

PEACE.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.

Now no more the drum Proves to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill.

Peace, thy olive wand extend, And bid wild war's ravage end.

God of peace—whose spirit fills All the echos of our hills.

Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease.

THE SARABAND'S SKIPPER.

The last half-hour of the steamship Saraband had come. All day she had lain in the pitiless bay, crouching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale.

She had had her day. Built to carry 120 passengers, she had once been one of the popular boats going through the newly opened canal to the east.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam ends.

That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder; the engine room plates were awash and the fires in the stokehole were out.

In the shelter of the bridge deck—the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the sea—clustered her crew.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate; "but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?"

"They've been ready since morning," said the mate; "but can we get them in the water unscathed, and won't the firemen rush them?"

"I don't think so," replied the skipper; "there's time enough and room enough for all to get away."

"But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the chart-house, the mate following him.

"I'll lower her from the deck," said the skipper. "If they have a long patient made fast to the ship, they can easily pull up again under the counter, and I'll make a jump for it."

have a poor chance with those boots and oilskins on," said the mate.

"The ship is sinking," he said, "and I have decided to take to the boats. There's plenty of time and room for all to get away in safety, if you obey my orders."

"The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as she hung in the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, and who would be of no use in the critical maneuvers of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up.

"Stand back!" cried the skipper. "Crack! and the leading fireman spread out his hands and pitched onto his face, rolling in a limp bundle down onto the lee rail. The rest of the men stopped.

"The other boat was filled with only my mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on deck, lowered her; she also got clear away, and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked to the lee rail to wait for them to haul up again.

"He had to pass the body of the dead man and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter, and was getting close; the skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that moment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and with a cry of 'Blast you stop and drown with Bill!' cut the painter."

"The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the oars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails, and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world, after years at sea!

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas windscreen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month; on that he had had but small change to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmaster's Society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate, and drop from the position of a captain's wife to letting lodgers; perhaps one of the children could be got into an orphanage; if not, well, it meant starvation or the workhouse. He thought of his own life, of his hard, ill-used boyhood, cabin boy in a Quebec timber ship; of his manhood spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of the various ships he had commanded, in each of which he had been expected to use less coal, less paint, fewer provisions, and to go with smaller crews than in the last.

He thought of the blackguards he had had to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the sailor proverb rose to his lips: "To live hard, work hard, and go to hell after all, would be too damned hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

"His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. 'That too!' If the mate should indict him at the bar of the last judgment he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court: 'In my judgment it was necessary for the safety of the men in my charge.' A sudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his feet for one last look to windward. As he looked into the blinding spray, he saw a large wave come out of the mist, and knew it would swamp her. He gripped the rail with both hands, and his lips moved in a half-forgotten prayer. 'Our Father which art'—and the wave swept on. But Saraband had gone. The skipper had gone to meet his fireman—there shall be no more sea."—From Temple Bar.

"Where Work is Plenty." The Pittsburg Times says: Large contracting firms in Pittsburg are just now finding labor scarcer than at any time within their memory, and considerable trouble is encountered in getting enough men to do the work absolutely necessary.

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"They've been ready since morning," said the mate; "but can we get them in the water unscathed, and won't the firemen rush them?"

"I don't think so," replied the skipper; "there's time enough and room enough for all to get away."

"But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the chart-house, the mate following him. Inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest; you will take charge of her, get your crew aboard, and have everyone in his place before we start to lower, so that you can shove off as soon as she touches the water. If those patents act you ought to be all right." (The boats were fitted with a patent contrivance by which the tackles holding them are automatically released the moment the boat is water-borne, so that there is no unhooking of blocks to be done while the boat is being dashed to pieces against the ship's side.)

"I shall be all right," said the mate, but what about you? Who's going to lower the fall of the after boat? You can't manage it from the boat itself, with all the crowd you will have on board."

Some Stumpy Great Men.

