My Lover's Barque.

I lean from my window, looking down On stony arches and turbid tide, The lights stream in the drowsy town,

And the wake of oars where boatmen Far, far beyond to the harbor's mouth;

To the beacon light like a lurid star, Where the winds blow hot from the purple stumbled out of the room,

And the foam caps leap at the sandy bar.

oh! the ship at anchor! Oh! bargemen bold! Oh! river rolling to meet the sea! My heart within me is faint and cold;

I pray you, I pray you give ear to me, Dh, tell me where is my lover's barque? Is it riven or wrecked by Indian gales? On some far sea in the nameless dark, Does a white moon rise o'er its shattered sails?

some morn she will come to the harbor's mouth. With the musk of the East in her dusky

hold; shall see her masts in the purple South,

I shall hear the songs of her sailors bold; I shall hear her cordage rattle and strain, I shall lean me forth and with joyous

tears Look on the barque of my love again-The first of all at the crowded piers.

And what will she bring me from that far land?

What Indian jewel, or pearl of price? What diamond, sifted through burning

sand? What bloom from jungle or field of rice? Ah me! Ah me! shall I find once more,

In the priceless treasures that crowd that shir

The old lost gold that my hair once wore, Or the old lost red of my faded lip?

Oh! I sit and wait at the dreary piers, And the ships return and the ships de-

part; And my hopes die slow with the dying

And drop their ashes upon my heart, The waves may mock, the winds may

shout, The white moons wax and the white

moons wane; The tide rolls in and the tide rolls out,

But the barque of my lover comes never again.

POSTAGE NOT STATED.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward, and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness reason why I retained my diffidence that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I able position as assistant professor in was making a visit at grandmother's delightful old fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim, she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards."

"Children's party," I repeated, proba-bly, with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category. "Not children exactly," corrected

grandma, with a smile at my mesculine "Young people, I should have dignity. said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and Tom Byrne and all the boys-young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement, "will be

there." I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though be ginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "awell" affair for the village. When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor. very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister. She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion. Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet charac-ter, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to for the ordinary run of society. She Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements. Then somebody suggested that we should play "Postoffice," "Postoflice! what is that? how do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne, my next usighbor. "Don't you know how to play Postoffice?" he asked, with a scorn of my ignorance, "Oh, well, I suppose you city fellows don't know anything." "I never heard of this," I assented meekly. "Well, I'll tell you how it is. A girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then at ease in a lady's society. In the first you have to ask her how much postage, place there was Tom to keep me in and if she says one cent, you must kiss her once. "Oh!" said I. her twice for two cents, and three times for three cents. It's quite fun, if it is ksim. She spoke first of my scientific a pretty girl," he added, judicially. "I suppose so," I replied vaguely. "But I forgot to tell you," he added, "If she says 'postage not stated" then you kiss her as often as you like. Hush! they are going to begin. was appointed postmaster, and one girl lected. after another went out into the entry, raily followed paid his postage under considerable difficulties. I watched the game in a state of bewildered alarm. What if a girl should call on mel But ne one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that 1 was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out. She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was for ever so long, have you?" Solemnly closed upon her, and then "No," I replied, "not since that sumsolemnly closed upon her, and then nock. door a few inches. "What do you want?" he asked. "There is a letter here," she replied. * For whom?" "Mr. James Hill." much to pay!

"Postage not stated," was the faint with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look They all laughed loudly and looked at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, at me, for that was my name. The too. The next morning we all went on a blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on my feet somohow, and trip up the slopes of the mountain.

with my heart torn between a wild de- Mabel in short, gray suit, alpine hat, sire to go into that hall and a wish to and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawsink utterly away from human kind, I ing materials. Thus we made this and many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for me. There The door was closed behind me, and was a radiance and glory about it that I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused I had never dreamed of before. Every a moment, and then I heard the faint day I found fresh reason for admiring sound of quick breathing; another heart | my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up the was beating as violently as my own, rough mountain sides were to me like For once in my life I knew what to do enchanted journeys through a realm of with my arms. I caught hold of her. enchanted journeys through a realm of fairles, ln this loveliest country in the gave me courage and I held her in a world, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was, indeed, as one transclose clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-frightfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul. ened kisses, before she could free her-At first I knew not what had befallen

