

AGE.

The night-owl keeps its vigil hour Above the ragged battlements...

Here Time has sown the peace of age To mingle with the hoary rags...

O, Time, thou healer of all ill, Bring to each crumbling life a balm...

Let memory charm the world away; Bring music sweet to falling ears...

About each silvered crest of age Weave there a crown of honor, meet;

A GHOST STORY.

"I am going to be married, my dear. I can see the tears in your pretty eyes...

"Shall I whisper something to you, my Kate, so low that not even Harry shall hear it?"

"I will give it to him to post," she thinks, as she listlessly takes up the evening paper.

"You look as if you had forgotten all about me," and then gently kissing the hand he has taken, he lets it go...

"Never," he says, rather shortly; and then, after an instant, "What were you crying for just now?"

"Do you not know that we women cry for anything or nothing?"

"You and I are too old and worldly-wise for that," she says, rather sadly.

"Old—you child!" his eyes meeting hers with a smile half amused, half tender.

"I wish," she begins, wistfully, while tears stand in her eyes—"I wish that we had known each other then, and that I had never—never—"

"Never fancied you cared for some one else," he breaks in abruptly.

"When he is gone she stands before one of the long mirrors, smiling at herself rather defiantly.

"Very worldly-wise, indeed, my poor little girl," he says to himself, as he lays it down with half a smile and half a sigh.

"If I were a jealous man (which, thank Heaven, I am not), I should endure some exceedingly uncomfortable hours," says Mr. Chester, smiling placidly.

"Do not you mean to be a philosopher about—Mrs. Chester?" she asks, softly, looking up at him with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks.

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time, and in a voice which falters perceptibly.

"My card is full, thanks," is the steady answer, and then all four enter the ball-room, where Mrs. Burns takes Mr. Devereux in one direction, while Sibyl and Mr. Chester go in another.

It cannot be denied though Miss Van Eyck's lover is not a man given to jealousy, that the next week is the longest and most uncomfortable which he can remember.

"My fate, indeed!" he mutters, with rather a failure in the way of a smile.

"I will wait until he leaves; he will not be long," he thinks, with a strong momentary desire to follow him and confront him and Sibyl together.

He walks rapidly down to the end of the block, and returns slowly, with his eyes on the Van Eycks' door; but Devereux's visit bids fair to be a lengthy one, and he has time to repeat his manoeuvre many times.

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upon his haggard face. "For Heaven's sake do not make it harder for me to give you up!" he gasps.

"Because I would rather tell you than write," she interrupts quickly.

But he goes on, bitterly: "I saw that man leave the house after he had been here an hour, and I find you breaking your heart for him."

"Oh, Brian, I am no heroine, only a foolish woman to whom God is very good."

There is great scarcity of physicians in Russia and a person may travel hundreds of miles without finding one.

As the present government, however, has discovered that female doctors add to their medical function that of nihilist preachers, an ukase has been issued forbidding women access to medical colleges in Russia.

The committee of inquiry has given the decided opinion that it is not only injurious to the population to close medical schools against women, but that it is also impossible to dispense with the services of women as doctors.

The result of this inquiry has recently been published in the Novoye Vremya. The committee of inquiry has given the decided opinion that it is not only injurious to the population to close medical schools against women.

Unlike many beautiful objects, the Rose possesses a utility which is wonderful. From it is distilled the altar of roses, which forms an article of commerce in Syria, India and Persia.

The manufacture of this essence is attended with so much difficulty and expense that the cost of a single drop is almost fabulous; but is so extremely powerful that a vessel which has once contained even the smallest portion of it, will retain the delicious odor many years after the last drop has disappeared.

The Karens are one of the gentlest and most timid of all the Asiatic peoples. They are a jungle people, and even to this day when I go into their villages on the distant mountains, the people will desert their homes and rush away in the direst fear.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the tenor singer, in an interview, declared that the sole cause of his frequent failures to fulfill engagements was gout flying to his throat.

There have been winters in England milder than this last, exceptional as that has been. In 1282 so mild was the season that the trees were covered with leaves and birds built their nests and hatched their young in the month of February.

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About the Rose. An old legend tells us that Flora, having found the body of a beautiful nymph, resolved to immortalize her by transforming her into a plant which should surpass all others in its charms.

The Zephyrs cleared the atmosphere to allow Apollo to bless with his beams the new flower; Bacchus contributed nectar to its perfume, while Vertumnus supplied it with a diadem which was crowned it with a diadem which was to distinguish it as the queen of flowers.

Among the ancients it was highly valued, and from the earliest times its virtues and attractions have been appreciated, and its charms have caused it to be interwoven with the history, romance and poetry of all ages.

The first Rose ever seen is said to have been given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to engage him to preserve the secrets of the armours of his mother, Venus; hence, it became the symbol of silence among the ancients, and was carved on the ceilings of their banqueting halls, and as it was considered a breach of honor to reveal whatever transpired during their convivialities, the expression, "sub rosa," was used to denote secrecy.

The island of Rhodes received its name, according to some authorities, from the abundance and sweetness of its roses, and many of its coins, still extant, are said to bear the figure of this flower on the reverse, and now as in ancient times, the breezes from that fertile isle are scented with delicious perfume.

The inhabitants of Sybaris were so effeminate in their habits of life that their couches were formed of the velvet petals of the Rose, and the luxurious Hellogabalus caused Roses to be strewn upon his guests until they formed a carpet many inches thick beneath their feet, and filled the air with their fragrance.

