

TWO WORLDS.

I have a world I call my own,
(So each soul
And from the radiance of the sun
Far above it,
To the violet, tiniest one
In the wood, I love it.

Not for me the joyous thrills
Born of breath of daffodils;
In the poet's world they grow;
They were Wordsworth's long ago;
But Hepatica for me
Smiles, and pure Anemone
In the springtime whispers low,
While Goldenrod and Aster gay
Ere in autumn nod my way.

I love my world, I love it!
Not to me the Nightingale
Tell its musical love tales;
Keats's are they,
Made his own
By the poet's magic art
Round them thrown.
But the note of Robin clear
Is, mayhap, to me as dear,
And the song sparrow's refrain
Bids me "be" and "hope again."
This world of mine, I love it!

"The lark to heaven's gate soaring"
I follow not with eyes adoring,
He is Shelley's,
Shrined forever
In a music
Ceasing never,
But for me the Bobolink
Fills June's sky
With a melody I drink
With ecstasy.
I love my world, I love it!

Ah! this my world I love,
And the poet's world is true,
For with them all will I rove
In the places ones they knew;
With the heart of a lover
I sing over and over,
Their world is my world,
And I love it, too!

—[ELLEN B. CURRIER, in Boston Transcript.]

THE OLD TOWER.

The westerling sun seemed to pause
For one golden second on the edge of
the sea, and Mrs. Berrydale involuntarily
put up her pump hand, dimpled in each
one of its five joints, to shield her eyes
from the ribbon of flame which blazed
along the waves.

"Isn't it a lovely sight," said she.
"And only to think that to-morrow we
shall have to go back to those dismal
city streets and begin the daily grind of
workaday life. Oh, I don't know how I
shall ever endure it after these delicious
two weeks by the seashore!"

Mrs. Berrydale was cashier in a huge
feather factory, a charming widow, who
answered exactly to Byron's idea of
"fat, fair and forty."

Her companion, a tall, slim girl, with
rich brown hair, large hazel eyes and be-
witchingly irregular features, smiled.
"We," said she, with a slight accent
of interrogation in her voice.

"Oh, I forgot!" cried Mrs. Berrydale.
"But really, Melanie Morton, do you
intend to give up all your prospects and
bury yourself alive in this country place?"

"I've promised Charley!" quietly
responded Melanie.

"But he's nothing on earth but the
keeper of a lighthouse!" pleaded Mrs.
Berrydale, "and only think of being
shut up in that living tomb, half a mile
out to sea!"

"I shouldn't mind it at all, so long as
Charley was there, too," demurely an-
swered Melanie.

"It will be awfully lonesome!"

"With one's husband?"

"And you've been used to such a gay
life in Madison's store!"

"It has been too gay," said Melanie.

"And every one says old Madison
would marry you in a minute if you'd
give him the least encouragement."

Melanie elevated her pretty little nose.

"I'd as soon marry the wooden
Peruvian in front of a tobacco store,"
said she.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Berry-
dale, laughing. "Look here, Mel!"

In the plump, white hand she held out
two or three cigars, brown-scaled and
fragrant, and a box of matches.

"Speaking of tobacco stores," said she,
"I snatched these away from Cap-
tain Maryland this morning."

"What for?"

"Because I think he's smoking too
much. Because I've told him he must
stop, and yet he still keeps on," declared
the widow.

"Are you Captain Maryland's
keeper?" laughingly demanded Melanie.

"Well, no, not exactly, but—"

"Helen!" cried Melanie, seizing both
her companion's hands and looking her
resolutely in the face, "you are blushing!
You are absolutely blushing!"

"No, I'm not!" cried Mrs. Berrydale,
looking pinker than ever. "It's the re-
flection of that red sunset over the
water. Why should I blush?"

"Because you like Fred Maryland."
You know you do. Helen! Helen! if only
you would marry Fred, and then we need
neither of us go back to the city again!
We could be so happy, Helen!"

"Mel, what nonsense you are talking!
He never has asked me!"

"But he would if you'd give him the
slightest chance. And he has such a
pretty colonial cottage, and he owns a
fifth of the vessel he commands!"