"There! there! Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint, merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. "I'm sure you're bold larity of tastes and pursuits, and the charm of her conversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch the rest of the evening I was her bond out into the future to make it transcedently glorious, or a long despair. And yet as soon as I had learned my

slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled own secret, my former bashfulness came the country boys, and gloried in my acback upon me with tenfold intensity, complishment), and, at last, crowning and I found myself often embarrassed This was all. The next day I re- in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my turned to my home in the city, and brain was smitten through with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing, yet I was so overwhelmed that utbut sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with terance would, as I was sure, be an imthe picture my imagination painted of possibility:

And Mabel? Her eyes were very Mabel, and they never seemed half so kind to me. They turned to me with a softened lustre that thrilled me with But they I did not see many other hope; and yet, if I attempted even a girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase compliment, I blushed, floundered and was lost. upon me as the years went by. I

One evening we were talking of all avoided society, and was so much of a manner of subjects, grave and gay, and recluse from ladies that my mother was so strayed to marriage in general, and quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, was that my pursuits were among books, Hill?" asked Tom. and not among people. I had made the

"Tall, bashful fellow, like me?" science of geology my study, and at added.

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher. I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible giri!" I exclaimed, think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform Against Nature?' In it he denounced the whole woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. think he was scientifically correct." I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel. Her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met | ago of great rivers of molten lava, whose there sent the blood to my heart with course to the sea is marked to-day by that T a swift, tumultuous

An Extinct Volcano.

Information of rare interest to the scientific world. Kilauea, the most famous of modern volcances, whose fires have burned for ages, is extin guished for the first time, and the great crater is now dead and cold. A lake, near by, at the same time disappeared. The usual impression of a volcano is that it is a gigantic cone, Kulauea, on the contrary (and in this it differs from many), is merely a crater, a depression on the flank of the great mountain of Mauna Los, and about 4,000 feet be-low its summit. It may be described as anjenormous pit on a rolling plain-a plt nine miles in circumference, and varying in years past from 800 to 1,000 feet in depth, according as the molten sea below has been at ebb or flood. Hale-man-man, on "The House of Everlasting Fire," is the expressive title bestowed in Hawaiian mythology upon a lake of burning lava on the south side of the crater-a lake whose fire and and steam and smoke, if we may credit the native legends, have continued for untold centuries. Elsewhere in the crater, and of comparatively modern origin, is the famous New Lake, which has been most visited by travelers in late years because of its greater activity and grand and wonderful scenery-the surging of waves of fire upon a flery shore; jets, fountains, and srays of molten lava, whose upper particles, caught by the wind, were wrought into "Pele's hair," like threads of molten glass, and borne away for many miles. These wonderful phenomena, evidences of the great interior fires and forces of which we know so little, came to a sudden ending early in the month of March of

cold, the Hawaiian islands will have lost one of their chief attractions to tourists, and especially to scientific visitors. The ashes of an extinct crater have little fascination. Another island of the group has a crater-apparently extinct now-even grander than that of 'Kilauea; the crater of Haleakala, on the island of Maui. Few travelers ever care to visit this grand rolic of former volcanic activity, a crater twenty miles in circumference, and whose oblong bowl would easily hold the entire city of New York below Central Park. Two chasms in the sides of the bowl were the outlets many years great black roads upon the green slopes of the island. But Haleakala, meaning in the native language, "The House of the Sun," is no longer attractive; its cloud-encircled peak, rising over ten thousand feet in air, 1s seen by tourists no closer usually than from the deck of the passing steamer. For extinct craters the tourist is satisfied with an afternoon trip to the diminutive Panch-bowl, an easy half-hours walk from the hotel in Honolulu. Young trees rustle in the breeze, and the grass grows strong and sweet for native cattle on the floor of this little crater, which, doubtless, was full of business in its day, and kept the natives of the vicinity on the anxious seat most of the time.

