

THE NORTH POLE.

Far toward the north, so tall, so far.
One tallest ice shaft starward stood,
Stood as it were itself a star,
Scarce fallen from its sisterhood.
Tip top the glowing apex there
Uppeared a huge white polar bear.
He pushed his snout nose up and out,
And walked the North Star round about.
Below the Great Bear of the main,
The upper main, as if his mate,
Chained with a star linked chain.
A world so dazzling white, man durst
Not face the flashing searchlight
hurled.
From heaven's high built battlements
And high heaved camp of cloud wreathed
tents,
And boom! boom! boom! from sea or
shore
Came on long deep, continuous roar,
As if God wrought; as if the days,
The first six pregnant, mother moras,
Had not quite gone their ways.
What word is fitting but the Word
Here in this vast world fashioning?
What tongue can name the nameless Lord?
What hand 'ay hand on anything.
Come, let us coin new words of might
And massiveness to name this light.
This largeness, largeness everywhere!
White rivers hanging in the air,
Ice tied through all eternity!
Nay, peace! It were profane to say:
We dare but hear and see.
—Joaquin Miller, in Overland.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

"Mary!" cried the low voice of Henry Ashton. The maiden looked up.
"Mary! I have much to tell you—will you listen to me awhile, only for a moment?" and he spoke fast and eagerly.
"A moment only, you say—well, I suppose I must—but what a beautiful butterfly that is. Oh, for the dear, sweet, tiny thing! Do, pray, try and catch it for me!"
Ashton was stung to the heart. He had been on the point of declaring his long cherished passion for Mary Derwentwater, and he felt that she knew not only the depth of his affection, but that the words trembling on his lips were an avowal of his love. Her light heartedness at once changed the current of his feelings. Often had he heard others say that his beautiful cousin was a coquette, and more than once had she trifled with his own feelings. He had hoped that her conduct was the result of a momentary whim, but this last act displayed a confirmed heartlessness of which an hour before he would not have deemed her capable. He sighed and was silent.
"Oh, dear, how ungallant you are," continued his cousin. "The beautiful creature will really escape, and I do so love butterflies!"
"It is gone."
"So it is. I shall never forgive you. Don't ask me to," said Mary, affectedly.
"Then we must part without it," said Henry, carelessly. "I leave tomorrow and shall visit Europe before I return. It may be years—it may be forever—that I shall be absent."
"Why, Harry, you jest," said his companion, struggling to appear composed, although she felt how cold and pale her cheeks had grown. "You are not in earnest," and she laid her soft white hand—that hand whose touch made every nerve of Ashton thrill—on her lover's arm, looking up into his face with her dark and melting eyes. But the cord had been stretched until it had snapped and her influence over Ashton was gone. He half averted his head as he answered, coldly:
"I do not jest, especially with a friend."
The tone, the emphasis, the manner, all stung the pride of Mary. She felt that his censure was just, and yet she spurned it. Her hand fell from his arm, and emulating his own coldness she said: "Then I will not ask you to stay. But as it is late, and you will have your preparations to make, I will not intrude on your time," and courtesying she withdrew.
"And this is the being in whom I had garnered up all my heart's best affections," exclaimed Harry, when he found himself alone. "This the divinity I have adored with a fervor no mortal bosom ever yet felt, and she could talk, heartlessly talk, of the merest trifle when she saw that my whole heart was bound up in her. Oh! would that we had never met. But my delusion is over. I will fly, Mary! Mary! little did I dream that my love would meet such a return!"
Mary hurried to her chamber, and locking the door she flung herself on the bed and burst into a flood of tears. How bitterly she reproached herself that her momentary coquetry had lost the love of the only being for whom she cared. She did not disguise from herself her affection; she could scarcely tell why she yielded to the impulse of that fatal moment; but she felt that she had lost irrevocably the esteem and affection of her cousin. She would have given worlds to recall the last hour. Even now she might, by seeking him and throwing herself at his feet, perhaps regain his love. She rose to do so. But when her hand was on the lock she thought he might spurn her. She hesitated. In another instant her pride had gained the mastery.
"No—I cannot—I dare not. He will turn away from me. He will despise me. Oh! that I had never, never said those idle words," and flinging herself upon the bed she wept long and bitterly.
Mary appeared that evening at the supper table, but in the cold, averted looks of Ashton she saw only new

cause for pride. The evening passed off heavily. As the time came for retiring Henry approached her to bid her farewell. She thought her heart would burst her bodice, but commanding her emotion by a violent effort she returned his adieu as calmly as it was given.