"A sea captain is too much in the
habit of commanding," observed Mrs.
Berrydale, solemnly. "He might want
to command me! Oh, Mel, look there!
Let's go and see what it's like. Come;
it's our last night here!"

"But Charley told me not to go near
it!" urged Melanie.

Mrs. Berrydale tossed her handsome
blonde head.

"That's the very reason I mean to go,"
said she. "And Charley needn't know."

"Indeed, Helen, I'd rather not!"

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Ber-
rydale, rising from the rock upon which
she had perched herself. "If you've
got the conscience to desert me, do so.
But I'm determined to see what's in the
inside of that old ruin."

And, unwillingly enough, Melanie
followed her friend across the glistening
sand, fringed with ridges of still drop-
ping seaweed, and dotted here and there
with odd little convoluted shells.

"It's nothing worth visiting," reasoned
she. "I dare say it used to be an old
church, and there's nothing left of it but
the tower."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Berrydale.

"A church indeed! But you believe
everything that Charley Torrance tells
you. It's a real old Revolutionary relic.
Just see how thick the walls are! And
what dear little slit-like windows! Oh, I
must get into the place! Perhaps it's a
smuggler's den."

"What nonsense, Helen! Don't you
see the door is closed and locked?"

"Closed, yes; but I don't believe it's
locked. Anyhow, I mean to try."

"Come."

Melanie hung back.

"Don't, Helen!" she argued. "It's
growing dusk and the wind has turned
cold." She shivered slightly as she
spoke. "I'm sure there's a storm blow-
ing up."

But Mrs. Berrydale was in one of her
merriest, most willful moods. She
caught Melanie's hand and dragged her
into the shadow of the solid-looking old
tower.

"Perhaps to meet your fate!" said she,
rolling her R's in true elocutionary
fashion. "It may be the ghost of Cap-
tain Kidd, or it may be a smuggler, or it
may be Captain Fred Maryland."

She pushed the creaking door open
and entered, still dragging Melanie at
her heels.

"A liquor storage, I think," said
straining her eyes into the semi-dark-
ness. "A lot of little barrels, laid on
their sides! Now—I do—wonder—
what—they—are? Ah! with a sudden
inspiration, "wasn't it lucky I stole
Fred's matches away?"

She drew the box of matches from her
pocket with a quick motion which was
habitual to her. In the same instant
the dark doorway was again darkened—
this time by a tall, masculine figure.

"Captain Maryland!"

Mrs. Berrydale stood transfixed with
amazement, the box in one hand, the
upraised match, ready to strike against
it, in the other.

Captain Maryland snatched it both from
her and thrust them deep into his pocket.

"Now go!" said he, in deep, stern
accents.

Mrs. Berrydale flushed to the very
roots of her curly, gold-brown bangs.

"I won't!" she cried. "You forget,
Captain Maryland, that you are not on
your own quarter deck! And anyhow,"
with a tone of defiant mischief in her
voice, "I've got one match left in the
bottom of my pocket."

She was fumbling for it, when the tall
sea captain suddenly caught her up in
his arms as if she had been an oversized
wax doll, and, striding through the nar-
row doorway, carried her some dozen
yards or so across the glistening beach,
before he put her down.

"How dare you!" cried the widow,
involuntarily putting up her hand to
straighten out her rumpled tresses. "I
never, never will forgive you!"

"But Helen—"

"Nor will I ever speak to you again!"
Mrs. Berrydale—

But before he could get the words out,
the pretty widow had once more seized
Melanie's wrist, and the two were van-
ishing into the gray folds of the twi-
light.

Neither of them spoke until they had
reached the quiet, apple-tree shaded lane
which led to the farmhouse where they
had been boarding for a few weeks.

Then, as they paused to regain breath,
Melanie looked at her companion in
surprise.

"Helen," she exclaimed, "you are
crying!"

"I—I can't help it!" sobbed Mrs. Ber-
rydale. "He looked at me so! He
spoke so sternly!"

"Helen, you love him!"

