Hope has gone over, my coffers are bare; Rifled by sorrow the paths that I try; Darkness and daylight are riddled with care, Prying eyes peep at me; haughty eyes stare,

Phantoms reply. Now he draws near who was far from me there-

"Love, it is I."

All was for him who should seek me of old-All would be mine had you looked on me so Dressed in the trappings of beauty and gold Praises could humble and pleasures grow cold-

Long was the show. Fortune and fame are but heavy to hold. Sweet to bestow.

Hope has gone over-my coffers are bare; Homeless, forsaken, unvalued am I; Naked the heart you would win of despair-Never the gift was so priceless. I swear-

Sacred and shy! All that is left me, my freedom is there;

Brother, good-bye. -Dora Read Goodale.

## LITTLE WASP.



O you think a coquette can ever be true?" This remark was addressed to me by an old school fellow with whom I kept up a friendship.

"Do I think a coquette can be true! No; but Little Wasp can."

"But a greater flirt never lived !" cried my companion. "She talks to all the fellows about, and I dare say half of them think she is in love with them, just as I do," he said, dashing the ash from his cigar against the five-barred gate over which we were both leaning. "I don't think Little Wasp a coquette,

in the real and true sense," I observed. "She talks to every fellow, I know, but she behaves all the time as if unconscious that she's doing anything out of the way. But then American girls are not like English girls."

"There again," said Jack, facing round and looking at me as if I were his bitterest enemy instead of the most forbearing friend in the world, and indeed I had proved myself this; for had I not listened to his meandering talk about Little Wasp for hours together, and never pronounced myself bored?

It will be judged from this that I was not one of the lady's favored gentlemen; and indeed I was not. I got none of her smiles, and a great many of those sharp little answers which had gained her her nickname; answers which, coming through less beautiful lips, might have exasperated a man. But her innocent air and exquisite loveliness made everything she did or said appear right at the moment. It was afterwards, upon reflection, and when her face was not there to be witch one, that one called her cruel and unfeeling, and all sorts of other names one would have been ashamed even to think in her presence. But I am digressing.

I had spoken of her being American, and Jack had turned upon me angrity with: "There again! she and her mother have come from no one knows where, and are no one knows who; and here am I, belonging to one of the oldest families

Here I interrupted him. I had no particular ancestors to trace my descent from, and no coat of arms to brag about; and as I knew by heart all Jack's ancestors as far back as Adam, I did not want to hear any more of them; which Little Wasp would have said directly was jeal-

"All right, old fellow," said Jack. I'm not going to give you the tree this time, and you come of a better stock than I do or you wouldn't be what you are."

I was considerably mollified by this remark, and relaxing the severity of my contenance, said: "You were about to

"Yes," said Jack, "I was about to observe that I am ready to die for that

"In which respect," I replied, "you are not so distinguished from your fellows as by your tree."

"Very likely," he answered mournfully. "But after all, the question at

issue is, which of us is she ready to die How I remembered that remark later

on, when I knew the end of the story! "Little Wasp die!" I said, laughing. "She'll live her summer-day life and then just disappear, to make war and anarchy in heaven once more, the little witch! One cannot think of Little Wasp dying.'

"Well, then, which of us will she live for?" asked Jack, with some asperity.

"I wonder how many of the fellows have asked her?" I replied with great calmness. "If you mean business, I must say you're taking it uncommonly my cigar-case from a cup-board near his off, sting and all, while you are thinking like that! She who is as stainless as about it. There was Captain Esher round there to-night as I passed the gate."

round there to-night, and the old one's her lightly" ("and thinking seriously," so anxious to marry the girl off her I added mentally). hands that she won't deny me admis- "Far too lightl sion; and it'll be a bit of a test when I tell her I sail so soon for Melbourne. By the way," he said, breaking off sud- days' time; and if that captain shows his denly, and looking at me with a whim- nose nearsical puzzlement on his face, "I hope the old one won't want to be included in | lady is always listening at the door, and the bargain."

me about it. She's going to be married | coquette though she has been." quietly."

