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COURAGE.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down i' the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em.
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

The birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming,
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming!
And freedom's tides comes up slowly,
Though we may strand in sorrow,
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

—Gerald Massey.

HARD WATER.

"THA'LL live to rue it."

"Well, aw cannot go again' my feelin's. Ah cannot help not lovin' thee."

"Naw, an' tha' cannot help lovin' someb'dy else, can ta? Tha'll live to rue it, aw tell thee, an' so will that hupstart tha's set thy heart on—mind that."

The girl thus addressed blushed faintly, but did not hang her head. Rather, she lifted it with a proud look which, despite her working shawl, plain black hat, and somewhat pasty-white complexion—the common heritage of mill girls—lent something queenly to her whole appearance.

Had you seen Rachel Swann on Sunday, as she walked with her Bible and hymn book to the Methodist Sunday-school to teach her class, you would scarcely have known her. Dressed in the latest style—or the latest that had percolated to the provinces—from the "tips" in her hat, and the "fall" which expressed rather than hid her delicate features, to her neat little shoes, she looked—what she was—a lady. And had you seen her at the chapel door, after evening service, without ado or even greeting, beyond a mutual look of satisfaction, meet a pleasant-faced young man, and walk away by his side, you would have been in possession of the secret—no secret now—that James Sumner, assistant cashier at Messrs. Peel's mill, and Rachel Swann were "keeping company."

Jim Sumner had started life as a half-timer and little-piecer, but, naturally an intelligent lad, a great favorite with the schoolmaster, he had, in spite of the great disability of beginning to earn his living at ten, made such good use of his opportunities, that he was early taken into the "office," and was not "looked up to" by right-thinking folk as a man who "could addle (earn) his brass 'bout takkin his coat off." Moreover he was junior "chapel steward" at the Methodist Chapel, and, altogether, a man any girl in that place might be proud to "keep company" with.

That Rachael was proud of her lover everybody knew. They had only "made it up" a short time ago, and had walked in public less than a fortnight when the above conversation took place. The man, for such he considered himself, who threatened to "make her rue" was considerably older than herself, and an "overlooker" at the mill in which they all worked. He had long forced his attentions upon Rachel, who, while giving him no encouragement, had not absolutely repulsed him, until she heard that he did a little private bookmaking among the youths and young men in the great mill. Until then she had regarded him as a decent fellow, and shrank from hurting his feelings, hoping he would desist in time and give it up as a bad job. She did not know Jabez Smethurst. He was the sort of man whose love can turn to bitter hate, and now, both against the girl and the man he deemed his supplanter, his rage burnt fiercely.

"Aw'm fair miserable at my work, Jim, now," said Rachel, as she walked with her lover from his mother's cottage along the embankment of the great reservoir.

"Why, how's that, my lass? Aw thought tha' wur all rect now, an' gradely set up wi' four looms, an' averagin' nineteen an' six a wik"—for, though Jim was an assistant cashier, he dropped, like his lady love, into his native Doric on all familiar occasions—"an' tha' towd me that even thy cross-grained owd aunt could speyk civil now."

"Ay aw was fain enuf, Jim, but——Eh, lad, aw can hardly tell yo', aw've kept it to mysel' for days, but aw cannot bear it no longer—th' overlooker's ta'en one o' my looms off me, an' says he'll tak' another if aw don't mend my work."

"Dost mean Jabe Smethurst? Aw'll see that rect—ne'er heed, Rachel,' said, as they had passed the railway' station which stood at the upper end of the reservoir and were in a somewhat secluded place, he put his arm around her waist, drew her to him, and kissed her fondly.

"Say nowt, Jim. It'll do no good. Gaffer thinks weel o' Jabe. He harkens to him as if Jabe knew everythin' an' him nowt. An' it does look as if my work was bad, for he gives me such bad 'scarts' 'at aw con on'y do half what t'others con, an' my aunt says who'll gie me th' key o' th' street if aw cannot addle more nor a little lass. Its piece work, tha' knows."