Socrates was stumpy, also St. Paul and Alexander the Great, greatly only a warrior. In stature both he and his far more intellectual father, Philip of Macedon, scarce reached middle height.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 364 rubies and 15 emeralds.

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money. Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

When Keppel—a commodore at twenty-four—was sent to demand an apology from the Dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "headless boy" with such a message to him.

The great secret of success in road-making and keeping the road drained by keeping the ditches open, writes John Gilmer Speed, on "How to have good country roads."

The Tatars have a quaint custom of taking a guest by the ear when inviting him to eat or drink with them.

The Pittsburg poor farm is located over a coal deposit, and the coal is to be mined by the inmates to furnish fuel for the institution.

One of the strangest streams in the world is in East Africa. It flows in the direction of the sea, but never reaches it.

Wherever Mrs. Browning trod, whatever she touched, became endowed with the sacredness of her presence. When Mr. Browning returned with her on a visit to England, after an absence of several years, he repaired to the little church in which they had been married, and there, at the entrance, he reverently knelt and kissed the paving stones upon which she the light of his being, had stepped.

"I was a very old man when the man went down with her, and the reason that his body is not at the bottom to-day with the other 38 that were lost is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessels and could not sink."

The North China Herald says that a curious phenomenon was witnessed recently at daybreak upon the opening of the Changmen gate of Soochow. Some 4,000 or more rats of all sizes were seen to file out of the gates, showing no fear of the country people who were flocking to sell their market produce in the city.

Cuba is divided into six provinces: Havana, Pinar del Rio, Mantanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, and Santiago. These again are subdivided. The population of the island, as given by a census published last December, is 1,631,687. Havana, is said to contain 198,720 inhabitants and Santiago 71,300.

The Philippines are said to have a population of about 9,000,000 and Manila about 250,000. The Islands number some 2,000.

Force a toad's mouth open and hold it in that position, and it will suffocate. This is because he has no ribs, and no way of dilating the chest; therefore he must literally swallow air as though it were food. Forcibly keeping the creature's mouth open causes the air to pass into the stomach instead of its lungs.

The American Cultivator says that the original greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Solomon Drowne, at Mount Uxigua, in North Foster, R. I. The tree was a very old one when the farm was sold in 1801. The seller informed the purchaser that it was a pity the old tree was going into decay, as it produced the best fruit of any tree in the orchard.

"I don't doan see no difference 'twix de man 'at wuks an' de man 'at loafs," said Deacon Johnson. "Dey hain't do diffunce, speshul," replied Deacon Jackson, "ceptin' dat dey calls de loafer's feller 'kunnel.'"

Things Worth Knowing.

A gold coast negro prince is among the candidates for the bar at Lincoln Inn. His father is Acquasie Kaye, King of Deakenah, in the British Protectorate.

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Anthraxic coal discovered at historic King's mountain, North Carolina, shows an analysis of ninety-five per cent. of carbon.

Physiologists say that of all people in middle life at least one-third have one ear in some degree affected by deafness.

An English advertising firm wants to board in the banks of the Suez canal and decorate them with advertisements.

Dresden's new central railroad station, which has been six years in building has been opened for general traffic.

Tasmania has one of the most wonderful tin mines in the world, called the Mount Bischoff mine.

A captive bee striving to escape has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing strokes per minute.

The castle of Heidelberg is the largest in Germany.

Iron horsehoes have been found dating back to the year 451.

The state dress of a trumpeter of the Royal Horse guards, "the Blues," costs over \$50.

A man in the London slums makes a living by selling hot water at a half-penny per quart.

Ex-Mayor Latrobe, who was mayor of Baltimore for 14 years, has attended over 600 banquets.

The most common name for a place in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 72 times.

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Under the laws of China the man who loses his temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cool down.

Infection by Breath.