And they parted, both in seeming carelessness, but one at least in agony.
Henry Ashton had known his lovely cousin scarcely two years, but during that time she had seemed to him a divinity. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined a countenance more surpassingly beautiful than hers, and to her accordingly he had given his heart with a devotion which had become a part of his nature. But much as he adored his cousin he was not wholly blind to her faults.
He saw that she loved admiration, and he feared she was too much of a flirt. Yet his love had gone on increasing, and he fancied not without return. Led on by his hopes he had, during a temporary visit to her father's house, seized an opportunity to declare his passion, but how the half-breathed avowal was checked we will not recapitulate. Need we wonder at this sudden resolution to fly from her presence and by placing the ocean between them to eradicate a passion for one whom he now felt to be unworthy of him? Few men could be more energetic than Ashton. In less than a week he had sailed for Europe.
How Mary wept at his departure! A thousand times she was on the point of writing to recall him, but her pride as often prevented the act. She hoped he might yet return. Surely, she said, he who had once loved her so deeply, and who must have known that his affection was returned, would not leave her forever. Hour after hour she would sit watching the gate for his return, and hour after hour she experienced all the bitterness of disappointment. When, at length, she read in the newspaper that he had really sailed, she gave one long, loud shriek, and fell senseless to the floor. A fever that ensued brought her to the very brink of the grave.
Ashton went forth upon the world an altered, almost a misanthropic man. His hopes were withered, his first dream of love had vanished; he felt as if there was nothing for him to live for in this world. His mind became almost diseased. He loathed society, then he veered to the other extreme and craved for excitement. He sought relief in travel. He crossed the steppes of Tartary, he traversed the deserts of Arabia, he lived among the weird and weary monuments of Egypt, and for many years he wandered a stranger to civilization, seeking only one thing—to forget. He never inquired after America. His family were all dead, and he wished never to think of Mary. Like the fabled victim in the oven legion he spent years in the vain search after that Lethe whose waters are reserved for death alone. He found it not.
And Mary, too, was changed. She rose from that bed of sickness an altered being. Never had she known the full depth of her affection until the moment when she found herself deserted. The shock almost killed her; and though she recovered after a long and weary sickness, it was to discard all her old habits, and to assume a quieter—yet, oh! how far more beautiful demeanor than in her days of unmitigated joy. She felt that Henry was lost to her forever, yet she derived a melancholy pleasure in living as if the eye of her absent lover was upon her. She directed her whole conduct so as to meet his approbation. Alas! he was far away; she had not heard from him for years; perhaps, too, he might be no more; then why this constant reference of all she did to his standard of excellence? It was her deep abiding love that did it all.
Four years had passed when Ashton found himself again in America, and sitting, after dinner, with one of his most intimate friends at the table of the hotel. Some time passed in silence. At length his companion spoke.
"You have not seen Mary Derwentwater yet, have you, Harry?"
Ashton answered calmly, with a forced effort, in the negative.
"You must not positively delay it. Do you know how beautiful she has grown?—far more beautiful than when you went away, although then you thought her surpassingly lovely." He paused.
"I have not heard from the family for years," said Ashton at length, feeling that his companion expected some reply.
"Then you know nothing of her?—push up some of the almonds—why, dear fellow, she is irresistible. But she is different from what she used to be; her beauty is softer, though not so showy, and whereas she once would flirt a little—mind, only a little, for she is a great favorite of mine—she now goes by the name of the cold beauty. A married man like myself can speak a little warmly, you know, without fear of having his heart called in as the bribe of his head. And do you know that my wife suspects you of having worked the reformation?" Ashton started and was almost thrown off his guard. "It began immediately after a long illness that happened a few weeks after you sailed."
Ashton was completely bewildered. He had now for the first time heard of Mary's sickness. His eyes wandered from that of his companion, and he felt his cheek flushing in spite of himself. He covered his embarrassment, however, by rising. His companion continued:
"And now, Harry, let us stroll down Broadway, for, to tell the truth,

I promised my wife to bring you home with me. Beside Mary is there, and I've no doubt," he continued, jocularly, "you are dying to meet her."