"Ay—well, ne'er heed, my lass. Kismas'll soon be here, an' we'll get wed as soon as th' New Yer comes in. Aw'm gettin' £2 a week now, an' aw'm promised a rise wi' th' New Yer."

* * * * * *

A month had passed. Poor Jim! All his fair hopes seemed blighted. Bromley Bros., a firm in the neighborhood with whom Messrs. Peel occasionally did business, in checking their bank book, found themselves debited with an amount paid by check to Peel & Co. for which they could find no corresponding item in Peel's account, and, on making inquiry from them, found that there was no account of its receipt in their cash book, nor did such an account appear to have been paid in the usual way to their credit at the bank. Evidently a check had been drawn and paid of which the books of neither firm had any record. It was a sum under £10, but as the youth who ran between the mill and the bank in the adjoining town of Blackbrook appeared too unsophisticated to transact such a fraud, and as Jim Sumner was immediately responsible for the current cash of the firm, he was held to be morally responsible, if not actually criminal, and, according to the immemorial custom of the firm, "had to go."

Poor Jim! He did not wait to meet his chapel folks and intimates. He just kissed his widowed mother, who would not have believed "owt again' Jim" on the testimony of an archangel, and went out into the frosty air, straight to the station, and away to a town thirty miles distant, to make a fresh start. His sweetheart was still in the mill. He ought, of course, to have waited for her and told her. But he didn't. He would write. She would learn soon enough. The village would buzz with the news, as though the new "hooter" had proclaimed it, by nightfall. And it did. There were girls who seemed glad to tell Rachel, and when she flared up and said:

"Yo' know as well as aw do 'at Jim ne'er did it," they only replied:

"Well, he's ta'en his hook at any rate. Yo'r aunt Bet seed him goo, and says 'good riddance to bad rubbidge.' She doesn't seem to think as weel o' Jimmie as her niece does." What could Rachel say? She went home with rage in her heart against her aunt, and something like resentment against her lover for hasting away without a word to the girl who could have died for him. Ah, little did she think—yet even now a dead misery had taken possession of her.

"Well, Miss Proudie, an' how's thy fine gentleman naa?" (Aunt Bet's own lad had had hopes of the "office" once, but had turned out a wastrel—hence her bitterness.) "Aw thout wot it 'ud be. Some fowk can't stand gettin' up i' th' world. Pride'll hev a fal' an' thy whipper-snapper's come a cropper at ony rate."

In tongue warfare Rachel was nowhere; besides, Aunt Bet wasn't worth answering. Then, that very day, the overlooker had threatened to reduce her to two looms, and had humbled her so terribly before the other weavers, that all the spirit seemed clean gone out of her. She went to bed, but not to sleep. The "knocker up" had an easy task next morning. That day was the blackest of many black ones during the past few weeks, and now no lover's comfort awaited her. Everything went wrong. The staff wouldn't weave. Her looms seemed bewitched. The overlooker overlooked with a vengeance.

"Yo'll start on two looms to-morn," he said; "think on that! Aw've lots a' lasses o' fourteen 'at weave better nor thee, an' do tenoor work on two looms t'an tha' con o' three."

It was the last straw. She dare not face Aunt Bet and her sneers.

"Oh, Jim, Jim," was the cry of her heart, "why couldn't you say a word to me?" For when her heart spoke, it cried for Jim and not for looms. Coming out of the hot mill it was bitter cold. She drew her shawl over her head and hurried away. Not to the place she called "home." She scarcely knew where she went. A hopeless despair weighed on her sensitive spirit. Tears unchecked and unheeded dropped as she walked. "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!" would have been her exclamation could she have expressed her deepest wish. Suddenly she found herself on the top of the reservoir embankment. The moon was shining upon the water, which sparkled and shone with a cry stalline brilliance.

"There's nowt left to live for, an' I won't live!" and, casting her shawl from her, she threw herself from the embankment. There was a sharp ringing sound. The moon shone on, and all was still.

