

THE SONG OF SHIP.

The sky made a whip of the winds, and lashed the sea into foam. And the keen-blowing gales tore the flags and the sails of the ships that were plunging home.

Oh! ships of our love, wave-tossed in the faithless ocean nights! Lost, lost, in the darkness! Lost in sight of the harbor lights!

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

What a fine evening it is! The lilacs are in bloom again. The moon shines down on the river just as it did on the last night I was here, fifty years ago.

You smile as though you had not forgotten it. Why do I speak of it now? Well, almost fifty years have passed. It does not seem very long; still, we are both old now, and what harm can it do—a little talk of days gone by?

Yes, it is nearly fifty years since I have seen you. Your hair under that little lace cap is as white as snow. Then it was black and glossy as jet. You had no wrinkles then.

obliged to promenade the sidewalk alone, seemed very bitter and cruel to me.

A week passed before I saw you again. I was riding along the high bank of a river where it curves like a horseshoe around some meadow land.

I was so excited that day that I could scarcely eat a mouthful. My uncle asked me if I had seen the governor's daughter again. He was a wise man—my uncle.

It was not long afterward that you and I became acquainted. It was at a party that I attended with my cousins. You were there. I saw nothing else that golden night.

It was astonishing, though, how soon we were eagerly conversing. Our thoughts flowed on together like two brooks that meet in the forest and go dancing together through sunlight and shadow.

How well I remember that first evening when I called on you! I could not sleep the night previous, I was so excited. The day passed tediously.

The next night, as my cousin and I were passing by your father's grounds, I heard the sound of merry laughter from the gayly lighted house.

Do you remember the boat ride on the river? It was the only time that we were really alone. Maybe you don't imagine how near I came to proposing to you that day?

what beautiful speeches I had prepared never to be uttered. Yet I regarded that little journey up the winding river as the brightest episode in my life.

Just then we heard voices in the woods. You snatched your hand away instantly, as two ladies, one of them your aunt, appeared at the bank of the stream.

Soon after that a grand ball was to take place at the tavern. All the country was excited. I sent you an invitation and waited anxiously for a reply.

Do you remember that a few days before the ball you were taken ill with a fever. When I heard that my lovely partner was sick, I called at once.

The night of the ball, I was later than I expected in departing for town. The tavern was gayly lit up, and its roof was shining in the moonlight.

Horrible superstitions tortured my heart as I rode along faster and faster till I reached the tavern. I rushed into the building and took one glance into the ball room.

And now you say that they made you believe that I was glad you were sick so that I could be free to escort the banker's daughter!

Do you remember the boat ride on the river? It was the only time that we were really alone.

and you are the governor's beautiful daughter. It will always be so. What!—are you weeping? Never mind. We can't understand these things.

Awful Absinthe.

Its Chief Ingredient Is Wormwood, and It Poisons the Body and Burns Away the Brains.

During the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were more in danger from African fever than from Algerian enemies.

The consequence of the use—and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power—has been in France disastrous to a dreadful degree.

Alfred de Musset, who was the French Byron, plus a tenderer, naiver touch, also fell a victim to the drug after George Sand gave the final smash to his fragmentary heart.

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is very simple.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb Artemisia absinthium or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation.

Some barroom Columbus, ambitious to outdo Paris and add another tower to the inferno, recently invented or discovered the absinthe cocktail.

The continued use of absinthe gives rise to epileptic symptoms as an external expression of the profound disturbance of the brain and nerves.

Absinthe is made almost everywhere, except in the extreme tropics, and the New York variety is just as good—or bad—as any.

Back from African Wilds.

Unheralded and unknown to those on the pier, an unassuming young man marched down the gangway of the steamer Aller at New York lately.

I am in excellent health with the exception of a sluggish liver, as the result of two years in Africa. I have come home hurriedly for family reasons, and expect to remain here a few days only.

The secret of successful exploration in Africa is to keep by water courses. Although I traveled over 3000 miles, the greatest distance I penetrated from the coast was about 700 miles.

This expedition, which has just been happily completed by the return of Mr. Chanler, was considered by the best fitted out of any that ever left the coast for the interior.

The Secret of a Life.

The Terrible Mistake of a Surgeon Ends His Professional Expectations.

"A few years ago," said Charles J. Patterson, of Philadelphia, "I learned the secret of the life of a man who had passed more than a quarter of a century with scarcely a smile.

"After administering chloroform he made a fatal and horrible blunder, removing the well eyes by mistake and thus consigning his patient to perpetual blindness.

Washing the Mouth.

If the people would wash out their mouths twice or three times a day with an antiseptic solution, there would not be near so much sickness.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When it's spring, you catch a cold; Summer time, you're melting; When it's winter, you're scarce—Sleet and snow a pelting.

For and About Women.

One of the newest caprices of fashion is an enormous tulle cravat forming a fan like bow directly under the chin; we believe this novelty is intended to supplant the long bow and ends, and assure our readers it is infinitely more graceful and becoming says the Season.

Miss Lucy M. Booth, daughter of General Booth, of Salvation Army fame, has command of the Indian forces of the army, with headquarters at Bombay.

Cleanliness and comeliness are the best recommendation virtue can have. People are captivated by appearances. It is not permissible to ask questions, and as the individual has the chance to make a favorable impression she is unwise to miss it.

If cotton dresses are properly made there is no reason why they should not be washed many times. To make up satines and gingham with boned basques, heavily lined skirts and velvet bound edges is an absurdity.

Mrs. Rebecca T. Robinson, of West Newton, Mass., is to defray the expense of the erection of a new scientific building at Tufts College, Massachusetts.

Steam is destructive. Before it becomes an agent of power it must be controlled, and so we build our water backs and cylinders, our elevators and locomotives, for great resistance.

LEARN TO LAUGH.—This is the season for laughter. All nature is smiling. See if you cannot put yourself in unison with the gracious dame.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a cheery smile. Few if any care a rap for your physical ailments.

The world wants to be amused; it has no quarter to offer the croaker, the grumbler, the disagreeable and dissatisfied ones of earth.