Ashton could not answer; but he followed his friend into the street, conscious that Mary and he must meet, and feeling that the sooner it was done the better. His companion during their walk ran on in his usual gay style, but Harry scarcely heard a word that was said. His thoughts were full of his cousin. Had she, indeed, become cold to all other men from love of himself? Strange and yet delicious thoughts whirled through his mind, and he woke only from his abstraction on finding himself in the presence of his cousin, in Seacourt's drawing room.
Mary was on a visit to Mrs. Seacourt, and did not know of Ashton's intended coming until a few minutes before he made his appearance. Devotedly as she loved her cousin, she would have given worlds to escape the interview; but retreat was impossible without exposing the long treasured secret of her heart. She nerved herself accordingly for the meeting and succeeded in assuming a sufficiently composed demeanor to greet her cousin without betraying her agitation. He exchanged the commonplace compliments of the occasion with her and then took a seat by Mrs. Seacourt, who had been one of his old friends. Mary felt the neglect; she saw he did not love her. That night she wept bitter tears of anguish.
"And yet I cannot blame him. Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "it is all my own fault. He once loved me, and I have heartlessly flung that affection from me which I would give worlds now to win. But I must dry these tears; I must not betray myself. We shall meet daily, for he cannot help coming here, and to shorten my visit would lead to suspicions. I must, therefore, school myself to disguise the secret of my heart."
And Ashton did come daily, and although his conversation was chiefly devoted to Mrs. Seacourt, he seemed neither to seek nor avoid his cousin. Now and then he found himself in a conversation with her, and he thought of old times. But the memory of their last interview came across him at such moments like a blight.
"How wonderfully Ashton has improved since his travels," said Mrs. Seacourt one morning as she and Mary sat tete-a-tete, sewing; "and, do you know," continued she, looking archly at her companion, "that I deem myself indebted to you for his charming visits?"
Mary felt the blood mounting to her brow and she stooped to pick up a stitch.
"Oh, you are always jesting, Annie; you know it is not so."
"We shall see. I prophesy that this afternoon, when we go to the exhibition, he will escort you and leave Miss Thornbury to Seacourt's nephew."
Mary's heart beat so she could scarcely answer, but she managed to reply:
"Don't, my dear Mrs. Seacourt, don't tease one this way. You know, indeed you know, Ashton cares nothing for me," and she felt how great a relief would have been a flood of tears could she have indulged in them.
Mrs. Seacourt smiled archly and said no more.
The afternoon came. The little company were assembled in the drawing room. Ashton entered just as the ladies were rising to go. Mary was almost hidden in one corner, so fearful was she of attracting the railway of Mrs. Seacourt by placing herself near the entrance and in Ashton's way. Her very sensitiveness produced the effect she wished to avoid. The gentlemen naturally sought partners nearest them, and for a moment she was left alone. She thought she would have fainted when she saw her cousin cross the room and offer to be her escort.
They proceeded to the exhibition. For the first time for years Ashton's arm upheld that of Mary. At first both were embarrassed; but each made an effort, and they soon glided into conversation on different subjects. What a relief it was to Mary that night to think she had been alone, as it were, with her cousin without being treated with neglect.
From that day the visits of Ashton to Mrs. Seacourt's increased in frequency, yet there was nothing marked in his attentions to Mary. Indeed, he still continued to converse chiefly with his friend's wife, though he did not openly avoid her guest. Mary grew more and more tremblingly alive to his presence, and at times, when she would detect his eye bent on her, half sadly, half abstractedly, her heart would flutter wildly and a delicious hope would momentarily shoot across her mind, but soon to fade as quickly.
One morning Ashton entered the drawing room and found her alone. She was untangling a skein of silk. She arose and said, with some embarrassment:
"Mrs. Seacourt is upstairs. I will ring for her."
"Not for the world, if she is in any way engaged. I can await her pleasure."
There was a silence of some minutes. Mary could scarcely breathe and knew not what to say. Her fingers refused to perform their duty, and the skein of her silk became more and more entangled.
"Shall I help you?" said Ashton, approaching her. "My patience used to be a proverb with you."
Mary could not trust herself to answer, for her fingers were actually trembling with agitation. She felt she could have sunk into the floor. She proffered the silk without look-

ing up. Ashton took hold of one end while she retained the other. Neither spoke; but Mary's bosom heaved tumultuously, while Ashton felt his heart in his throat. At length, in mutually untying the skein, their hands met. The touch thrilled them like lightning. Ashton almost unconsciously retained the hand of his cousin in his own. She trembled violently.
"Mary!" he said.
She looked, half doubtingly, half timidly, up.