HORSE NOTES.

-Hickok and Goldsmith will come East about May 1.

-Dan Chaloner, the well-known English jockey, is dead. -The veteran driver, Sam Crook,

died in Chicago on March 28.

-Sherwood & Newton, of Toledo, sold Red Wilkes. Jr., for \$2500 cash. -- The Coney Island Jockey Club will give \$62,500 in added money during the ten days racing in June.

-Marvin will bring ten or twelve trotters from California. Paio Alto, 4 years old, by Electioneer, said to be very fast, is among the lot.

-W. J. Gooden, of Cleveland, has purchased the b. m. Croxie, 2.194, by Clark Chief, and the ch. m. Annette, by Kentucky Prince, paying \$3500 for the pair.

-The b. m. Elite, foaled 1878, by Messenger Duroc, purchased for \$3100 by A. J. Alexander at the Kellogg sale, will be bred to Lord Russell, full brother to Maud-S.

-The race-horse George Singerly, is entered in five stakes for the June meeting at Brighton Beach Race Course, viz: Engeman Memorial, Brooklyn handicap, Gravesend handicap, Independence Stakes and Iron Pier handicap.

-It seems pretty well understood that Lizzie Dwyer will never see the course again, as her leg has filled so enormously that it will be a miracle if she can be got ready for racing-this season, at all events-and many think the trouble will shelve her forever.

-The race for the Ascot plate, for twoyears-old, at the Northampton spring meeting London, March 31st, was won by Baron De I. De Hirsch's bay colt Berber. The race for the great Northamptonshire stakes was won by perfectly reproduced. Lord Hartington's four-year-old bay colt Sir Kenneth.

place of seven acres within the city are three ruffles of Oriental lace studded limits of Lexington and adjoining the with gilt balls. An over-dress of this Fair grounds, on which he is building a lace was fastened at the shoulder with covered track 780 feet long and 20 feet a bunch of pink apple blossoms, the wide, with conveniences which will add same flowers being caught in the side to the comfort of buyers attending his draperies, while pink and yellow satin sales. Hereafter there will be no post- ribbons were disposed among the lace ponement on account of rain.