"and if you'll excuse me, old fellow, I'm | and lighting up.

where the girls are concerned. Never so much as asked how I was going on; fooled, as I termed it, around me, was never asked if I'd got the appointment now feeling as I leaned, not against a and be hanged if I'll tell him without. Little Wasp, for all her baby looks, will know better than to throw over a man of his property and position." And truly I was trying as hard as I could to think her mercenary, though I have learned how desperately I must have been endeavoring to quench something so much warmer for her in my heart. I would go and see them off, and then when the man should call out, "All visitors on land!" I should just stick there, and let them find out I had taken my passage.

I was disappointed at this piece of diplomacy, for Jack came up to my



lodging very late in the evening, and he looked so buoyant and happy that I knew it was all settled; and why shouldn't it be? (this latter a little admonition delivered internally, to some part of me that would sigh in thinking

"Yes, it's all right, old boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, which I a little resented, for the weight of his fist was not light; "and she has cared for me all along and thought I was never going to ask her."

"The deuce she has," I said, sticking a knife into a loaf of bread in front of me, for I had been eating my supper.

He looked a little surprised at my expression, but he was too full of his own happiness to notice me much, and rattled on, seating himself upon the table in a manner which would have alarmed my landlady could she have seen him, for that article of furniture was none of the newest nor the most modern. It was round, and stood upon a centre pedestal and had a great ten-dency to lurch; and I had discovered three different catalogue numbers of sales upon it underneath. But I am

"I want but one thing to complete my happiness," Jack said; and the table creaked under him, and caused the cheese to run a race with the knife along the dish. "If only you could get your appointment and go with us."

Now was my time. I looked up with an injured air. "I got the notice that I was appointed this morning."

"Why in the name of all the gods

didn't you tell a fellow?" "I should like to know what chance I had," I replied. For the last six months there has been only one subject of conversation between us, and Little Wasp

Here he interrupted me. "Look here, old fellow," he said; we

must drop that absurd nickname. Her

real name is Ellen." "Abserd!" I ejaculated. "Little Wasp is Little Wasp and can be nothing else to any of us who have known her. But of course," I added with some dignity,

"she will have a new name to be called by soon and I shall use that." "Nonsense, old fellow," replied my friend, "we are not going to make a stranger of you, and you are welcome to call her Ellen like me."

I thanked him with a little of a sneer in tone, I am afraid, and respecfully de-

"As you like," said Jack, giving the table a fearful wrench. In fact such was the danger, I was compelled to remonstrate, and suggest that there were chairs in the room, even if not of the most desirable shape and softness.

"Ah, to be sure, I thought it was rickety," he said, descending from his perch and seating himself next upon my camp stool, which collapsed under him, resulting in bursts of laughter from both of

"It's only getting my hand in for the Bay of Biscay; and hang it, if I care for anything," he said, seating himself with some care in my arm-chair, "now that angel has linked her lot with mine."

"What are you calling her an angel for?" I said. Somehow I could not bear to hear him run on. "I'll allow she's a very pretty little sinner."

"Sinner!" cried Jack, knocking down cool. Somebody will be carrying her elbow with magnificent indifference. "I

Here I interrupted him. "Don't go "Look here," said Jack, "I'll 50 know we've all been so used to talking of "Far too lightly," said Jack with

asperity, "and I won't hear any more of it. She'll be Mrs. Percival in a few

"Don't threaten," I said. "The landwhen I open it she's always just going "On that point I can set your heart at to knock. Besides, it would look like rest," I replied. "The old one has car- distrust to be behaving in that manner, ried off her own prize. Thomson told and I don't think that's fair to her,

"So much the better," said Jack; are all going away," said Jack, rising ant love, it was answer enough.

"Always the way," I said to myself, thought myself practical, and free of can be true," he said, and these were his sentiment, while others made love, or five-barred gate this time, but against I'll just present myself to see them off the poop of a vessel with the raging Bay when they sail, as of course they will. of Biscay all surrounding us, that I had a great deal of sentiment in me after all; and indeed there is nothing like a great storm to bring out the true woman in a man, which is there sure enough if it can only be roused: just as my poor Little Wasp proved there was plenty of the man or manly courage in a frail, sweetly nature-painted little woman.