"Mary, we love each other—do we not?" There was no answer, but as he pressed the fingers lying passively in his grasp the pressure was gently returned, and, bursting into tears, his cousin fell upon his bosom.
And Ashton and Mary have been wedded for years, but their honeymoon still continues, for they have not yet quarreled.
USED IN THE HOME.
Brooms were used in Egypt 2,000 years before Christ.
Needles antedate history. They were first made in America in 1680.
Teapots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.
Dishes of gold and silver used in table service in 900 B. C. were found at Troy by Dr. Schliemann. One of these was about the size now employed.
Outer blinds for windows were unknown until the fourteenth century. The Venetian or interior blinds are so called because they were first used in Venice.
Pepper casters were used by the Athenians, pepper being a common condiment. They were placed on the table with the salt in England in the sixteenth century.
The first patent for a sewing machine was issued in England in 1790. This early invention was not successful, and other patents were issued in 1804, 1818, and scores of times since.
Rocking cradles for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work, with her foot on the cradle.
Nearly seventy States the size of Rhode Island could be carved out of Missouri; fifty-six out of Illinois, fifty-three out of Arkansas, 255 out of Texas.
Tumblers of nearly the same shape and dimensions as those employed today have been found in great numbers in Pompeii. They were of gold, silver, glass, agate, marble, and other semi-precious stones.
Mosaic floors laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns were known to the Egyptians 2,900 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1,100 B. C. They were common in the Athenian and Roman houses.
The Danger of Hypnotism.
It is told of Van Amburg, the great lion tamer, that on one occasion, while in a barroom, he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over animals. He said: "It is by showing them that I'm not in the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eyes on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting nearby, he said: "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself up, rose from his seat and came slowly across to the lion tamer. When he was close enough he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburg a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark: "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"
Military Honors.
Not only does the discipline of the German soldiers call for admiration; that of the civilians is no less remarkable. The other day, in the vicinity of Marienburg, the German emperor, on his return from the maneuvers, had to drive through a little village. Suddenly and without any assignable reason his majesty was seen by the members of his suite to shake his sides and break into loud shouts of laughter. One of the gentlemen in waiting, happening to raise his eyes, began to follow the emperor's example, and the next minute the whole party went into convulsions. This is what happened: A sweep, wearing a top hat of prodigious dimensions, had just emerged from a chimney. Catching sight of the emperor, and remembering his military code, he stood perched up there like a sentry at his post and presented his brush.
Target Practice in Texas.
"We have 15,010 mutilated and worn silver dollars in our vault," said a sub-treasury official. "We also have over 500,000 half dollar, quarter and dime pieces which have become too thin for use. It is a curious thing that the mutilated dollars which we receive from Texas are deeply indented. This is a result of the target practice in Texas. The crack shots down there think that a silver dollar is the best kind of a mark. Do we give a good dollar for a mutilated one? That depends upon the extent of the mutilation. We have a discretionary power in this respect."

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.
JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
Already Settled—His Own Style—The Returned Traveler—An Oriental Blessing—Etc., Etc.
ALREADY SETTLED.
Pastor—What are they going to name your new twin brothers, Willy?
Willy—Thunder and Lightning.
Pastor—Why, Willy, you must be mistaken!
Willy—Well, anyhow, that's what Pop called 'em, when the nurse brought 'em in!
HIS OWN STYLE.
Harry—I always wear a hat to suit my head; hang the style.
Dick—Yes; I notice that a soft hat is your favorite.
THE RETURNED TRAVELER.
She—Have you ever been through algebra?
He—Yes, but it was in the night and I didn't see much of the place.
AN ORIENTAL BLESSING.
Albert—Didn't the Eastern women always have their sandals strapped on tight, mamma?
Mamma—I think they did, Albert; why?
Albert—Because it must have been a great thing for their naughty little boys.
MAXIMS IN PRACTICE.
"Why are you silent?" she whispered. To him who never could show a nickel, and softly he answered: "It's money that talks, don't you know."
HER EXCUSE FOR LIVING.
My madcap girl annoyed me so I could not feel forgiving. But, scolding hard, I asked her what excuse she had for living. And promising she would not add one more to her offenses, she wept and said, "At least it saves My funeral expenses."
A SPITEFUL RIVAL'S REMARK.
"Miss Oldgirl got off that joke very gracefully."
"Ah, what are you saying? Why, she couldn't get off a street car gracefully."
SHE HAD HIM THERE.