-Mr. Simpson says there is a rumor current in San Francisco that G. R. Buchanan, the trainer, is negotiating in behalf of the Fairfax Stable for the ourchese of the Catifornia cracks. Beaconsfield and Ichi Ban, with a pros-pect of securing both. From this it looks as if the new stable was determined not to be cast down by its failure to secure Pontiac, and is aiming to do the next best thing in securing the Occidental champion. Instead of next best, we might say better, as Beaconsfield is at even weights with Pontiac in the Suburban, and would, of the two, be a more serviceable horse, for Pontiac is only a great horse for a certain distance, while Beaconsfield seems at home whether at a mile or a cup course. -The death of Sam Crook, an old- to a band of velvet. When this is the time trotting horseman, at Chicago, on case the velvet must always be of the the 28th ult., recalls the tragic circum- same shade, not of a constrasting colstances of Billy McKeever's death at or. Gray, turquoise blue, pale yellow, old Dexter Park. Crook drove Butler light green and lilac beads are used in the first heat in the memorphle race against Cooley, and then do to go against Cooley, and then on, giving place to M r. The consequent history of the acce has been detailed too often to need repitition here. The death of McKeever was a hard blow to the good name of the trotting turf, and one from which it took Chicago years to recover. McKeever rests in Greenwood Cemetery. Crook has gone the way of all mortals, and General Butler, the unconscious participant of that foul deed in the shades . of night, still lives, a lusty and wellpreserved horse. There has been some speculation on the field. George Lovell has laid \$26,000 to \$260 against Americus, with a gentleman from Philadelphia, where the owner of the horse resides. He also booked the bet of \$6750 to \$300 against Lizzie Dwyer, and \$11,100 to \$330 against Springfield-this was laid with Philadelphia parties, and said to be stable money; \$4000 to \$100 against Dwyers' Richmond; \$5000 to \$50 against Wickham; \$3400 to \$85 against Rataplan; \$1500 to \$100 against Joe Cotton, who still holds the first place in the opinion of the majority of the speculators. Messrs Wallace & Co. laid \$5000 to \$100 against Dutch Roller; \$10,050 to \$200 against Ban Fox; \$5000 to \$50 against the Americus, and \$1000 to \$20 against Pontiac. -The programme of the Pennsylvania Association of Trotting-Horse Breeders includes six stakes for the initial meeting, which will be held October 6 and 7 next, the place to be determined hereafter. Stake No. 1 is for yearlings, half-mile heats, \$25 each, wish \$50 added, payable as follows: \$5 on nomination, April 15; \$5 June 1; \$5 August 1, and \$10 October 5. Stake No. 2 is for foals of 1884, mile heats, two in three, on same terms as No. 1. No. 3 is for foals of 1883, mile heats. three in five, on same terms as No. 1. Stake No. 4 is for foals of 1882, \$50 each, \$100 added, payable as follows: \$10 April 15; \$10 June 1; \$10 August 1, and \$20 October 5. Stake No. 5 is for foals of 1881, mares and stallions, terms the same as No. 4. Stake No. 6 is for stallions of all ages of the 2.35 class, also on the same terms as No. 4. -It is known that Dexter B. Goff, the indefatigable horse broker, has made some important sales recently. He reports the sale of a black mare, by Mohawk Chief, dam by General Benton, for Mr. A. F. Carley, of Schenectady, to the Sire Bros., of this New York. Price \$4000. This mare has no record and can trot close to 2.20. We know her, and can vouch for her new owners having a good one. Mr. Goff also sold to Dore Lyon, a stylish brown cob, with dog cart. Price for the lot, cob, with dog cart. Price for the lot, \$1000. Also, to Joseph Clark, of New York, the brown gelding, Suprise, by Thorndale. Price \$2500. To William Bradley, also of New York, the bay mare, Cortland Belle, by Walkill, dam Quaker Girl, price \$1500, and to Mr. N. P. Housman, for Mr. W. C. France, the gray mare Lizzie Almont, record 2.424 and trial in 2.224, by Almont, Price \$3100.

FASHION HOTES

-Blue is reinstated and is seen in all materials.

-Amber is said to be the most popular of the yellows.

-Fuchsias are a favorite flower design for the spring goods.

-Silver buttons have the head of Augustus etched upon them.

-Brown and gray-blue are the leading colors for spring wear.

-The Spanish fashion of wearing black gloves with full evening dress is returning to favor.

-Brooches of four-leaved clover in green enamel, the perfect counterpart of the natural leaf, are popular.

-Wide gold-band bracelets are coming in fashion again, and jewelers say will be much called for next season.

-French lawns with cream ground and lace stripes have tiny black figures. Twenty yards, the amount required for a dress,, are sold for \$7.

-White heliotrope is in high popularity now, but it is too delicate to wear in a corsage bouquet, so finds its place on the shoulder of many a ball dress.

-Organdies are shown with grounds of the most delicate tints of pink and blue, as well as white, with sprays of blackberries, oak branches, bunches of cornflowers, convolvulus vines, delicate coses and birds.

-A cambric dress for a little child has the round bodice pleated with revers of embroidery. The skirt of wide embroidery is shirred on the bodice. A cluster of loops and ends of ribbon is arranged on the right side of the waist.

-Ecru sateen has pansies of all colors strewn over it. The border has large pansies massed together and sprays of lily of the valley. The flowers are true to nature, all the exquisite tints of these charming blossoms being

-A charming dress for a little miss -W. H. Brasfield has purchased a lis of yellow satin, cut princess, square neck. Arcund the bottom of the skirt draperies with charming effect. These colors are lovely in combination.