"Now, aw wonder what's come out about this money," thought Jim Sumner, as he struck the reservoir bank on his way, from the station home. "Folks are fain to stay in to-neet, aw reckon. Aw'm glad nob'y'lly see me till aw've cleered mysel'—if clearin' it is—and what can th' masters ha' taken th' trouble to get my address fro' mother—for no'dby else knew it—an' telegraph for me to come instantly, if it's not? My! but th' frost has been keen this two days. Aw'll bet th' lodge'll bear." So saying, he ran down and tried it with his foot, and, finding it safe, walked a distance on the margin.

"What's that? Good heavens!" He had stumbled over the prostrate form of a woman lying a few feet from the embankment. The ice was starred in every direction where the head had struck it. "Poor lassie!" He turned her over, and the moon's light fell upon a face he had often kissed. He reeled as though he had received a blow that made the blood flow from that marble brow. How cold she was? But she breathed. He picked her up and carried her, he knew not how, up the bank and away till he staggered into his mother's cottage.

Could she be in better hands? Still unconscious, but with signs of returning animation, he left her and hastened to the mill. The lights still burned in the office. The masters were seated by the fire, and in the background sat the messenger and Jabez Smethurst.

"How d'ye do James—you got our wire?"

"I did, sir, thank you."

"Boy, tell us again what you told this morning." Whereupon the penitent lad, with fearful looks at Jabez, told how the overlooker had terrorized him about small betting debts, how, at his instigation, he had obtained a blank check from the office lad at Bromley's, how Jabez had filled it in, copying the writing from another of Bromley's checks, how he had presented it with the rest at the bank and got the cash. The sequel was known, and did not need recounting. Jabez swore it was a parcel of lies, but the boy's evident sincerity, revelations of Jabez's bookmaking transactions, and later, Rachel's account of her rejection of his suit, and his subsequent threats and persecution, convinced the masters of Smethurst's guilt. They simply discharged him, and eased their consciousness of Jim's overhasty dismissal by raising his salary to £100 a year.

The folks who cheered a happy pair on New Year's Day, and pelted them with rice, did not see a scar on the brow of the bride, for it was covered by her bridal veil.—Tit-Bits.

Mountain Sheep in Colorado.

Mountain sheep appear to be increasing in Colorado, and, stranger still, the rare and timid animals are leaving their dizzy haunts among the high mountain peaks and drawing nearer to the habitations of men than ever before. In the comparatively low lands, near the town of Jefferson, there is now a flock of fifty or more mountain sheep. Jefferson is on the South Park Railroad, about eighty-one miles southwest of Denver, in Park County. It is an old established community, and has near it the well-known summer resort, Jefferson Lake. The vicinity, disturbed by the rumble of trains as well as the sounds of human life and industry, is not at all a quiet one. It has none of the characteristics which usually mark the natural home of the almost extinct mountain sheep.

And yet, for several days past a band of at least fifty of the soft eyed, large-horned native sheep of the Rocky Mountains has been calmly grazing around the town of Jefferson and close to the railroads. It is said that the sheep do not display any sign of fear of the Jefferson people. Many of them come in open daylight within easy pistol-shot of the residences. They do not run away unless somebody purposely tries to frighten them.

For many years past the sight of a mountain sheep has been a rarity in Colorado, and usually but one at a time has been seen. A hunter far off from civilization might descry a solitary sheep, perched on a crag overlooking some wild and steep canon, but hardly ever within gunshot range. No such thing as fifty sheep together has been reported, even by the veriest Munchausen of hunters. When a lone sheep was seen it usually disappeared from view at the slightest alarm.

Considering these things, the descent of fifty sheep upon the town of Jefferson, as though they had formed themselves into an excursion party somewhere among the mountains, does not look reasonably explainable. The general theory is that bitter cold and deep snows in the higher altitudes drove them downward, and that they joined together for mutual protection as they traveled from peak to peak. Killing mountain sheep is absolutely prohibited by law in Colorado. It is a closed season all the year round with the animals, just as it is with buffalo.—Denver Republican.