"No, I don't!" cried Mrs. Berrydale,
stamping her foot. "I hate him!"

And then she sat down among the
daisies and sweet fern and cried hard-
er than ever, until the first sprinklings of
a coming shower compelled her to ac-
company Melanie into the house.

"I've got the match in my pocket
still," she said, when she was bathing her
eyes before tea. "I—I don't care now
whether Captain Maryland smokes or not."

Just as they sat down to the table, a
flash of blue lightning outblazed the
humble kerosene lamp upon the table—
a crash of thunder shook the walls.

Mrs. Berrydale gave a little shriek.
She was nervous in thunder storms.

"I do hope the powder magazine
won't be struck," said the farmer's
wife, coming in with a plate of hot wa-
fles. "Cap'n Maryland, he's just had it
filled full his last voyage, an' the com-
pany ain't goin' to send for it till next
week."

"The what?" said Mrs. Berrydale.

"The powder magazine," explained
the farmer's wife. "Don't ye know?—
That 'ar old ston' buildin' out on Pebble
Beach. Tain't possible ye ain't noticed
it?"

Mrs. Berrydale and Melanie Morton
looked at each other. Both had grown
very pale, but the good farmer's wife ob-
served nothing.

"I guess it's safe 'nough," said she,
as another peal sounded further off.
"The storm's goin' off east, thank good-
ness!"

In half an hour the rain was over, and
the moon was shining brightly. Melanie,
who sat at the window, gave a little start.

"I think—there comes Charley Tor-
rance," said she, "up the garden walk!"

"And I'm almost sure," whispered
Mrs. Berrydale, "Captain Maryland is
with him."

Melanie ran out to meet her lover.

Mrs. Berrydale sat still in the parlor
until Captain Maryland entered. Then she
rose, and looked up into his face with
pleading eyes.

He held out the fragrant brown cigars
and the little match-box which had so
nearly precipitated them all into eternity.

"Here they are, Helen," he said. "I
give them back to you. You didn't
know, did you, that you were standing
in a powder magazine when I took them
from you so abruptly?"

"I didn't know then, Captain Mary-
land," said Mrs. Berrydale, in a low
voice. "I know it now. And it was
your promptness and decision that saved
my life—all of our lives."

"You will forgive me then?" he
pleaded.

"Oh, Captain Maryland!"

"And you will speak to me again?"
Mrs. Berrydale's head drooped.

"You are cruel!" she whispered.

"Cruel! I? And to you? Oh, Helen—
oh, my darling!"

When Mrs. Berrydale went back to
New York, it was to buy her wedding
gown. The feather factory had to look
out for a new cashier. She and Melanie
were to be lifelong neighbors a thing after.

"And he has promised me two things,"
said the bride-elect. "One is to leave
off smoking; the other is never again to
transport any cargo so dangerous as
gunpowder."

"Men never do keep the mad promises
they make before marriage," said Mel-
anie, laughing.

"I intend to see to that myself," said
Mrs. Berrydale, composedly.—[Saturday
Night.]

DANGERS ON THE OCEAN.

Numbers of Abandoned Vessels Drift Along the Highways.

The abandoning of the Abyssinia adds
one more to the long list of vessels
knocking about the ocean at the mercy
of winds, waves and currents. When she
was left there seemed but little doubt
that she would sink beneath the waves
and cease to become a danger to naviga-
tion, but she had not gone down at the
time the rescuing steamer parted from
her, and so she must be looked out for
by all vessels passing near the locality.

One recommendation of the Interna-
tional Maritime Conference was that the
various nations having commerce on the
high seas should patrol the ocean within
certain fixed limits and endeavor to free
the routes from obstructions of every
kind. This would include towing steam-
ers into port that had lost their propel-
lers, sailing ships that were disabled by
storms, and vessels that were so much dis-
abled as to need assistance, and, in fact,
to relieve the needy of every de-
scription and to rid the highways of all
dangers. Unfortunately the measure
failed to become a law, but the neces-
sities of the case have by no means ceased
to exist.

