, when he said: 'Why, pshaw! I'—

"I'll bet a small shed cooky he never said that!" exclaimed a sallow faced man with a gray mustache, taking his cigar out of his mouth to expectorate into the spittoon beside his chair.

"Perhaps I'm a liar!" said Pettigrew warmly.

"No, I don't say that," replied the sallow faced man. "I——"

"You'd better not, by ——!" retorted Pettigrew, with an angry head-shake.

"I only say that no born Englishman I ever met ever says 'Why, pshaw!' But proceed, Pettigrew."

"Lemme—where was I?" began Pettigrew, pulling out his under lip with his finger and thumb. "Ah! 'Why, pshaw!' said Lord Smith'——

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the colonel; "Lord Smith! That's a good one! Ha, ha, ha! Lord Smith, eh! Lord Smith!"

"Who's telling this story?" asked Pettigrew hoarsely.

Everybody said, "That's all right," "Go ahead, Petty," or something to that effect, while the colonel kept on chuckling and muttering to himself, "Lord Smith!"

"'Why, pshaw,' said Lord Smith," recommenced Pettigrew, with a deprecatory look at the colonel, "'I can show you all the lords you want—dukes, barons, marquises, knights!' (the colonel shook his head in silent pity at the order of this enumeration) 'and earls. Just come with me to-morrow. Come out of town, indeed! Whoever could have told you such a lie? I told him that many of the surrounding circumstances corroborated the statement; whereat he smiled gently and said: 'Well, come with me to-morrow, I say, and I'll show you all the nobility you want. Meet me at the Metropole at 11, and I'll take you where you won't see anything else.'

"'You ain't going to a levee or a drawing room?' said I, 'because I've got no coats from me tailor.' 'A levee or drawing room in August?' he exclaimed with a hoot laugh, but checked himself suddenly and said: 'Oh, no, the levee and drawing room will be too crowded for comfort. I shu'n't take you there, you know.' This ought to have given me a hint, but I was too intent on seeing the lords and ladies to think of or notice anything else. Well, next day he called for me at the little old Hot——'

"Pardon me, one moment," the colonel said; "how did you meet this—ahem—Lord Smith, if all the lords were away?"

"I'll explain that presently," said Pettigrew; "you just wait. Well, Smith had a very tony turnout. High wheeled dogcart, tandem team of dark roans, and a tigr behind in livery and top boots. I tell you, I felt fine driving through the swell streets of London, and every one turning to look after us. We struck right out into the country as soon as we could get there.

"'We haven't got to the place yet,' explained Smith, in reply to my question as to how far we had come; 'but we're not far off now. You see, the place I'm taking you to is a favorite resort of some of the greatest peers in the kingdom. Hardly any one knows this except people in the swim, you know. It's a small town about six miles from Highgate, and out of it leads one of the best roads in England for driving. The peers come here to drive.'

"'Four-in-hand coaches, I presume,' said I.

"'Now,' said he, 'there isn't a bigger mistake than to suppose that four-in-hands are driven by the best people in England. Snobs do, but peers—the sort of peers that I'm going to show you presently—drive single one horse carts, and many of them don't even have a groom with them. You see, I'm letting you into some secrets,' and he laughed. I thanked him and he went on. 'You may also note that the horses do not look much, and have generally the appearance of being badly groomed or not at all. That's a sort of fad or swagger. Snobs go in for smartness so much that nobleness like to affect the opposite. But here comes one now.' He looked keenly ahead, while I remember thinking I did not find the road we were on anything to brag of. But I forgot it the next minute when Smith began again.

"'Now, look well at this man, and I'll tell you presently who he is. You will be surprised, I can assure you.' A very commonplace cart and horse came lumbering along. The cart looked as though it hadn't been washed for a month or the horse groomed for two. In it, driving, sat one man. He was a fat, red faced old fellow of between sixty and seventy, with bushy gray whiskers meeting under his chin. He was muffled up in what I thought a very shabby great coat for a peer, over his knees was a faded striped horse blanket, and on his head a dingy, broad brimmed high hat. Between his teeth was a blackened briar pipe. A beam of intelligence lit up his face as he caught sight of Smith, and he touched his hat. He said something, but I couldn't hear it, for Smith waved his whip and shouted, 'Fine day, my lord!' The old peer smiled pleasantly and made some reply, but I could not catch what it was.

"'Now,' said Smith, 'can you guess who that was?' 'I should never think he was a peer,' I answered. 'No, I dareay not,' he said. 'Nor would most people who didn't know. Well, that's Earl Cadogan,' and he flicked his leader's ear with his whip. 'Earl Cadogan?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, 'I thought you'd be surprised.' 'I am,' said I; 'I never should have thought it.' 'But, steady,' said Smith, catching me by the arm; 'here's another, and in the distance a lot more. We're in the thick of it now.' 'Is this the good road?' I asked as the wheel slid into a rut of some dimensions. 'Hush, don't say a word. I don't want to speak to him. Just look at him out of the side of your eye or he'll pull up and bother us for half an hour.' 'I should like that,' said I, 'if he's a great swell.' 'He's all that,' replied Smith; 'he couldn't be a greater. But he's a most awful bore. That's his servant beside him. He's the small man.' It was lucky he told me or I shouldn't have known which was which.