Minister Willis as an Attorney.

The death of Minister Willis, in Hawaii, has set Kentuckians here to story telling about him says a Washington correspondent of the New York Post. One of them describes an incident illustrative of his methods of trying a lawsuit before a jury. He was once attorney for a young woman in a case against a prominent and wealthy contractor of Louisville. The case attracted much attention and the courtroom was crowded when the trial was on. The contractor took the stand, and being of an easy conscience, tried to swear the case out of court. Then Willis rose in behalf of the young woman. He did not seek to cross-examine the witness. He turned to the great crowd of spectators and at random singled out a man in the front row.

"Stand up and get sworn where you stand," said Willis to the astonished spectator. "Do you know the defendant?"

"Yes," answered the spectator.

"Do you know his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"Yes."

"Is it good or bad?"

"Bad."

"Would you believe him under oath?"

"No."

Then Willis called on another spectator to stand up and be sworn, with similar results. Thus he called on spectators at random, until he had sworn fifteen or twenty of them. They all agreed that the contractor could not be believed under oath. It was proof positive to the jury in impeaching the contractor, for it was clear to every one that the witnesses had not been summoned for the purpose of impeachment. Willis won the case and secured a verdict of $20,000 against the defendant.

Bees Outfly Pigeons.

An apiculturist of Westphalia made a bet that twelve bees, released at a distance of three miles from the hives at the same time as twelve pigeons, would travel over the ground as quickly as the birds. The first bee entered the hive one-quarter of a minute before the first pigeon reached its columbary. Three other bees arrived before the second pigeon, and the remainder of the competitors reached home almost simultaneously.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

INDIA'S WOES.

PLAGUE AND FAMINE ARE DEVASTATING THE COUNTRY.

Millions of Victims—Disposition of the Dead—A French Doctor's Remedy—Precautions in This Country.

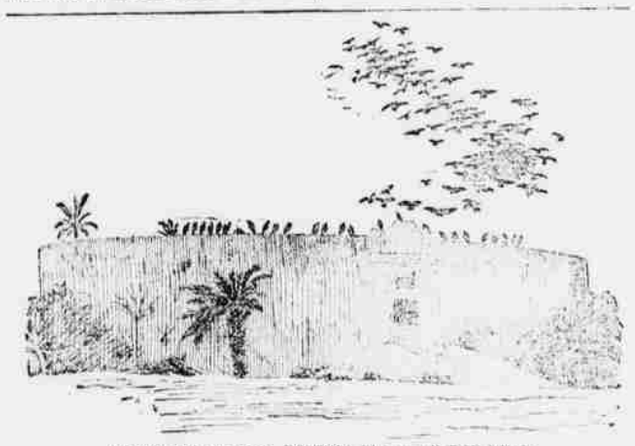
FAMINE is carrying off its millions of victims in India, and the plague is not only ravaging that land, but is beginning to cast its shadow over the world, says the New York Journal.

In well-fed America we can hear of the hungry millions with a pity not unmixed with satisfaction that we are otherwise. But no nation or class is above the fear of the plague germ. It can travel round the earth in a thousand different receptacles, is insensible to climate, and, attacking invisibly, brings wholesale death.

Plague and famine are co-operating in a way that must make the best efforts of officials and scientists seem hopeless. The irrigation tanks, very numerous in Northern India, have been reduced by drought to stagnant puddles, and these have been converted by diseased men and animals into inexhaustible sources of contagion. The prevalence of famine has forced the people to eat the most putrid of food, which is in many cases infected by diseased rats and insects.

The native quarter of Bombay is practically deserted. It is strewn with deserted bodies, and its condition menaces an epidemic in the European quarter. The death rate among the natives has grown so high that it is impossible to keep a reliable record. The country for hundreds of miles around Bombay is ravaged by plague and famine. The large port of Karachi is very badly infected.

The most horrible spectacle in Bombay is presented by the Towers of Silence, the Parsee burial places on the Malabar Hill. The Parsees are fire worshippers, and the most industrious and prosperous native community in Bombay.