In order to impress on us how easily infection may often be disseminated by the breath a writer in the Hospital (London) bids us watch the course of the smoke exhaled from the mouth of one who is enjoying a cigar. He says: "The fumes do but make visible what is happening all the day, whether we smoke or not. Each of the tiny particles of carbon or condensed vapor, which in their millions make up a wreath of smoke, corresponding particles of expired air, which, if it can carry the visible carbon, can still more easily carry the invisible microbe."

Thus a whiff of smoke entering our nostrils and penetrating our lungs does but show the course which might be taken just as easily by a swarm of microbes, and serves to demonstrate one, at least, of the ways in which a crowded life passed in close community with our fellows leads to mischief.

The passage of a whiff of smoke from mouth to mouth does, in fact, but illustrate the mode in which the well-recognized evils of rebreathing expired air are produced. It is not the air, but what the air carries with it that does the harm. What is illustrated by tobacco smoke is sometimes proved in another way.

"In the bright sunbeams notes are said to dance, and by careful watching one may see not only how numerous these notes are, but of what nasty stuff they are not infrequently composed. The wheezy flower-seller lunging over his tray of violets, the loud-voiced hawk shouting over his barrow of strawberries, the sniffling child sneezing at the street corner, the panting person who will shake out his handkerchief in the 'bus before using it, even polite people talking to each other, are all doing things which on a dull day seem innocuous enough.

Let the sun shine, however, and the tell-tale sunbeams soon display the showers of saliva and the crowds of dust which are thus scattered in the air and can almost be traced from mouth to mouth. This is aesthetically abominable, but in the vast majority of cases probably does no harm. Here and there, however, these particles come from people who are diseased and carry diseases to those who are healthy. The rebreathing of expired air is certainly one cause of disease, especially to those who live in towns and in close dwellings; and how real is the risk, and how readily the passage of solid particles from man to man can be traced from mouth to mouth is accomplished, is made manifest every time a whiff of tobacco makes us cough."

"Making it a Vigorous Campaign." A small boy in the east end is about as cute as they make 'em. At least his dotting parents think so. Like ordinary small boys, however, he dislikes work. He will run a mile with his youthful cronies, but he hates with mortal hatred the task of walking a block for a yeast cake.

He still more bitterly against the operation of mowing the grass in the front lawn, which has to be done, however, despite his vigorous kicking.

Moving time was due again a few days ago, and his mother said to him: "Now, Buster, his pet name—"the grass needs cutting, and you must do it this afternoon."

"Of course, Buster began the usual howl about having no time to play like the other boys, and of life being, in substance, a dem'd horrid grind, when his mother stopped him short.

"There," she said. "That will do. When your father comes home to-night he expects to see the grass all nicely cut. You know you promised you'd do everything you were told if he would take you to the circus."

"It wasn't much of a circus," said Buster. "But his mother didn't heed the interruption. "Now, I'll tell you what to do. Get out the lawn mower, and go to the grass just as if it were the Spanish army and you were mowing it down. It will be lots of fun. That's a good boy."

"So in the afternoon Buster, with a somewhat sarcastic smile on his face, was pursued to fetch the lawn mower out of the cellar and get to work.

"That's right, dear," said his mother. "Go and whip the Spaniards." Buster grinned and passed on. For a while his mother heard the rattle of the mower. Then it ceased for a time, and she heard Buster giving a peculiar call. It was answered presently, and in a little while the mower rattle began again.

Pretty soon Buster's mother thought she would go to the front door and see how the job was coming on. What was her surprise to discover Master Buster lolling on the steps, while two smaller boys tugged and sweated over the lawn mower.

"Dear me, Buster," cried his mother, "what does this mean?" Buster looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Why, you see, mamma," he drawled, "licking the Spaniards was a bigger job than I expected, an' so I called out more troops!"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

For a neat and stylish tailor-made gown, the panel effect is universally liked.

The dark blue and white lawns are being made up into charming seaside gowns. Most of them have the heavy dots.

The handsome garden hats are enormous sunbonnets of flowered organdie, with high puffed crowns and scoop fronts.

Stock collars of folded de soie have a made-up sailor tie attached, the ends long and ruffled almost their entire length.