"Women have no inventive faculty," sneered Mr. Cumso.
"Haven't they?" replied his wife. "I suppose you never heard of the Belle telephone."
MR. SPRIGGS'S LITTE JOKE.
Mr. Spriggs was complaining because so much effort was required in succeeding even so poorly as he did. "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Spriggs, "did you ever get anything without working hard for it?"
"Yes, I have," he said, discontentedly.
"Oh, I guess not," insisted Mrs. Spriggs.
"But I know I have."
"What was it, I'd like to know?"
"A bad cold, my dear," and Mr. Spriggs took heart again and smiled.
THE EXCEPTION.
A small boy on Third street had had some difficulty with the neighbor's children during the afternoon, and that night he was not feeling in a very Christian spirit. After he had gone to bed his mother came in to tuck him away snugly.
"Did you say your prayers?" she inquired.
"Yes'm."
"And did you pray for the heathen?"
"The boy was slow to answer.
"Yes'm, I did," he said at last, "all of them, except them next door."
CORNERED.
"I am in despair!" cried the poet.
"What's the trouble?"
"Got to write a summer poem for a magazine in freezing weather, with coal \$6 a ton, and not a spark of poetic fire!"
EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
"You are always talking about how children ought to be trained, Maria," said Mr. Billus, "but I can't see that Johnny improves a particle in his behavior at the table."
"And you are always telling how easy it would be to put business on its feet again and make everybody prosperous, but I can't see that you leave any more pin money lying about the house than you ever did," retorted Mrs. Billus.
A CLEVER REPLY.
A professor wrote a paper entitled "Ancient Methods of Filtration," which was advertised as "Ancient Methods of Filtration." He was chaffed by a lady friend on the mistake.
"Oh, professor, do give us your lecture on 'Ancient Methods of Filtration.'"
"Ah, Miss —" answered the professor, who was a bachelor, "that lecture can only be delivered to a single auditor at a time, and must be illustrated with experiments."

Weak and Sore Eyes
Eyesight Became Affected—Unable to Go to School
Hood's Sarsaparilla Wrought Cure and Built Up System.
"Two years ago my little daughter Elsie was afflicted with ulcerated sore eyes. I tried one of the best doctors in the city for about a year but her eyes seemed to grow worse. I had her treated by an oculist but his treatment did not benefit them. I then commenced to give the little one Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the first bottle I could see that there was great improvement. Elsie is now nine years old. Besides benefiting the special trouble mentioned Hood's Sarsaparilla has made her a strong and sprightly child. I will always speak highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. H. CASSELL, 215 North Fifth Street, Junior Fourth Ward School Building, Arkansas City, Kan.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to get **Cures**
HOOD'S
Hood's Pills—cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.
A Cold in the Head.
The process by which a cold in the head or throat may be promptly relieved, as suggested by a French physician, is not new, but it is a revival of a most agreeable if half-forgotten method. Frenchwomen have long known the virtues of prompt inhalations of eau de cologne, and an old French man'selle, who taught the young ladies of an up-town school twenty years ago, was at least one of her race to import the remedy. Like all such remedies, the cologne water should be inhaled at once, as soon as the first symptoms of the coming attack appear. Deep whiffs must be taken, and the fumes are more potent when the cologne is poured on a handkerchief. Four or five inhalations of from two or three minutes each are sufficient, according to the French doctor, to put to rout the most willing-to-stay cold, if the preventive is begun in time.
The friendship between two girls usually ceases as soon as they have told everything they know.
WE GIVE AWAY
A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets
To any one sending name and address to us on a postal card.
ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.
Hence, our object in sending them out broadcast
ON TRIAL.
They absolutely cure
SICK HEADACHE,
Biliousness, Constipation, Costed Tongue, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good."
The substitute costs the dealer less.
It costs you ABOUT the same.
HIS profit is in the "just as good."
WHERE IS YOURS?
Address for FREE SAMPLE,
World's Dispensary Medical Association,
No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.
The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.
DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple. Send for Book, Manistee, Mich., Feb. 14, 1895.
Dr. Kennedy,
Dear Sir:
I am the little boy you sent the Discovery to about six weeks ago. I used two bottles and also the salve. When I began to use the medicine my sores were as large as a quarter of a dollar, and now they are as large as a ten cent piece and I feel much better. Mamma and I feel very thankful to you. I shall write again and tell you how I am getting along.
I remain your little friend,
ANDREW POMEROY,
88 Lake Street.