She was with her husband below now, cheering and consoling him, I was sure; for she who had on coming on board shuddered only less black beetles might be in the cabin, was now strong and firm and even cheerful since the captain had told us he feared we could never weather the gale.

There were many passengers on board. I don't know the number, for I could never read the newspaper accounts. But Ellen Percival, in her blue serge, was hither and thither, consoling mothers, comforting children, and even taking off little trinkets for them to play with. And how those children played on the verge of eternity! They were not terrified, the majority of them; and if they were, Little Wasp with her gentle voice, which had no sting now for any one, coaxed them into happiness, and hid away in her own great tender heart all she must have been feeling then.

"Have you no fear?" I said to her, as a lifeboat was launched and was seen to go to pieces instantly in that terrible She was standing with her husband's

arm about her as I spoke. "Jack is here," was all her reply.

The battered crew of the lifeboat, rescued all but one, persisted that they would make no further attempt. They resisted the captain's command to launch the iron pinnace, which would hold fifty souls. No, they would go down with the old craft, they said doggedly.

And now, to make matters worse, half the crew, who were Malays, refused to do anything, and went to their berths, and it became necessary for the passengers to take their places. Jack and I

were strong, and we went to the pumps. fury. The water was rising rapidly in which cost nothing more than a little the grass grew in bunches and much a the cabin, and there the stewardess paint, had its expected influence upon the sowing was lost. helped the parents to place their children the superstitious minds of the sailors It was almost impossible to get at a higher than the water, thus putting off by so little the inevitable,

It was now resolved that the pinnace should be lowered by means of the davits. But only three of the passengers were willing to enter it when launched. They had been terrified by the fate of the lifeboat. I was one of the passengers, and I almost feel guilty in writing it, seeing they were not the other

Few will believe how great a sacrifice I made for the old mother at home depending on me. To have died with her as he did would have seemed bliss to me. But my life belonged to my old mother at home.

"There is little chance for you in the boat," said the captain to the first mate; "here there is none. You have done your duty, God speed you. Do what you can for the little craft," and the two shook hands as for eternity.

The pumps had been abandoned, and Jack with his arm around his wife stood near and heard. "You will go, Tom," said Jack, "you have your mother. We," he said, glancing with a kind of rapture at the wistful little face leaning against his pea-jacket-"we will not be separated."

I still hoped, as I said "Good-by," that they would join us; but the crew, finding the passengers held back, had come on to the boat and taken their places, at which the captain smiled grimly. He smiled even more, as one of the passengers went over the side of the vessel with a black bag carefully held, to think he should care for his possessions at a moment like this. There was no time to lose, for the good ship was settling fast. We had some biscuits and a compass, but no water.

"There is room for one more. Fetch a lady," said the mate as we were about to cut ourselves free of the ship.

I immediately regained the ship to look for Ellen and her husband. "There is room for one lady," I said hurriedly. "Go both of you and care for my mother

They shook their heads, both of them, and Jack said, "I could never face your mother with such a tale; but," he added with a sudden heroism, "it is the mo-ment to tell the truth. Tom loves you, Ellen, I have seen it all along. Take her," he said to me, "marry her and make her happy. It is so dreadful for such a sweet young life to be broken



I felt myself choking, but I needed not to speak a word. She laid her soft cheek against his, and clung to him so "Well, it can't matter much, for we desperately, with a face so full of radi-

last words to me.

The moments were so precious, I had only time to fling myself over the side and into the boat, for the ship was settling down so fast that the boat if not cut away immediately would be sucked

Ellen Percival I see now as I last saw her, standing on the deck of that doomed vessel, cheerful and like herself even in such an hour, sometime peering forward through the gloom to anxiously watch our venture through the dashing foam and spray, sometime gazing at her husband in a sweet, contented way; and that I might see her more plainly, the sun shone out for a brief moment amid angry banks of black cloud, and lit her face with a sort of chastened glory. may sound strange, but I never saw more perfect happiness than was in the face of both those two at that moment. It was but a moment, for the bow of the ship rose right out of the sea, and the sudden rush of air from below flung all the passengers forward together. It was all over now-the once mighty craft sank suddenly and completely, and around us was the raging sea.