A new idea in the tailors is to have the flounces edged with a fringe. Shirts worn with silk waists are pretty trimmed with cross ruffles of narrow ribbon.

The new skirts of black moire and satin are lined gorgeously with silk. The colors seen are turquoise blue, sea green, burnt orange, watermelon pink and perverche blue.

Sleeves are being made smaller and without trimmings, except at the wrist. Waists are elaborate, with revers and epaulets, and skirts are tucked, ruffled and braided. Suits of chevilt, covert and cloth are braided, while silk and cashmere are ruffled and tucked.

A handsome afternoon or evening summer dress is made of lavender veiling, purplish and jet colors predominating in the trimming. The round blouse has the front flapped with a single button, with a box plait on either side. Diagonal bands trim the fronts from armholes to the plaits.

Jackets for fall wear are to be made longer than last year. Flat bands are the most appropriate trimmings for heavy goods. Costumes are made of cashmere, of cashmere, cloth and other heavy goods; the darkest color forms the side seams and the upper part of the skirt. The jacket may be finished with bands of velvet or fancy goods. The rest is of satin or brocade.

A pretty afternoon gown of grenadine is made with an accordion pleated blouse and skirt, and cross tucked sleeves over a black, with a sash of light green taffeta. To make it more dressy, the ribbon may be edged with a narrow fringe of black mouseline embroidered with jet beads and spangles.

Perfumes for the summer girl are put up in tablet form nowadays. They come in two sizes. It is unquestionably a very convenient way of investing one's self with delicate flower scents. Dropping one or more within toilet boxes and wardrobe drawers, they are said to afford a fragrance equal in strength to any ordinary essence sachet bag, which is bulky and likely to be in one's way.

These come in just one odor—the hudsonite violet, and are quite the rage this season. They may be tucked away so cleverly within the ribbon or bunches of flowers.

Nearly every girl has one hidden in her coiffure and concealed within the puff of her Ascot tie. The beauty of them is that the delicate fragrance is not so fleeting as other forms of sachet perfumes, and, oh! joy of joys, they sell for only fifty cents a dozen.

"In case the government weather breeder continues to give us this horrid, sticky weather that would take the kink out of a pooler's hair," said a clever girl. "I'll tell you a secret which will keep the curl in the most hopelessly straight hair. But it involves a return to the barbaric curl paper, I warn you. Well, first of all the hair must be shampooed, and, by the way, this should be done not oftener than once in three weeks even in summer. It not only injures a woman's crowning glory, but also makes it unmanageable. At night when retiring that part of the hair which is worn waved or curled should be wet in water in which a little borax has been dissolved, and then rolled up on curl papers.

Care should be taken not to have the curls too wet. Next morning there is a natural looking, light, dry, fluffy curl in the hair which defies even this sticky, muggy, curl-destructive weather. Even this, with the intense heat, will not change the curls into strings before it is time to confine them into papers again."

By the way, the polka dot seems to be right in the ring again. It has come to life with renewed vigor. The very latest ribbons for neckwaists, belts and trimmings and the latest sashes are all in polka dot patterns. The dots so far are quite small, but everywhere striking contrasts in color are the order of the day.

A remarkably clever seamstress in Paris is making up lawns which at home sell during the mid-summer sales for five cents, upon fashionable models. She gets designs for gowns from very high-priced houses, and then expensively cuts them out of five-cent goods with a result that is really surprising.

"It is the fad at present to wear a great many jewels—too many, indeed, to be in good taste. Everybody wears a string of pearls, long or short, as the case may be, and these are put outside of the smart muslin and organdie gowns. Then there are brooches and stick pins innumerable, which catch up the little dainty bows at the throat, or are put on down the front of the waist in the effect of showing off jewelry in a jeweler's window. It is a fashion that it is to be hoped, will not last long, for while jewels are beautiful and appropriate to full dress, when worn with wash gowns they are worse than inappropriate."