> -The evening toilets are extremely beautiful in shape. The arrangements of materials are in many instances very original and novel. One characteristic is a skirt of glossy silk in soft delicate tints draped with fine crepe, beaded, silk or chenille embroidered tulle, worn with a plush bodice of the same tone, or a pretty harmonizing color, richly beaded.

-Bead necklaces are quite a furor. The newest styles consist of five rows of imitation pearls, white, black or pink, which are worn tight around the throat, and are tied at the back by a velvet ribbon of the same shade, which falls carelessly in long loops. Sometimes the rows of beads are sewed on -A novelty is a dress for morning wear of dark blue velvet. The front is cut straight, like that of a redingote, and it is trimmed on both sides with revers of old gold satin, which form a chemisette above. The chemisette is buttoned in the middle down to the waist and ends under a scarf which starts from the under arm and falls down over the apron of the plastron. Steel beads trimmings finish both ends of the scarf. The back is cut in Princess shape, is curved by middle seam and is laid in two large pleats. The satin collar is cut straight and the rather large sleeves end in a cuff of satin and tulle ruching. -Beads are used in profusion as a trimming, and the varlety is immense: and they are generally becoming. Among the trixming for spring and summer months a large importation is shown in "rosary beads," and many of the designs are exquisite. To trim a low bodice and short sleeves with pearls, is a usual method of decoration, and high bodices with long sleeves are also ornamented in this way. Folds of crepe edged with rows of beads are very effective. Pearls enter into the composition of many of the fancy items of feminine-toilet, and impart a dressy appearance to an otherwise simple costume. Fringed necklets are also in great vogue, and jetted lace ornaments for the front of bodiccs are in very great variety. -A rich imported garment of fancy black plush shows a short back and long square tabs in front. It is bordered all around with black fox fur, and on the back of the garment fox tails are used as a finish. The front closes with a very rich pearl and oxidized clasp. Another garment is in fine silk plush, short back, long pointed tabs in front and trimmined with Alaska sable. The sleeves of this garment are striped with a satin beaded trimming that is very effective, and the front is clasped together with a very rich ornament. Aross the back is a finish of deep chenille fringe, tipped with bronze beads, and the lining is of handsome brown satin, quilted. -Bonnets for the spring are being made of embroidered tulle, of repped uncut velvet, and of tulle combined with plush or uncut velvet. There are small capotes without any other trimming than a high diadem of different material and color from the crown; very often the diadem is of beads; sulphur colored and amber diadems are very popular, for even now the elegant bonnets for the spring are seen with dressy toilets at the various theatres. Some of the capotes are shaped like a tiara, and others almost remind one of

perienced a series of mild earthquake disturbances, nothing unusual for that

of the earth, and experience unites with science to tell us that when one of these vents is closed, another, in some other locality, will break out into renewed acactivity, or fresh vents be formed. The existing and known volcances widely scattered in many countries cannot fail, some of them, to be effected by the extinction of the fires of Kilauea. The scientific world will await with interest the news of volcanic explosions else-

this year, just after the islands had ex-Kilauea has been of the great vents, or breathing places, of the interior fires

where. Should the fires of Kilauea remain

nervous start. "Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom

and a hearty voice cried out:

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

self from my embrace.

fair and sweet as she.

in Europe.

"Have I paid my postage?" I stam-

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare.

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and

delight of the evening, her escort home.

Mabel Byrne become only a memory;

strong at first, fainter as time went on,

able position as assistant professor in

one of our best colleges, the salary of

which, with my own income added,

making me so far at ease that I resolved

to devote my summer vacation to a tour

Equipped with bag and hammer,

August found me making a pedestrian

tour of Switzerland, with a special view

to the study of its glacial system and

lithology. I avoided the well traveled

ways, thus escaping the society of all

other tourists, and I was therefore ut-

terly amazed when one evening, as I

drew near the little house which was

my temporary abiding place, a tall form

strode toward me out of the darkness

"What is it?" I replied, with a half

Come, let us go back to the parlor."

enough now!"

mered.

Byrne!' Of course not, for I had met him eccastonally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn," he explained; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I inquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world."

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist?"

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply.