The regular monthly Pilot Chart as is-
sued by the Hydrographic Office con-
tains, in addition to a vast amount of
valuable data, tracks which show graphi-
cally the course taken by the derelicts,
so that masters of vessels leaving port
may redouble their vigilance upon ap-
proaching the dangerous section in which
the wanderer was last seen or to which it
may have drifted since the report was
made. Many of these vessels have been
drifting here and there for months and
scores of a day passes that some one of
them is not reported by incoming ves-
sels.

Some of these are bottom side up, and
when first sighted look like the body of
a huge whale; or if the sea is breaking
over them the white foam of the broken
water catches the eye, and "Breakers
ahead!" is what the lookout reports.

Others have shifted their cargoes and are
listed away over on one side or the other
—so far that it seems a perfect wonder
that they have not "turned turtle" long
ago. Now and then one is sighted with
her bow high up out of the water, while
her stern is out of sight, while the next
one seen is tilted in the opposite direc-
tion, as though she were all ready to take
a header.

The majority of accidents occur to ves-
sels when in the vicinity of Cape Hat-
teras; and when abandoned, these vessels
are generally carried along by the Gulf
Stream, thus drifting into the ocean
highway and towards the coast of Great
Britain, until they either strike those far-
off shores or become so water-soaked that
they sink. Occasionally they drift to the
eastward and get out of the Gulf
Stream, owing to strong westerly winds.

—[New York World.]

A New Kind of Leather.

James W. Deckert, a Newarker, has
discovered a new kind of fancy leather.
It is obtained by tanning the stomachs
of animals, the same material from which
tripe is prepared. Tripe is not tripe un-
til it is prepared for food. What it
should be called when considered as
material for leather is still an open ques-
tion. It makes handsome leather for
pocketbooks, bags, and fancy articles,
and can be dyed in any color. Only the
inner membrane is used. The heavy in-
terment is split off, leaving a moder-
ately thin and coarse-fibred leather as
soft as chamois.

There is a great variety of grain and
pattern in the same piece of the leather,
and much of it is too plain to admit of
using it in large articles with the best
effect, but excellent results can be ob-
tained by matching opposite spots of
the skin, it can be called. The part
known as the "honeyscomb" makes a
particularly rich appearance when dyed
and polished. It is much more effective
than alligator or lizard skin, and much
softer and more easily worked into irreg-
ular forms. Another part has the ap-
pearance of being covered with jet
beads when dyed black and polished.

Any part of the material will keep
people guessing what it is made from,
and that is a part of the pleasure of own-
ing any novelty. The inventor or dis-
coverer of this new leather says that he
can get from twelve to fifteen feet from
an animal.—[New York Sun.]

What Bacteria Are.

Bacteria are simply microscopic plants,
the smallest form of vegetable life. In
some instances they are so small that it
would be necessary to place 15,000 of
them end to end in order to make a row
an inch in length. They are of widely
different forms, some round, some oval,
some flat or rod-shaped, while still
another class are the exact counterparts
of small cork crows. In all cases they
are so minute that one needs a powerful
microscope in order to study them, and
in no case can they be perceived simply
with the naked eye. When countless
millions are grouped together they may
probably be seen, but in this case they
may be said to resemble an approaching
army, of which we are totally unable to
distinguish a single soldier.—[St. Louis
Republic.]

Your friends may sometimes act mad be-
cause you do not come to see them, but they
are not as mad as they seem.

Here It Is.

To the man who labors with his hands, phys-
ical trouble is a very serious thing. It is not
merely the pain he endures, racking and tor-
menting as it is, but the prospective loss of
time, money and place haunts him and ager-
ates his suffering. He is bent on having
prompt relief and sure cure. He wants the
proof and here it is: Mr. W. H.
Schroeder, Gilbertville, Iowa, stated April 10,
1884, that he had used St. Jacobs Oil in his
stomach complaint and upon himself
for rheumatism, and had found it the best
remedy he had ever tried. Again February
11, 1887, he wrote: "I have used St. Jacobs
Oil for rheumatism and sore back, as stated,
and it cured; and for burns and bruises it does
its work as recommended to do. I always
keep it in the house and recommend it to my
neighbors."—Mr. John Garouti, 656 Minna St.,
San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Some time back
I sprained my knee and suffered agony until I
tried St. Jacobs Oil. The result was a speedy
and permanent cure."—Miss Ida M. Fleming,
78 Carey St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I had
been afflicted for two years with neuralgia,
a very painful disease. I had been given much
quinine that my nervous system was seriously
injured. I was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil,
which I did, and it relieved me entirely."