"I hadn't time to see much, for Smith whipped up his horses. But the small man was the scurviest looking peer you could imagine. Thin, dried up, badly dressed, unshaven, unshorn and dirty he was. 'That's Sir William Harcourt,' said Smith. 'That?' I exclaimed, 'why I always understood Harcourt was a big, burly man.' 'Used to be,' replied Smith, 'but he's been trying the Banting system to reduce his size. It's had a wonderful effect in only six weeks.' 'Well, I should say so,' said I.

"'But the road was now alive with carts. They were all carts. Nothing but carts. And they came so fast that I had no time to give more than a hasty glance as Smith rhymed off the names of the occupants. I noticed one thing, and that is that but one had a groom sitting behind. 'That's the Duke of Argyle,' said Smith, pointing to the middle of a jumble of vehicles; 'and that man in the white felt hat is Viscount Wolseley. He's grown awfully stout lately. There is Lord Hartington,' and he nodded his head at a clean shaven man of about (in looks) forty-five.

"'I thought the marquis had a beard,' I gasped, for I felt my breath beginning to give way. 'Used to have,' said Smith, 'but they say the dowager Duchess of Manchester coaxed him to shave it off. Anyhow, there he is. Yes, he is a young looking man for his years, seeing he was born in '33. I shouldn't be surprised if we were to meet the duke himself. But he only walks. He's over eighty, but nothing can persuade him to get into a carriage. By Jove! speak of the devil. If there he isn't now!' 'The devil!' I inquired. 'No, the duke,' said Smith. 'There he is resting himself. See! Near that stile.'

"I looked, and there, sure enough, was a very old man leaning over a stick and leaning on the stile. He wore a long smock frock and thick, hob nail boots and blue yarn stockings. 'Isn't that an odd costume for a duke?' I asked, in amazement. 'To you Americans, yes. You expect dukes to dress in coronets and ermine robes.' 'Well, there's a wide difference between ermine and that,' said I. 'So there is,' returned Smith; 'but that's the way with our peers. They are so sickened with the snobs that they try to go the other way.'

"'Anyhow, that's the Duke of Devonshire, and you can believe me or not if you like. How is your grace?' he shouted to the old man, who took off his hat and stood uncovered while we passed. 'Well,' said I, 'if I'd been alone I should have given the old fellow a penny.' 'And he'd have taken it. The duke is a great miser. What! You don't believe it? Just hold up,' and he drew a penny out of his ticket pocket. 'Hi! Your grace! Here!' and he tossed the penny to the old man, who hobbled over and picked it up, taking off his hat again.

"'Now, I'm sure it must strike you, as an American, with peculiar admiration to see our peers so humble and polite. You think them proud, hard and overbearing. What a mistake! There is a man who is the richest peer in the kingdom, and I'll warrant you wouldn't find Vanderbilt or Jay Gould willing to do the same. But here, we're letting a lot go by. There's Lord Randolph Churchill,' as an elderly looking man, with white hair and scrubby beard, drove past. 'You mustn't look so surprised. He's turned his hair by overwork, and has lately cut off his mustache, refusing to let it grow again until he is prime minister. There's the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Portland, Lord Salisbury.'

"'Where?' I asked quickly; 'which? I am most anxious to see him.' 'There,' said Smith, pointing to a smooth faced old man, with puffy cheeks of bright crimson, who was trying his best to get a spring kneed, flashitten, gray mare into a steady trot. 'But where's his long beard?' I asked in wonder. 'Gone,' said Smith; 'he's a victim to facial neuralgia, and was told his beard kept the nerves of his face damp, so off came his beard. They dosay he's been much better ever since.' 'He certainly has a good color,' said I; 'I wasn't aware he was so florid.' 'No, naturally. But of course you know the cause.' 'No' and Smith bent his elbow and put his hand to his mouth. 'You don't say so?' said I. 'Fact,' said Smith.

"'Well, so it went on until I suppose we had met and seen every lord and duke in the peerage. We got to the town at last, and Smith put up at a tavern to bait his horses and get a bite for our ourselves. 'Lively town, yours,' said I to the landlord, when Smith went out to speak to his groom; 'plenty going on.'

"'Well, yes, sir, today,' he replied, with an emphasis. 'It isn't like this every day. This be fair day, sir.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'I dareay you had most of those noblemen we met on the road as we came.'

"'Noblemen, sir?' he asked, blinking his eyes, 'noblemen? Where, sir?'

"'Why, on the road driving in carts.'

"The man burst out laughing. 'Why, bless you, sir, them wasn't noblemen. They was horse dealers and farmers.'

"Just then Smith came in and wanted to know what we were laughing at. But I gave the landlord a wink and said, 'Nothing.' I don't think Smith cared for me much going home, though I never let him see I had heard him out. But I cut him next time I met him. Great Cæsar! it's after 4," and Pettigrew got up and kicked down the bottoms of his trousers legs, preparatory to a hasty departure. At that moment my friend came to tell me he had finished his letter, and we left.—Cosmopolitan in Argonaut.

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