"Yes," he went on; "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least will be glad to see you, though," he added, consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite countenance by a predominance of my voice at last to utter the yearning that own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy noth-"Yes," replied Tom, "and you kiss ings, that light foam of the airy whirlpool which I never yet had been able to pursuits; she showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found

To be sure, one of the oldest boys tion borne by the specimens I had col- visit and \$7.50 and more for a consulta-

She, in her turn, contributed to the each presently knocking at the door evening's interest by telling me of her asking for a letter, whereon the boy work, and showing me her sketches, called for sheepishly followed her into which were really of a very high order the hall, and to judge from the sounds of artistic merit. There was no school. of screaming and scuffling which gene- girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought in the absence of competion there is rethat had won her already honorable ally no limit to charges. As the medirecognition in the world of art.

"And you have never heard of Ma-"No," I confessed, "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies.

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel

brief pause there was a faint mer ten years ago, when I was at my The postmaster opened the grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively.

grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bedthough not to sleep

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone, for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet the thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed me with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the strim that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvelous beauty which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's

parlor, led there by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dusk and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away,' she said.

Mechanically I took the papers, Among them there was a large package on which 1 dimly discerned the word 'Dae," followed by an illegible stamp. "You have paid something on this," I said. "How much was it?" and looked up,

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel. Promptly, smilingly she uttered the Then her dark eyes softened words. and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audactry that had been once before mine

in my boyish days. Only now, as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found was consuming my heart.

Of Interest to Physicians.

German papers call attention to a fact which might prove of interest also to American readers. Physicians and drugmyself talking with earnestness and gists, they say, are badly wanted in the enthusiasm of the formation of the East Indies, as their number there is excountry, and especially of the glacial ceedingly scarce, and the sick are many. system and the ourious marks of its ac- A physician receives \$5 for an ordinary tion. Dentists charge \$15 to \$25 for filling a single tooth with common paste. Pharmacists who speak the English lan-guage receive from \$75 to \$200 as clerks, and if able to open up a business of their own can surely count upon making a small fortune in a short time, as cal and pharmaceutical colleges of the United States turn out every year sevebel's paintings until now?" asked Tom. | ral hundred physicians and pharmacists not exactly wanted, it may not be amiss to reproduce this statement, which is

A recent invention of a sheet iron covering for cotton bales is 'exciting some attention in the South. The covering can be used again and again un-"Remember that party at til it is worn out. If the invention proves to be successful, it will be of Ara. Edwards?" A sudden rush of blood to my face ntterly confused me. Istammered a re-ply, and Tom, to my relief, went on from each bale are lost invarious ways.

Winter Evenings.

The parent who demands that his children shall enjoy their winter evenings reading history or studying scientific books, and expects that they will always obey him, has yet an important lesson to learn. Whatever studies the children are to pursue during the long winter evenings should be conducted in a manner to make it a pleasure, the parents taking a part as both teachers and scholars; but care should always be taken not to continue a lesson so long as to make it tiresome. Then give them a portion of the evening to pursue their own course, without prescribed bounds; in this way they gradually learn to care for themselves. Parents should always feel it a duty to furnish the children, not only an Loundant supply of good books and papers, but also good variety of innocent games, so that they may never be at a loss for something to occupy their attention.

When we enter a home where there are half a dozen children and find it bare of children's books, papers and games, we not only pity the children, but also the parents, because it is so evident that they have little conception of the pleasure derived from entertaining the children, or the great danger there is of their children being wrecked, being driven into the street or a neighboring saloon for evening entertain-ments, Parents who have children have a duty to perform which they have no right to dodge. The father of a family who every evening absents himself from home, to gossip with the neighbors, not only does a great injustice to his wife, but sets an example to his children that will alienate them from their homes, and perhaps lead them into sosiety that indulges in something even worse than gossip. It should be the study of parents to make home so pleasant that the children will have no desire to leave it, even for the most enticing saloon.

-One hundred and four colts and fillies bred at Palo Alto, Cal., will shortly be shipped to New York and sold.

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