TOWER OF SILENCE, RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD.

When a Parsee dies his friends convey his body to one of the Towers of Silence, which are clustered together in a garden. After the mourners comes a man leading a white dog, the emblem of faithfulness, followed by the priests. The procession ascends the tower, in which a sacred fire is always kept burning. At the top is a platform, on which the body is left. No sooner have the people withdrawn than a flock of vultures, which have been hovering about descends. In ten minutes they pick off every particle of flesh, and at the end of three weeks the friends return and deposit the bleached skeleton in a central well.

The scenes on the banks of the Ganges, the sacred river of India, are awful. In the neighborhood of Benares, the metropolis of Brahmanism, they reach their culmination. To die here in the waters of the sacred river is to make sure of future blessedness. Of the millions who are starving, as many as possible crowd here to perish in the shrinking and polluted stream. Benares is famous for its burning ghat by the river where where the Hindoos cremate their dead, but this has long been choked up.

A HINDOO DOCTOR TREATING A PLAGUE PATIENT.

Among the photographs of Indian scenes reproduced here may be noted the Hindoo doctor treating a patient. His entire medical outfit is a small box which he carries in his hand, and Europeans say that he is worse than useless.

It is announced that a remedy for the plague has been discovered by a French physician. An antitoxic serum prepared on similar principles to that used in diphtheria has been employed with success.

The Health Departments of New York and Brooklyn are not in possession of millions of germs of the plague. These are capable of spreading the disease throughout the land, but it is hardly necessary to say that they are properly secured. The bacteriologists of these cities have the bacilli and the knowledge necessary to enable them to prepare the anti-toxic serum.

The pioneer in the treatment of the bubonic plague appears to be Dr. Yersin, a physician in the French colonial service. He is not thirty years of age, and has perhaps performed a service which will rank him among the greatest scientific benefactors of humanity. The Bombay authorities have requested him to visit that city, and it is propable that he will do so.

A FAKIR SACRIFICING HIMSELF TO THE GODS TO WARD OFF PLAGUE.

A correspondent who has just returned from Cochin China describes Dr. Yersin and his work. He is a man of interesting appearance, thin and of middle height. He has a long face, wrinkled by the Eastern climate and hard work in the laboratory. His hair and beard are cut short, and he is full of life, intelligence and enterprise. Here is Dr. Yersin's description of the plague from personal observation:

"The disease presents the chemical characteristics of the bubonic plague of the Middle Ages. The outbreak is sudden, after an incubation of four and one-half to six days. It is accompanied by complete prostration. The sufferer is attacked by a high fever, often accompanied by delirium. The first day a bubo—generally one only—appears. In seventy-five cases out of one hundred it is in the groin, in ten cases out of one hundred in the armpit.

"In the case of the plague I use a sterilized broth containing the dead bodies of the bacilli is used. This is injected daily into a horse, which in the space of two weeks becomes immunized against the plague. The serum of the horse's blood is then drawn off and serves as a preventative of or remedy for the plague in man."

The plague appeared in China in 1896, and Dr. Yersin immediately went there. He started at Canton, but the Chinese population did not wish to be treated by a European physician.

But an accident won him the day. Three seminaries of the Catholic mission at Canton fell sick of the plague. Dr. Yersin treated them and saved all of them. He then went to Amoy, where he treated twenty-three persons and saved twenty-one. He had then no more serum, but he converted a large part of the population. When he left Amoy they gave him an ovation.

The Hon Pao, a Chinese newspaper, devoted an article to the praise of Dr. Yersin and concluded by saying:

"Is not this a divine art? Who will dare to say that Hoa-to has not returned to earth again?" Hoa-to, it should be explained, is a celebrated Chinese doctor who lived 2000 years ago, and has been turned into a god.

The first man in this country to receive a supply of the bacilli was Professor J. T. Wilson, bacteriologist of the Brooklyn Health Department. They were obtained from Dr. Yersin by a surgeon in the navy, who brought them to this country.