It matters little to the reader how I escaped, and the rest of us. We were picked up by a ship after we had encountered some privations, and it was long before I could reconcile myself to life after that last adieu to Little Wasp. JEANNIE GWYNNE BETTANY.

## MORROTINNEE.

Death of a once Famous Pirate who Lived Alone on an Island.

A vessel, just in from Honolulu, brings the news of the death of a man whose history is as thrilling as that of any pirate king of yellow-covered literature. Twenty-five years ago he was a pirate king as brave and as wicked as pirate kings always are. Since then he has been a hermit. In the days of his wickedness and power he commanded a vessel called the Red Cloud, stanch, unusually fast and furnished with perfect guns. Periodically this carmine red craft disappeared from the sea, and in her place would come another, all in sombre black and named the Black The storm continued with redoubled Cloud. This piece of theatrical effect sward, and this succeeded, although who were sometimes sent in pursuit of the vessel. Most of them fully believed that there was something uncanny about the craft and that her captain had supernatural help. In those days he was the terror of the South Pacific seas, and the British Government set a big price upon his head. Hundreds of attempts were made to capture him by fair fight and by traps, and by every means that could be devised. But he eluded all the traps, came out victorious in all the fights, and in every case sailed away with the traditional scornful laugh of the pirate king. He had a Spanish name which nobody remembers now, and he was supposed to belong to that nationality, although he spoke Spanish, English, French and German with equal

At last a young English nobleman loving adventure and desirous of the reward, untertook to capture him. After cruising around in the Pacific for some time he came, late one afternoon, directly upon the Red Cloud. The buc caneer spoke to the Englishman, asking where she was bound and what she had on board. The reply was that they were looking for the pirate, that they knew they were talking to him and that he had better give himself up at once.

In an instant bright lights appeared all over the Red Cloud, and the captain answered in good English, 'I will see you in Tophet first." Then a cannonball whizzed through the air, but it was aimed too high and passed above the vessel. "I will see you there," shouted back the Englishman, and a broadside from his guns, aimed low, sent the Red Cloud to the bottom of the sea. But the buccaneer escaped, and not long afterwards he and two of his crew appeared in a rowboat on the barren Island of Molokani, which is near the East Mani Islands of the Hawaiian group. It is a small, barren, rocky place, uninhabited. There his two companions even left him, and there he lived alone for twenty-five years. Since his landing there he was called only Morrotinnee; the native name for the island. A sailor who has been going to and fro from the Sandwich Islands for ten or twelve years learned all he could about Morrotinnee, and says that he was much liked and feared by the natives. They carried to him all the delicacies to be found in the kingdom and enabled him to lead a life of ease and luxury. They said he was a tall man, big and commanding, with a voice like thunder—so powerful that they firmly believed that he caused the wind to rise or the waters to subside. They would not allow white men to go near the island if they could help it, because they had been commanded by him, and when he died they buried him near the place where he had lived, with much mourning over his departure.

DAVID WHELPLEY, during the blizzard, hitched his horse and crawled into a hole in the ground which had been used for a cellar and stayed there all night. The place was only three feet high. To keep from freezing he white tled pieces of pine board and burned them. There being a wooden floor above he had to keep the fire low, and he was alternately smothered and frozen until 7 the next morning. His horse was all right, and he reached home, but was completely exhausted, but only slightly

THE dog corps in the French army is being carefully trained at Belfort. Large dogs are chosen. Every day they Jack looked at me with a happiness I are shown soldiers in German uniforms The scene had changed; and I, who can never describe. "You see a coquette and taught to fly at them on sight.

LITTLE SEBOOLIS'S HAY CROPA

How a Maine Lake of 300 Acres Es tent Was Made Profitable.