At Tornea, Finland, Christmas Day is less
than three hours in length.

The Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas,
"The Carlsbad of America." Solid tropical
trains from St. Louis. Elegant Hotels, Sulphur
Mountain Scenery. An all year round Health
and Pleasure Resort. W. E. Hoyt, G. E. P.
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use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial
bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.



Officer A. H. Bruley,
of the Fall River Police,
is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was
suddenly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat
caused distress and he felt

Tired all the Time
A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a mar-
velous change. The distress in the stomach is en-
tirely gone, he feels like a new man and can eat any-
thing with old-time relish. For all of which he
thanks and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsa-
parilla. It is very important that in the months of

**March
April
May**

The blood should be thoroughly purified and the sys-
tem be given strength to withstand the debilitating
effect of the changing season. For this purpose
Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar medicinal
powers and it is the

Best Spring Medicine

The following, just received, demonstrates its
wonderful blood-purifying powers:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen: I have had salt rheum for a num-
ber of years, and for the past year one of my legs
from the knee down has been broken out very
badly. I took blood medicine for a long time with
no good results, and was at one time obliged to

Walk With Crutches

I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and
before I had taken one bottle the improvement was
so marked that I continued until I had taken three
bottles, and am now better than I have been in years.
The inflammation has all left my leg and it is
entirely healed. I have had such benefit from

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that I concluded to write this voluntary statement."
F. J. TEMPLER, Ridgeway, Mich.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills.

A torpid liver is the source of dyspep-
sia, sick headache, constipation, bilious
fever, chills and jaundice.

Tutt's Tiny Pills

have a special effect on the liver, re-
storing it to healthy action. 25c.

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from which the excess of oil
has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and
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No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It
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Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one
cent a cup. Its delicious, nour-
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ZIEGLER & CO., Phila., Pa.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10
to 30 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Some modern philosopher has given in
those twelve lines the summary of life:
Seven years in childhood's sport and
play, 7; seven years in school from day
to day, 14; seven years at trade or col-
lege life, 21; seven years to find a place
and wife, 28; seven years to building up-
ward given, 35; seven years to business
hardly driven, 42; seven years for some-
what of a goose chase, 49; seven years for
wealth and bootless race, 56; seven years
for hoarding for your heir, 63; seven
years in weakness, pain and care, 70;
then die and go—you should know where.

The man who built what is claimed to
have been the first transatlantic steamer,
the Royal William, lives in North
Evanston, one of the suburbs of Chicago.
He is James Goudie, a lively veteran of
eighty-three years, small of stature, but
vigorous and active. The Royal William
made the trip from Pictou, Nova Scotia,
to Gravesend in the autumn of 1833, and
was probably the first vessel propelled
by steam to do so, the Savannah, which
made the voyage fourteen years before,
relying mainly on her canvas for speed,
and using only in fine weather the small
engines that, built on the deck, could not
be relied on during storms.

A RECENT report of casualties to ship-
ping shows some remarkable facts in
regard to the great age of some craft
still in active service. Thirty-nine
sailing vessels mentioned in the report
are between fifty and sixty years old,
eighteen between sixty and seventy
years, thirty between seventy and a
hundred, while six have been afloat dur-
ing a century. This is, of course, only
a part of the list of ancient craft still in
service, and the vessels referred to are
sea-going craft, and not barges or river-
boats. It is, however, probable that
there is exceedingly little of the original
structure left in the old ships. Constant
repairing and refitting has almost rebuilt
them; but while one plank of the original
remains, the vessel retains its identity.

ONE of the long-sought inventions is
now reported to have been realized,
namely, a machine by which sisal hemp