What will be done to protect New York in case of the arrival of an infected ship is an important question. Dr. Alvah H. Doty, the Health Officer of the Port, says that he is fully prepared for such an emergency. He has representatives at Suez, Naples and other ports, who will warn him by cable of infected ships.

It will be hard for the bubonic plague to come into New York on the body or clothing of any human being. This port has now the most perfect and modern disinfecting apparatus in existence. It would be impossible for the germs of any disease to pass through it and remain alive.

This apparatus has been constructed under the supervision of Dr. Doty. It is installed on the steamboat James W. Wadsworth, which is stationed at Quarantine ready at any moment to get up steam and proceed to the disinfection of suspected persons or ships. Dr. Doty's principal assistants are Dr. D'Hommedieu and Mr. Skinner.

Disinfection is enforced on persons from abroad at the discretion of the Health officer. It will certainly be enforced on all coming from India or other ports from which the germs of the dreaded plague are liable to be carried.

The Wadsworth is a marvel of scientific ingenuity in its fittings. The upper deck is given up to the disinfecting plant. A series of compartments begins forward and ends aft. They are entirely lined with galvanized iron, coated with white enamelled paint, and incapable of allowing any liquid or other substance to escape. The man suspected of harboring germs enters these chambers with all his portable belongings, and both of them emerge free from any germs which they may have carried on them. There remains the possibility, of course, that the man may have them in him.

The crew of the Wadsworth undergo the same process of disinfection as the crew and passengers of an infected ship. After the work of disinfection is over the compartments are washed out with copious water and a solution of bichloride of mercury. All the drainings must run out through the hole.

A LIVE CANNIBAL KING.

His Residence a Structure Composed of Human Bones.

Okirika is situated about twenty-five miles from Bonny and in the route to New Calabar, Africa. When the protectorate treaties were being signed, making the delta of the Niger a British protectorate, Bonitsuke, the King, and his chiefs refused to countenance the terms set forth therein, and for several years gave Sir Claude Macdonald a vast amount of trouble from time to time, as the tribe held some of the principal oil markets in the district. When the Bonny men or New Calabar men went to trade with the Okirikas their property was frequently seized, and murder invariably followed, the heads of the victims being carried off to adorn the "Ju Ju" house. Early last June Mr. Moor, the British Consul-General, sent them an ultimatum, says the Illustrated London News, demanding the King should be handed over to him, and also that the "Ju Ju" house be destroyed, or he would bombard their town. Up till the last day of the time allowed in the ultimatum they refused to come to terms, so Mr. Moor proceeded in the Government yacht Ivy, with 150 troops and three launches, to Okirika. After about twenty minutes' bombardment the chiefs came out in their canoes flying white flags. Some troops were then landed, who, without opposition, destroyed the "Ju Ju" house, a structure built of human skulls. The King was then handed over, and the Ivy returned to Bonny within twenty-four hours of the time of departure. Ibantsuka was made a state prisoner and conveyed to Degama (the Protectorate's convict settlement), but later succeeded in making his escape. The Okirikas at present are assuming a more peaceful attitude and trade between them flourishes accordingly.

THE CANNIBAL KING OF OKIRIKA.

The Oldest Postmaster.

Joseph Strode of Mifflin County, Penn., is the oldest postmaster in the United States. That is to say, the oldest in continuous service, for Mr. Strode has held his position of master of mails at Strode's Mills since 1845, despite the changes of administrations, political upheavals, war and the silver agitation.

JOSEPH STRODE.
(Oldest Postmaster in the United States.)

Joseph Strode is in his eighty-second year and is the pride and the joy of the Postoffice Department in Washington, which placed his picture in the government display at the World's Fair.

The Poetic Muse

Lights.

The great lights flared in the city's street
And myriads passed beneath their rays—
Not one looked up with a gladness meet
Or uttered a word of praise.

A rushlight shone in a forest drear
'Mid clouds of blinding snow and sleet—
And one praised God, for its shining there
Safe led his wandering feet.