[From the Lewiston Journal.] Bangor people are not altogether given to the cutting and manufactor of lumber and such branches of trade naturally follow these interests, for cuts more hay than any city, town plantation in Maine, and some of the best of farmers and dairymen resident within her limits. Some of her wealth men, who have retired from trade, to much interest in farming, paying special attention to hay culture, among the being Messrs. S. and J. Adams, for a period of nearly thirteen year have been developing for hay raise what was once known on the map Maine as Little Seboosis Lake, acres in extent, and the work and results may be of interest to the readof the Journal. Little Seboosis Lake in 1873 was and

ated in the Town of Howland, a fee miles from the mouth of the Piscatagua being a basin of hard clay, having a con ering of about three feet of black mie In the northwestern corner was a brook running to the Piscataquis River, which when the snow melted in the Spring was an outlet, and in the summer, when the lake became low, changing to an in let, the water oozing from the river. On the easterly side, running north

and south, parallel with the lake, Seboosis stream, separated from the lib by a horseback and distant only twenty rods. This stream was thirty feet below the lake, affording a splendid chance to drain the larger body.

Messrs. Adams, owning all the last about the lake, cut a ditch through the horseback, and then had, had they cha en to utilize it, a fine water power, the being a fall of thirty feet in a distant of twenty rods, and having also, besils the 509 acre reservoir, the water wind would flow in from Piscataquis.

But the operators were after a by field, and to obtain it, next dug a dia through the muck to carry away to water which was to flow in when the summer came, and then sowed, on to snow, 175 bushels of Timothy, costag \$504. The idea was first to obtain

that did grow, but some was cut, at the next move was to thoroughly dita the land, finally drawing off all to water. A fair crop was cut the net year, and at this time a barn was buit 100x40. Such hay as was cut was of the best kind, and the process of gathering continued several years, a portion m

cut being burnt over. On this latter land grew a sort of fi weed, which finally spread and kild out the grass. The only thing to de new was to flood the land again, which was done, and this remained so for two years, when the water was again drained off, and timothy again sowed, and as

other barn built. Previous to the flooding the land had cracked into blocks of about twelve inches square, but after the second flooding the muck settled, and the land has since been in good shape.

Since the last operation the crop has been steadily on the increase, and then is now cut, on 250 acres, about 300 tost of hay, which, in years past, has been sent to Boston, where it has been sid to the owners of trotters and other value able animals.

One year the crop was sold at the miroad station, about ten miles away. The was in 1881, and the price realized \$20 per ton, one man taking \$2,00 worth. This year the Canadian Pacin people, who are operating near by, took the crop, paying \$12 at the barns.

It required no attention and no dress ing to raise the crop, and the owners it clare the soil to be the finest grass growing land known, and expect in the new future to get nearly, if not quite, to tons to the acre.

## Had Been Doctored.

A wealthy old widower boarding at a fashionable house in the city is said to be anxious to marry again. Of course he wishes to be loved by some your miss a third as old as himself. Recesly a well-dressed and fashionable your lady engaged rooms at the same house and began casting sly glances at the wife seeker, who was invited to call her parlors one evening, which he did finding his youthful admirer with net and gloves on, or as she explained it: "Just came in from the bank" was asked to make himself comfortable while she went to tea, leaving her best book spread open upon the centre take

Of course it was natural that a seeking a life companion should himself as to her ability to purchase suitable bridal trosseau, and he then peeped into the bank book, found a group of figures as loss as finger. The old man forgot his see gave a jump for joy. It appears that in intimate friend and in the property in intimate friend of the ex-benedict clerk in the bank where the adventions kept her money, and upou looking the account at the wish of the with he discovered that only \$5 had ever been deposited, and that the other figures a her book were fictitions. Whereof the attachment cross the stackment cross the stackm the attachment grew cold, and the gentleman is still in the matrime market -Albany Journ

"This," said Joughnes, looking at wagons containing the wild beasts in procession of one of the numerous est shows, "is the nineteenth cents but we find animals right here at living in the darkcages" (Read rapidly please.)—Norristown Herald.

WHERE there is abuse there ou our slumbers broken by the fire to be than to perish amid a than to perish amid flames in our best