The Rose is the national emblem of England; on the eve of the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, a dispute took place in the Temple Gardens, as to the rights of the rival factions; the heads of the factions, the Dukes of Warwick and Somerset, appealed to their friends to take sides in the controversy, but they declined to commit themselves; whereupon Warwick plucked a white Rose, and Somerset a red one, each inviting his partisans to follow his example and the innocent flowers thus became the badges of the contending armies in the romantic "War of the Roses," which ensued.

The city of Pestum, on the coast of Italy, was celebrated, for its exquisite Roses, which were further remarkable for blooming twice a year, and even now, when its three beautiful temples have fallen into decay and only a few scattered stones mark the site of its once noble edifices, here and there a struggling rose-bush is still to be seen surviving the general ruin and blossoming each May and December, lending a peculiar charm to the deserted city; and it may be partially due to these faithful sentinels which soften hard outlines, and cover with a living mantle the dull, inanimate stones, that the ruins of this once beautiful city still attract the attention of the tourist, and are considered the most beautiful in the world.

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A San Francisco correspondent writes, it has often been said that nothing saves business success and money constitutes a claim to social recognition on this coast; as, even with such illustrations of that fact as the Sharon trial before them, our Eastern friends can hardly understand how absolute said rule is here, we can hardly expect the following perfectly true incident to be believed out of our own State:

One night not long ago the daughter of one of our best citizens was awakened by a noise in her room, and upon sitting up discovered a man disguised in a black mask standing beside her bed and calmly contemplating her features by the aid of a bull's eye lantern.

"Don't be alarmed, miss," he said, "I haven't taken anything yet."

"Of course it is," said the house-breaker with an ungratifying smile as he lit a cigarette, "and I'm proud of it."

"What do you want," demanded the young lady.

"Well, I did want to sample your jewelry case," said the robber, "but you looked so all-fired pretty lying there with your auburn hair—just my style—and I couldn't help waking you to see if you could help dark eyes. I am terribly fond of light hair and dark eyes myself."

"Well, I have," said the young lady, glancing at the mirror. "But I must look like a fright in this dress."

"On the contrary, white is becoming to you," said the disciple of Jimmy Hope, tenderly. "By the way, are you engaged?"

"That's telling," said the girl.

"No, but are you—honest Injun?"

"Well, yes I am—to a young lawyer; but I don't care for him so very much."

"He's poor, isn't he?"

"Oh, awfully."

"Exactly; I thought as much. Now, my dear girl, don't you know there is nothing in this love-in-a-cottage business? You don't want to peg along nursing babies in some stuffy back room for the next ten years, do you?"

"N-o-o-o," murmured the girl.

"Then why not let this fellow slide and take me? I'm pretty comfortably fixed. Business has been pretty good this season, and our profits are large. Our firm is now running a tunnel under a bank, and I've got a fourth interest. Besides, I'm Secretary of the Burglar's Protective Association. What d'yer say?"

"Couldn't we go abroad next summer?" asked the girl thoughtfully.

"Why certainly. I expect to have to. Just think over the matter, and I'll drop in some night later in the week. I know how to get in." And, shouldering his kit, the Secretary stepped out of the window and went off to open a jewelry store for an engagement ring.

And the next day the young lawyer received back his letters and photograph.

A Snake in a Sleeping Car.

"The liveliest time I ever had on the road," said the sleeping car conductor, "was one night when a snake got loose in my car. We were coming east from St. Louis, and out at Effingham, Ill., we took on a family of Pittsburghers bound for home. There was a boy of 10 in the party, who carried a little wicker cage in his hand, partly wrapped up. I thought, of course, he had a bird in it and allowed him to take it with him into the car. That night at Dayton, which we reached at 9:30 o'clock, a pretty young lady was put aboard and took a berth at the end of the car, near the ladies' dressing-room. About 10 o'clock I was at the other end of the car, looking at the porter, blacking the boots, when suddenly there came from the dressing-room some of the shrillest screaming you ever heard—so keen that we heard it over the noise of the train. I rushed through the car, followed by the porter, and found the little lady who got on at Dayton perched on tiptoes on the washstand, frightened out of her wits, and pointing at something on the floor. She was so excited that I couldn't make out what she was saying, but I looked down, and there was a nasty little green snake coiled up in the middle of the floor and moving his head about from side to side, evidently ready for a fight. I wasn't exactly afraid of the thing, but it did give me a creepy sort of feeling to see it in my car, and I was just about to kill it when I heard somebody behind me yelling: 'It's my snake! Don't kill it! Don't kill it!' and the boy who had brought the cage into the car rushed in and took the snake up in his hands. But when the boy had put the snake back in the cage, the snake and all out of the window. I felt like dropping the boy out, too. The boy had put the cage under the berth on the floor, and when the porter was fishing out the boots he must have upset it and let the snake out."

Isthmuses.

The Isthmuses of the globe have long since received notice to quit. Engineers look upon every remaining neck of land as only affording a fine opportunity for testing their skill. The Isthmus of Suez was cut through long ago; the Isthmus of Panama is undergoing the operation, and now an attack is to be made upon the Isthmus of Corinth. But the supply of Isthmuses is growing short and engineering capacity and ambition are now turning to peninsulas for the exercise of these qualities. A project has been recently launched for digging a canal from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, converting Spain and the adjacent portions of France into an island. It would seem that engineers have laid down a principle that all ends of a continent mistook their vocation when they did not emerge in the shape of islands. Perhaps the birth of this modern idea is to be attributed to general Butler, who, during the war, cut ship canal at Dutch Gap, on the James River, in the face of hostile batteries, thus shortening by many miles the navigation of that tortuous stream and conferring a lasting benefit upon all sorts of vessels that ply on its waters.

Brazil's navy consists of 3000 men and 50 vessels.