—Ada Iddings Gale, in Chautauquan.

Love and I Fell Out One Day.

Love and I fell out one day,
All in summer season;
Love and I fell out one day—
Both of us but meant it play,
Neither knew a reason.

Love and I had much to do;
(Ah, how time can smother!)
Love and I had much to do—
Toiled we both the long day thro';
Neither kissed the other.

Love and I went on our ways—
What a woeful wonder!—
Love and I went on our ways,
Till, in ever-thickening haze,
Rent our paths asunder.

Love and I are growing old;
Naught we follow after.
Love and I are growing old;
Both our hearts are stony cold
With no tears nor laughter.

—Post Wheeler, in New York Press.

The Journey.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done.
Though life has given me a heaping measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,
Still better things await me farther on.

This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distances beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spheres
Between us and the stars, are filled with faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.

I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul has scared.
Earth is a way-side station where we wander
Until from out the silent darkness yonder
Death swings his lantern and cries "All aboard."

I think death's train sweeps through the solar system
And passes suns and moons that dwarf our own,
And close beside us we shall find our dearest,
The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.

Whatever disappointments may befall me
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great Death Route.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Pardan.

To the End.

As the wings of an angel might guard, as the hands of a mother might caress,
So have I loved you nine years, though hope and though faith should perish,
And my will is set to hold you yet, close hid in my deep heart's centre,
In a secret shrine that none may divine, where no one but I may enter.

When the stars shine dimly and wan, when the leaves on the pathway fretting,
When the mist has hooded the world in a dull and a drear forgetting,
Over the hill where the wind blows chill, over the wintry hollows,
A wild voice calls, on my sleep it falls, and my spirit awakens and follows.

Call, and I come through the night, though the mist and the darkness hide you,
Weary and desolate heart, my place is surely beside you.
From the depth of your black despair, come back, my arm shall be strong to move you,
To bear you up to the golden gates of heaven, because I love you.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Two Views.

THE PESSIMIST'S VIEW.

Life's a bubble—pricked at that—
Substance vanished all away.
Ruffin's out—collapsed, sir—flat—
Little wonder, then, I say,
Men shouldn't sigh,
Weep and die.
All the world's a fraud, a cheat,
Bitter mingles with each sweet.
Stones are ours in place of bread;
Men are fools, and hope is dead.
Oh my, oh—
I told you so!
Boo-hoo! boo!—don't you see
That's the way it looks to me.

THE OPTIMIST'S VIEW.

Everybody can't be clever,
Anybody can be jolly.
Sheddin' tears won't help it, never,
Weepin' seems such awful folly.
Be a man!
That's my plan.
Best world ever I was in—
Keeps a body on the grin!
Bein' to-day? What do I care?—
Next day's certain to be fair.
Sun shines every day—some place—
Bless his kindly, good old face!
Life's replete
With all thing's sweet.
Ha! ha! ha! don't you see?
That's the way it looks to me.

—Youth's Companion.

Cuba.

Fair isle of summer! Lend the cannon's roar
The hurtling shriek to the startled air,
The burst of blood, the shriek of dead despair,
Machete's flash, the mangled trophy where
Of those who come with vengeful thirst for gore,
The bastion's fall amid the bugle's blare
Hidalgo's curse and maiden's pitiful prayer
In patriot ears these ring forever more.

Nor Spanish gold, nor Spanish force of arms,
Nor bribe, nor taunt, nor fear of unwept grave,
Shall daunt the souls that Right shall yet make free.
They brave it all; nor dread War's wild alarms;
Fair Freedom calls—they hast'ning rush to save
Thee, gem of ocean, bride of Liberty.

—W. T. Whitsett in New York World.

A Queen's Pocket Pistol.

There is a large old gun on Dover Heights, England, popularly known as "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol." It was cast at Utrecht in 1544, and was presented by the States General to Queen Elizabeth. It is twenty-four feet long, and finely ornamented with figures in bas-relief.